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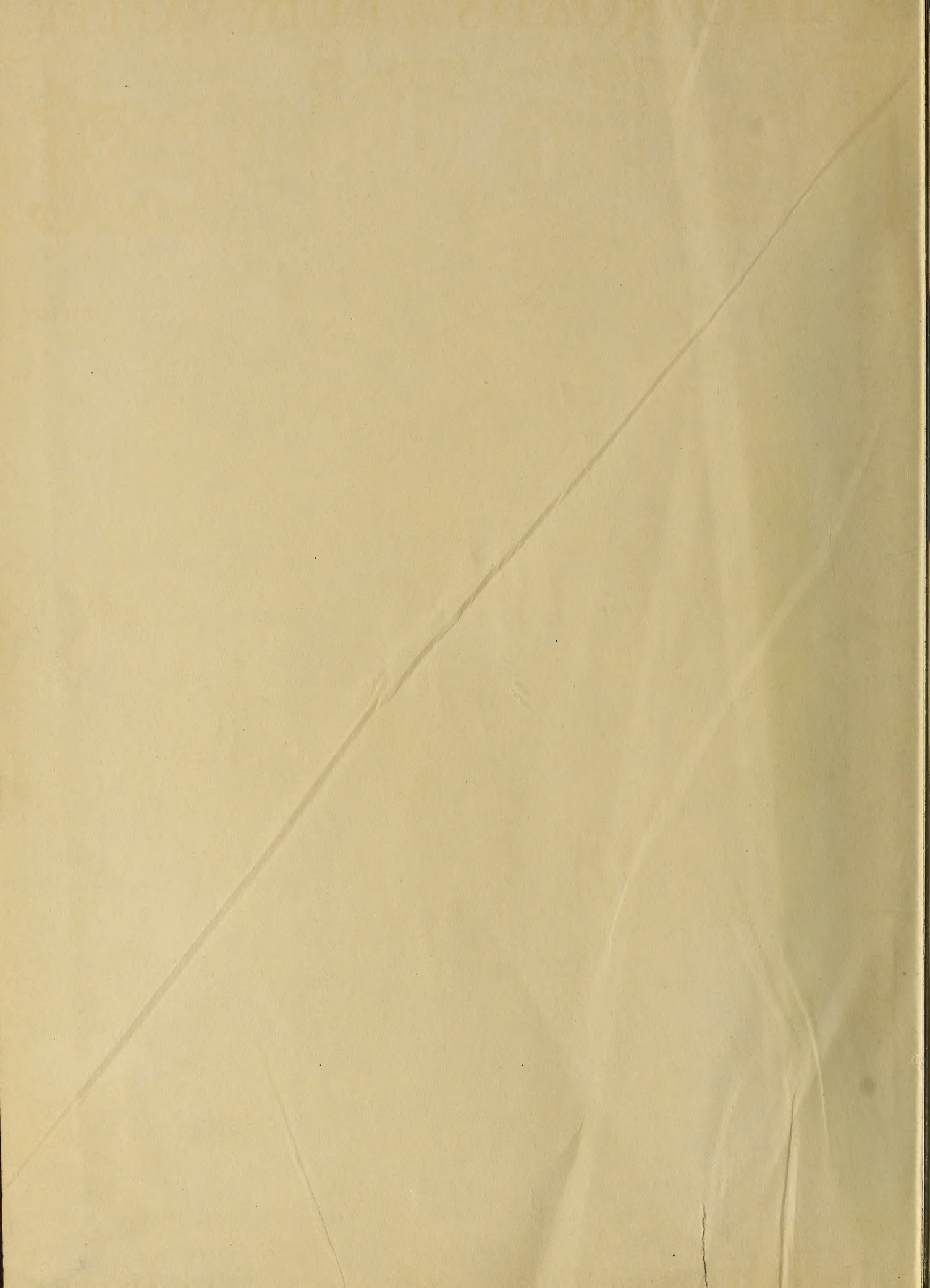
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RADIO ROADS *by* RUDY VALLEE

Radio Digest

programs illustrated

November

Thirty-Five
Cents

Frances Collette
WABC — C. B. S.

CHASING CROOKS BY RADIO

John Masefield * Dwight Morrow * Floyd Gibbons

THE HAPPIEST YEARS *by* MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK



The mouth of youth is the mouth of health

HOW CAN YOU KEEP IT?

STRANGE to say, the marching years do not alone decide the age of the mouth.

When the gums are firm and healthy, when the teeth are sound and clean—the mouth can smile at passing birthdays

But it requires care to keep the average mouth young. You cannot start too soon to use Forhan's as your dentifrice—for it meets an important need not covered by an ordinary toothpaste.

Forhan's cleans teeth, of course. You can find no finer dentifrice. Gently and safely, it keeps them gleaming with their natural beauty, because its cleansing ingredients were carefully chosen by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

But in addition, when you use Forhan's, you can give your gums the scientific care they need.

Some years ago, Dr. Forhan developed a preparation for his own use in the treatment of pyorrhea. It relieved tenderness, helped to restore soft gums to healthy firmness. Dentists found its benefits so specific that the question was raised, "Why not make it possible for the patient to supplement office treatment by daily care in the home?"

To meet this need, Dr. Forhan perfected his dentifrice. In addition to recognized cleansing agents of the highest purity, it contains the advantages of the treatment he developed in his dental practice.

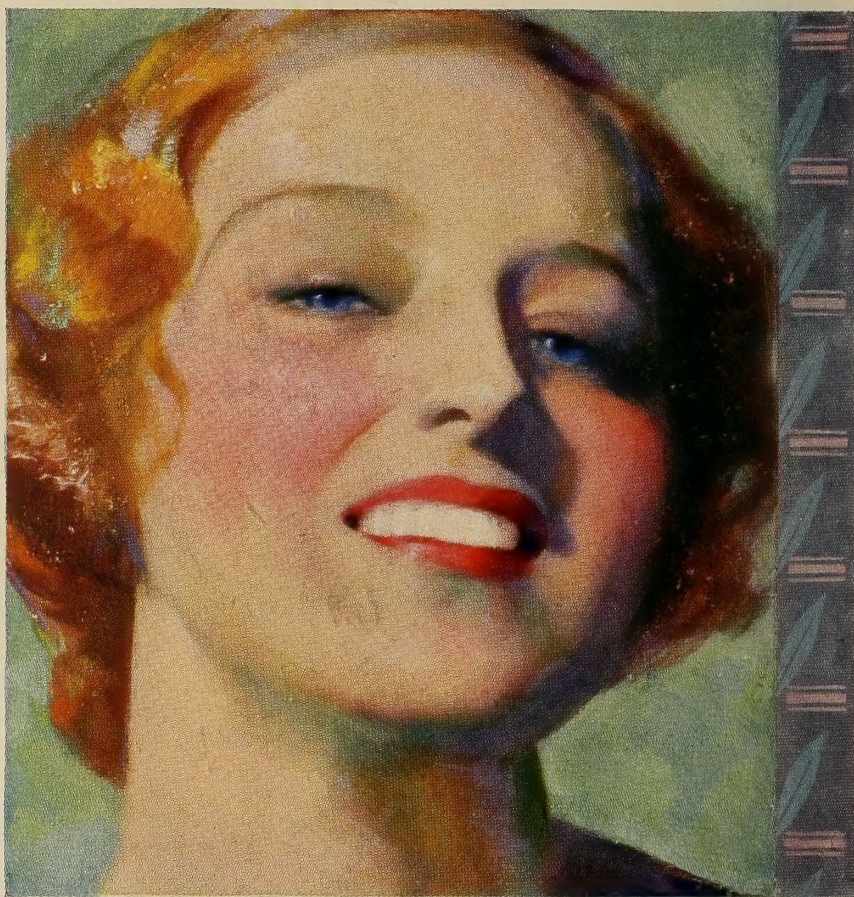
Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, this special dentifrice tones up the gums, stimulates circulation, and helps to keep them glowing with sound good health.

NOW ON THE AIR!

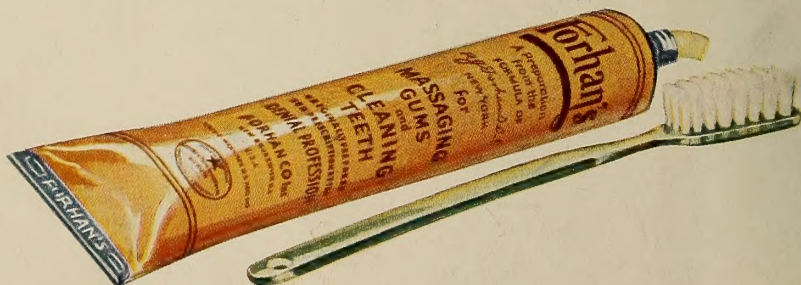
New Forhan's program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia network.

Any mouth may have pyorrhea
and at forty the odds are

4 out of 5



FORHAN'S



YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A

★

★

Clearer, softer skin

17/12
4010
Pat 3

*Frances Ingram herself tells how
to keep the skin lovely
at its 6 vital places*

"YOU are just as young and attractive,
or just as old, as your skin looks,"
I told a charming woman who recently
came to consult me. "Keep your skin im-
maculately clean... Keep it youthful at my
six stars... And you are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method
with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milk-
weed Cream generously over your face
and neck. Let it remain for several min-
utes, to allow the delicate oils to pene-
trate deeply into the pores, and then
remove every vestige of it with soft linen.

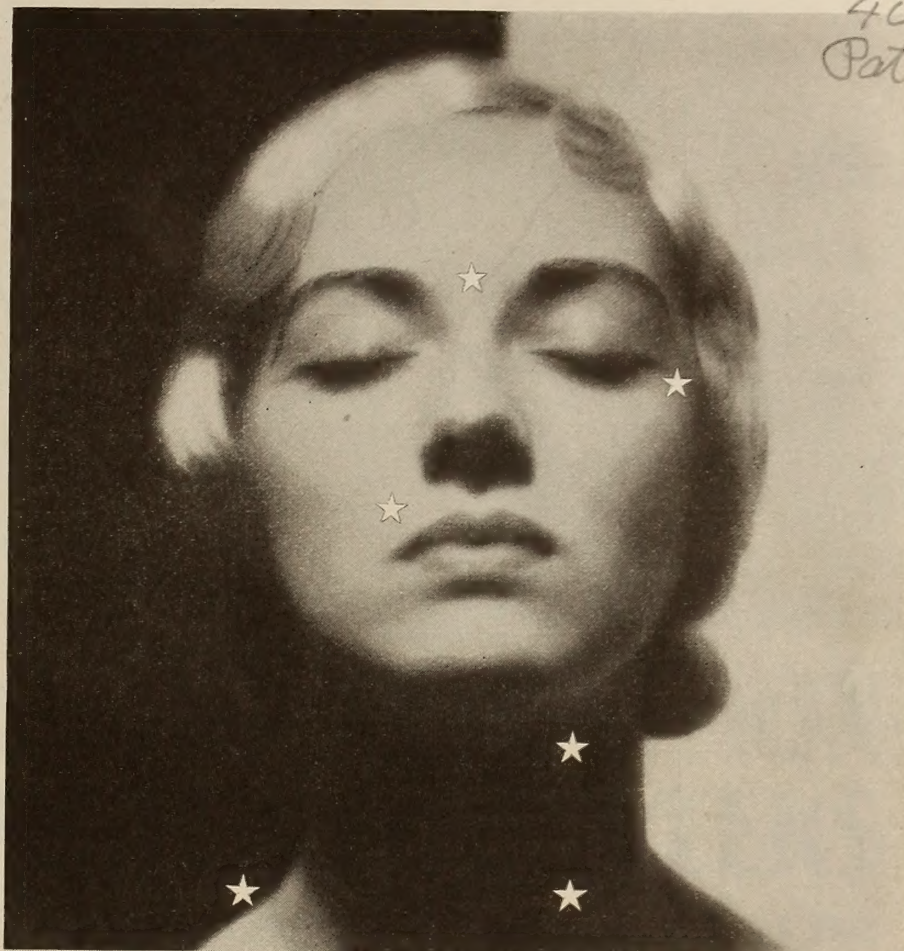
"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milk-
weed Cream. With outward and upward
strokes pat it into the skin at the six
points starred on my mannequin.

"There are special *toning* ingredients in
this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate
the cleansed pores and defend the skin
against blemishes and aging lines and
leave it clear, soft and lovely."

This charming woman came back to
see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked
marvelously clear and soft and fresh! She
looked at least five years younger—and
said she felt it!

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream
and my method to so many women, and
I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear,
young. Won't you follow my six stars to
a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask
about skin care, write for a copy of my
booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can
Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio
hour, "Through The Looking Glass
With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15
A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated
Stations.



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ THE FOREHEAD — To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ THE EYES — If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ THE MOUTH — Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ THE THROAT — To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ THE NECK — To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ THE SHOULDERS — To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. R-110
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Raymond Bill,
EditorHenry J. Wright,
Advisory EditorCharles R. Tighe,
Associate EditorHarold P. Brown,
Managing Editor

Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

November, 1930

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JESSICA DRAGONETTE... No dark fears for her at the thought of television, for besides being the best-loved soprano on the air, the diminutive CBS singer is fair... exceeding fair! The proof's in the picture.



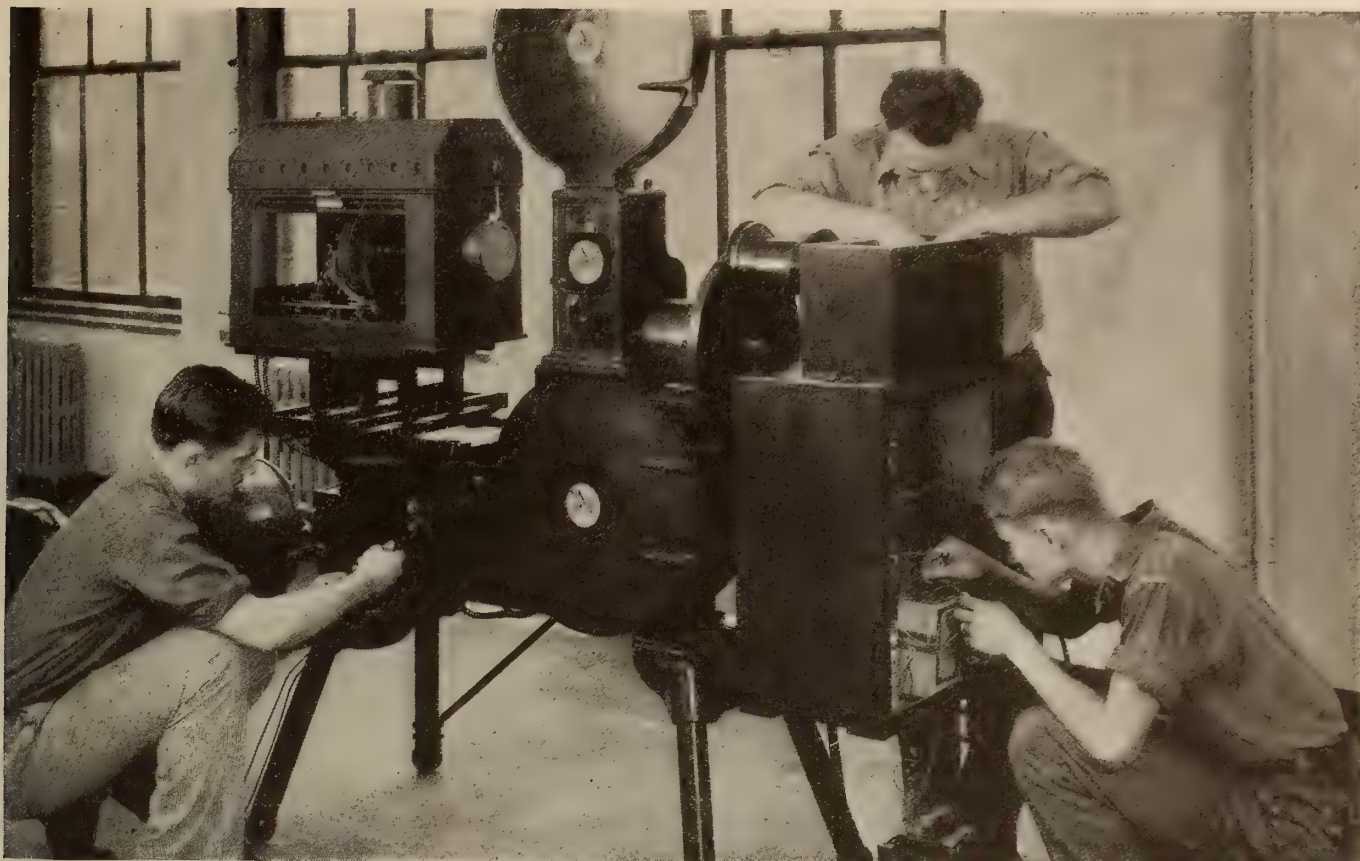
COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI knows how to flirt that Spanish shawl you see here in the approved manner. Really and truly of the Castilian nobility and possessor of a charming voice which you hear in solos over NBC.



ANNETTE HASTINGS is a cute little Coquette. What we mean, she really is, cause that's the baby star's home program out west at Station KGO, San Francisco. You might know that she would sing soprano!



MARIE GAM-BRELLI... You know her better as Gamby. Remember the days when she frolicked with Roxy? She trips the light fantastic as well as she regales listeners on the air, and that's saying something!



STUDENTS WORKING ON FILM SCANNING MACHINE OF OUR MODERN TELEVISION TRANSMITTER

LEARN RADIO~TELEVISION TALKING PICTURES in 8 WEEKS By Actual Work ~~~ In the Great Shops of Coyne

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere \$20 or \$30 a week. Let me show you how to make **REAL MONEY IN RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!**

THOUSANDS OF JOBS OPEN Paying \$60, \$70 to \$200 a Week

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation Work, at \$45 to \$100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—**THOUSANDS OF JOBS PAYING \$60, \$70 and on UP TO \$200 A WEEK.**

No Books - No Lessons All Practical Work

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence School. We don't attempt to teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the finest outlay of Radio, Television and Sound equipment in any school—on scores of modern Radio Receivers, huge Broadcasting equipment, the very latest Television apparatus, Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment, Code Practice equipment, etc. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give

you—right here in the Coyne Shops—all the actual practice and experience you'll need. And because we cut out all useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 8 weeks' time.

TELEVISION Is on the Way!

And now Television is on the way! Soon there'll be a demand for **THOUSANDS OF TELEVISION EXPERTS!** The man who learns Television NOW can make a **FORTUNE** in this great new field. Get in on the ground-floor of this amazing new Radio development! Come to **COYNE** and learn Television on the very latest, newest Television equipment.

Talking Pictures A Great Field

Talking Pictures and Public Address Systems offer thousands of golden opportunities to the Trained Radio Man. Here is a great new field of Radio work that has just started to grow! Prepare NOW for these mar-

velous opportunities! Learn Radio Sound work at Coyne on actual Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment.

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Don't worry about a job! Coyne Training settles the job question for life. We often have more calls for Coyne graduates than we can supply. **YOU GET FREE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE FOR LIFE.** And don't let lack of money stop you. If you need part-time work while at school to help pay living expenses, we will gladly help you get it. Many of our students pay nearly all of their expenses that way.

COYNE IS 31 YEARS OLD

Coyne Training is tested, proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely free. How you can get a good Radio job or how you can go into business for yourself and earn from \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year. It costs **NOTHING** to investigate! Just MAIL THE COUPON for YOUR COPY OF MY BIG FREE BOOK!

H. C. Lewis, Pres. **Radio Division** Founded 1899
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina Street Dept. 80-1E Chicago, Illinois

H. C. LEWIS, President
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 80-1E, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City.....State.....

Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

MISS FRANCES COLLETTE, whose portrait adorns the cover of this November Radio Digest has been rather an inconspicuous member of the CBS staff at WABC, New York. Dramatic talent on the Radio stage is better known by voice and character than by name. Miss Collette can both act and sing and takes part in the Forty Fathom Trawlers and the Land o' Make Believe. She has a wistful type of beauty that may receive higher recognition when the television contracts are ready to be signed. The television talent story is something in store for you—but Miss Betty McGee gives you an inkling of it in this issue, tinting the skin for the scan.



* * *

The Radio Follies at WABC has made broadcast actors out of Eddie Cantor and other stars of the Vanities. Dear, Oh dear, poor old Broadway, what are we coming to! That's the lament of some of the theatrical journals. Mr. Cantor was quoted in a newspaper to the effect that he might not be available to the theatre stage for some time. "But when I do go back—if ever—Flo Ziegfeld will be the first man I'll see about it," he concluded.

* * *

In the meantime what about Mr. Ziegfeld the famous folly glorifier? (—Silence!) No response coming from Mr. Ziegfeld we wish to announce that our Miss Lillian G. Genn, who obtained the Schumann-Heink interview in this issue of Radio Digest, has promised a very important interview with Mrs. Ziegfeld, better known as Miss Billie Burke. What a wonderful screen star was Billie Burke—most bewitching mannerisms! Miss Burke is to tell Radio Digest readers what she means by "Making the Most out of Marriage" and she should be one of the most interesting wives in the world. This is scheduled for December by Miss Genn.

* * *

What is Radio talent? Whatever else it may be it is Big Money with capital letters for a score of very young boys and girls who are moving their parents out of tenements to Millionaire's Row in the Big City. Next month you will meet a new writer for Radio Digest—Miss Alma Sioux Scarberry—who will reveal a most astounding story about the Children of the Air. Take for instance Little Rose Marie of the National Broadcasting Company, daughter of an Italian teamster and a Polish waitress, who was "discovered" two years ago at the age of three. She's five now and this year her earnings will be \$100,000! Oh, and that isn't all—just read Miss Scarberry's article next month



You've been reading Doty Hobart's human interest Radio articles in Radio Digest month by month for a year now. Mr. Hobart has had wide Radio experience, in the studio and as a writer. Give him almost any kind of a subject with a Radio slant to it and he'll get the right sort of a story. Take for example this month: "What is Radio doing to crime?" he was asked. He went out and came back with the story by Grover Whalen, one of the most famous crook chasers in America. Now he is scouring the country for all the old time stage celebrities who are today reaching their audiences on the air. And you can gamble it will be a whale of a good story when you read it in the December issue.

* * *

"There he goes—ten, twenty—Hallelujah—see that boy run—thirty-five, forty yards—and DOWN!" It takes Ted Husing to work the set-sitter football fan up to a lather. And these are the Happy Days! Suppose you were a Ted Husing—what would you do and how? It's a hard life, mates. Best read Mr. Husing's own story in his own words as he has written it himself for Radio Digest right here in your hands. Oh yes, Ted knows how to punch a typewriter when he gets a chance. But with airplanes and police escorts waiting to snatch him from one field of action to the next it's hard to get the chance—and Radio Digest thinks it was doggawn sporting of him to sit down and hammer out these impressions for you. Thanks a heap, Ted!



* * *

AFTER All . . . it's no more than to be expected that Around the Samovar of WABC should have been picked by Paramount for a sound short . . . Harry Horlick, chief of the A & P Gypsies, could have his tonsils and adenoids removed while Graham McNamee doesn't dare for fear of changing the tone of his voice . . . and Madge Tucker does not imitate the animals you hear in her program, Donald Bain does it . . . the Rex Cole Mountaineers won't accept NBC checks but demand cash . . . Erich Kleiber never saw the U. S. until he came from Germany to direct the New York Philharmonic Symphony although he married a California girl three years ago . . . Heywood Broun started stump speaking for Congress in New York and was able to call such pinch-hitters for his CBS Radio column as John Erskine, Alexander Woolcott, Russell Owen, Franklin P. Adams and H. I. Phillips . . . Freddie Rich, CBS maestro, will manage Young Lyons, light-heavyweight champion of the Navy . . . Stanley Bell, CBS announcer, was attacked by hiccoughs during the Fidac program in Washington and had to be relieved by Bill Doherty of the publicity staff who nervously made his debut over the air on the international program . . . a real live cow was taken to the banquet room of Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, at a dairy convention and mooed obligingly into a microphone.

Vote Four Best Stations for

STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

WHICH do you consider the most popular station in your state? Which stations would you consider as Second, Third and Fourth choice? How do you think your opinion compares with your neighbor's or the majority of other Radio listeners in your state?

It's worth while finding out how your judgment compares with the majority. It's worth a whole lot to the station to get this information.

That's why RADIO DIGEST is presenting this opportunity to declare for a State Championship—something that has never been tried before. The contest was announced last month but as we go to press for November, just as the October number is being distributed to the news stands, we are unable to give any adequate idea as to the nominations that are bound to have been received by the time you read this.

But please do this now: Nominate your four favorite stations. Fill out the blank in the lower left-hand corner of this page and send it to the Contest Editor of RADIO DIGEST. Then fill out the ballot, on the right hand side, and put it where you can find it when the next RADIO DIGEST comes out. Save up your ballots and make them count for the bonus votes described to you in the Rules on Page 122. Then send the complete series of ballots to the Contest Editor at one time.

Remember your vote is eligible only for the state in which you reside although you may really prefer stations that you hear from some other state. This is for a State Championship. We want to find out the most popular stations in each state.

Give the stations in your own state a chance to win a prize. Support your own people. Every station is doing its best within its powers to win your friendship, no matter where you live. But you owe your voting allegiance to the stations within your own boundaries for this occasion. RADIO DIGEST is trying to present an even break for every station in the country.

To maintain a broadcasting station is a costly proposition. Equipment and maintenance is expensive. Good talent must receive good pay. To present fine programs by fine artists a successful station must have advantageous commercial relationships. There are a few, but very, very few, stations which are not dependent on the salability of their time. The most of them must depend upon advertisers. And advertisers, before they invest their money, are generally greatly concerned as to the popularity of the station with which they are to

deal. And that is where YOU come in, for this contest.

No station will be harmed. But four stations in your state are going to be helped a great deal by your support. The four stations that win will have something definite to show any prospective advertiser as to their popularity in the state. The advertiser will be able to judge how to reach the greatest number of people and invest accordingly. The station will have more money to provide you the kind of programs that have won your favor. And thus everybody will benefit.

In recognition of your choice of the four winning stations RADIO DIGEST will award four beautifully designed and engraved medallions, each signifying the honor that has been achieved. And with each medallion there will be presented a scroll inscribed with the name of the winner and a memorial of the occasion.

This contest is a service conceived by RADIO DIGEST as of benefit to everybody concerned, and especially in furtherance of its policy to encourage and make possible better broadcast programs for the listener. Tastes are changing continually. A type of program that may have been leading in popularity a year ago may be entirely passé now. But who is going to know what you want unless you indicate your choice? Vote for the station that presents most nearly the kind of a program you prefer and the ballots will tell the tale.

In the case of a state where there are only a few stations, and only slight opportunity to declare a preference your vote should be registered just the same. The number of votes cast may disclose the need of a shift of stations from some of the more congested communities to the area where you live, and where there is a greater need for competitive programs. Nominate your stations and vote anyway.

Next month you will find published the first list of nominations for the State Championship honors. Perhaps a few scattering votes will also be cast by that time. At least there will be a record of the number of nominations each station has received. If you feel especially friendly toward your favorite station there is no harm in mentioning the fact to some of your neighbors and getting them to vote too. The Contest Editor would particularly appreciate a few letters from the readers indicating why they have selected the stations they nominate. Some of these letters will be published as a guide to other listeners in helping them to make their selections.



NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state).....

First (call letters).....City.....
Second (call letters).....City.....
Third (call letters).....City.....
Fourth (call letters).....City.....

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters).....City.....
Second (call letters).....City.....
Third (call letters).....City.....
Fourth (call letters).....City.....

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Rudy Vallee

*Whose love for music is
second only to his love
of making people happy*

Radio Roads by Rudy Vallee

"Heigh-ho everybody! Rudy Vallee speaking." Go over the roads in the big blue car with the popular idol and his Connecticut Yankees and read, in his own words, the story of his trip among the "plain people".

MANY times this last summer while sitting behind the wheel of my big, blue car as we wound through the hills and mountains of Pennsylvania, or through the tall corn fields of Ohio, Michigan and Iowa, while I kept my eyes on my driving, I had ample time to reflect and review in my mind this almost unbelievable success that Radio had made possible for us this summer.

While it seemed so natural to have it so, yet in these moments of soliloquy which often come to me when driving my car, I paused to consider and to analyze the power of Radio.

I was in the process of a tour of almost forty towns. I use the word "town" because we avoided the large key cities. My contract with the Paramount-Publix Theatres and my own common sense told me to leave the key cities for a theatrical tour later on. In such cities as Chicago, Boston, Detroit, and Cleveland, we could easily play at least four and even eight weeks in the Paramount-Publix Theatres of each city.

This tour was intended to bring me to the dancing public of the various states of the East and Middle-West,—that public which will travel in automobiles a hundred miles to a dance usually held in some big, open-air pavilion, or some rustic hall in the woods, on the edge of a river, or possibly built next to the ocean on some beach. Of course a good percentage of our dancing public came from the key cities, but the large, theatre-attending public was still left untapped.

This tour had many unusual features. The man who runs such a large open-air place, and who engages the orchestras, is known as a promoter, very much in the

same sense as a fight promoter. He is a man who takes a chance on an attraction which he subsequently advertises to appear at his pavilion or dance hall, and then prays for a good, clear night in the hope of at least breaking even. This last thought was uppermost in the minds of most of the promoters who engaged us—just to break even. We demanded a guarantee of \$2,500 for each evening's appearance against 60% of the gross receipts of the evening. That means that should the gross receipts be \$6,000 I would receive \$3,600 for the evening; should the receipts be only \$2,000 the promoter would have to dig down and foot the extra \$500 to bring me to my guarantee of \$2,500. In certain places we were sold outright at \$3,500 with no percentage of the gross receipts. This is an unusual figure for the dance promoters to pay. Whiteman in his early days had received a high guarantee, I believe it was \$1,500 per night, but here we were, beginning our tour in the summer of the worst depression that the country had ever known, and the very states in which we were touring were beginning to feel the grip of one of the worst droughts that the farmers had ever known.

IN THE coal mining sections which we played the mines were working on half time; in some places the miners had not worked for a year. Then there was an automobile town in Michigan in which the three automobile factories had been closed for over a year; they were the only means of livelihood for three-fourths of the population of the town.

Possibly some dance promoters felt that they were taking a great risk, but at

least they never manifested it to me. My greatest happiness comes from the fact that the majority seemed to feel that it was a prestige to be able to play us, and that, win or lose, the satisfaction of having included us among the roster of bands who had played at their place of amusement meant more to them than making money on us.

But, and this is the most astounding point of all, what could possibly embolden the promoter to guarantee such an unusually large figure for one night's performance when we had never visited, personally, his place of amusement, or perhaps his state, for that matter?

Whiteman built his reputation on a different style of dance music which was brought to the great American public by Victor records; there is no question of that. The press played an important part in his climb to fame by supplementing his records with stories about the man and his band, but it was not his appearances at the Palais Royal in New York City, where he played to maybe five hundred people an evening, and Radio was unknown in the days when Paul Whiteman achieved his phenomenal success.

I know that in my own case my great admiration for him came through word-of-mouth gossip, and his picture on songs which found their way up to Maine, but my real knowledge of the Whiteman who was electrifying New York was brought to me through his Victor records which showed me concretely



that he had really something to give.

For the past year and a half preceding my tour my Victor records had been doing a world of good for me. I am reminded of the motorcycle cop in Pasadena, Cal., who, during the summer when I was making my picture in Hollywood, refused to give me a ticket after I had unconsciously passed a red light, because he and his wife enjoyed our Victor records so much. I had not begun broadcasting for Fleischmann then, and the only way he and his wife could have possibly known of our music was through our records, and since these are broadcast by local stations in California quite often they had come to know us real well.

Without doubt our records have done a lot towards paving the way for the tour which was so successful for me this past summer, and, as in the case of Whiteman, the press, too, has aroused public curiosity as to the individual. Most of the interviews, criticisms, and write-ups had been inaccurate, but at least

they created a curiosity. My picture, simple as it was, had developed the story of eight amateur musicians in a thoroughly logical manner, and it made over a million dollars for the producers of it. It had given people a vague idea of what my boys and I were like, and the public naturally had a desire to see us in the flesh. My book, every word of which had been written by myself in an effort to present myself in a sincere and truthful light to those who wished to know something of me and my work, had been syndicated in over forty newspapers and unquestionably those who read

it had some desire to watch me work before them.

But I feel quite safe in saying that no one of these things, nor all of them combined, could have brought to these small places the tremendous audiences of eight and ten thousand people, surging back and forth in a frenzy of curiosity and welcome. The fact that it was Radio was easily shown by the opening speech of nearly everyone to whom I was able to talk. Invariably their opening speech was, "I listen to you every Thursday and Saturday."

"Welcome to Rudy" read signs wherever he traveled. Left, the big blue car. Below, a typical mob-scene reception.



Unquestionably Radio can bring the music of an individual and his band much closer and much truer than a phonograph record. The three minute length of a phonograph record at best limits the artist; there is no chance for an informal talk about the music, or to bring the mood of the artist to the listeners. Again, phonographic reproduction may be bad due to a bad phonograph. If the turn table runs too fast the artist sounds effeminate, whereas Radio is controlled by men who know their jobs, and even static cannot do the damage that a turn table of a phonograph running too fast can do.

WHEN I consider that our Fleischmann audiences number between ten and forty million people, then and only then do I realize the tremendous power of Radio. If you have attended a football game in a bowl or stadium containing eighty or even a hundred thousand people, you have probably been amazed at the size of the crowd; but consider that any one Fleischmann broadcast has an audience anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five times the size of the crowd in a great bowl or stadium. That is only considering the United States. I am told our broadcasts reach Cuba, Canada, and even South America, and during the course of that hour it is possible for me to show a many-sided personality in band and individual. I have broadcast nights when I have felt in an unhappy mood; danger threatened or some parasite or group of parasites had succeeded in striking a disagreeable blow. My audience probably felt this and sympathized with me. There is nothing that will carry the mood of the artist quite as accurately as Radio.

Yet I am happy in the ability to throw off any depression that may wish to settle upon me when I begin to broadcast. My cares and woes drop off like a cloak because I am happiest when before the micro-



phone. One of the greatest reasons for my happiness is the fact that I know our music brings comfort and solace to sick people.

Those who have read my book will say that I am only stressing something of which I have already spoken, but I have received so many letters since writing the book, so many that I would like to quote from, that I feel I must mention this



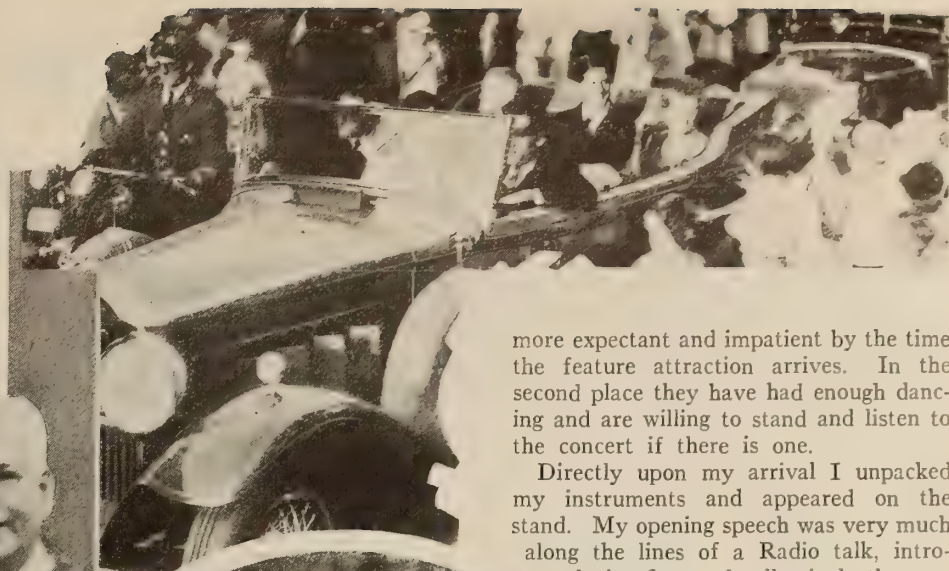
subject again to emphasize my point.

At times when I begin to broadcast I feel almost like a surgeon beginning to operate—an operation that is going to relieve someone who is unhappy and sick, and so many of our letters say that our broadcasts do just that thing that I believe it. Wherever it was possible for these people to meet us along the way they did so. In a certain city there was a young woman who was a Sister Superior in a convent; even she derives satisfaction from our type of music. To know that our programs have an appeal for such an unusual type of mind gives me great satisfaction.

Crowds we met in countless numbers, especially the little children. On a long route from Portsmouth, N. H., into Boston, a route which was printed in a prominent Boston paper and conducted under their auspices, there were hundreds of people lined along the streets to wave as I went through. Many of them were only children, tiny children, and to feel that they too enjoy our work is the crowning happiness of any person whose artistic efforts bring him to the hearts of children. He may well feel proud and happy.

BUT my feeling of work well done was greater after we had played the oil and coal fields. There were those who predicted hostility and trouble in these particular places; the mining element is usually quite rough and very quick to manifest disapproval. However, I had no misgivings when we got to these particular localities.

I carried with me a fifteen piece band, composed of the seven original Connecticut Yankees with eight extra men. They were the best that I could find in the country, men who knew their instruments



more expectant and impatient by the time the feature attraction arrives. In the second place they have had enough dancing and are willing to stand and listen to the concert if there is one.

Directly upon my arrival I unpacked my instruments and appeared on the stand. My opening speech was very much along the lines of a Radio talk, introducing first and collectively the augmented Connecticut Yankees, and then mentioning some personal details relative to the town in which we were appearing. Usually it held a certain interest for me; or if I had happened to have played there or visited there in my earlier days I mentioned that fact.

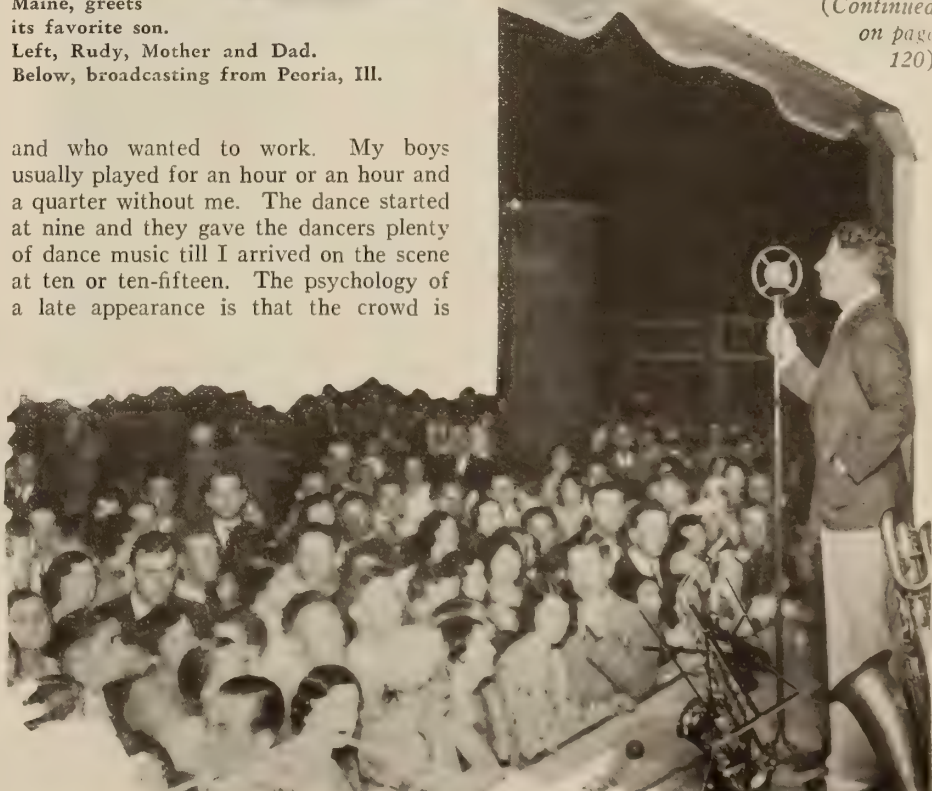
I then proceeded to tell them about the fifty-minute concert which was about to begin. Several of the numbers they would be unable to dance to; the program was really made up of old Radio favorites and a few new tunes, and I hoped that they would

*(Continued
on page
120)*



Westport,
Maine, greets
its favorite son.
Left, Rudy, Mother and Dad.
Below, broadcasting from Peoria, Ill.

and who wanted to work. My boys usually played for an hour or an hour and a quarter without me. The dance started at nine and they gave the dancers plenty of dance music till I arrived on the scene at ten or ten-fifteen. The psychology of a late appearance is that the crowd is



Crooks Don't

*Radio is Relentless in Pursuit of Lawbreakers and
Uncanny in Ferreting Them From Their Hideouts*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In this article Grover A. Whalen, former Police Commissioner of New York City, makes it very plain that even though he retired from that particular office to go back to an active business career he still retains a lively interest in police work. He is especially desirous of awakening public interest in crime prevention.*

By

Grover A. Whalen

ELMIRA RUBEN didn't look exactly wicked. He was a thickset yellow-skinned Filipino with a rather high forehead. His hair was black and bushy. He met your gaze freely with black eyes that peered at you through the latest model octagon-shaped rimless glasses. Ruben was well-read and a good talker. You would have taken him for just another student sent here from his island home to get a college education.

Perhaps that is what he came to the United States for originally. I don't know. We are not particularly interested in what his intentions were prior to his activity as a forger.

On November 7th, 1928, Ruben was indicted by the Grand Jury. The charge was grand larceny. With a forged check on the Harriman National Bank for \$1500, Ruben had obtained an equal amount of negotiable travelers' checks from the American Express Company. When he was apprehended by one of our detectives he called himself Joe Manalo. This was a good alias, as aliases go, but it didn't take very long to discover that Joe Manalo and Elmira Ruben were one and the same person.

The case was set for trial early in December and Judge Fawcett set the bail at \$3500. With the aid of friends, Ruben was able to secure the services of a professional bondsman.

The case was called on December 7th. Ruben failed to appear. When detectives were sent to the address of the bondsman that gentleman was also among the missing. The bond was forfeited and Elmira Ruben automatically became a fugitive from justice.

This fugitive was not in any sense of the word a clever criminal. That is, he wasn't clever in covering his tracks. Perhaps his inexpertness at playing the part which the underworld calls a "hideout on

the lam" made it possible for him to do the thing which no professional criminal would have done. Ruben repeated his offense!

He forged another check, the amount of which was \$5000. With the forged check he purchased from an agent of the Dollar Steamship Line in New York City five thousand dollars worth of American Express Travelers' Checks!

Not until December twentieth did a special agent of the American Express Company inform the New York Police Department that the company had been swindled by a Filipino by the name of Jose Encarnation.

THE similarity of the two cases charged to Elmira Ruben and Jose Encarnation made the Department officials suspicious. A picture of Ruben was submitted to the agent of the steamship company who had sold Encarnation the checks and he immediately identified the picture as that of the person who had made the purchase from him. Ruben now had another alias. It was not his last one as we were to learn shortly.

The travelers' checks which Encarnation had cashed were traced to Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City. Remember, the police department did not learn of this last escapade of Ruben's until December twentieth. After that date things happened rapidly.

The Express Company cooperated with us in our man hunt. It was their money which Elmira Ruben, alias Joe Malano, alias Jose Encarnation was spending. Now, when an Oriental heads West with a pocketful of cash it usually means one thing. He is homeward bound. We acted on that assumption.

San Francisco is the natural port of embarkation for those returning to the Orient. The travelers' checks had been cashed by a Westward bound Encarnation

and we decided that San Francisco was the likely place to apprehend our man.

The police chief of that city was wired on December twenty-first. A picture of the fugitive was already in his files, as photographs of Ruben had been sent out the previous week to the police departments of large cities throughout the country. The wire which the chief received requested that he check with the ticket agents of the steamship companies to see if a ticket had been sold to any person resembling the man under suspicion.

In less than an hour we had a wire from the San Francisco police! By a lucky coincidence the man detailed to the job had struck the trail at the first ticket agency he visited.

The clerk was positive she had sold passage on the Steamship Koreamaru to a young Filipino who resembled Ruben. But the name of the purchaser, according to the passenger list, was Constantino Querubin! Another alias. This traveler had paid cash for his ticket.

The clerk further stated that the Filipino had shown her his passport and that it was made out in the name of Constantino Querubin. This was the last alias we ran into, and because of the passport we assumed that Querubin was not an alias but was his real name.

When was the Koreamaru due to sail?

It had sailed. That very day.

Our man was on the high seas, probably congratulating himself that he had been a very wise young man in coming to the United States, where it had been so easy to pick up a few thousand dollars without working. We could picture him on the deck of the steamship dreaming of a future of delightful idleness in some island paradise.

But the fugitive was reckoning without the knowledge of what the air waves about his head were saying at that very moment.

The Radio operator on the Koreamaru received a message from the American Express representative in San Francisco. It was addressed to the Captain and it asked briefly if a passenger by the name of Constantino Querubin was on board.

The next morning the following message was delivered to me:

Like Ether

"Captain of Koreamaru has wirelessly that Querubin on board photograph can be radioed Honolulu if desired."

The message was signed by the American Express representative in San Francisco.

As soon as I learned the date on which the Steamship was due to arrive at Honolulu, I sent Sheriff Gleason of that port the following message:

"Arrest Jose Encarnation Filipino twenty-five years five feet six one hundred thirty-five yellow complexion bushy hair may wear glasses Grand Jury indictment charges grand larceny forgery bench warrant issued is passenger aboard Koreamaru name Constantino Querubin due Twenty-sixth will extradite wire—Grover A. Whalen, Police Commissioner"

As a further precaution I ordered that the picture showing the side view of Ruben's face be radioed to Sheriff Gleason. This was done.

There was nothing more that we could do until we heard from the Sheriff at Honolulu. And hear from him we did. This was the message which came to Police Headquarters on the afternoon of December twenty-sixth:

"Encarnation alias Querubin arrested being held twenty six hundred and eighty one dollars found in possession advise what action you want—Sheriff Gleason"

The sheriff was advised to hold the fugitive in custody. In spite of an attempt on the part of a local lawyer to prevent the extradition of the prisoner, Detectives Kelly and Fitzgerald of the New York force made the trip to the mid-Pacific and returned with a much dismayed culprit.

RUBEN was returned to New York and jailed on February sixth, less than two months after he had jumped his bond. He was convicted and is now serving out his sentence.

The officials of the police department are rather proud of this particular case. We were elated, not because of the capture of a hardened criminal, for Ruben was anything but that, but because of the up-to-date methods used in making the capture. It was, I believe, the first time that the photograph of a fugitive from justice was sent via Radio.

In this progressive age in which we live



Grover A. Whalen, former New York Police Commissioner

criminals as well as honest folks are aware of the uses to which science can be turned. They are quick to utilize scientific facts and methods in the commission of crime. It is up to honest citizenry, and especially police departments, to keep not only abreast of the times but just a jump or two ahead in order to combat the menace of the underworld. Science gave us the automobile and every crook, from stick-up man to bank robber, immediately accepted this form of transportation as the quickest and safest means of escape. It is impossible to keep the motor car out of the hands of a criminal but its value to him has been somewhat curtailed by a vigilant motorized police force. Indeed, the police cars of western cities, like Detroit, equipped with Radio, have been doing very splendid work in capturing hold-up men and automobile thieves. Such cars contain a receiving set tuned in on the police broadcasting station. Thus an instantaneous report of a crime reaches the cruising police officers, who are then able to give their immediate attention to the business of apprehending the fleeing criminals.

PERHAPS you wonder, inasmuch as the Police Department of New York City has its own station, why it has never made use of Radio in the way other cities are doing.

When the station was first installed some years ago, Radio, as it is known today, was an unborn child. The station was then equipped for wireless work of short range sending and was used to aid in the control of harbor traffic. It was also found to be an efficient means of directing the fireboats whenever an alarm came from ships in or near the harbor.

Today, although the station's work covers a larger territory and includes a much longer sending and receiving radius, it is still much the same as it was at the time of installation. The City Boat, "Macon," has also been equipped as a Radio station. At all times it is in direct communication with the land station and serves as a representative of the municipal station in our great harbor, teeming with commercial traffic.

We have made several experiments with receiving sets in police cars but have been forced to abandon their use. Radio is impractical for police work in New York in cars under present conditions. Present day sets function erratically in this city of skyscrapers. There are many "dead" areas which we have been unable to penetrate with our present police broadcasting station system. This condition is not alone the fault of the low power of the station. Set owners living in these "dead" spots complain bitterly because they cannot bring in the entertainment programs from the high-powered stations.

The Chief Engineer of the Department, Mr. Thomas Rochester, has spent many hours toiling over a map on which he has

these areas checked. It is his contention that six or eight stations, properly located throughout the city, in a chain hook-up, broadcasting one report from the key station, will eliminate the "dead" spots, as far as police broadcasting is concerned. The chances are that this system of a city chain of police broadcasting stations will be tried in the near future. May I add that the Department has requested the federal Radio commission to assign a special wave length on which to operate these stations. Reception on the wave length we are considering would require the use of special sets.

To illustrate the unholy uses to which the lawbreakers may put the products of science and inventive genius, it is interesting to note that Radio has not escaped their attention. Only a few months ago

done. There was no sign of life about the house. But once inside they were well rewarded for their labors. The very efficient broadcasting apparatus which had been used by the bootleggers to warn their runners of the whereabouts of the coast guard cutters and federal men was revealed. To supplement the Radio there was an extensive arsenal including revolvers, sawed-off shotguns and two machine guns!

Perhaps, my readers may be interested in another case in which Radio played a part in a tragedy, in the spring of 1926. For some months, residents of Brooklyn and Long Island had reported the loss of receiving sets by burglary. The facts in each case were the same. The thief had entered the house in the early evening hours after the occupants had gone out. Although silverware was usually taken, the Radio set was always listed as missing. The men on the force spoke of the thief as "the Radio burglar." Special men were detailed to hunt the man down and on March twenty-fifth, two detectives saw a man enter a home in Richmond Hill shortly after the family had left the house. The peculiar actions of the man had attracted the attention of the plain clothes men a few minutes before. He did not look as though he belonged in the neighborhood and appeared to be a suspicious idler.

Waiting until the suspect was inside the house, the two detectives approached. When the thief, who had forced a window to make his entrance, boldly opened the front door and started to walk out with a receiving set in his arms the detectives rushed forward to seize him. The burglar dropped the set and pulled a gun. In the exchange of shots that followed both officers were wounded and the man darted away.

Patrolman Arthur J. Kenny, on whose post this had occurred, heard the shots from a distance and came running toward the scene of action. At the corner of the street he nearly collided with the fleeing burglar. Kenny made a grab for the man and caught him, but before the patrolman could get the gun away from his captive, Kenny was shot and killed. The burglar escaped.

THE wounded detectives, however, had obtained a good look at the thief and a search through the rogues' gallery revealed the identity of the murderer. A comparison of the fingerprints on the receiving set he had tried to steal, with those in the bureau, made the identification positive. The man was a petty thief and drug addict who had already served two terms. He was apprehended on April thirteenth by two detectives assigned to watch the crowd at the opening game of the baseball season at the Polo Grounds. He reached for his gun but was quickly disarmed. His trial resulted in a quick conviction on the charge of first de-

A RADIO RUM RING!

The underworld is using Radio for its own ends! Rum-runners illicitly set up \$10,000 broadcast stations to flash news to waiting contraband ships.

Read How These Criminals Are Being Tracked By Their Own Instruments In

DECEMBER RADIO DIGEST

the New Jersey federal authorities located a fully equipped broadcasting station which rum-runners were using. An elaborate set of code signals emanating from an unknown locality on the Jersey coast first caught the attention of the government's watchdogs. They were unable to decipher the code, but they did know, that the efficiency of the coast guard cutters as rum-chasers in some mysterious way had been practically eliminated. When the federal men finally succeeded in centering their activities on the neighborhood from whence the mystery signals came, they discovered a rather pretentious but lonesome house on a little hill. They raided the place only to find it had been aban-

gree murder and in June of that same year he was placed in the "hot spot," as the electric chair is called by offenders of society.

It may seem strange to the majority of people that a petty thief will resort to murder in order to escape the law. A large number of them are drug addicts. The criminal with his mind dominated by the drug has a false courage that makes him reckless. A gun in the hand of a "hop-head" is a hundred times more of a menace than in the hand of a normal human. We could wipe out at least fifty per cent of the crime in this country if the traffic in drugs could be controlled. The elimination of the drug addict is one of the first steps in crime prevention. Another obstacle to the control of crime is lack of public interest in the punishment of criminals. We are prone to give wide publicity to the commission of crime, but relatively little to the punishment. Newspapers in England give but little space to a crime until a conviction has been obtained.

Then the crime is reviewed and stress placed upon the punishment awarded. It is my firm belief that the story of the punishment would serve as a real deterrent. Highly colored accounts of a criminal's career, tend to promote, rather than discourage, criminality.

Moreover, don't leave everything to the police, who form your first line of defense against the onslaughts of the underworld. Many phases of police work need and demand the active cooperation of outside agencies. Chief among those outside

agencies is the honest citizen. No police department can function efficiently when honest citizens are apathetic.

When the Bureau of Crime Prevention was inaugurated as an active branch of the Police Department of the City of New York, on January sixteenth of this year, it was most gratifying to note the keen interest displayed and the many offers of assistance made by social agencies working in the field of prevention and welfare.

WHAT every well governed city needs most is a socially-minded public. There is an old adage to the effect that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. It is particularly true of crime prevention. New York has a population of seven millions of people and one and one-half millions of daily transients. Thus the police of our city come in daily contact with eight and one-half millions of people. The cosmopolitan

nature of our city further complicates the police problem. Therefore I felt that every citizen of New York should pledge himself or herself to assist in the solution of the all-important question of crime prevention.

In order to get this message to the people of New York, I wanted to find the best possible medium for my appeal. Arthur B. Reeve, the well known criminologist and author of the famous Craig Kennedy detective stories, suggested the Radio. The National Broadcasting Company was approached with the suggestion that a crime prevention program be added to the already long list of sustaining hours.

The suggestion was welcomed and in June of this year a series of half-hour programs were broadcast. To our great surprise and satisfaction this program was given a feature spot in the evening hours and was broadcast over a national hook-up covering most of the United States.



Rogues' Gallery pictures of Elmira Ruben, Filipino tracked down by persistence of Radio

The importance of this work must not be taken lightly for the solution of the crime problem can be found in crime prevention.

A rather interesting side light on the interest which certain malefactors have taken in these Radio programs came to light the other day. It happened shortly after an especially dramatic exposure of racketeering methods had been broadcast.

The programs are under the personal supervision of Mr. Reeve and three distinct, unmistakable overtures from the gentry "outside the law" were received by him. These overtures suggested that it might be worth his while to consider an offer to "chisel in" on their rackets. The figure was most alluring! A thinly veiled explanation was that he would be an invaluable ally in covering up their activities because of his ostensible connection with the forces of law and order.

The creator of Craig Kennedy expressed

his appreciation of the left-handed compliment but declined the offers. He grinned from ear to ear as he said to me, "Say, this is great. Now I'm sure this crime prevention idea is a success. When those racketeers give anything a tumble, it must be good."

But we have sought to do more than merely educate the public to protect itself from the criminal. Our crime prevention program goes far beyond that phase.

Primarily crime prevention means attacking crime at its source. It means surrounding the delinquent child with good environmental and occupational influences and destroying the vicious influences which breed crime.

CRIME prevention in its broadest sense will result in making a delinquent child into a normal, healthy member of society, who at maturity will be able to take his or her place in our community life.

Billions are spent each year by the municipality, state and nation upon the suppression of crime. The yearly budget of the New York Police Department is over \$60,000,000.00. Added to this large expenditure of public funds for crime detection are the enormous amounts required for the upkeep of the correctional institutions made necessary by crime. How much better it would be if a large portion of this money were applied to the elimination of crime at its source. Our

present method is to protect society through elaborate crime detection machinery. Our future method will undoubtedly be the perfection of crime prevention machinery resulting in untold good to the city through the destruction of the breeding places of crime.

The situation is particularly serious today because, though we always have had crime, and perhaps always will, we never before have had such youthful criminals. Until recently little official cognizance was taken of this most distressing and alarming fact. A sense of individual responsibility must be felt in order to foster a larger sense of community responsibility.

Many breeding places of crime are licensed amusement resorts open to the thrill-seeking public. Because of the disappearance of the older bonds of conventionality, the youth of today rubs elbows with the criminal. While I am modern enough in thought not to desire

(Continued on page 121)



The

Mme. Schumann - Heink,
who finds life more enjoy-
able after fifty.

not getting any fun from life now, surely you cannot expect it at the decrepit age of fifty. Didn't even the poets and writers deplore the tragedy of age?"

But now that I look back upon the long rough road behind, I say it not only for myself, but for women in general, that the happiest years of life are those after fifty. And this is true even of the one who has had more advantages than pleasures in youth than I had. Take it from Mother Schumann-Heink that youth is not as happy and as enchanted a period of life as the poets and writers would have us believe. In reality it is more a time of many painful experiences.

FOR example, the young haven't sense enough to value the advice of their elders or to be guided by it. They are certain that they know everything. Even my grandchildren inform me that I know nothing about life. Ach, how time flies! It was only yesterday that my own children were telling me: "Mother these things may have been true in the last century, but you don't know anything about today!"

And in another fifteen years my great-grandchildren will also be imparting this wisdom to me. That is youth. It won't believe that since you have already lived your life you can help it to choose the better way. No, it must learn for itself. So it is continually making mistakes and bumping its nose.

And the things that particularly worry the young girl! There is no end to them. She worries about her looks and her figure. She worries about her love affairs and whether she is going to get married. It takes a mere word to cause her a heartache. The least little disappointment sends her into deep despair. Ach, I can recall now the salty tears I shed because someone criticized me. And how black life was because I could not go to a dance.

The young do not know the things that bring true happiness. They dash after pleasure and good times only to become bored and dissatisfied. They want to grab everything from life that they can. They haven't learned as yet that it is only in giving that one finds happiness and satisfaction.

The young have wonderful ideals; far too wonderful for this world. Consequently they suffer from bitter disillusionment. They see that the world isn't a perfect place; that glowing success isn't so easily obtained or that the career isn't what they are fitted for. The sweetheart days are brief. Ach, so brief! It does not take long before the young girl finds out that marriage does not contain

I AM SIXTY-NINE years old and I am living the happiest years of my life!

I smile when I remember that as a young girl I believed one couldn't know any happiness at fifty. It seemed to me, as it does to the young lady of today, that it was a time to be dreaded for its emptiness and loneliness—a time when shining hopes and ambitions,

pleasures and activity were all gone and there were only memories to feed upon—a time when one walked with stiff joints down the hill into the dismalness below.

Then when I realized I was not enjoying my youth, there would be a stab in my heart. "Ach," I thought to myself, "it is no use. Your life was not made to be a happy one. If you are

Happiest Years

By *Mme. Ernestine*

Schumann-Heink

as told to

Lillian G. Glenn

*"Joy comes to us after we reach
fifty. Youth is not as happy
as poets and writers would
have us believe."*

all bliss and romance and that her mate is far from a Prince Charming. There are difficult adjustments to make; bills to worry about and sleepless, troublesome nights when the babies arrive.

And so as the years pile up, the woman finds that there are many problems to encounter and troubles to shoulder. She worries about her children and frets about losing her youth. The appearance of a wrinkle or a grey hair sends a chill to her heart. Then she begins those tiring efforts to preserve her beauty and youth. Fortunately for me I never had to worry about losing my looks. My face and my figure were such that I knew from my early days they were hopeless to bother about. And so I could devote all my time and energy to my children and my career. God knows I needed ever bit of energy I had, for the years were full of hardships and struggles. But, as you know, a woman need not have eight children and a career to make her back bend. Even if she is a millionaire's wife there will be things to scar her soul.

GRADUALLY, though, the pace is less feverish and the emotional turmoil dies down. The years of fifty have come and it is the beginning of a delectable life. That is, if you are sensible enough to accept your age. The trouble is that the average woman starts to act foolishly. She spends the precious time in which she could be enjoying life in frantically pursuing youth. She goes to the beauty parlors to be massaged and to sit in reducing cabinets. She pinches her feet in tight shoes. She starves herself to be thin and tries to imitate the young. And what does she get for her pains and her efforts? Does she get youth? Does she win happiness? No, she only succeeds in making a thin, nervous, undernourished spectacle of herself. On the other hand, if she would serenely and optimistically face her age, she would find not only that life isn't over for her, but that new joys and pleasures await her. The years after fifty can be a woman's happiest.

For the first time in life you can sit



Lillian G. Glenn

back and relax. And believe me, it is a marvelous feeling. Your children are out of the house and your responsibilities and tasks are ended. If you are not ashamed of your age, you can stop the foolish dieting and exercising to keep slender and begin to eat a more substantial meal. You can dress for comfort. The dress that I am wearing right now is eight years old. That is a fact! It is wonderful not to waste your time and money in shopping, shopping, shopping, and to free yourself from the tyranny of style. Furthermore, you are free to do as you please and go where you want without wondering what your family and your friends will say about you. No one takes Grandma to task.

YOU find, too, that your whole outlook upon life has gradually changed. You aren't afflicted by needless fears and anxieties because you have learned that in the course of time things will right themselves. You take each day as it comes and you do your best with it and do not worry about tomorrow. You are through with experiments and trials. You know the good from the bad and the bad from the good; you have knowledge of life and your values are clearer. After you have struggled and suffered and collected some wisdom, you build up a philosophy that makes the years after fifty seem sweet. You would not want to give it up for anything. Not even for the shining freshness of youth which is still blindly bumping its nose. No, not Mother Schumann-Heink.

You see, the truth of the matter is that you do not begin to go down hill after fifty. You merely take a turn in the road and walk along one that is smoother and greener and without any dangers or risks. Of course you cannot run or dance as you did in your youth, but then, you have no desire to do it either. You are quite content to choose the shady path and to make your way more leisurely. But don't think for a moment that this path holds no interests and excitements for you. Ah, there are many of them if your mind is on the present and not the past.

So long as you do not attempt to imitate the things that the young do, you do not feel old. I know that many people are frankly surprised that my step is youthful, my spirits gay and my mind keen. But why shouldn't they be? If you look at life with a bright eye, if you do work you love and that keeps you planning for the future so that you forget the years, and if, most important of all, you have faith in the Father, you will remain young and buoyant until the final curtain is rung down.

Of course, if you have dissipated your vitality in your early years, and wasted your energy on parties and foolish amusements so that your health is failing, it will not be easy for you to maintain youthfulness and vivacity. For the physical condition of the body will react negatively on the mind and will destroy your spirit. The wise woman who is approaching the fifties will realize that she cannot keep up the pace of youth without having it take its toll from her health. She has to give heed to the changes of Nature and take care of herself. She has to eat the proper foods and see to it that she gets sufficient hours of sleep.

I have been following a common sense living regime for many years and that is the reason why I not only possess my voice today, but great vitality as well. It means nothing for me to travel several times a year from California to New York and back, to sing on the operatic and concert stage, to sing at the NBC studios, study my music, make victrola records, answer my mail, play with my newest great-grandchild and direct my household affairs.

ONE of the reasons why people think the body and mind must deteriorate is that they remember how their mothers and grandmothers tottered around feebly and helplessly. So they think it must be a matter of course with them. It is this belief which makes them dread age. We must realize, though, that our mothers and grandmothers did not know anything about the laws of health and hygiene; that they did not have any opportunities to do work which would keep their minds alert. These poor women had to sit by the fireside with folded hands waiting to be released from their empty lives. Naturally, mentally and physically they began to vegetate so that by fifty or sixty they were useless.

But we are living in a different age—one that gives women a chance to lead not only a healthy life, but an active one even when they are great-grandmothers. They should appreciate this opportunity and make the most of it. Let me tell you that I go on my knees every night and thank God I can still work and give a little sunshine to others. What especially touches me these days is that I am now able, through the Radio, to sing to vast numbers of people who could not afford to hear me at the concerts and

opera. I am a daughter of plain people and I like to sing to plain people. Ach, I know how they need music in their lives. They and the wounded soldier boys whom I never forget. In times of despondency and grief, music always gave me deep comfort. That is why I am grateful to be living in this age of Radio so that I can be one of those to bring cheer to its wide audience.

Another ambition of mine that I will realize this year, is teaching and coaching forty young promising singers. I have long wanted to do something for the young singers of America—to give them something of what I have learned through fifty years of hard work and experience. There are many difficulties in the way of young singers who want to make a suc-

Learn About Matrimony From **BILLIE BURKE**

Fifteen years ago this famous and captivating star married Florenz Ziegfeld, creator of the Follies and one of the most sought-after men in the country. Broadway predicted the romance would not last. But it did!

How she made her marriage a happy one is revealed in an interview with Miss Burke on

Making the Most of Matrimony DECEMBER RADIO DIGEST

cess of their profession. I want to make it a little easier for a few who have real talent. I want to use the years that I have in helping them.

However, a woman does not need a voice or talent to make herself useful. If I could not sing, I would find plenty to do. For example, I would teach young girls how to cook. Yes, I mean it! So many marriages are failures today simply because wives don't know how to make a meal. One can't thrive on delicatessen and restaurant food. What is more, if you give a man good home

cooking, he will not want to stray from his hearthplace. As for the wife herself, she will not be so restless and irritable. It will mean more happiness for her if she will learn how to cook rather than to play bridge or golf.

There are many other things a woman can do if she only has the desire. Certainly the greatest joy in life comes from being useful, not only to your dear ones, but to the community at large. On every hand there is work to be done. Political clubs, social service organizations, community centers and women's leagues of every type, which have worthy ideals, will eagerly welcome the woman who not only has the leisure, but to whom the years have brought judgement and understanding.

You see, there are blessed years of living after fifty—blessed in every sense of the word. A glorious life is in your hands provided you do not stand with your eyes on the past. If the choice were offered me, I would want to have more years of life today rather than any years of youth. For there is little that youth has to offer which can equal the freedom, the happiness and the serenity of age.

* * *

Mme. Schumann-Heink started her illustrious career more than fifty years ago in a little town in Austria. Her father was a Bohemian and a poorly paid officer in the army and her mother was an Italian. The parents had an exceedingly hard struggle to clothe and feed their large brood of children. When Ernestine was twelve years old she was sent to the Urse-line Convent at Prague and it was there that a nun discovered her remarkable voice. She allowed the child to sing at mass and everyone was overwhelmed by the beauty of her voice.

A YEAR after that Mariette Le Clair, the great French prima donna, happened to visit the convent. When mass was over Mme. Le Claire sought Ernestine out and told her that her voice could develop into a great contralto. She offered to give her lessons for nothing if she could come to Gratz, where she lived.

Ernestine wrote to her father and at first he refused permission. He did not want his daughter to go on the stage. But she managed to secure his consent and a well-to-do army officer provided her with some funds. She made a successful concert debut in Gratz and then went to Dresden to study under Franz M. Wuellner. It was not long before she made her operatic debut as 'Azucena' in "Il Trovatore" at the Dresden Opera. She was there about three years when she married. A year later, when her first child was born, she lost her position at the Opera House. Those years were very hard ones for the singer. She could not always procure en-

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A RADIO COLUMN By HEYWOOD BROWN



GOOD evening. I remember when I was in school we voted just before graduation about each other— You know . . . the handsomest and the best dressed and the brightest pupil and so on. I didn't get any votes in any of those three classes. Nobody seemed to know that I was running for "handsomest".

But I did get elected in two things. I was voted the best all round—that didn't mean the most globular. At that time I was tall and slim—fairly tall, about six feet, two. I was only seventeen and I hadn't got my growth yet. I had begun to smoke cigarettes the year before. I don't believe I weighed more than a hundred and ninety pounds in those days. But I was the centre on the football team and the centre on the basketball team and the editor of the Horace Mann monthly. That was the year the February issue didn't come out till June.

I GOT voted the best all round and the laziest and only one of those has worked out true to any extent. You can't tell so far in advance. If Mr. Edison were a betting man I'd like to make him a wager about his recent competitive exam to find the brightest boy. At the end of twenty years I'll bet the boy who comes forty-ninth in the test is of more real use to the world than the one who finishes first. Questionnaires are like that. People who do terribly well in examinations in school and college sort of peter out. It's a little bit like some fighters who look very impressive when they are training and boxing around with sparring partners and then don't do anything at all in the ring—on the night of the big fight. Sporting writers have an expression about a boxer like that—they say, "He left his fight in the gymnasium." It seems to me that some pupils leave their brains in the examination room.

I am not trying to encourage people to

In which the famous columnist and candidate for Congress broadcasts intermittently over the Columbia network, discusses Bright Boys, Doctors and the Kitten that Came Back.

flunk all their tests but I get a lot of letters from young men and women, terribly woebegone because they haven't done well in school or college. They are ready to call themselves stupid (I pronounce that stoopid when I am not careful). Some youngsters feel sure they will never succeed at anything just because they didn't get by in Latin or plane geometry. And here's another contributor—I don't know whether it is a man or a woman—suffering from an unfounded discouragement. She says or he says (E.H.B.)—"I am a patient in a sanitarium and there seems to be among us a good deal of scepticism as to whether one is fit for anything worthwhile after being afflicted with tuberculosis. It would be encouraging if you would point out a few of those who have made a success of life after regaining their health."

Now, of course, there are hundreds and thousands of those. The greatest of American playwrights and another man, who seems to me our best short story writer, are both men who came to their great success after winning their fight with tuberculosis.

A very large proportion of Radio letters come from people who are shut-ins, for some reason or other. They make a fine audience because after listening to the night nurse for an hour and a half almost any diversion is welcome. Naturally I mean just some night nurses. There are nurses and nurses and I have known some that I would gladly listen to hour after hour. A few. I remember I had one during the great influenza epidemic of 1918. Maybe she wasn't a regular nurse. Anybody who could fill a hot water bottle was a nurse in those days. While I was convalescing she used to sit by the side of

my bed and read to me. But the book she chose was one of my own works. I was never so bored in all my life. Besides she always laughed in the wrong places. And it wasn't supposed to be a funny book. It was a very sad story. And naturally it wasn't a story in which I

took much interest, I knew how it came out.

I have never been exactly shut-in but I had a nervous breakdown once that ran along for pretty nearly three years. I could do my work but I didn't get any fun out of it. I used to get very despondent. I wouldn't have given a nickel for my chance of ever going to a speak-easy again. But I did get better. It is very mysterious how people get cured. I believe in doctors. I ought to—I have been to enough of them in my time. They are nice to have around. They can tell you what you have got—or what you haven't got. But mostly people cure themselves . . . and generally quite suddenly. Everybody knows about the crisis in pneumonia and diphtheria and things like that but it's just the same in nervous breakdowns and other ailments that take longer. There is a crisis—a peak—a turning point. You go to bed sick and in the morning you wake up—well. I don't mean that necessarily you can get out and turn handsprings, but you have the feel of being well. You are off the side road and on the main highway at last. And that can happen any morning at all. It could be tomorrow.

I GOT cured in a peculiar way. Anybody can tell I am a neurotic—that is the chief symptom. We all want to get a chance to talk to somebody about our own symptoms. That is really the chief appeal of doctors. They have to listen if you pay them. But it wasn't a doctor who pulled me through the crisis. I was a cardiophobe—that is, a man who thinks he has heart disease.

(Continued on page 119)



Ted Husing in action with his "announcing board"

"SAY, you bum! Who ever told you you knew anything about football? I heard you broadcast during the — game, and you hardly even mentioned — and the great work done by —, but continually talked about the wonderful playing of —. Of course, everybody knows you favor — over any team they happen to be playing, and that — is your little tin god. How much are you getting out of it?"

There, ladies and gentlemen, is a sample of a letter that I received from an irate football fan following the broadcast of a certain football game two years ago, with the names of the teams and players mentioned deleted by myself. Isn't it sweet?

I might add that the letter isn't reproduced exactly as written. There is a law of the land which forbids the sending of offensive reading matter through the mails, and this little *billet doux*, which was signed with a fictitious name anyway, had to be slightly expurgated.

Well, that's just part of the lot of a sports announcer, or a sports reporter for a newspaper for that matter. I'm proud to say that I don't get many letters like that, but anyway I've long since stopped worrying about them when I do. The

term "fan," I understand, is an abbreviation of "fanatic," and no fan is as blindly and unreasonably and unbelievably partisan as the football fan. The first whiff of smoke from burning leaves in the fall affects the average American citizen like a shot of dope. Everybody talks, eats and sleeps football between the first of October and the last of November. Everyone, in fact, becomes a self-appointed expert, and honestly feels that nobody knows as much about the game as he does.

And that's all right. It's what makes football the thrilling and intoxicating thing that it is. I can't rail at the public for their enthusiasm, because football affects me in the same way.

But it is because football fans are so rabid, and as I said before, at times so unreasonably partisan, that I do my level best to make every report of a football game an accurate one. I may get excited—as who wouldn't when somebody rips off eight yards through the line, or flits eighty yards through a broken field—but if I can tell listeners exactly what is going on during every minute of the game, I firmly believe that I am pleasing the majority of listeners most of the time.

Now, by accurate broadcasting I mean describing in detail every play, as it takes

Ted

Famous Announcer's inside story on the mechanics of broadcasting the big game—Radio Digest's schedule of important games on the air this fall.

place. That means telling when and how the teams line up; the formation of the backfield; any shifts in the formation that might take place; the name of the player who receives the ball from the center; when and how he runs with it, or whom he passes it to; who tackles him; how many yards he makes or loses; the location of the ball on the field at the completion of the play; what down it is, and how many yards to go for first down.

That doesn't sound so difficult, does it? I know the answer is that it doesn't, and I would wager that the readers, if any, of this article, would swap a right arm and maybe a leg or two for the job of announcing football games over the air, and would feel perfectly certain that they could do it without any trouble. Well, they couldn't!

"Ha! That fellow Husing certainly has a high opinion of himself," I am sure everyone will remark after that statement. But let me explain myself a little further. I maintain that no one could give an accurate play-by-play description of a football game all by himself. I know that I couldn't. It's an impossibility without the aid of an expert observer and operators.

I HAVE the same "team" working with me right through the season. In fact, some of our most important work is done long before the season starts. My observer for the 1930 season, who was a star football player at college, and has had a good deal of coaching experience since his graduation, certainly knows football. But just knowing football isn't enough. He has to know enough about the style of play and general ability of the individual players, especially backfield men, of the teams on our broadcasting schedule to know what to expect of them—to be able, almost, to anticipate what they do before they do it. He has been busy since late in the summer learning about these players, and if possible

Husing

*Tells How He
Broadcasts*

Football

visiting with the teams at their training camps.

The observer's job is perhaps the most trying and exacting of all. Of course, I endeavor beforehand, to familiarize myself with the players' appearances, and as far as possible memorize their numbers. But when I'm chattering away at perhaps a rate of 250 words a minute, I can't stop to think whether No. 6 who carried the ball is Smith, and No. 11 who tackled him is Jones. I must depend absolutely on my observer for those details—details which offhand seem unimportant, but to me mean the difference between a good and a bad broadcast. I feel that anyone interested enough to listen in on the game in the first place is familiar with the players and their particular style of play beforehand. He hears the announcer say, "Now the ball is on the seven-yard line. It's last down and goal to go. No. 6 is going back to take the pass from center. The ball is passed, etc., etc.

NOW there you have an exciting moment in the game. Seven yards to go for touchdown! If the listener is at all familiar with the teams and players, he wants to know who is going to receive that pass from center. If the announcer says that Smith is going back to receive it, he probably knows that Smith is noted for his line plunging ability, and that he is going to make a desperate attempt to smash his way through for the touchdown. On the other hand, if the announcer says that Zilch is going back he immediately thinks, "Aha! Zilch is a sharpshooter on forward passes. He's going to try one over the goal line." In other words, in order that the listener may really visualize what is being described, the announcer must give him every detail of the play—before it happens, not after.

The old system of keeping the announcer informed on details of the game called for two extra observers, usually an

incapacitated member of each team, who knew by sight the members of their respective squads. As the play got under way one or the other would call out the name of the player to the regular observer. He in turn would whisper it into the ear of the announcer. That system was bad for several reasons. In the first place the extra observers were very apt to get excited during a close play, and either yell out the wrong name or forget to say anything at all. Even if that didn't happen it was annoying for the announcer to have the observer constantly whispering something in his ear, especially when, as was frequently the case, the announcer knew who was carrying the ball or making the tackle anyway. In any case the whispering disturbed his train of thought, and made it almost impossible to talk uninterruptedly.

We have a new system now, which I devised myself, and which was worked very successfully last year. For want of a better name I call it the announcer's announcing board. It consists of a small board with red lights running down one side and green lights down the other. Alongside each light is a small card car-

rying the name of each backfield man—red for one side and green for the other. This board is attached by wires to another board in front of my observer.



They pack 'em in at the Yale bowl on the day of the big Army - Yale game.

© Ewing Galloway



Grant P. Ward, new WLW announcer

with cards bearing corresponding names alongside buttons instead of lights. The observer has a pair of specially made field glasses with which he watches every play. Here is a sample of the way it works.

"... The teams are lining up now, and Harvard has the ball on Yale's twenty-five yard line. It is third down and still eight yards to go for first down. There's a man going back now. It's (red flash alongside Smith's name) Smith and he starts toward right end. But suddenly he stops, wheels, and makes a lateral pass to (red flash) Brown. Brown takes the pass, but instead of running with it he hesitates a moment and then makes a long toss to (red flash) Green, who has cut over and is heading down the side toward the Yale goal. There's a Yale man covering him. It's (green flash) Jones. Jones leaps for the ball. He's got it! The tables have been turned now, and Jones is twisting and dodging up that side line. He's gotten past two men and has reached his own thirty yard line. He's gotten past another one, but now he's been forced outside about on his own thirty-five yard line as he is tackled hard and cleanly by (red flash) White."

THAT is just a sample, and maybe not a very adequate one. But I hope it gives you some idea of how the system is worked. There is no delay, and scarcely any hesitation, in giving the listener a picture of what is going on, when it is going on. That is, there is no hesitation or delay with a trained observer, and I want to say a bit more on that subject. If that rather feeble illustration of mine gives you some idea of how valuable, how absolutely indispensable, my observer is to me, then I feel that I have accomplished something. The observer, and the operators of whom I will speak later, are the men behind

the man behind the gun. They are, figuratively speaking, the interference that takes out the opposing tacklers so that the man carrying the ball can romp to touchdowns and glory. Besides the signalling device that I have just described the observer has another board, with a gridiron charted out on it, upon which he manipulates colored-headed pins to show the position of the ball on the playing field, what down it is, and how many yards to go for first down.

The task of the operators, who complete our football broadcasting "team," includes the preliminary work of installing the broadcasting equipment, arranging for the positions of the microphones, etc. We usually use four microphones beside the one into which I talk. These pick-up mikes are placed in front of the rival cheering sections and bands, and it is upon the operators whom I must depend for most of the color and sound effects, as well as for the proper transmission of my voice over the air. They must be prepared at any time to switch the pick-up mikes on or off for the sounds of cheering or singing, and must know how to regulate them so that "color" will come in loudly enough to be distinct but not so loud as to drown out my voice. These mikes are numbered, and we have a system of hand signals so that when I say, "the injured man is leaving the game, and is being assisted from the field—the Stanford cheering section has risen as one man and is giving him a tremendous hand," I hold up three fingers, and the operator switches on No. 3 microphone in front of the Stanford cheering section. With other movements of my hand I can signal him to fade it out or bring it up full.

Broadcasting a football game is about ninety percent plain, ordinary hard work. I am frequently asked whether I enjoy the games that I broadcast, and my answer is that I enjoy the broadcasting but not the game. I often can't remember most of the details of a game, and occasionally friends will compliment me on the way I described a certain play that I have no recollection of ever having seen.

And our work is not ended with the final shrill blast of the referee's whistle. Before we have a chance to relax and forget what has happened, we repair to our hotel and hold a little informal meeting, where each of us has the opportunity to tell the others how good or bad they were. I am no longer the leader of our little "team" when we assemble at these meetings. Everyone is on a par with the others, and is free to speak his own mind. There is no sparing of feelings as each points out what he believes to have been mistakes on the part of the others. A cue wrongly given, a signal misunderstood, a microphone badly placed—every little wrinkle is smoothed out with the idea of forestalling any recurrences of the incident in future games. Those little meetings aren't always pleasant, but we all leave them with a



Coach Fielding H. Yost of Michigan

little better idea of how, or how not, to broadcast a football game.

Football Coaches Make Forecasts Over WLW

ADDED interest is being given several of the games broadcast over station WLW, WOR and WMAQ by the Football Forecasts program every Friday at 6:30 P. M. E. S. T.

Coaches of the Big Ten and Big Three Conferences, including Zuppke of Illinois, Yost of Michigan, Stagg of Chicago, Stevens of Yale, Roper of Princeton, Horween of Harvard, and possibly Rockne of Notre Dame, on the nights before the biggest games of the season are talking to audiences of "Quality Group" stations.

Each man gives his own ideas of the approaching games and talks about the men on his team.

To add to the college atmosphere that is being created, glee clubs, bands, and orchestras from the universities are on hand to furnish the same music that spurs on the teams in the grid struggle.

FIELDING YOST of the University of Michigan was the first coach on the air. On Friday, October 17, less than 24 hours before his eleven met the Ohio State team at Columbus, Yost told about it from the latter city. Hal Totten, veteran sport announcer of station WMAQ, went to Columbus, Ohio, to present Yost to the Radio audience. The Scarlet Mask, dramatic organization of Ohio State, furnished additional entertainment.

Bill Roper, of Princeton University,

faces the microphone on Friday, October 31, in Chicago in advance of the game between his team and the University of Chicago. The Princeton Triangle Club, famous dramatic organization that included Booth Tarkington as a member, will share honors with the glee club of the Chicago school on this forecast.

Bob Zuppke will forecast the prospects of his University of Illinois team against Army on Friday, November 7, in a talk from one of the New York studios used by WLW.

ALONZO STAGG. "The grand old man of football." will forecast the Illinois-Chicago game on November 14 as his big maroon team waits to engage Zuppke's Illini.

Arnold Horween, Harvard football coach, will precede the Yale-Harvard game on November 21. For his broadcast, the microphone probably will be set up at his camp at Haverford, Connecticut.

Final arrangements have not yet been made for the forecast on November 28, although the place tentatively is being held open for Knute Rockne whose Notre Dame team will meet Army the next day. This final broadcast will be in the nature of an all-college celebration, including music for Army and Notre Dame and for other of the Big Ten and Big Three.

For WLW's broadcasts of the Ohio State football games, a new sports announcer will make his appearance on the Radio horizon. He is Grant P. Ward,

RADIO DIGEST'S FOOTBALL BROADCAST SCHEDULE

Here is your ticket to the big football games to be broadcast by the national chains. Keep this for reference.

GAME	AT	KEY STATION
National Broadcasting Company		
Saturday, November 1, 1930		
Dartmouth-Yale	New Haven	WEAF
Princeton-Chicago	Chicago	WJZ
Kentucky-Alabama	Lexington	WHAS
Saturday, November 8, 1930		
Harvard-Michigan	Cambridge	WJZ
Pennsylvania-Notre Dame	Philadelphia	WEAF
Saturday, November 15, 1930		
Navy-So. Meth.	Annapolis	WJZ
Yale-Princeton	Princeton	WEAF
Saturday, November 22, 1930		
Yale-Harvard	New Haven	WEAF
Navy-Maryland	Annapolis	WJZ
Thursday November 27, 1930		
Columbia-Syracuse	New York	WJZ
Cornell-Pennsylvania	Philadelphia	WEAF
Saturday, November 29, 1930		
Dartmouth-Stanford	U. Stanford	WEAF
Army-Notre Dame	Chicago	WJZ
Saturday, December 6, 1930		
Navy-U. of Penn.	Philadelphia	WEAF
Columbia Broadcasting System		
Saturday, November 1, 1930		
Princeton-Chicago	Chicago	WABC
Saturday, November 8, 1930		
U. of Illinois-Army	New York	WABC
Saturday, November 15, 1930		
Yale-Princeton	Princeton	WABC
Saturday, November 22, 1930		
Wisconsin-Minnesota	Madison, Wis.	WABC
Thursday November 27, 1930		
Penn-Cornell	Philadelphia	WABC
Saturday, November 29, 1930		
Army-Notre Dame	Chicago	WABC
Saturday, December 6, 1930		
Penn-Navy	Philadelphia	WABC

recognized all over the country as one of the greatest students of football in the United States. Although he has been since 1927 a member of the Ohio House of Representatives, Ward abandons his law practice temporarily each fall to visit all the Western Conference football games to get material for the authoritative and interesting articles he writes about gridiron prospects.

FOR ten years Ward was chief scout and assistant football coach at Ohio State University. He loves the game. He is said to have a remarkable faculty for sizing up players and retaining the mental notes he makes on the abilities of all he sees in action or reads about. As a dopestor on the outcome of games, he has few peers. In 1920, he forecast correctly the outcome of 60 out of 62 games, and his record in this field for other years is almost equally astounding.

Genial, personable and sincere, he won a most favorable response in 1929 as a broadcaster of games played in the Ohio stadium. Not a showman, but a quick thinking and deeply interested student of the game, he gave the stay-at-home football fans a straight-from-the-shoulder account of the battles he witnessed. So well did he register with fans that a newspaper in Columbus (not the one for which he was writing) devoted nearly a column to praising his skill as a football broadcaster.

Radio critics already are forecasting a great future for Grant P. Ward.



Ted Husing and his "team" of assistants and observers broadcasting a play by play story

SEA=FEVER

By JOHN MASEFIELD

Poet Laureate of England

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's
shaking.

And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide

Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied,
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea=gulls
crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like
a whetted knife;

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow=rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.



The Poet's FRIEND

*Radio is Kinder to Spoken Lyric than the
Cold, Silent Typeline, Says Mr. Masefield*

By John Masefield

Poet Laureate of England

FRRIENDS—those few whom I have met and those many thousands whom I have not met—through the genius of man, I have an opportunity to speak to you across thousands of miles of stormy water, across the roaring cities and quiet country places, about the possibilities of poetry in modern life.

I am speaking to you in the heart of London, at half past five on a rather overcast September afternoon which is inclined to be wet. To you I suppose it is now very nearly middle day in that far continent.

I speak in a place haunted by poetry and by the possibilities of poetry and the memories of poets. Undoubtedly Chaucer must have been here singing his poetry many times. He married his wife possibly within these precincts. Shakespeare undoubtedly was here. Just down the road Dr. Johnson wrote. Across the road Savage got drunk. It was near here that William Blake, our poet and engraver and inventor and mystic, lived and died. Tennyson used to frequent a tavern almost within sight. Turner, our great landscape painter, was born just across the road and passed his childhood here. It was here that Lord Byron used to box with the champion boxer of England, and the champion boxer of England was quite a good water color painter.

In more recent times, there were Yates and Francis Thompson who sold matches in the street within a few yards of this building; and James Thompson sold his articles for what they would fetch and then bought Irish whiskey.

Then, quite close to this place, Charles Dickens, as a little and unhappy boy, rinsed wine bottles for some unhappy months. The whole district is peopled with the ghosts of great writers. How-

Speaking on the subject, The Possibilities of Poetry in Modern Life, John Masefield tells Americans in trans-Atlantic broadcast that the modern poet has an advantage in being able to reach the public audibly. He recites his famous poem, Sea Fever, as an illustration. It appears on the opposite page, from John Masefield's Collected Poems, by permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company. Copyright by the Macmillan Company. The broadcast was conducted by the Columbia Broadcasting System.

ever, we are not conscious of those ghosts at the present time. We are only conscious of two young friends who keep telling me that if I sneeze fifty thousand people will be immediately deafened. I will try not to sneeze.

But I am here tonight to speak to you about the possibility of poetry in modern life. Perhaps I had better define poetry. Poetry is an art in which the artist by means of rhythm and great sincerity can convey to others the sentiment which he feels about life. As Wordsworth said, poetry is the overflow of powerful feelings. Wherever such feelings exist, they will come out of the hearts of human beings. Another has very well said that poetry should be a friend to soothe the tears and lift the heart of man.

But poetry is infinitely various, and this generation, through various contrivances and discoveries of man, should produce an infinitely greater variety of poetry than any generation of man which has existed upon this planet before.

In times past, poetry was the delight of every member of the community. The community was small, very simple, and all ranks and classes of men met together in the King's Palace in the great living room or in the market place or at the athletic gatherings, and the poet sang or spoke to all and was listened to with rapture by all.

OF COURSE, that became more complex later. There were more living rooms in the King's Palace, and the poet no longer addressed the whole community.

Then there came the printing press which at first was thought to be of great benefit to poets. I think that it has become a detriment to the poetical art though priceless as a distributor of knowledge and a preserver of knowledge.

It has had this result—that it has put away the poet from his public. Formerly the poet met his public face to face. But when the poet was kept away from his public and wrote his poems in secret, his

work was then handed to some other man who printed it, and the man who printed it handed it to someone else who sold it. And so the man who bought it might not be at all suited to it. He might not understand the poet, he might not care about the poet, and he might particularly want the poet to be there and get his meaning by the inflections of his voice and the passionate energy of his soul.

SINCE the printing press came, poetry has ceased to delight the whole community of man; it has become the amusement and delight of a limited few. People have given up listening to poetry. The poetical play has almost been banished from the stage throughout the world. The minstrel has ceased to be. He no longer goes about singing, chanting his verse. And, though a good deal of poetry is written and read, no one could pretend that it is one of the delights of life or that it can compete with the boxing match or the cinema or traveling fast in a motor car.

I speak to you this afternoon in the hope that poetry will again become one of the main delights of life and really compete once again with the other delights of the market place. It may be that broadcasting may make listening to poetry a pleasure again, though this can only come about with difficulty and with a great deal of hard work because I feel that poets will work better at verse if they work before an audience whom they can see so that they may know when their work fails and why.

Before I stop my speech this afternoon, I was asked to read to you some of my verses, but before I do that, let me thank you for the way in which you have listened to me. You have given me the impression that all my audience has been listening to me breathlessly.

Let me say this about the possibilities of poetry in modern life—that we over here look to America to produce poets greater than any yet Europe has known.

The poet concluded by reading *Sea Fever*.

With a few exceptions, great poets have had lowly beginnings, and John Masefield, recently crowned Poet Laureate of England, is not among the exceptions.

At the age of fourteen he went to sea

was the steady diet of the budding poet, but the menu must have been slender and meagre. The divine spark, however, reached out for food and was fed plentifully for the youth knew his wants.

Then came one of life's grand moments—an opportunity to earn the munificent sum of One Actual Dollar and Five Cents per day. The job was in a rug factory in Yonkers, a city famous by reflection—the grandeur of New York graciously allowing its shadows to fall on all towns skirting its edges.

"I went to Yonkers," said Mr. Masefield, in an interview several years ago, "and worked that day in a factory. At first I worked with a tin opener, a little instrument like a fork without tines, to keep straight the tin tubes on the spools of wool from which the carpets were woven. If this were not done, the carpets were irregular. I used to do forty sets a day for forty carpets. Then I got a raise and gradually my salary crept up to \$8.50 a week.

"THEN I was mistake finder. I used to take a new carpet and compare it with the pattern for faults of setting or design."

One can picture Mr. Masefield earnestly going about his work in this factory with busy hands—the while catching bright visions here and there and tucking them away in the folds of his mind.

Friday was pay day for "Macy," as he was familiarly called. Dickens once said that his greatest thrill was buying a brand new outfit of clothes at one time—suit, shoes, hat—even collar buttons—or their primitive ancestors).

But Masefield's greatest joy was to drop in at the William Palmer East Book Shop and buy volumes of poetry.

One likes to imagine young Masefield in this dusty bookshop (that is, it should be dusty to make the setting just right) fingering tenderly the pages of great works, communing here with Shelley on
(Continued on page 123)



John Masefield, Poet Laureate of England
and Mrs. Masefield.

on the training ship, "Conway," and there is no doubt that the tang of the sea which pervades his poems had been preserved since this youthful experience.

At the tender age of seventeen he struck New York Harbor. Here he roomed with an Irishman, Quinn by name. It is not known if the traditional fare of poets—dried herring (and beer?—hush)

Turkey Day

in STUDIO LAND

"**T**HANKSGIVING DAY, in the United States, a day, usually the last Thursday in November, set apart as an annual festival of thanksgiving for the year's blessings."—Standard Dictionary.

How'd you like to have a Radio Thanksgiving this year, my listeners, and celebrate it the way your favorite air celebrities are planning to do? Of course, 1930's general conditions may not have been so inspiring to many to give thanks, but yet it could be worse.

At least we have had a banner Radio program year to be thankful for, and the featured mike entertainers themselves are grateful for the talents they have been given and for the remunerative pinnacles to which Radio has raised them.

The stars are truly glad you like them, and just by way of showing their thanks to you, they have told me all their favorite dishes and recipes for Thanksgiving delicacies just so that I could tell you. Now let's all get busy and plan a big Radio Thanksgiving dinner a la mikesters' formulas, and by way of helping unfortunates to be thankful too, we'll invite to the fest all of our friends to whom the bugaboo Unemployment has been unkind.

Your loud speaker favorites, who in these B. T. (before television) days don't

really have to diet but do so anyway, will for

the most part toss their caloric calculations aside for a day. The day, of course, is Thanksgiving and the reason is that turkey, after grace has been said and pumpkin pie eaten, is still turkey, and anyway, what

is the use of dieting all of the time if you can't break out of bounds

every once in a while and add a few pounds so that you can start in dieting again?

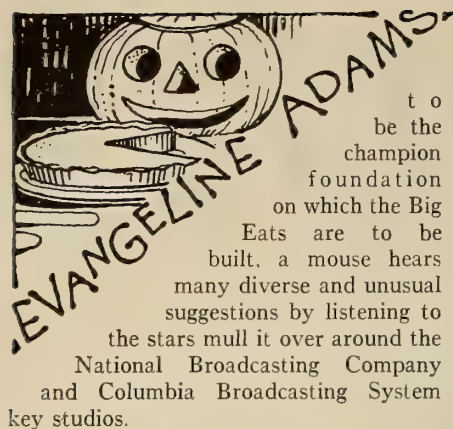
It was Johnny (G. W.) Johnstone, boss glorifier for the NBC system—who incidentally has never been known to diet and looks it—that observed that things aren't any different in the Radio studios from other segments of American family life as the time for slicing the white meat approaches. The relative merits of chestnut stuffing as compared to oysters or onions and nemeats, are roundly debated out of hearing of Mike and recipes for the tempting side dishes are swapped right and left.

While the run-of-mine, never-to-gobble-again, roast turkey is generally conceded



By

Evans E. Plummer



to be the champion foundation on which the Big Eats are to be built, a mouse hears many diverse and unusual suggestions by listening to the stars mull it over around the National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System key studios.

Shhh! Here comes Countess Olga Albani, one of NBC's most charming sopranos, whose excellent cooking is excelled only by her beauty of voice, face and figure. She has a new way of cooking turkey which I understand she picked up in France. Let's ask her about it.

"Take a turkey," (and who wouldn't?) said the Countess, "and put it into saucepan on a bed made of strips of fat bacon, sweet herbs, onions, carrots, thyme, bay leaf, salt and pepper, nutmeg and spices.

"Then blanket the bird with the same conglomeration," she continued. "Cover the pan tightly and let it cook for three or four hours. Then take it from the pan when cooked and remove the bay leaves and herbs, strain the liquor through a fine sieve, and serve, pouring this gravy over the turkey."

"Umm, umm, ain't dat sumpin'," I managed to get out through the moist lips of my watering mouth. "What do you call it?"

"It's name is 'Turkey en Daube'" the Countess replied, "and next day when it is cold this gravy becomes a thick, delicious jelly."

AT THIS point we were interrupted by Will Rogers, who came walking into the group arm in arm with a chap named Rudy Vallee—imagine that!

"Wall, I reckon," drawled the miking, writing, screening, acting and gum-chewing cowpuncher-at-large, "that no meal is jest what it ought to be 'nless you have at least one big, steamin' bowl of real high-seasoned chili con carne present. Even Thanksgivin' without that thar chili would be as strange and lonesome to me as Hoover would be without a few commissions hangin' round."

"And carameled sweet potatoes," Vallee crooned in the rhythm of the discussion. "What is a big dinner without carameled

sweets. Down in Westbrooke, Maine, we used to put a cup of brown sugar and a half a cup of butter in an iron saucepan with just enough Sherry wine (address not supplied by Rudy) to dissolve the sugar. Then we'd add the mess of peeled sweet potatoes cut in half lengthwise, after covering and cooking them slowly for one hour, and turning them often so that all sides would be carameled, yum, yum!"

Rudy probably meant, "yam, yam," but before I could correct the extremely popular batoneer, along came Fiddler Toscha Seidel, the CBS violinist.

"You may talk all you want to about

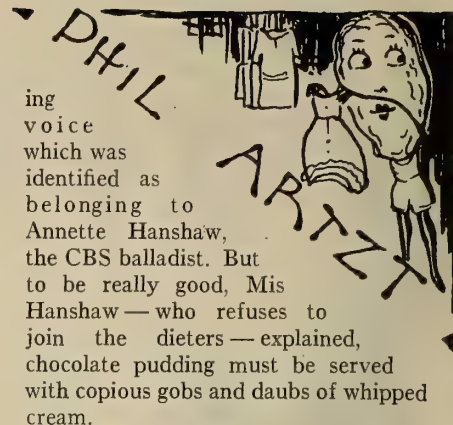


Will Rogers, all set for that big, steamin' bowl of chile con carne.

turkey and its trimmings," Toscha cut in, "but as for me, I prefer the sweet-meats at the end. There are four I like so well that I can't decide which one I like best. There's baked Alaska, crepe suzette, hot apple pie with a generous portion of creamy American cheese, and pistachio ice cream.

"You seldom see any crepe suzette except abroad or on one of the liners that ply between here and France," the wielder of the bow continued. "It's a pancake made very thin and rolled. It is served with a coating of sauce of an insidious orange flavor and a fluffy coating of powdered sugar. Baked Alaska is a paradox in sweets, for it is all hot and cold at the same time. I like nothing better than to see this steaming confection coming to the dinner table, and then to break unrighteously into the crust and extract the ice-cold cream."

"And chocolate pudding," was the dessert addition suggested in a "blues" sing-



ing voice which was identified as belonging to Annette Hanshaw, the CBS balladist. But to be really good, Mis Hanshaw—who refuses to join the dieters—explained, chocolate pudding must be served with copious gobs and daubs of whipped cream.

Darkness fell strangely on the growing group of Radio worshippers of Epicurus. With only the thunder and lightning missing, the general atmosphere portended rain. But someone was all wet; it was only the arrival of a blackface pair known as Amos 'n' Andy.

"Ah doan' know much 'bout cookin'," Amos Jones chimed in. "but I do know sumpin' dat is been. Dis here Thanksgibin we ain't gonna do no moah eatin' up at de house ub de poah sister ub Madame Queen. No sah!"

"And," quoth Andrew Brown, president ub de company, "Check and double check!"

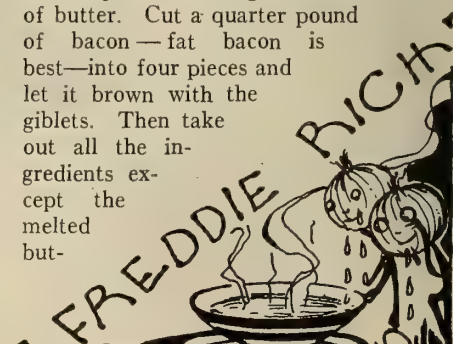
As a matter of fact and not script, it developed, Messrs. Correll and Gosden are planning a pleasant little joint family dinner together on November 27 in one of their twin and adjoining cooperative apartment homes up on Sheridan Road in Chicago.

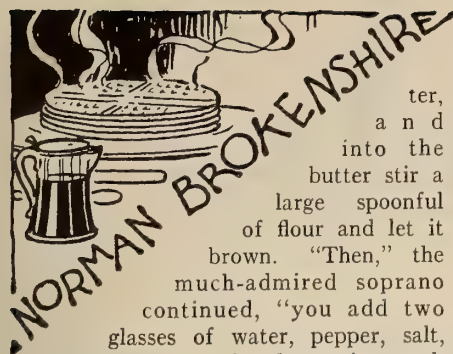
THEN Jessica Dragonette, the economical as well as pretty prima donna of NBC's Cities Service concert, contributed a suggestion for the day after Thanksgiving.

"Hash," declared Miss Dragonette, "will be just as inevitable on November 28 as a crush at the exchange counter of a department store on December 26. But there's something better than hash. The French call it 'abatis de dinde'."

The petite Jessica is of French extraction and knows. But please pardon the interruption.

"You take the giblets of the turkey, being careful to singe the wings and crush the legs, and throw them (easily) into a saucepan containing two ounces of butter. Cut a quarter pound of bacon—fat bacon is best—into four pieces and let it brown with the giblets. Then take out all the ingredients except the melted but-





ter, a n d into the butter stir a large spoonful of flour and let it brown. "Then," the much-admired soprano continued, "you add two glasses of water, pepper, salt, thyme, bay leaf and an onion stuck with cloves. Put back the giblets and bacon in this mixture and let it cook then for at least two hours.

"Meanwhile boil a dozen turnips with slices of carrots, a few potatoes and one head of celery in boiling water for fifteen minutes and then strain off. Put the vegetables into the pot with the giblets and add a piece of sugar about the size of a small walnut. When it is cooked, skim and serve very hot. If you have some extra guests you can increase the quantity by adding fresh sausages cut into three or four pieces. These should be added a half hour before serving."

Bill Munday, the Georgia Drawl, who has been thrilling you football fans on late Saturdays, and who have been listening very attentively to Miss Dragonette, spoke slowly and softly—almost reverently.

"You-all can talk about youah turkey and fixin's, but you ain't tasted nothin' yet until you've had 'possum and sweet potatoes."

"But how," asked someone in the now convention-sized crowd that was growing larger and hungrier every minute, "do you prepare 'possum and sweet potatoes?"

"WELL first," said the soft-speaking Mr. Munday, "you catch youah 'possum and then you fatten him up for three or four weeks on pe'simmons and poke-berries." But by the time Bill had explained in detail to the others what "pe'simmons and poke-berries" are and can be obtained, it was found too late to catch the 'possum.

"I can see where I'm going to have tough going on Thanksgiving Day," remarked flashy Ted Husing of CBS, who had entered the ring as Munday was rambling along. "With all these fond culinary memories to cheer me, I'll be busy doing a 'bite by bite' description of the Penn-Cornell game at Philadelphia. What an awful break!"

"Me too," spoke up Graham McNamee, NBC's ace sport re-

porter, who had just arrived from his weekly task of synchronizing his voice with a news film release. "I'm chalked up for the same tilt, but I think I'll take along a box lunch of turkey legs and cranberry sauce to nibble between the halves. And purée of chestnuts—

"Say, people usually think of chestnuts as a stuffing for the turk," McNamee continued, "but they make a great side dish, and I don't know of anything I like better than a purée of chestnuts.

"As well as I can remember," he explained, "you soak the chestnuts in water overnight and then boil them in salt water. You can add an onion or two while they

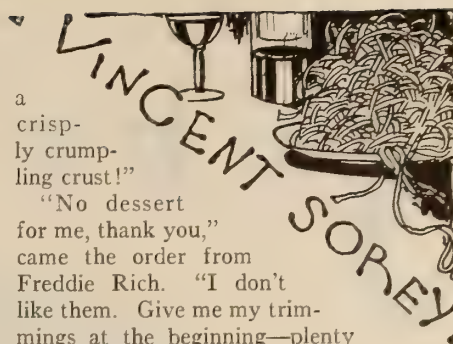


Bill Munday's mouth is jess a-waterin' for that 'possum in the corner.

are cooking, and then when they are quite soft, press them through a large colander or sieve. You put the whole thing into a saucepan with a lump of fresh butter, stir in a cupful of milk, warm, and there you are."

The gathering was growing so large that it was decided to adjourn to one of the larger studios not then in use. Howard Barlow, Evangeline Adams, Norman Brokenshire, Vincent Sorey, Nell Vinick, Nat Brusiloff, David Ross, Joe and Vi and Freddie Rich had appeared at the end of CBS rehearsals and were bound to speak their pieces on the extremely interesting subject—to us all—of food.

"The meal should end with the salad course," said Astrologer Adams, "But I can see by the stars in the heaven above that I was born under a constellation that cannot, on Thanksgiving Day, forego the pleasure of luscious pumpkin pie with



a crisp-ly crump-ling crust!"

"No dessert for me, thank you," came the order from Freddie Rich. "I don't like them. Give me my trimmings at the beginning—plenty of soup. And French onion soup preferred."

"Please pass me the waffles, a couple of chickens cooked rarely, and about eight or ten good-sized potatoes," said Brokenshire. "and I'll not ask for more. After Radio broadcasting as my first choice, I love first food, and second, more food."

Vincent Sorey, director of the Gauchos, was not pleased. The menu was all wrong, he asserted. "What you want," he said, "is spaghetti with plenty of wine, assorted fish and meat." But Howard Barlow, Philco batoneer and literary man as well as musician, also had his own ideas.

"My Thanksgiving dinner," he said, "will be prepared according to the directions supplied by Huysmans in his dissertation on spices and their relation to esthetics. That is important."

But a modern note rang out when Nell Vinick, the CBS beauty advisor, spoke. "Moderation will rule my feast," she said. "The traditional dinner is all right—plum pudding and all the twenty-odd things grandmother used to make—but I think, for the sake of beauty, that every course should be served in small portions."

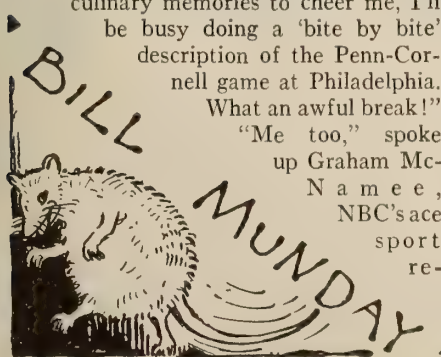
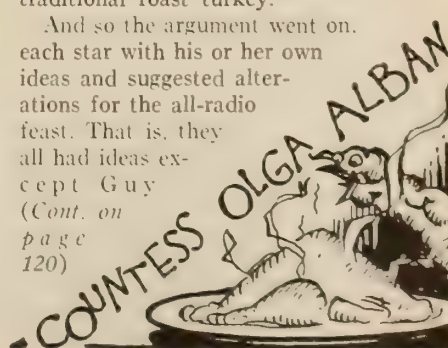
"I'm in favor of that kind of a meal, too," David Ross gave testimony. "Except for the small portion plan. I really like large portions, if the dinner is cooked by Mrs. Ross. I'm particularly fond of cranberry sauce and dressing."

"PASS me the same," said Nat Brusiloff, "but be sure to give me the chestnut dressing."

"You're wrong," insisted Phil Artzt, who directs the Henry-George orchestra. "It should be oyster dressing. In fact, I'd just as soon have fried, stewed or raw oysters in preference to the traditional roast turkey."

And so the argument went on, each star with his or her own ideas and suggested alterations for the all-radio feast. That is, they all had ideas except Guy

(Cont. on page 120)



John Garland

A DOZEN lanterns showed him the sea stained, rotting steps. A chorus of hoarse, cheerful voices bade him welcome. A score of willing hands dragged him through a cloud of spray on to the wave-swept, creaking jetty. Then, as he stood for a moment to regain his breath, from somewhere behind in that thick, black gulf through which he had journeyed came the sound of a dull grinding, the crashing of timbers, the hideous, far-off shrieking of human voices. A rocket went hissing up into the darkness, piercing with a momentary splendour the black veil.

"By Heaven, she's broken in two!" a voice cried. "She's gone!"

The rescued man turned sharply round. The light of the rocket was waning, yet he was just in time to see the slow heeling over of the huge, indistinguishable mass which a few hours ago had been a splendid liner.

"You're the last one saved," someone muttered at his elbow. "The boat's going back, but it will be too late. God help the others!"

The rescued man nodded solemnly.

"You're the last one saved!"

"There are less than half-a-dozen left," he said, "and they had their chance. It was a big jump into the boats," he added. "Queer little cockle-shells they looked, too, from the deck. I've stood there for the last two hours, worrying the people in. I've thrown over a dozen, who dared not jump."

A clergyman pushed his way through the group. He was drenched to the skin,

bare-headed, and breathless. He carried an old-fashioned lantern in his left hand. His right he extended to the dripping man, who stood there looking like a giant amongst them.

"I've heard of you, sir!" he exclaimed. "You're John Waters, I'm sure. You did a man's work there. There's a mother up at the vicarage now, with her two children saved, sobbing over them



The Deliverer

She lived alone in a secluded fishing village in England—the sea cast the strange giant upon the shores and he won her heart

By E. Phillips Oppenheim



faces.
“We’re seventy souls in the village,” he said; “it’s nothing but a hamlet, and we’ve found beds for over two hundred. We’ll fix you up directly. I’ve one or two names left yet upon my list.”

A slim woman’s figure came battling her way along the jetty. She heard the clergyman’s last words, and laid her fingers gently upon his arm. He turned

sharply round to see who it was.

There were not many women about that night, and this one seemed so frail and small to battle her way alone in the storm.

“My dear Miss Cressley!” he exclaimed. “However did you get here?”

“I couldn’t rest at home,” was the quiet answer. “It was too terrible. And I had no one to send. I want to be of use. Can’t I take someone in—a woman, or some children? I have a spare room and a fire lit ready.”

The clergyman gave a little exclamation of relief.

“My dear lady,” he declared, “you are just in time. Here’s our last man, and I was at my wits’ end to know what to do

with him. A hero!” he whispered in her ear. “He has saved no end of lives there. Bless you for coming, my dear, brave Miss Cressley,” he added. “It’s just like you—just the sort of thing you would do.”

She gave a little start, and looked doubtfully at the tall, dripping figure. In his soaked clothes, his short brown beard, and his hair tossed wildly all over his face, he presented a somewhat singular appearance.

“My dear madam,” he said, in his deep bass voice, “don’t please refuse me because I am not a woman or a child. I’ll give you less trouble than either, I promise you. I won’t smoke or swear. I’ll do whatever I am told, if I can only see something to eat, a bed, and a fire.”

She held on to the railing of the jetty with both hands. Her voice sounded thin and quavery against the background of the storm.

“I shall be very glad to take you, and to do what I can,” she said, a little doubtfully. “I mentioned a woman or children because I know more about them and their needs, and because I live alone. Will you come this way, sir?”

HE TURNED and followed her, waving his hand in answer to the chorus of “Good-nights.” They passed down the sea-soaked jetty between a little line of curious, sympathetic faces, and reached the village. She led the way up the steep street, and looked into his face a little timidly.

“My cottage is close here, sir,” she said. “It will only take us a few minutes.”

A gust of wind swept her off her feet. He put out a great protecting hand and steadied her.

“One moment,” he said. “Let me help you. So!”

and blessing you. You rigged up a windlass, they tell me, and let them down. I only wish that I had room at my house for you, sir, but the whole village is packed.”

“You’re very good,” the man answered. “I’m used to roughing it, and any place’ll do for me. Somewhere near a fire, for choice; your salt water’s chilly.”

The clergyman raised his lantern and looked anxiously around the little circle of

He turned for a last gaze seawards. There was no sign of light or life upon the black chaos of waters—nothing save the clouds of white foam, flung up almost into their faces, and the sullen roar of the breaking waves.

"God help the rest of them!" he said, with a sudden note of reverence in his tone. Then he turned to his companion.

"Madam," he said, "I am ready."

Together they climbed to the summit of the hill. She gently disengaged her arm from his.

"I AM so much stronger than I look," she declared, apologetically. "Really, I can manage quite well alone. My cottage is the last upon the left. You can see the light. We shall be there in a moment."

He walked by her side in silence. She wondered, with a sudden perturbation, whether he were offended. His face was invisible: she could not tell that he was laughing softly to himself. Perhaps he was mistaken in her years. He had taken her for sixty, at least.

They reached a little wooden gate, over which he calmly stepped while she fumbled with the latch, passed up a trim garden path, and into the tiny hall of the tiniest cottage he had ever seen. Despite her warning, he bumped his head upon the ceiling. She turned up the lamp, and he looked around him a little ruefully. His size made the place appear like a doll's house.

"If you will step upstairs," she said, bravely disregarding his dripping state, "I will show you your room."

He looked at the stairs, with their neat carpet and shining brass rods, and he looked down at himself.

"Look here," he said, "haven't you a back kitchen where I can strip and have a rubdown? You'll have to lend me a blanket while my clothes dry. Good Lord!"

He was looking at her in blank surprise.

"Is anything—the matter?" she asked frightened.

He burst out laughing.

"Nothing!" he answered. "Only I thought that you were a little old lady!"

SHE blushed desperately, and thrust back the curly waves of fair hair which had escaped in the wind. She was certainly not more than thirty or thirty-five, slim, with nice features, and grey eyes, colourless, perhaps a little unnoticeable.

The laugh died away. He stood and looked after her as she turned to ascend the stairs, as one might look at a ghost.

"There are some clothes here which

belonged to my father," she said. "Will you go into the room on the left? It is the kitchen."

"It is the little Cressley girl, of course," he said to himself, as he stood on the red tiles and reached out toward the fire. "Little Mary Cressley! Shy little baby she used to be."

Suddenly the smile spread once more over his face.

"Great Scott! I kissed her once!" he muttered. "Good thing she doesn't recognise me!"

She came back in a few moments with a bottle and an armful of clothes. He decided that she had been practising a severe expression in the glass, but she avoided meeting his eyes.

"My father was a minister," she said. "and he was not quite so large as you; but you must please do the

ready. She kept her face averted when she entered, but he could have sworn that he saw the corners of her mouth twitch.

"If you would step into the sitting-room," she said, "I will prepare supper."

He shuddered at the thought of the sitting-room.

"I'm such a clumsy fellow," he said. "I shall break half your pretty things. Couldn't we have supper in here?"

"Just as you like," she said, struggling to hide her relief.

He dragged the table into the middle of the room.

"Come on," he said; "I'm going to help."

In the night, the wind died away, and the storm passed down the Channel, leaving behind a piteous trail of disasters, small and large. John Garland opened his window, and looked out with a little exclamation of amazement.



He laughed, "Why, I thought you were a little old lady!"

best you can with these clothes. There is a bottle of brandy here, and some hot water in the kettle there. When you have changed your clothes, if you will call out, I will come and get supper ready."

He looked at the clothes, clerical and severe in cut, with a grin. She turned her back upon him and went out. He helped himself to the brandy and hot water, and then commenced to strip off his things. All the time he laughed to himself softly. He remembered the Rev. Hiram Cressley very well indeed, and the idea of wearing his garments appealed to his sense of humor.

He called out to her as soon as he was

THE sky was a soft deep blue; the sunshine lay everywhere upon the picturesque village, with its red roofs and grey cottages, its background of hills and rolling moors. From the little garden below, all ablaze with colour, came sweet rushes of perfume—of lavender, of roses and pinks, all dashed and drooping with their burden of raindrops, glittering like diamonds in the sunshine. Garland drank it all in with delight.

"England at last!" he murmured, as he began to prepare for his ablutions. "Lord, what a doll's house this is! I feel as though I were going through the floor."

He dressed rapidly and hurried into the garden! Miss Cressley was there, busy tying up some of her storm-dashed flowers. She started a little at his hearty greeting, and avoided his eyes. All night long her conscience had been troubling her. The memory of that supper was like a delightful scourge. She had been much too friendly. She had quite forgotten the impropriety of the whole thing, and had laughed and talked almost like a girl again. With the morning reflection had come—reflection like a cold douche. And with it other things! The perfume of the flowers, the soft west wind, the aftermath, perhaps, of the joyous evening, were creeping into her blood. Had she done anything so desperately wrong after all? It was the vicar himself who had sent this man to her. As she well knew, every cottage in the village was full. Still, her cheeks went furiously red at the sound of his voice.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "forgive me!"

Then "Good morning" he greeted.

Her eyes questioned him.

"You look different, somehow," he explained. "Forgive my noticing it. I've been so long in a world where manners don't count, that I've forgotten mine."

Her cheeks burned. She could not remain unconscious of what he meant. She had arranged her hair differently—she was tired of the old way—and her white dress was certainly her most becoming one. The cluster of lilac, too, which she had drawn through her waistband—it was so seldom that it pleased her to wear flowers!

"Won't you come in to breakfast?" she said, shyly.

"Breakfast! Hurrah!" he answered. "I'm afraid I'm eating you out of house and home, Miss Cressley."

She led the way into the sitting-room, which seemed to him more than ever like a chamber in a doll's house. He sat very gingerly upon his chair, and was afraid even to move his legs. The moment the meal was over he escaped into the garden and produced a pipe.

"I'm off to the village," he announced, "to see some of the people. Won't you come?"

"Thank you," she answered, "I have things to do in the house."

"I'll do the marketing," he announced. "I'll send some things up for dinner."

"It is not in the least necessary," she declared, with her chin in the air.

He laughed in her face.

"Necessary or not," he declared, "either I do the marketing or I dine at the inn."

He was an impossible person to argue with—so big and strong and forceful. The things he said seemed somehow right because he said them. She gave in, and the magnitude of his purchases amazed her.

He brought them up himself, wearing a ready-made suit of fisherman's clothes, and carrying the clerical garments in which he had started the day, in a parcel under his arm. He took not the slightest notice of her protests, and he spent the next hour between the kitchen and the garden, strolling about with his hands in his pockets and an air of being absolutely at home.

Three days passed—four. As yet he

She fled into her room and locked the door. With blurred eyes and beating heart she looked out seawards and fought against this folly—this folly which seemed to her so egregious, so unmaidenly. For ten years—ever since her father's death—she had lived there alone a life of prim and delicate orderliness, quietly useful to many people—a life, it seemed to her now, colourless, flat, impossible. She

looked in the glass. Yes, she was a young woman still! Her cheeks were still pink, her eyes bright, her hair soft and full. With trembling fingers she took it down, rearranged it more after the fashion of her youthful days, and pinned a ribbon around her throat—ribbon of the colour which matched her eyes. After all, she was a woman. She had not sought this thing—it had come unbidden, undesired, she told herself, breathlessly. She had a right to do what she was doing. Nevertheless, her cheeks were hot with shame when she saw him again.

He was standing in the garden, reading a telegram, with a frown upon his face. She went out to him shyly, and he looked at her for a moment in amazement—as one might look at a ghost.

"Why—why, what have you done to yourself?" he exclaimed. "You grow younger every day! If only I could do the same," he continued, with a twinkle in his eyes, "you might remember the farmer's son as well as I remember the minister's daughter!"

WHO is John Garland? And what is the disaster from which he delivers Mary Cressley? Read the surprising end of this romance in December RADIO DIGEST.

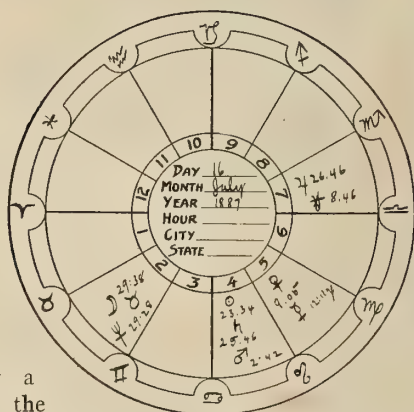


Miss Cressley was in the garden, busy tying up her storm-dashed flowers. She started at the hearty greeting and avoided his eyes.

had not even alluded to his possible departure. At first she had wondered, had been gently troubled as to what the villagers might be saying about her entertainment of this good-humoured, easy-going giant. Gradually the place was being emptied of its unusual crowds. Surely, she thought, he must speak soon of his departure! And, with a sudden start of mingled shame and alarm, she realized that she dreaded the very thought of his absence.

★ Floyd Gibbons *and his* Stars

★
by ★
Peggy
Hull



In or out of his uniform, Floyd Gibbons' horoscope (Left) forecasts a charmed life.

THERE IS hardly a man or woman in the ordinary walk of life who has not looked upon some successful person at some time or other, and wondered how he got that way!

We have all stood, with mingled feelings of curiosity and resentment, before the evidences of another's good fortune and asked ourselves how he happened to be so lucky. Why did he go straight to the top, while we, similarly endowed with ambition, determination and talent, were still struggling for recognition?

Probably in no other profession is there a more outstanding example of such a peculiar streak of luck than that of Floyd Gibbons, known to Radio fans as the famous headline hunter of the Literary Digest, whose nightly broadcasts are heard over WJZ of the National Broadcasting System, New York. Before he became identified with the Radio he was the most famous of all war correspondents, not excluding the eminent Sir Philip Gibbs of London.

Why was this? The average man will answer without hesitation, "He was better than any of the others." But a close

analysis of Floyd Gibbons' stories during the war, and those written by a hundred other war correspondents will reveal that his articles were by no means unusual. As a writer it has been generally conceded that Floyd Gibbons has no particular gifts. Then why, in competition with the most talented and gifted writers of the age was this Chicago newspaper man enabled to reach heights of public acclaim denied to them?

Fifteen years ago I could not have answered this question, but today it is easy, because I have before me a small sheet of paper, curiously blocked and covered with strange symbols. It reveals the reason.

Floyd Gibbons' birthdate of July 16, 1887 takes the mystery out of his particularly fortunate career. Through the medium of that age-old science, Astrology, which is once more assuming an important place in the affairs of men, it is a simple matter to read the fate of this famous Radio star.

The Sun, giver of Life, is in the sign Cancer, which is the home of the people.

Men who have had unusually successful public careers invariably have one or more of the stronger planets in this sign. The vibrations coming through this zodiacal position apparently stimulate the affection of the masses for the individual concerned. In other words they take to him, without asking any questions, or stopping to reason why. Calvin Coolidge, former President, is a splendid example of what the planetary aspects prove. His very taciturnity exercised by any other man in his position, particularly if that man's sun had been posited in the lordly sign of Leo, would have aroused the indignation and dislike of the masses. They would have felt that he was, in the parlance of the day, high-hatting them.

SO we see that Floyd Gibbons didn't have to make any special gestures to win the loyalty of the public in general. It was his from the very beginning.

There are other indications in Mr. (Continued on page 116)

HAIL the Queen!

All broadcasting stations in the country were invited to send photographs of their most beautiful feminine stars to the Court of the Radio World's Fair in New York. From these photos it was announced a queen would be chosen to reign as America's most Beautiful Radio Star.

"Oh what a cinch for our Bernadine!" chorused the people of the WBBM principality in Chicago. And a cinch it was. "Come on to New York and take your throne," chimed the judges en banc as they held Bernadine's picture up above all the rest. So fair Bernadine tilted her royal chin, stepped majestically into a Pullman and hithered Easterly where she was acclaimed amid great Pomp and Circumstance while all the great Princes, Lords, Knights and all the Little Squires of the Radio Realm waited on bended knee. She'll reign for a year and a day. Long live Queen Bernadine!



Bernadine Hayes

Queen of the Air
America's Most Beautiful Radio Star



Annette Hanshaw

NOT so very long ago some of our Nicest People took rather a snooty attitude toward Sir Mike and haughtily declined to have anything to do with him. Now all that is changed. There is none too proud to stand up and take him by the ear today. And here comes Miss Hanshaw from the Exclusive Set up Westchester Way to sing and make merry with the Mikes at WABC, New York. And, take it from the Mikes, her dulcet contralto voice is a treat for All Kinds of People.

Edith Meiser

REMEMBER that Gala Program of the Theatre Guild a few weeks ago? And do you remember the Columbia announcer introducing to you Miss Edith Meiser of the Garrick Gaieties? And do you remember how you wished you could see her face to face? Well, here she is. No wonder you wanted to see her because you never would have imagined she could have been motionless long enough to have had such a dignified picture taken. Great voice and very nifty on her toes. Hope you'll be hearing her again soon.





Marion Keeler

OH HUM, Monday's wash day—but never mind here comes Marion a singin' in the suds. Or maybe not quite so literal. She's on the Maytag hour from the NBC Chicago studios. And Maytag—well, they sure do get a lot of fun out of these motor tubs. Miss Keeler is a Broadway bred contralto and an ex-Roxy Gangsterette.



Virginia Karns

WHAT'S the use of stuffing yourself into a smelly little dressing room and going through an ordeal of costumes and grease paint for musical comedy when you can get a hundred times greater audience and better remuneration for Radio broadcasting? That's a great big question a little bitta girl answered when Miss Karns joined up with WLW at Cincinnati.



Harry "Mac" McClintock

EVERYBODY knows "Mac" as the Grand Old Man of the West Coast Radio. He has been strumming and humming his way into the hearts of the young and the old from the beginning of the listening era. The Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree with Mac and his Haywire Orchestra just couldn't be without "Mac" and his guitar.



Mountaineers

RADIO has enriched the general appreciation of true American folk songs that have been handed down from generation to generation. Above are the Rex Cole Mountaineers heard over the NBC net from WEA, New York, daily (except Sunday) at 5:45 p.m. EDT. Their Hill Billy songs are becoming as familiar as The Sidewalks of New York.



Cuckoos

WELL, well, well, what's this thing that seems to have climbed into the Cuckoo's nest at NBC and which Ray Knight, Cuckooishly known as Professor Weems, seems to be holding so gingerly? It's a bear! Gr-rrr! This program goes as far west as WREN, Kansas City, Mo. The Wrens like the Cuckoos.



Raising Junior

PETER DIXON who has written many interesting articles of Radio celebrities for Radio Digest is becoming something of a celebrity himself. Here he is with Mrs. Dixon, formerly Aline Berry, and Junior, who is the motive for the new serial, Raising Junior. It is heard over the NBC network from New York.



**Edna, Helen, and
Marie Buck**

AS YOU go dialing and come to Pittsburgh do not make the mistake of passing the Bucks. Here they are, (above) the three sisters, Edna Mae, Helen and Marie, who invariably delight the regular audience of KQV. They are in five programs a week and you are just as likely to hear them with their stringed instruments as you are to hear their excellently blended voices.



Jimmy M'Callion

WHATTA Boy! Imagine starting out on a professional career and numbering your regular audiences by the millions at every performance at the age of ten! But that's the record of Master Jimmy M'Callion (left) who is heard regularly from the New York studios of the National Broadcasting Company in Toddy Party, Bon Ami, Lady Next Door and other programs.



Lucille Wall (left)

SOMETIMES we slip around to the studios and peek behind the curtains to see who's what on all sorts of programs, but we never yet happened to catch Adventures of Polly Preston in the act. We had great curiosity as to the thrilling heroine. And along comes this NBC picture of Miss Lucille Wall who is none other than Polly herself.

Eloise McAllister (right)

UNDERNEATH the sheltering palms—that's where we would all like to be two months from now. So let's ask Miss Eloise McAllister who sings at WQAM, Miami, to kindly step over an inch or two and let us help hold up that tree. And, Eloise, what is the rest of that song, you know, about the sheltering palms—Umm—umm!





FIRST prom gowns for young things! Two peplums, a heart-shaped back and pink flat crepe taken all together make them the acme of innocent sophistication.



A LOVERS' knot! A long, almost-trailing skirt! A bolero! They all combine to make this simple flat-crepe evening gown perfectly devastating.

THE young lady in the close-up, right, who so cleverly shows her curls beneath her tight-fitting hat, knows her high fashions; as witness below her short black astrakhan jacket, worn with a black cloth skirt . . . and a white wool-lace blouse!



THE sheerer the wool the smarter the wearer. And when you add a white crepe gilet to these twin green marita cloth frocks, your result may double for afternoon or sport.



Peggy Norris

THEATRE audiences are already acquainted with Miss Peggy who was prima donna in such successes as *The Fortune Teller*, *Mlle. Modiste*, *Going Up*, and *No, No, Nannette*. But now she is a Radio star and provides a very good reason for stopping your dial on WOV, New York.



Grace Hayes

THE H—ayes have it—in our picture section this month; Bernadine and now Grace. Miss Grace Hayes, of course, has been famous in musical comedy for several seasons. Recently you heard her as guest artist on the Nestle's program from New York over a nation-wide network.



Mary Brian

DO smile, please, Mary! She won't. And could you really believe that this little old fashioned maiden with her hand on her chin is our dashing Mary Brian, so famous on the screen and in Radio? But this is her latest photo taken at the RKO broadcast over the Columbia system from New York this autumn.

A Modern Cinderella

Bernadine Hayes

Radio Queen Rises To Sudden Fame

By

Fanet Dublon

THE most beautiful Radio Star stopped between sips of coffee to answer the questions of the tireless reporters.

Photographers, armed with their cameras, were in the adjoining room impatiently waiting to take more poses.

Bernadine Hayes, the Radio Queen, had stood up, sat down, crossed her legs, twisted her head in different positions, stood up, and sat down again—all to satisfy the cameramen's inordinate desire to take her picture—and still they were waiting in the next room although it seemed there just wasn't another pose left for her to take.

To lend a bit of variety to the pictures, Lady Beautiful had even slipped into a pair of bewitching black satin pyjamas which had a generous flair that swayed gracefully back and forth as she tripped daintily from one room to another.

Her very body breathed rhythm. There was just that delightful swing and spring as she walked, turned her neck and moved her head.

A delightful buoyance of spirit, a personal charm, a well-modulated voice, and a beautiful face, crowned with copper tresses—all of this and a trunkful of lovely lace and silken gowns were packed on the Twentieth Century from Chicago when the magic word came.

BABY sisters and brothers, eight in all, clapped hands and chuckled as only younger brothers and sisters know how to chuckle, at the fairy tale come true. Oh, the glorious dreams and fancies,



Bernadine Hayes, Copperhaired Radio Queen

the elves, and the pixies—they are all real! The Red, Yellow, Green and Orange Fairy Books never yielded such thrilling stories as this.

And Mother and Father, bursting with parental pride, just know that there is nothing too good that can happen to Bernadine. Who can tell what dreams they had for her when she was just a little tot?

"It is all so wonderful," said the Radio Queen, "that I'm afraid I shall wake up any moment to find that it is only a dream. Happy! My joy is indescribable. I am happy because at last I have been able to repay Mother and Father in some way for the tender care they gave us. As soon as I received the wonderful news I telephoned to my parents, who were in St. Louis at the time.

"YOU can do anything if you are just determined. Of course, there have been moments of discouragement when I thought I'd never amount to anything. But I never entertained these depressing thoughts for long. I'd shake them off and start again with a renewed vigor."

The Radio Queen had a mature philosophy for her tender years—she is only twenty-three.

"I have always had to figure things out for myself. Perhaps that is why I seem to be older. I have had to take care of my younger sisters and brothers, and they depended upon me.

"What is your recipe for beauty?" was asked.

(Continued on page 125)

“Thrills”

Graham McNamee And Phil Cook Tell of Their Greatest Moments

GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen of the Radio Digest audience, this is Graham McNamee speaking from his office in the National Broadcasting Company, and I am going to tell you of the two hundred and thirty-four thousand thrills I have had during my eight years of Radio announcing.

Well, you may think that that number is a little bit exaggerated, but, oh boy, if you could have been with me at the seventy-five football games I have reported by air, thirty-eight world series baseball games, or the fifteen championship prize fights, or even the four crew races, you would believe me

*Read About the Greatest Thrills
in Floyd Gibbons' Life in
December Radio Digest.*

when I say I must have lost track of at least an additional 1,000,000 spinal column tingles.

Yes, of course I am, by nature, about as enthusiastic as a school boy over everything in sports, always have been, and I hope I always will be, but how in the world could anyone see little Albie Booth push giants aside as he dashes over a gridiron like a drunken jack rabbit, or recall the wild dashes of Red Grange, or see Frankie Frisch scoop up impossible balls and turn them into world series victories, or recall Jack Dempsey at his best, and remain blasé?

Nope, it just wouldn't be human, that's all, to be a part of the indescribably spectacular and col-

orful crowds that attend our sporting events and just pass it off with a shrug of the shoulders.

Well, it would be almost impossible for me to tell you what has been the greatest thrill I have had since I became a Radio announcer in May of 1922, during the noon recess of a trial on which I was a jurymen. I say since I became a Radio announcer, because before that time, I didn't know much about thrills. I was just another baritone.

But boy, oh, boy, you should have been with me at any one of the sporting events that I have covered and you would know why it is that I am so wrapped up in Radio. Why it is that I say that the powers-that-be in the National Broadcasting Company office would have to kick me out bodily before I would consent to give up broadcasting.

Believe me, it isn't altogether the money I am getting out of it—though, of course, that helps a lot—it is the thrill upon thrill that I am getting out of the work. Work? Why, it is a real pleasure!

Rubbing elbows with kings and knaves, prize-fighters and princes, queens and quacks, cardinals and commons, presidents and passers-by—that has been my lot for the last eight years, and every day has brought me new thrills before the mike.

I can't drive out of my mind—and I hope I never forget—the Benny Friedmans, the Albie Booths, the Red Granges, the Paul Sculls, the Frankie Frisches, the Tony Lazzeris, the Babe Ruths, and the Lefty Groves that have made my last few years just one pleasure after another.

Benny Friedman throwing a long pass that means victory to that other famous Benny—Oosterban, 'oy Benny to Yah Benny—Oh Boy! The four horsemen and their picturesque shift that always meant yardage for Notre Dame; Grover Cleveland Alexander shuffling into the



Graham McNamee, the Demon Announcer, gets a big kick in talking to Andy Cohen of the Giants.

*Leonard Stewart Smith Writes
Down the Most Vivid Impressions of the Air Notables Who
Have Had Tingling Experiences*

box to fan Tony Lazzeri for the last out and the long end of the World Series money!

Gee, willikins, Memory—don't ever blot out the picture I carry in my mind of little Albie Booth; or Paul Scull playing his last game against Cornell, or Chris Cagle, snaking his way through the Stanford Huskies—or Light Horse Harry Wilson almost winning the last Army and Navy game in the dark of Soldier Field, in the last few seconds of play with the score tied at 21 to 21.

No, No, Memory, you can't take these pictures away from me—not the picture of the Lindbergh reception—when Vincent Callahan got me the famous "pass Graham McNamee anywhere, anytime" card from the Washington police authorities, and permitted me to broadcast from Lindbergh's side throughout the ceremonies. Memory cannot dim the supreme thrill of seeing Howard Ehmke pitch the opening game of the 1929 world series, the greatest pitched game I have ever seen—between the Philadelphia Athletics and the Chicago Cubs—and the hot dogs they

passed to me in the midst of the game—or the day that Al Marsters was hurt—ending the Dartmouth star's brilliant career.

Nothing that could possibly happen to me from now on could dim the recollection of my broadcasting from a plane that kept continually circling 5,000 feet above my home at 106th street and Broadway, New York, while I was in communication with Frank M.

Hawks, the transcontinental lane speed record holder. I pictured my wife, who always listens into my broadcasts, both listening in and watching the plane in which I was riding, as it circled above my home. Gee willikins, how that thought thrilled me. I wasn't talking to the millions of listeners in that night. I was talking to Mrs. McNamee.

Yes, sir, I am right in heaven. Red Grange has the ball,—he's through—ten yards, fifteen, twenty—twenty-five—it would take a machine gun to stop that boy—it's a touchdown! Oh, boy, that was some run—let me tell you about it.

They're off! Gallant Fox is trailing! He takes the lead. What a race!

The seventh round of the second Dempsey-Tunney Fight in Chicago. Tunney is down. One—Two—Three—Tunney is out—No. What a thrill! I thought I would never recover from the excitement of that occasion. Or even the first Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia—the rain—

Here comes someone out of the bullpen—it's Alex—none other than Grover Cleveland Alexander—Old Alex—he's going to pitch to Tony Lazzeri—push 'em up Tony—Strike one—oh, boy. Alex is sure pitching his head off—two are out—the bases are loaded—and all the Cardinals have to do is to get one more man out and they will collect the winners' share of the world's series proceeds.



Jack Dempsey at the mike, while crowds of interested onlookers almost crowd Graham and the pugilist out of the picture.

Strike two—gee willikins, that cut right through the heart of the plate—Tony swung and if he had hit that ball the game and series would be over—the pitch—here it is—strike three—he's out! Alex struck him out—boy, oh, boy—

Here comes a little fellow out of the Yale bench—yes, its Booth. None other than Albie Booth. All right. Yale is in a huddle. They are lining up now. Booth is off—ten—they've got him—no, he's up again—snaking his way through that field—twenty-five yards—He's down—yes, sir—I don't believe he will be able to get up after that tackle—he was thrown hard—there Booth bounced up like he was a rubber ball. He was thrown hard enough to knock out a Dempsey or Tunney, but not hard enough to knock out little Albie Booth! No sir.

EHMKKE is pitching the game of his life—He has made these big swingers of the Chicago Cubs look like inmates of the old soldiers' home. Al Simmons—it's a home run—those Athletics have staged their famous seven run rally—pulled the game out of the fire for the world series.

Say I could go on forever with reminiscences of the—say, I said it was 234,000—but if I said a million it would be closer to the truth.



Grief for Phil Cook fans! His biggest moment will be when he puts his fifteen personalities in the box and takes up the silent paint-brush.

Listen folks, isn't it equal to a thousand or more thrills the way I broke into Radio? Here I was, just a juryman out during the noon recess—I stepped into the office of WEAf at 195 Broadway—they gave me an audition as just another baritone—they signed me up—and holy mackerel, eight years have passed and here I am still at it—

And think of it, think of it, folks—this year and the next I will have the unequalled pleasure of telling all you people about maybe hundreds of other sports events before I finally fold up my tent like the Arab and silently steal away.

Before the year is over I'll probably be telling you about the latest exploits of Albie Booth describing how he dashes down the field like a bat out of—the blue sky.

Before the year is over I'll be carried away with the spectacle before me a hundred or more times—and make a hundred or more mistakes—but who cares about mere details—whether Booth or Gentle or "Trick" Bennett, Jackie James of Princeton, Josh Williams of Pittsburgh, McClelland of Yale, Siano of Fordham, Vic Harding and Wood of Harvard, Link Fogarty of Brown, Charley Greene or Warren Gette of Penn or Martin Brill or Monaghan of Notre Dame fumbles or gains—is thrown for a loss—

I will have seen Al Simmons and Mickey Cochrane and Frankie Frisch and Lefty Grove—what difference does it make whether they fizzle or star—

Most Radio listeners miles away from the scene of major sporting events look to me to convey them there in imagination, to give them color, the feel of the crowd, the intensity of the atmosphere, the gaiety. They're interested in the essential drama of the situation and in the sidelights quite as much as they are in the matters of how many strikes have been called and how many yards have been gained or lost by Yale, dear old Rutgers, Notre Dame or Army.

Phil Cook

ACCORDING to Phil Cook, it was a long time between unforgettable moments.

Some fourteen years ago the Philip Cooks, Mr. and Mrs., found they had five hundred dollars in the bank. That represented savings from the small salary of \$35 a week paid to a commercial pen and ink artist. Just a member of a staff of a not-too-famous advertising agency.

For more than three weeks they made daily visits to automobile row—such as it was in those days—in Newark, New Jersey. They looked at Packards, Cadillacs, Haynes's and other famous, high-priced cars of the day. They looked at them and hoped that some day they could own one. Then they carried their savings to the agency handling the Dodge four—then a funny little car, a step re-

moved from a Ford, and with a most unorthodox gear shift. So they paid out \$425 of their \$500 as the down payment on the car; some \$15 more for a license; \$2 for gas and oil, and drove the car away. That car gave Phil his greatest thrill.

The first night the Philip Cooks of Newark had their new car they drove to down-town Newark, parked the car beside the curb in front of a motion picture theater, stood admiring it for about ten minutes and then went into the theater. Five times during the first hour Mr. Philip Cook, artist, came out of the theater to see if the car was still there. After the fifth hasty exit, the Cooks decided that they didn't want to see the show, but that they wanted to take a long ride in the country around Newark instead.

When he discovered the

LACONIA

Sinking Beneath His Feet

And he rushed to his state room
for his neversink suit

Floyd Gibbons

Felt a Thrill but *Not* His

Greatest Thrill

You'll read what that was in the

DECEMBER RADIO DIGEST

"I kept reminding Philip that the sign pasted on the windshield warned the driver that the car was not to be driven faster than 25 miles an hour for the first 500 miles," Mrs. Cook told me.

"And I wanted to see how fast she could go," Phil chimed in. "'But dear,' she said to me, 'the sign on the windshield says . . .'" And I kept saying 'gee, I wonder how fast.' I got her up to 35 miles an hour, but I was afraid."

We skip 14 years. Because nothing much happened, except that Philip Cook obtained a contract to do a series of

cover illustrations for Collier's Weekly. and won third prize in an art exhibit in Newark, competing against such world-famous artists as Treadler and Penfield Fancher, and had a salary boost to \$5,000 a year.

We find instead of Philip Cook, commercial artist for an advertising agency, a man who has become known the world over as Phil Cook, still a commercial artist, but the ether waves have superseded the paint brush—and he is "commercial artist" in the parlance of Radio broadcasting. He is now the earliest Radio comedian in the world—he starts giving his comedy to the world at 6:30 in the morning—and he has become one of the highest paid artists in the world—He is now receiving as much for a week's work as he did for a whole year's work at the time the story opens.

He is now Phil Cook, the Lon Chaney of the Air, receiving \$2500 a week!

We come now to the second and greatest thrill in the life of Phil Cook—the birth of his first baby!

"At first," Phil said, "She was more of a scare to me than a thrill. But now, she is now almost a year old, she is a thrill a minute!"

BUT tell me," I asked, "Doesn't your Radio work thrill you? Didn't your recent broadcast during which you imitated 15 persons in six minutes give you a thrill?" I asked.

"Not a bit," he replied. "I have been rehearsing my Radio work for years. Studied it as I did my art, earlier in my career. That is too commercial. Just a means to an end. There is no thrill in that except that I am fast acquiring a bankroll that will enable me to retire before I am forty—I am thirty-eight now—and spend the rest of my days just playing with Phyllis—we named her Phyllis—and drawing when I want to."

"In other words, Mr. Cook," I asked, "you plan to retire from the Radio within two years?"

"Yes," he replied most definitely, "Within two years. At present my contract—with Quaker Oats, if you don't know that—has almost a whole year to run, with an option for renewal. After that goodbye Radio—except for occasional appearances!"

"Then I will return to my art—the career I had cut out for myself when I was a boy, in Coldwater, Michigan.

"It's a funny thing, but music and entertaining have cropped up at various times to check my desire to draw. You see, mother was a musician. But I had never had any musical training.

"Notwithstanding, when I was sixteen, a member of the Elks' Club of East Orange had heard me sing, and had offered me \$10 if I would entertain that club at a smoker. I did give up music for all of 12 years. Then friends advised me that I ought to go into Radio."

Rockefeller's *MAGIC*

RADIO CITY

*Up from the Dust Clouds of Crumbling Walls
will arise Marble Palaces—a Dream Come True*

By Bruce Gray

THOMAS A. EDISON after numberless experiments finally put a bit of cotton thread in a vacuum tube set it aglow with electric current—and thus was born the first incandescent light.

From that lamp arose a genie more important and powerful by a million times than the genie slave of the lamp controlled by Aladdin. What would the Aladdin of the Thousand Nights imagine if he could roll back the curtain of his long sleep and behold today the scene in the heart of New York where hundreds of workmen with sledges and picks are crushing down the walls and floors of whole blocks of buildings to erect the architectural triumph of the age to be known as Radio City, an evolution of the electric vacuum tube.

For Aladdin it would seem just another dream—a great vision to vanish like a mist with the morning sun of reality. But to the modern American listener it soon will be a miraculous fact. When Radio Digest first announced the sketchy outlines of the plan earlier in the year it seemed almost too fantastic to become an actuality.

But out of the clouds of flying dust and mortar will arise this prodigious enterprise of solid, concrete, limestone and marble walls. The demolition of existing buildings is in itself a great undertaking.

They are tearing down acres of brown-stone houses, office buildings, restaurants and shops on an area, three blocks square, in the heart of New York City. Many famous old landmarks are being sacrificed on the altar of human progress. Phoenix-like, there will arise from the ruins a great cultural center that will far surpass anything of its kind in the world.

Radio City will be entirely complete by the fall of 1933. It will be financed by the John D. Rockefeller Jr. interests and will involve a total investment of over



Merlin H. Aylesworth

\$250,000,000. The construction work is expected to alleviate to no little extent the unemployment in New York City.

This new cultural center, devoted to Radio's progress in the fields of sound and vision, will be complete in every respect—truly a city within a city. It will be erected as a complete architectural unit of great beauty and utility. It will include: four theatres, a large symphony hall, twenty-seven broadcasting studios, a sixty-story office building and numerous other structures, notably an oval building of moderate height and beautiful design, which will be located on the Fifth Avenue side of the development.

The plot on which Radio City is being built extends from 48th Street to 51st Street and from Fifth Avenue to Sixth

Avenue—three square blocks the real estate value alone of which is staggering. It is this plot that was originally assembled by the Rockefeller interests and offered to the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company for an operatic and musical center, which was to have included a new opera house—a thing New York City has needed for years. However, something went awry and this site for the operatic center was abandoned.

Mr. Rockefeller subsequently broached the subject of a Radio City to David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, believing that the Radio industry was the logical one to be so represented. Mr. Sarnoff admitted that such an enterprise had been a dream that he had nurtured for years. Mr. Aylesworth of the NBC and the R.C.A. officials were enthusiastic about the idea, particularly in view of the fact that the amazing growth of the lusty infant, Radio, has made it practically impossible to obtain adequate quarters in which to house her. However, definite announcement of the plan was withheld pending the acquirement of the necessary property on the Sixth Avenue side of the development, so that exits and entrances might be provided from that side.

FRONTING Fifth Avenue and forming the central structure on that side of the development will be the oval building, previously mentioned. On the first floor will be located many fine shops. The second floor will be occupied by a large banking institution. On the roof there will be a restaurant, with an outdoor promenade running around the entire building. This oval building will extend to a magnificent garden plaza, which will be cut through the development and will run parallel with Fifth Avenue, from 48th Street to 51st Street. No expense or effort



Aladdin wouldn't believe his eyes to see the real thing!

will be spared to make the plaza, which will be almost as wide as the average city block, the most impressive boulevard of its kind in the world. Fountains, statuary and beautiful garden plots will add a decorative touch.

A huge sixty-story office building will tower over the entire development and will extend from the west side of the plaza through to Sixth Avenue. From this central office building a grand corridor, about three stories in height, will run to the other surrounding office buildings. All of these structures, incidentally, will be in architectural harmony with the rest of the unit. Over a million square feet of space will be leased in the various office structures by the Radio Corporation of America, the National Broadcasting Company, the RCA Victor Corporation of America, the Radio-Keith-Orpheum

Corporation and its subsidiary, Radio Pictures, and RCA Photophone, Inc. The Radio Corporation will have its executive offices in the sixty-story building.

The 27 broadcasting studios will also be located in the sixty-story building. The technical and artistic experience which the National Broadcasting Company has gained in years of operation will be embodied in these studios. Some of the studios will be two or three stories in height and will, in effect, be concert halls. Ten of them will be designed for photography and recording, inasmuch as television looms on the horizon. Ample provision will be made for Radio fans to see the artists at work.

Of the four theatres to be included in Radio City, one will be devoted to variety, a second to sound, a third to musical comedy, and a fourth to dramatic

productions. In leasing and operating these theatres the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation purposes to use the technique of all the arts in the creation of its entertainment programs.

The theatre devoted to variety will seat over 7,000 and will introduce many new ideas in variety entertainment, according to Hiram S. Brown, president of R-K-O. Among the innovations will be new lighting effects made possible by recent electrical progress and a stage, built upon an engineering principle, that will make it visible from all parts of the house.

The second theatre, which will seat about 5,000, will be especially designed for sound motion pictures. Heretofore, all theatres have been built upon the acoustical and visual principles of the older forms of motion picture entertainment, although sound has since been



added to all the larger theatres. In this instance, however, a beautiful theatre will be built around the Radio and electrical developments that have recently revolutionized the motion picture art.

The third theatre will be especially designed for musical comedy productions. Sound has welded music to the screen. In this theatre creative talent will be developed and public experiments will be conducted looking to the presentation of better screen entertainment.

Finally, there will be a theatre devoted to dramatic productions of a selective character. It will be used in much the same manner as will the one for musical comedy. All of the theatres will be equipped for the broadcasting of sound and, eventually, for the broadcasting of sight directly from the stage.

The streets surrounding the new development will be widened, giving the

new structures fronting them more light and air, and will also provide better curb facilities for shops and buildings. Transportation arteries from every direction will lead to and from the new Radio City, but the traffic problem will be reduced to a minimum by huge underground bus terminals and by subterranean parking arrangements that will take care of thousands of cars and will form underground boulevards for automobile traffic. In addition, plans are now being drawn for a great parking tower to give additional facilities for motor parking. All deliveries within the Radio metropolis will be effected from underground.

The architects working on this project are Reinhard & Hofmeister; Raymond Hood, Godley & Foulhoux; and Corbett, Harrison and MacMurray.

It is not difficult to picture what a tremendous part Radio City will play in the cultural life of the city and the nation. From the decorative standpoint it will give New York City a stupendous architectural monument that will fittingly mark the rise of the Radio industry from the status of a doubtful experiment to one of the country's greatest public servants and, as President Merlin H. Aylesworth, of the National Broadcasting Company, so aptly expresses it, "the recognized means for the syndication of entertainment, education and information on a nationwide and, at times, a world-wide basis."

Furthermore, Radio City will radically alter the skyline in midtown New York and will establish new standards of city planning. It will provide an interchangeability of service and technique that should do much to advance all of the arts encompassed. It will furnish facilities for all artists who deserve a wide audience. It should prove a tremendous boon to Radio broadcasting and the screen by giving them added reservoirs of dramatic, musical and entertainment service which are not now available.

In short, Radio City will undoubtedly prove a veritable Mecca for all artists

who have a legitimate claim to public attention and, likewise, to the ever-curious laymen who will likely make pilgrimages from many miles around to see this mighty Temple of the Arts.

John R. Todd, of the Todd, Robertson & Todd Engineering Corporation, New York, who acted for the John D. Rockefeller, Jr., interests in concluding negotiations with president David Sarnoff, of the Radio Corporation of America, looking to the establishment of Radio City, says:

"A development of this character, which would at once create an architectural unit that would typify American progress in city planning and would provide a center for the radiation of the best type of entertainment and of musical culture, has long been the dream of those connected with the project.

"The new electrical arts, which have enormously extended the fields of sound and vision, promise for the entertainment and educational arts the greatest possible service to the greatest possible number."

Roxy for Boss?

WILL S. L. Rothafel ("Roxy") be the master mind of the new Radio City? It has been strongly rumored in Radio circles that he will give up the management of the Roxy Theatre in New York at the termination of his present contract and that he will become actively identified with the National Broadcasting Company as supervisor of productions.

If ever there was a man whose achievements have been a chronicle of turning fanciful dreams into material realities Roxy is the man. His trail on Broadway is a row of palatial playhouses.

Roxy recently left for a two-months' trip to Europe. His rise in the entertainment field has been predicated to no small extent on the popularity he gained through Radio broadcasting, in which he was one of the pioneers. It goes without saying that the vast Radio City will require an executive head who is accustomed to dealing with tremendous projects. Roxy seems to fill the bill in every respect. Perhaps his trip to Europe may have special significance in the development of this plan.—EDITOR.



Mr. and Mrs. Morrow

Hail and FAREWELL!

By
**DWIGHT W.
MORROW**

*American Statesman Greets Country-
men from Mexico as He Bids Sister
Republic Adieu During the Collier Hour*

I AM grateful to Collier's for the opportunity to speak to the large Radio audience of the United States on this, my last Sunday evening in Mexico.

Three years ago Mrs. Morrow and I came to Mexico. We have been very happy here. We have received many kindnesses at the hands of the Mexican government and at the hands of the Mexican people. As the time comes for us to say goodbye, we feel how deeply we are going to miss Mexico.

Those who have resided in Mexico for some time realize that the spell of the country enters into one's blood. It is partly the unexcelled climate. It is partly the charm of the oldest civilization in the

*Address of Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow
in Collier's Radio Hour Sunday Evening
September 14, 1930.*

western hemisphere.

Mexico offers delightful weather for twelve months of the year. It is cool here in summer; it is warm in winter. Flowers are everywhere. There is sunshine every day in the year. The Mexican people are hospitable and instinctively courteous. They have a native artistic gift which expresses itself in every kind of handicraft, in pottery, in weaving, in wonderful toys, and in gay songs. The

land is adorned with countless old churches and other buildings, which show the artistic genius of the people.

One may see impressive remains of ancient civilization in the valleys of Mexico, in Yucatan and in Oaxaca. The landscape is marvellously beautiful. One's first sight of a little town like Cuernavaca, only fifty miles from Mexico City, lying like a golden bowl of color and sunshine at the foot of two giant snow-capped volcanoes, is never to be forgotten, nor is the first glimpse of Tecoco, a hillside town in Guerrero, its red roofs built above high precipices of red stone and rising from them a great church with a dome of orange, green and white tiles, in the bright

sunlight looking just like a huge flower.

Our tourists who make long journeys to less favored parts of the world are neglecting a wonderland which lies at their very door and is easily accessible.

One may stand in the American Embassy tonight and speak over the telephone to New York City, and have his voice broadcast by Radio throughout the United States. One hundred years ago—before we had the telegraph or the telephone or the Radio, it took more than one month to communicate from the capital of the United States to the capital of Mexico. Today the two countries are literally face to face.

WE MUST not be misled, however, by the growth of these mechanical appliances. The increase of machinery by which man communicates with man does not necessarily mean that understanding will be better in the future than in the past.

It is too often assumed that scientific inventions prevent misunderstanding. Machines, however, do not understand each other. Man may make a perfect machine, but it will still depend upon man himself whether the machine shall be an instrument of understanding or not.

If we could all get clearly into our minds that other men have as much pride in the dignity of their nations as we have in our own, the solution of international problems would be less difficult.

It is the duty of every one of our diplomatic representatives to a foreign nation to defend faithfully the proper interests of his country and of his countrymen. That is his legal duty and his moral duty. If he fails in that duty, no other success can compensate for that failure. But it is also the duty of the representative of the foreign country to defend his country and people.

We can best defend the rights of our own country when we understand the rights of other countries. It is upon that fundamental principle that international law is built.

We were told before we came to Mexico that the essential thing in a foreign country is to try to understand how foreigners *differ* from ourselves. There is something of value in that advice. But at the end of three years, it seems to us that the essential thing to do in a foreign country is to study the *likenesses* of men rather than their differences.

When it comes to the profound experiences of life, the men and women on this small earth are not very different. When it comes to the death of parents or the birth of children, or the straining of eager

eyes for needed rain, or the rising and standing uncovered of great groups of people when a national anthem is played, the men and women and children of this earth behave in much the same way.

We are more like each other than we are willing to admit to one another.

There is an old story which might well be remembered by those who go to foreign lands. A religion grew up in Asia some three thousand years ago. A particular group of learned people devoted themselves to keeping that religion pure and undefiled. They observed its law. They subordinated themselves to its ritual. They carried the forms of that religion along until the appointed time had come when it might transform western civilization. And yet, by the arrogance of one man, the sect of the Pharisees is popularly judged today, not by the epistles of St. Paul, but by a single prayer to the Lord.

Could there be anything more tragic? A Pharisee and a publican pray side by side—for two thousand years their prayers have come down to the people of the world wherever the story is known. The very word Pharisee has become a byword and reproach. In the pulpit, in the study of the scholar, in the market place, on the street, the Pharisee is condemned. And everywhere, the publican is pitied or even praised!

The Pharisee, who was educated, who was efficient, who kept the law and the statutes, dared to stand erect in the presence of his God and thank Him that he was unlike other men. The publican, who had broken the laws, lowered his eyes in the presence of his God and asked for forgiveness of his sins.

ONE man exalted himself; the other humbled himself. The difference is a difference in standards. The Pharisee compared himself with other men, and boasted of his strength. The publican compared himself with his God—and asked forgiveness for his sins.

It is our fundamental likeness to other men that enables us to understand them, and to live in peace and friendship with them.

Is it too much to hope that some day the nations of this earth may pray: "Lord God of Hosts, we give Thee thanks that Thou, in Thy wisdom and Thy mercy, hast made us like other men!"



Dwight W. Morrow has been heard on various occasions over the Radio. Note his genial smile.

Percy Grainger

*Famous Composer Says
"Inspiration is Only a
Form of Health"*

NUMBER Seven Cromwell Place is just another address in White Plains, New York.

This simple house has no special sign of distinction to indicate that one of the greatest contemporary composers lives there, but that is the way with houses. They reveal nothing. They are like the covers of great books, indifferent

to the great truths that sound throughout their pages, or like some of the dull rocks unaware of the brilliant diamonds that sparkle in their bosoms.

Now a dwelling that houses a great musician like Percy Aldridge Grainger might reflect some of the inspiration that throbs with such a vital force within its wooden limitations. It might devise

whimsical inventions so that passersby will know that here lives an immortal—an individual through whom races and nations find their way to song.

The shingles might hum a little tune as vagrant winds pass over them, and the stairs might trip by each other merrily. The creak of the hammock should certainly be able to catch some of the songs that take flight and should reproduce them when the zephyrs go for a little jaunt.

But, no. There is the house. And like every other house it is just content to serve its only purpose of shelter. Its windows are like a blind man's empty sockets. They stare blankly at one. Oh, to be at the very heels of immortality—and to remain impervious!

The cabman left me at the foot of the steps and murmured, "Oh, Mr. Grainger's house."

I ran lightly up the stairs and rang the bell.

"Mr. Grainger, please," I said to the butler with a tone feigning an everyday speaking acquaintance with great composers.

Mr. Grainger came out to meet me. He wore a white sweater and a pair of tennis trousers, and looked more like an athlete than a musician.

HE HAD the appearance, vigor and spirit of a man of thirty although he had just passed his forty-eighth birthday—all of which goes to show that birthdays are indeed no ideal measurements of age and are, therefore, conveniently ignored by certain of my sister writers and others who refuse to budge at the onslaught of birthdays, once they are entrenched at thirty-five.

Perfect health, Mr. Grainger believes, is an important element in an artist's life. "I think the vigor of one's heart beat is a strong determining factor in artistic inspiration," he said. "If all musicians walked very fast for two hours a day, they would all be more inspired. Inspiration is only a form of health."

"Chopin and Beethoven were great walkers in their youth. Wagner was a tree climber." (This fact is no assurance,



Percy Grainger, known as "Only Cheerful, Sunny Composer Living"

Chats

with

Anne B. Lazar

however, that Wagnerian genius flows through the veins of the present-day youngsters who have taken to tree sitting as a means of achieving great heights.)

"And," continued Mr. Grainger, "when a young man, Bach walked sixty or eighty miles each way to hear Buxtehude, the organist."

Mr. Grainger has a great admiration for physical prowess. It is said that he watched with glee three men laboriously lifting a heavy piano on a hot day and trying to get it around a little old staircase. It is also said that Mr. Grainger will often open a door with his foot just as an outlet for his energy. The story had stirred my curiosity.

I personally did not have the privilege of seeing him go through this performance, although I was secretly hoping that I might enjoy such a sight.

NEITHER did the famous composer slide down the enticing banisters as he was leading me to his fireproof room in the cellar.

And what a treasure house that was! The shelves on each side of the room were fairly groaning under the weight of the products of genius, jacketed in music scores and in tile portraits.

One set of shelves was marked, "Ella". Ella is Mrs. Grainger—and here are stored her paintings. Everything was neatly wrapped and piled up on the shelves. Mr. Grainger displayed a very fine sense of order. He did not nervously tear off wrappers and fling them just anywhere, but untied precious little bundles and repacked them meticulously.

Mr. Grainger took out his manuscript, "To a Nordic Princess," so that it might be reproduced for this page. This composition is dedicated to his wife and was played for the first time at their wedding which was held in Hollywood some two years ago. It was again presented on one of the recent programs over the National Broadcasting Company. The inscription, or program note, which appears on the music sheets, has an ineffable tenderness:

"Now and then in Scandinavia may be

met a Nordic type of womanhood, half boyish yet wholly womanly, whose soft, flawless loveliness is like that of a fairy tale princess; whose wondrous radiance makes real for us the sun goddesses of the nature of myths; whose broad shoulders, amazon limbs, fearless glance, and freedom of deed and bearing recall the Viking chieftainesses of the sagas; whose cornfield hair and cornflower eyes awaken thoughts of the silent fruitfulness of the soil and of the lowly lives of land tillers; whose graceful ease in riming, painting, singing, dancing, swimming, is the all life-embracing giftedness of an unspoiled nature race.

Such an uncrowned princess may be found in castle or cottage, in town or country-side, amongst high-born or low-born alike; for hers is dead-rock aristo-

craticness of race, not mere top layer aristocraticness of class, culture, and breeding.

"To meet her is to have all one's boyhood fairy-dreams and hero-dreams come true.

"Such a one is my sweet wife-to-be—Ella Viola Ström—and to her this bridal song is offered as a wedding-gift and fondly honor-tokens in pride of race and personal love."

Yes, "the silent fruitfulness of the soil" expresses Mr. Grainger's own life. The words effortlessly flow from his lips and I am sure that there is the same silent rising of song within him. Neither does the sun thunder its largesse onto this little planet of ours.

While we were in the fireproof room,
(Continued on page 117)

Love wedding-gift to Ella Viola Ström my sweet - 4-11-27

"TO A NORDIC PRINCESS"

BRIDAL SONG
for Orchestra (Orn at will)
by PERCY ALTRIDGE GRAINGER

Full (Compressor) Score
(actual pitch, non-transferring)
SLOWLY FLOWING (1st Speed)
♩ = 54-55

WOOD-WIND
Piccolo
2 Flutes
2 Oboes
English Horn
2 Clarinets (A)
Bass Clarinet (A)
2 Bassoons

4 Horns (F)

BRASS
3 Trumpets (Bb)
3 Trombones
Euphonium
Tuba

Kettledrums (4)
Cymals
Snare Drum
3 Players
Stage Pipes, ad lib.
2 Players
2 Violins Chimes, ad lib.
C. Caster or 2 Lutes

Harps
(Singly or massed)

Piano
(Singly or massed)

Harmonium (or Re-Organ)
(2 players)
(Singly or massed)

Organ (Pipe Organ)
(ad lib.)

STRINGS
Violins I
Violins II
Violas
Cellists
Double Basses

Violoncello
Solo Violoncello
Solo Viola
Solo Violin
Solo Cello
Solo Double Bass

Copyright, 1927, by Percy Grainger



This Bridal Song was a Wedding-Gift to Mrs. Grainger

Suspense

By Arthur

Illustrated by

Gordon Samstag

THE dining room of the Mortimers' house was by no means an apartment reserved only for meals. It was the centre of the family life, where Alan Mortimer, its nominal head, read his newspapers, scribbled his infrequent poems and articles, or burnt the notes from editors that accompanied their rejection; where, moreover, the wife and daughter of the genius enjoyed what comfort they could in such corners as were not littered with manuscripts; and to which Edward Mortimer, the rising hope of the house, returned as little as was conveniently possible.

Just now it presented a very characteristic appearance. At the head of the large table sat Mr. Mortimer, senior, his forehead supported on his hands, forgetful of the world in his rapt perusal of a copy of the Evening Register, one number of which he had selected from a pile of others at his elbow. Among the matters to which he was blind was the fact that Miss Irene Mortimer, assisted by the maid, had arrived at that point of the table-laying for supper when it could be carried no farther while he occupied his present position.

"Let me see," Irene was saying to herself just under her breath. "Mother and father, that's two; me, three; Mr. Gibbs, four; Miss Trixie, five; and Mr. Edward, six." She made a hurried calculation. "And for to-night, Amy, as it's his party, you must lay Mr. Edward at the top, where father is."

Amy faltered. "I didn't like to disturb the master."

"I'll do that," said Irene, with the calmness of efficiency. She placed a hand upon the velvet-coated shoulder of her parent.

"Father!"

Mr. Mortimer grunted impatiently, without looking up.

"Father, dear," continued Irene, "I don't want to disturb you but you really are quite dreadfully in the way there."

At this the other raised his head, revealing a pale and thought-clouded face under a profusion of neglected hair streaked with grey. It was this, together with the absence of collar, and the velvet jacket, which combined to produce in Mr. Mortimer a vaguely "artistic" appearance,



*Some Deep Intangible Fear
Gripped the Mother's
Heart—Bit by Bit her
Suspensions Seemed to
Confirm Her Thought*

upon which his family rather prided itself.

"Eh?" he muttered. "I'm sorry, my dear, I didn't notice."

"Nobody's going to be cross," said Irene, "so don't look miserable. Here

come over here for a bit." In her practical way she had shepherd him to a chair beside the fire before he had time to protest.

"Now you're all right. And there are the rest of your papers, though why you should want to

*Trixie Wanted the Diamond, Edward was a Trusted
Employee in the Bank and—He Had to Please Her*

Eckersley



read five at once beats me!" she exclaimed.

"My dear!" Touched on his enthusiasm, the spirit of the elder Mortimer was roused to instant activity. "It's this wonderful new series of articles that I told you about yesterday——"

"I believe," said Irene, "you did mention something of the kind. Are they nice?"

"Never mind what he says, it's what's here in the paper about him."

"They're wonderful! There are to be six altogether, ending to-night. That's why I've been running through the first five again before the paper-boy comes. He's about due now."

Irene was instructing Amy in whispers, and gave but a half-hearted attention to her parent's rhapsody. "Are they funny?" she asked, absently.

Mr. Mortimer acknowledged this only with a glare. "The title," he said, "is 'Personality and Crime.' Of course, that's old enough. But it's the point of view. There's one passage here that I was reading to your brother that seems to me absolutely inspired. Whoever wrote it is a genius."

"Don't they give the name?"

"No." Mr. Mortimer was turning over the pages. "It's only the last that is to be signed. We might know any minute now. Ah!

here it is. Speaking of temptation, he says——"

But what he said was not destined to be read aloud just then, for at that moment Amy, who had opened the door, stepped back to admit the enthusiast's wife. Mary Mortimer was a woman who might once have been beautiful, and whose face, lined with years of struggle and anxiety, had still both charm and dignity. Her manner was quiet to repression, but every now and then a keen observer might have detected signs in it, a catch in the voice, or a nervous movement of the hands, that betrayed a great and growing anxiety.

"MR. EDWARD isn't back yet, is he, Amy?" she asked, as she entered.

"It's only just past his time, mother," Irene interposed, before the maid could reply.

"Of course, dear. Still, if he should be at all late we can wait supper a little."

Irene scouted the idea. "As if Ned would be late to-night, of all nights!" she cried.

Here Mr. Mortimer, who was suffering from the natural irritation of the frustrated reader-aloud, broke in peevishly.

"What on earth is to-night that there

should be all this great fuss about it?"

"Father!" Irene turned upon him with mock indignation. "You don't remember that it's the birthday of your future daughter-in-law!"

"You mean what's-her-name?"

"Exactly. In other words, Trixie. The future Mrs. Edward. This banquet is in her honor. She's coming, and young Gibbs from Edward's bank. It's a party."

MMORTIMER groaned.

"Oh, dear!" he complained. "I suppose that means a collar, eh?"

"Well," Irene favored her parent with an ingratiating smile. "If you could rise to that display of magnificence——"

As usual she gained her point. "Humbug, I call it," said Mr. Mortimer. But he rose as he spoke. "Don't let the boy pass while I'm upstairs, that's all," he commanded, at the door.

Mrs. Mortimer had seated herself by the fire. At the last words she looked up quickly, almost suspiciously.

"What boy?"

"Oh, nothing. Only, you know how Ned is. He's the wonderfulest person in the world, of course. But he is a bit vague for a bank clerk, isn't he?"

"You ought not to say things like that, Irene."

"Sorry, mum. But you know how often Edward gets moods. Last night for instance, when father would read aloud to him out of the Evening Register. He looked so queer. Almost as though he were frightened of something."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Mortimer rebuked her daughter with unusual sharpness. "Why should he be frightened?"

"That's what I say. But he did go perfectly white. When father was reading

upset Edward far more than he showed. One of his friends proving a thief! And they used to see a lot of one another at one time. Poor little Hughes! He wasn't altogether a bad sort, either. It must have been terrible for his people!"

"Oh!" Mrs. Mortimer answered her, and her voice was startling in its sudden passion. "That's what one always says, without realizing in the least what it means! Can you fancy them, as I have done lately, that evening when he didn't come home? All night they waited, and he didn't come. And in the morning there was a telegram telling them what had happened. Up till then they might have saved him. Perhaps one may even have suspected, and not dared to speak. And



There was a moment's pause as Irene tore the envelope.

"Oh, nothing," said Irene. "Only the evening paper. Father's so queer," she added. "Reading seems to him quite as if it mattered."

The elder woman had relapsed again, and was staring into the fire. "Your father's an exceptionally clever man," she said, with mild reproof.

"That's what's the trouble," answered Irene. "If he wasn't a genius he'd be able to do something. And Edward's just such another. How long d'you suppose he'll stay at that bank?"

"Irene!" Once again Mrs. Mortimer looked up quickly, and this time the sudden fear on her face would have been patent to anyone less absorbed than the girl. "What—what do you mean?"

that bit about criminal temptation."

"Temptation!" it was the face of Edward's mother that was white now. She screened it from the girl with a hand that shook ever so slightly.

I THOUGHT perhaps Edward was ill," continued Irene, thoughtfully. "Because come to think of it, he hasn't looked himself lately. Perhaps they work them too hard at that bank. He never tells us anything that goes on there, does he?"

"No, nothing," said Mrs. Mortimer, without turning.

"I believe," went on Irene, "that that affair of poor young Hughes running away

then it was too late. He was disgraced; his very name was to be hidden away out of their lives and forgotten, or, if it was mentioned by accident, to become a shameful thing, a thing that hurt. That's what it means!"

"Why, mother!" Irene had received the outburst with bewildered astonishment. Then in her practical way she added, "I don't believe people realize things like that if they're quite well."

Mrs. Mortimer had recovered her self-command; she seemed anxious to make the girl forget its momentary loss. "I'm all right, dear," she said, quickly. "Only sometimes things like that come home to one, that's all. And as for what's keeping Edward, he may have gone to call for

Trixie himself, and will bring her on."

"Of course," declared Irene, "and they'd be sure to come the longest way, being engaged."

It was in the midst of the relief diffused by this theory that the front door bell was heard. "That can't be them," said Irene. "Ned wouldn't ring."

"Who—who can it be?" At the sound, all Mrs. Mortimer's recovered calmness had deserted her; her face had become ashen.

"You are a jumpy old thing, mother!" laughed Irene. "You're worse than Ned." She listened. After a moment a man's voice was audible in the passage. "I thought so. It's young Gibbs from the bank; he'll liven us up."

IT WAS clear that the young gentleman who was immediately afterwards announced was of a character not to belie her words. Mr. Gibbs, albeit of tender years, and just at present a sufferer from slight nervousness, was clearly one accustomed to shine in society. He shook hands briskly with the two ladies.

"Hope I'm not too early," he said. "But I knew old Ned would be here anyhow."

"Then you knew wrong," said Irene, archly. "Edward hasn't got back from the office yet."

Mr. Gibbs was astonished at

"Oh dear me, no! Nobody brought me."

honestly? How does my son get on—with them?"

The kindly Gibbs looked his embarrassment.

"Why," he protested, "Mortimer's a rare clever chap; we all know that in the office. And one of the very best."

"You mean"—her eyes searched his face—"that they don't like him?"

"Oh, not so strong as that. But—well. I suppose we all have our little prejudices."

"But you know of nothing definite that they could have against him?"

"Certainly not," protested poor Gibbs.

"What could there be? Oddly enough, though,"

he continued, becoming communicative.

"Now Ned isn't here. I was going to

Sam Ang

they sent him off as soon as he arrived."

"I didn't know you business men got holidays like that," said Irene.

"We don't as a rule, worse luck. But of course this time there was a reason for wanting the clerks out of the way. Someone from headquarters to go through the books. What you might call a surprise party!"

Mrs. Mortimer had been considering him attentively.

"Did they suspect anything wrong?" she asked now, in such an unexpected tone that Gibbs started.

"You never can tell with these chaps," he said. "They get ideas, that's where it is. Perhaps it would be some little wrong entry they'd find; perhaps nothing at all. But they're never satisfied."

"Thank you." She turned away as though the subject were closed. But on Irene's attention being distracted by the entrance of Amy, Mrs. Mortimer again approached the visitor. Her manner now was oddly timid, almost appealing.

"Forgive me, Mr. Gibbs," she said. "But will you tell me something quite

ask you if he'd had any little bother on his mind lately."

Irene had again joined the group. She was the charming hostess.

"Edward is engaged to be married," she announced, proudly.

"I meant worse than that."

"Well, really, Mr. Gibbs!"

"Oh, of course, I didn't mean—" The visitor had become pink with confusion, but friendship urged him forward. "Only two or three of us noticed that he's been looking sly and—and anxious these last few weeks."

"THERE, mother!" Irene was beginning. "What did I—"

But to her great astonishment Mrs. Mortimer interrupted her.

"It's kind of you to ask," she said; "but, indeed, we know of nothing."

"Well," answered Gibbs, "I'm sure I'm pleased to hear that. It can't be anything serious, or you'd have noticed before anyone."

"Yes," said Edward's mother, earnestly.

(Continued on page 126)

this news.

"Not back?" he repeated. "That's queer."

"Why?"

"Well, only because he's had all day to get back in." He explained: "You see, it was this way. I was out at the office. When I turned up about four, I heard that Master Ned hadn't been at the bank all day;

A Plea for Continued

DAMN the torpedoes, go ahead!" "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes!" "Till the last man falls!" "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!"

History keeps its hold on the interest of generation after generation through the drama of individual heroism personified by momentous phrases that breathe the very living spirit of courage. The great material accomplishments of man often sink low by comparison with the great intellectual inspirations of leadership.

Far be it from the editors of this magazine to assume a rôle in behalf of the great Radio public which has not been duly won by popular acclaim; but equally far be it from us to refrain from pointing out paths for service which readers of our magazine may take up and develop into close-to-holy crusades. The one great thing about Radio is that it is always dealing with people and with what they are getting out of life, spiritually as well as materially. With audiences vaster by many millions than any other means of communication either so immediate or so intimate, no one, however great or small, can approach a microphone without a real feeling of reverence—without an impressive realization of the mighty power he or she is wielding for better or for worse on human beings.

It matters little the type of mission, so long as the purpose is worthy. Entertainment that is clean and that brings

enjoyment into the lives of people of all ages, sexes and races is indeed a God-like service and is not to be laughed off lightly as relatively inconsequential. Making people—sick and well—feel happy is a service as worthy of honor rolls and decorations as are the more conventionally recognized services of great educators, statesmen and battle-scarred warriors. We do not live for wars, for sorrows and for drudgery. We live for pleasure of body and mind, and our teachers of religion, culture and enjoyment are at one in helping attain the pleasures of life minus only those follies which are at times erroneously labelled pleasures.

Until now Radio has supplied its own censorship and from the standpoints of both morality and non-partisanship it has performed in a manner that places it head and shoulders over moving pictures and the press, both of whose majority virtues have been sullied somewhat by a minority salaciously inclined. To be sure there has been some talk as to whether Radio broadcasting is becoming dominated by too much outright advertising but that issue is practical and not ethical in nature. Moreover in the end, Radio programs whether sponsored or sustaining must meet with popular approval or die of their own deadliness—again a matter of practical control.

But what guarantee has the American people that the same effort at cleanliness and the same impartiality on controversial subjects will continue to endure? What insurance has the public against abuse of a power already great and steadily growing greater in the number influenced, in the degree of influence and in the variety of life-matters involved? May not the greedy eyes of monopolists, keenly conscious of the rapidly increasing commercial possibilities in the broadcasting business, soon seek to create monopolistic control—openly or if need be covertly?

MAY not great financial or industrial interests soon recognize in domination of broadcasting a new and potent means of extending their power? May not religious groups with tremendous resources, or fanatical but well financed factions (such as the Reds of Russia) see in Radio domination a new, relatively inexpensive but very effective means of backing their chosen "cause"? May not political powers—that-be or even sinister influences such as bootleggers and racketeers behold in Radio an insidious means of inoculating an unsuspecting public with infectious propaganda?

The threat of such things may not be imminent, but the threat should not be overlooked because of a temporary feeling of safety. The time to guard against evil is before the devil has done his work; for then it is often too late.

The press of America in times of peace has never been subject to official censorship of any kind—praise be. It has always possessed leaders of men so that here in America no policy such as now obtains in Russia and in Italy has ever been contemplated. As a result, the publishing business has grown into a great and honored profession with a deep sense of its own responsibilities to the public. Publishing has prospered because of this freedom of the press. Publishing,



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAUG

Freedom of The Air

notwithstanding the few degenerates who have tried to soil its reputation, has grown into a mighty influence on the lives of people. All viewpoints on all subjects have found an outlet and the press, thank God, has never been dominated at the source by monopolistic control. Anyone of any cult, creed or race with the inspiration and a moderate amount of capital can publish a magazine or a newspaper—and his success or failure depends on ability to serve the public in a manner it approves.

When monopolistic possibilities appear on the horizon, as in the recent case of newspaper buying by the International Power & Paper Co., not only the public but the Government and the newspaper profession itself rises up in anger to thwart any possible hidden control of the press. Also with a view to providing against monopolies the United States Postal Law provides that every six months owners of magazines and newspapers enjoying the second class mailing privileges must publish a sworn statement of ownership showing in detail the identity and address of bondholders and stockholders owning one per cent or more. Publishers are criminally liable for any failure to present the true facts with respect to ownership and control.

WHAT has all this to do with Radio? Just this: Before a lot of well meaning but for the most part illy informed and meddling politicians take it into their heads to crusade against possible monopolies in broadcasting, the present owners of broadcasting stations should develop enough leadership—passionate if necessary—to regulate their own affairs along such lines as will positively insure the American public against even partial monopolies in broadcasting and which will provide the Federal Radio Commission with much valuable and sound help in the matter of renewing broadcasting licenses so that as a matter of good public policy true freedom of the air will be preserved.

It would perhaps be presumptuous on our part to lay down a code of principles, but the very subject of this editorial compels us to make these few suggestions: (1) Every broadcasting station should publish in a newspaper in the city in which it is located, at regular six months' intervals, a complete statement of ownership such as is now made by newspapers and magazines. This same statement should be filed with the Federal Radio Commission and broadcast over the station at a prescribed day and hour every six months to the Radio audience. (2) No company or interest should be allowed to own more than a certain number of stations. (3) No one chain should be allowed to buy or lease over a given percentage of the total time of any given station. (4) No station should be allowed to lease out more than a given amount of its total time to chains, regardless of the number of chains, but this percentage should be higher than the amount leasable to any one chain. (5) No station should place more than a fixed percentage of its time in the hands of any agency or selling organization to sell unless it be an exclusive selling agency handling only a limited number of widely scattered stations.

We could go on, because there are many phases of possible monopoly which need conscientious and highly intelligent study for the good of broadcasting and for the good of the public. Radio broadcasting is not like the press in that the total number of stations licensed must be limited and the total amount of time which can be sold—and particularly the most sought-after hours—are definitely limited. All of which means that anti-monopoly measures are needed even more in broadcasting than in the press. Here's believing that the owners of broadcasting stations will do full justice to their own responsibilities in this matter of monopolistic control. Here's offering them the full help and cooperation of RADIO DIGEST and its great Radio audience in the realization of every high-minded objective. But if there be subtle undercover efforts to arrive at monopolistic ends on anybody's part, here's promising the full and fiery lash of an organ of the press which has chosen as its inspirational function the serving of America's great Radio public and protecting of the honor and reputation of broadcasting.

Let's hope that broadcasting will produce its own Deweys, Hales and Farraguts and its own Franklins, Roosevelts and Lincolns to carry on by deed as well as by inspiring words of leadership against the possible invasion of hoary-headed monopoly.

RAY BILL



Good Diction

Radio Demands Perfect Articulation, Says Dagmar Perkins, Expert Advisor on Committee for Diction Medal Award

By BEATRICE LEIGH

HAVE you ever stopped to consider why you like your favorite Radio artists?

Why does the busy housewife cease from her toils long enough to hear the banter of Amos 'n' Andy, the guides to shopping, the hints for beauty? Why does the speeding tourist slow down so that Rudy Vallee may be heard from the portable set? And why does the husband cancel his engagement when he suddenly remembers Floyd Gibbons?

Believe it or not—if these and many other popular artists did not know how to put their voices to work as instruments of expression, their programs would fall on deaf ears.

This is the opinion of Dagmar Perkins, President of the National Association of American Speech and member of the Committee of the American Academy of Arts and Letters which presented the 1930 Gold Medal to Alwyn Bach, NBC announcer.

THAT the Radio audience is receptive to pure speech is evidenced by the enormous audience which tunes in on Miss Perkins' daily programs over Radio Station WGBS, New York City. Her silver-lined voice, her effervescent personality, and her cheerful disposition, combined with her faultless diction, have been the keynote of her success.

"The rapid growth of Radio," declared Miss Perkins, "has done more than any other agency to arouse the American public to an appreciation of good speech.

"Granted the speaker has something to say—and if he hasn't he should not be allowed to annoy the public"—(neighbors, please heed)—"the first requisite on the Radio, especially, is clarity of diction so

that the listener may hear clearly, without strain, whatever is being said.

"The second requisite is good tone of voice to please the ear of the listener."

This second step in the direction of good diction is a very important one. Frequently, lectures, speeches, sermons and readings "do not reach that thing

where to it is sent" simply because the voice is faulty in one way or another.

"Then come the other branches of vocal technique," continued Miss Perkins. "There is the change of pitch which is so essential, for even a good voice may become monotonous unless the pitch is varied. Then there is the inflection or shading of the voice, the tempo which changes as the subject or occasion demands, the emphasis, and last, but not least, the choice of words."

Miss Perkins has long been recognized as an authority on the subject of good diction and it is interesting to note that she was invited to coach the voices in the Winthrop Ames' productions, "Tolanthe," "Pirates of Penzance" and other shows. The results of her instruction and training were so successful that in many instances, librettos were not necessary.

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, former American Ambassador to Italy, and Member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, who appeared on one of Miss Perkins' programs had this to say about her work:

I AM deeply interested in the unique work in speech production and Radio broadcasting which Miss Dagmar Perkins is carrying on so successfully. Nothing is more important in education, or more neglected than good speech. Miss Perkins' own voice and diction are so

beautiful that one could wish she might be heard by every teacher and pupil in the public schools and by everyone who has occasion to address the public vocally."

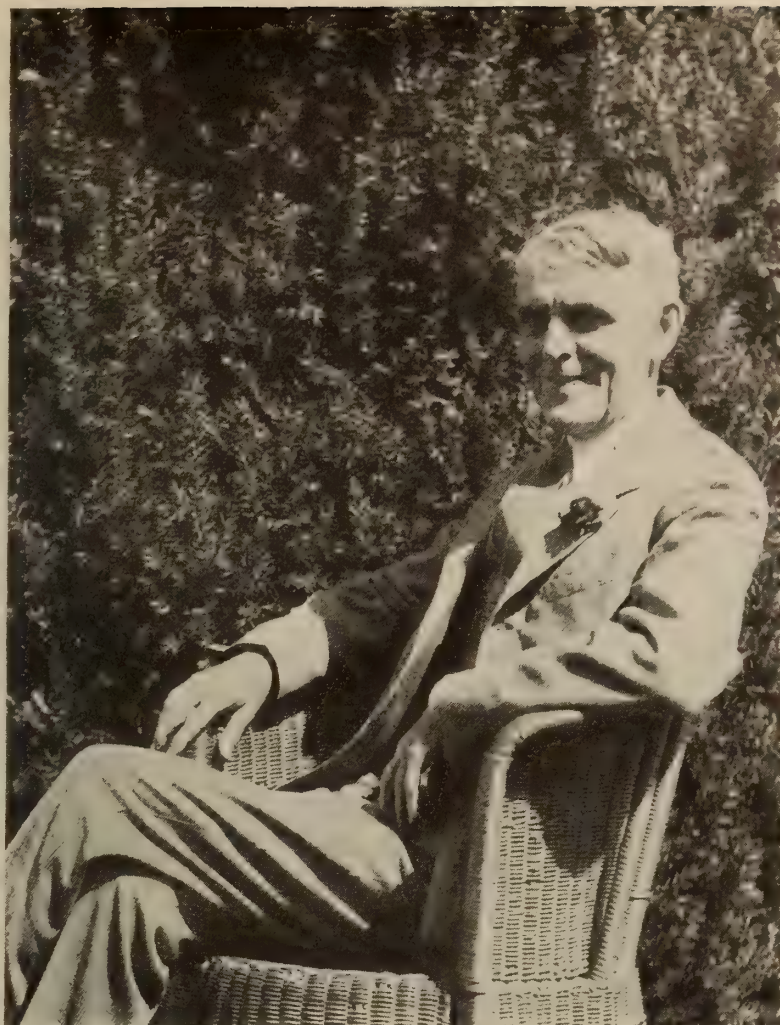
Hamlin Garland of the American Academy of Arts and Letters says:

"That the Radio is making us ear-

(Continued on page 124)



Miss Dagmar Perkins, Exponent of Perfect Diction



Washington talks to the Nation

Senator
Arthur
Capper
from
Kansas

*Some Senators and Congressmen quail
before the mike—Others like it.*

THE microphone now is deeply imbedded in the consciousness of public men as a medium for moulding public opinion, and seems destined to eliminate the lecture platform except in the cases of those who require the stimulus of personal, intimate reaction for them to exert their best efforts.

And the number who demand this personal touch with their hearers is growing smaller, at least in this writer's opinion. There are many reasons for this, but the greatest, or at least the one demonstrated most forcibly in recent months, is the convenience of the little metal discs as compared with tedious, time-wasting journeys.

WHILE Radio engineers are striving to bring television to the point where all may witness as well as hear programs, Senators, Representatives and government heads probably would prefer the development of a system whereby

WILLIAM H. DOHERTY

they might see their audiences.

The fear of the microphone usually vanishes after the first appearance, but it is difficult for the average speaker to construct his audience in his mind's eye.

Senator Capper of Kansas is one man who does not need the stimulus of an audience. His Monday morning talks for feminine listeners have been a regular feature since Congress convened.

Senator Borah of Idaho, one of the most noted orators in Congress, is known to dislike the microphone, not that he does not realize the importance of speaking to a nation-wide audience, but because he receives no inspiration as in a personal appearance.

Oliver Owen Kuhn, managing editor of the Washington Star who introduced Senator Borah when the latter initiated the National Radio Forum series a year and a half ago, said Senator Borah's "dislike in speaking at a mere piece of metal is evidenced during the course of his ad-

resses, but as all Radio listeners can testify, there is no better Radio speaker in America today. He does not dread the microphone so long as a great audience is before him. He then feels the personal touch—gathers all those strange inspirations that come from the audience to any speaker."

Andrew Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, has an opposite reaction to the mike. Diffident, almost shy, Secretary Mellon actually speaks better over the air than before audiences.

To those who, like Senator Borah, are not at their best unless inspired either by friends or hecklers, Senator James E. Watson of Indiana, the Republican leader in the Senate, has a method that might be commended to Radio speakers.

"I usually think of a baseball park at a World Series game," he said. "then magnify the audience as far as the eye can reach."

FOR Senators Pat Harrison of Mississippi and Hiram Johnson of California the ether waves at first proved a difficult medium for conveying their ideas. Now they can look the microphone in the eye and orate with all the vehemence and gesticulations common to their technique in debates on the Senate floor. Practice is the answer, and their present success probably will be matched by others who are certain eventually to acquire a confident microphone manner.

Two of the most forceful addresses
(Continued on page 124)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

MADGE TUCKER, small and blonde, whom Radio audiences know as "The Lady Next Door," is certainly well named. For no matter when or where you are in the NBC studios, Miss Tucker is pretty sure to be "just next door". In addition to "The Lady Next Door", which she orig-



Madge Tucker, "The Lady Next Door"

inated, writes, directs, and acts in, she has charge of all juvenile Radio activities at NBC. And if there is anyone who doesn't think that auditions, rehearsals and broadcasts involving more than 100 children a week between the ages of four and fourteen is enough to keep one person busy, Miss Tucker cordially invites them to change places with her for any day in the week.

Personally, she loves it. As I watched her rushing about the studio at a rehearsal of "The Lady Next Door", among a room full of noisy young actors, she seemed to be having the time of her life. And she was. "It's all such fun", she confessed afterwards, "even if it doesn't

leave me much time for anything else".

Since she first came into Radio work, six years ago, she has led hundreds of thousands of children to the mike. Seemingly little more than a child herself with her ever bubbling enthusiasm and perpetual delight in living (and she isn't so much more, even as Father Time records such things!), she has discovered more juvenile stars than any other person in the country and many of her pupils have achieved fame not only on the air but in the Broadway theatres and the Hollywood studios as well.

She is continually looking for new child actors for "The Lady Next Door". Personality is the primary requisite. Of course, the child must have a good Radio voice, but the mere ability to sing or recite well counts for little with Miss Tucker. She writes her sketches especially to fit the children who are playing in them. Throughout the series of "The Lady Next Door" the children are called by their own first names, and it is Miss Tucker's theory that if a child reads a line wrong twice in rehearsal, it's the line that's wrong and not the child. Accordingly the line is rewritten then and there to suit the youthful artist. "I want them to be just what they are supposed to be," declares Miss Tucker, "a group of children acting naturally."

Miss Tucker's original ambitions were toward the theatre. She was born in Centralia, Ill., and graduated from George Washington University, Washington, D. C. As soon as she was out of college, however, she rushed to New York and enrolled for a course at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. That completed, she found her first opportunity in a stock company in Washington. Then, just as she was comfortably started toward a stage career, along came the Radio. At first Miss Tucker didn't take the new medium very seriously. But like most members of a stock company she had no objection to picking up a few extra dollars. She appeared on a few programs at station WRC in Washington. Then she directed a children's program. Then another. And another. Almost before she knew it she was completely out of the theatre and into Radio, for better or worse.

It soon proved to be better. When

NBC was organized Madge Tucker became the first official woman production manager. For a long time her work was mainly in the continuity and production departments. Then she began going on the air herself in connection with various children's programs, and a year ago last September she scored an outstanding success with "The Lady Next Door". In addition she conducts the Sunday Morning Children's Hour and appears on several morning programs.

For the few hours that she is permitted away from the studio she has two hobbies. One is reading in bed and the other is attending first nights in the theatre. When her work will permit she never misses a New York opening, and in the summer when shows are opening out of town she will cheerfully ride for miles in order to catch a new production on its try-out night. For months after she became "The Lady Next Door" she was robbed of her other hobby because she had to devote all of her spare reading time to children's literature. She is not married.



Peter De Rose

Ludwig Laurier

LUDWIG LAURIER, who sends graceful dinner music to you each evening except Sunday over WEAF, and soothing slumber music each night over WJZ, came to America to be a druggist. When the quiet, smiling man with the gentle eyes and the iron grey hair was a lad of only thirteen he left his native Speyer-on-the-Rhine and came to this country to join his brother and brother-in-law. They were engaged in the drug business and young Ludwig was supposed to follow in their footsteps. He brought the violin he had been practicing on since he was eight years old with him, however, and by the time he was seventeen he was out of the drug business and in the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra. Somehow he never got back to the drug counter.

For awhile he remained in the Buffalo Symphony as second violinist. Then he became first violinist. Later he left Buffalo and went to Saratoga where he became associated with an orchestra conducted by John Lund and possessing a then unknown 'cellist named Victor Herbert. When he left Lund other offers came to him, but by this time Laurier had decided that music was to be his career. In that case he needed more training. And where else for a German to get musical training but in his native country?

In Berlin he became first violinist with the Philharmonic Orchestra. For several years he remained in Germany, playing and studying, and then, the training completed, he was faced with another problem. Where to spend his life? Europe, the old world, he decided, was the proper place for training, but America, the new world, was the place to build a career. Accordingly he returned to New York.

He was fired from his first job, but he

laughed when he told me about it.

"Fired?" I repeated.

"Yes," he explained, "It was with the Metropolitan Opera. They employed me as one of the first violins. And they kept me for sixteen years. It was during Toscanini's time and for six years I was manager of the orchestra. "Then,"—he chuckled merrily—"they fired me."

I forgot to ask him if they gave him a letter of recommendation first, but at any rate he didn't seem to have much trouble finding something to do. Within a very short time he was associated with Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld at the Rialto Theatre in New York. Reisenfeld probably did more than any other man to introduce good music into the moving picture theatres and Laurier was his right hand man. It was work that he liked, for Laurier has never cared for jazz. As a boy on the banks of the Rhine it was the melodies of Rubinstein, Beethoven, Wagner, Strauss and Mozart that filled his dreams.

In the Berlin Philharmonic and at the Metropolitan those dreams were fed and with Reisenfeld they began to bear fruit. When he came to Radio three years ago as conductor of the NBC Slumber Hour he brought them with him, and the thousands who tune in at eleven o'clock each night for an hour of soothing rest and beauty have justified his faith in them. A year and a half ago he became conductor of the Black and Gold Room dinner music which he conducts along the same lines.

He is married and has a nineteen year old daughter. He lives in the city, but whenever he can find the time he hurries out of it to go fishing, or for a long tramp in the woods.

May Singhi Breen

FIVE-FIFTEEN in the evening in Studio F at NBC. Outside the heavily curtained windows, the towers of New York in the soft light of the sinking sun. Inside, the big, bare studio with the blue and grey walls. In one corner a baby grand piano and a man and a woman.

First the woman. She is sitting on a high stool in front of a microphone with a ukulele cuddled in her arms. As she sings softly into the mike she strums the ukulele with a master touch. For she is May Singhi Breen, of Breen and de Rose, whose popular ballads go forth over the air five evenings a week, and she is probably the greatest "uke" artist and authority in the country.

According to the story current around NBC she first saw a ukulele when a friend gave her one for Christmas in 1922. At that time May was so little taken with the gift that she tried to exchange it for a bathrobe. It was only when the store refused to agree to her little plan that she decided she might as well learn to play the darn thing. But that was only the beginning. Shortly after she had mastered the instrument herself she originated the now well-known ukulele arrange-



Ludwig Laurier

ment in diagram which enables persons with no knowledge of music to strum out almost any popular tune. For some reason she was not murdered.

Instead she prospered. Music publishers were cool toward the diagram when they first saw it but finally one of them agreed to take a chance and gave her one of his poorer new numbers to try it out on. The number became a hit almost over night and her reputation was made. She opened a regular office for making ukulele arrangements and transcripts and soon had the largest ukulele class in the country as well as the position of ukulele instructor in several fashionable schools about New York City.

She entered Radio seven years ago with a girls' orchestra. Soon after that she met Peter de Rose. She liked Peter's playing and Peter liked her. The team of Breen and de Rose was formed, and then May became Mrs. de Rose in private life.

Shortly after she became famous as a ukulele artist she made a tour of the country playing vaudeville and moving picture theatres. Because she had a strange middle name, Singhi, and played a ukulele, snap-judging theatre managers advertised her as a native of the South Seas. Later they had some tall explaining to do when the "Ukulele Lady" turned up with blue eyes and a light complexion. As a matter of fact, she was born in New York City of Italian descent, and Singhi was her mother's family name.

She began playing the piano at the age of four and made it her profession until the kind friend presented her with the famous Christmas present. She was educated in private schools in New York and Europe. When she isn't busy playing or rehearsing, she makes ukulele arrange-

(Continued on page 124)



And May Singhi Breen

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask

Her about the Stars You Admire

HAVE you the loose ends of an unfinished romance tucked away in your heart? If you have, take courage and listen to the story of how Radio united a young couple after a long separation. Young Cupid had begun winging darts between John Seagle and Helen Peters when they both attended high school in Glens Falls, N. Y. Then each went to a different college. When John emerged with cap and gown from the University of Missouri, he had to set about the important task of buttering his own bread. Helen, on the other hand, with her wider interests, formed new friends and associations and in a short while they had drifted apart. But time exuded its balm and healed the broken hearts. Then one day Helen heard a solo over the National Broadcasting Company, and who was the singer but John himself. It was a song she knew well and for which she had played the accompaniment many times years before. After the program he received a long distance telephone call from Helen. The wedding was held not very long ago in Glens Falls. Continue to listen to the Radio programs, you upon whom love has left its scars, and some day—well, you never can tell.

★ ★ ★



Mrs. John Seagle

NOW, V.R.S. how could you? Just for that affectionate letter, here are Al and Cal Pearce of KFRC. They look as if they had something original up their sleeves. Al has a hand in the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree. This program has aided much in making Monday a rainbow day. Al is evidently

the business manager of the partnership as it is largely through his efforts as an active worker that the Pearce Brothers have climbed to the top in Radio fame on the Pacific Coast. For they're Barnacle Bill, the Sailor. Al is also Master of Ceremonies of the Impromptu Happy Go Luck Hour. It's harmony and personality plus.



PA

GE this mag-

Miss A. B.

more than a

of your Mystery

lots from every nook and corner of Pennsylvania, voting for him as the most popular announcer, have flooded the offices of Radio Digest ever since our contest started last March, and he has received 35,039 letters during the nine months of his broadcasts. So watch page 114.

★ ★ ★

JERRY WILFORD, known as "The Vagabond of the Air," has endeared himself to his many thousands of listeners. He handles the "Midnight Hour" over KSL, Salt Lake City, and during this program his remarkable deep bass voice booms out across the states—yes, he's

the man "who keeps Western America awake!" Jerry was invited by the Victor Phonograph Company to record "When It's Springtime in the Rockies," the ballad that has won for him nationwide fame.

★ ★ ★

IT IS my pleasure, T. E. O., to refer you to the October pages of Radio Digest for a full-fledged account of Arabesque. Reynold Evans takes the part of Achmed.

★ ★ ★

WALLACE BUTTERWORTH, Chicago announcer of the NBC, earned his first money by selling shoes in a store at Wallingford, Pa. It is hard to believe, Alice M., that this is the man who substituted for Bill Hay as introducer of Amos 'n' Andy, while Bill was vacationing. He obtained funds from his job as clerk to train his voice and with his weekly salary bought two phonograph records and a seat for the performances which would be held in Philadelphia by the Metropolitan Opera Company. He used to run for blocks to get a glimpse of Caruso when the latter made frequent visits to the Quaker City. Butterworth has a very fine baritone voice. He made two successful concert tours through the eastern part of the United States and Canada. Then he became concert manager in Chester where some time before he had studied in the Victor recording laboratories. One day Butterworth stopped in at the NBC studios in New York to visit a friend and was persuaded to have an audition. He was hired and was transferred to Chicago shortly after that. Quite a career, eh, what? And then—of course—there's the prominent part he played in the

114 of

azine,

C., contains

little sumthin'

Announcer. Bal-



John Seagle



Jerry Wilford

broadcasts of the endurance-flying Hunter brothers and in the National Air Races programs.

* * *

CARRIE, by this time you've seen all about "Sarge" Farrell in October's Marcella. Sarge contemplates visiting seventy Radio stations in that many cities and I expect to get his schedule so that his followers will know where to tune in.

* * *

THE Radio field is a veritable marital mart. Here's another of those things, by Jove. It's Herbert Polesie, behind the fun of the Van Heusen Program over CBS. The young lady in question is a society girl from Weehawken. Herb himself hails from Hollywood—and was it Kipling who said "East is East and West is West, but never the twain shall meet"? Herb is also one of the creators of program ideas at the Judson Radio Program Corporation. He is best known as "Henry" of the "Henry-George" series over the CBS.

* * *

THIS news is for you, Elizabeth. It's John B. Gambling, the only man who knows how to get people up in the morning. The sleeper may be aroused by an alarm clock when it sounds the dreaded hour, but he can always reach out lazily for it and silence its voice, and then turn over on the other side. But when Uncle John's cheerful, sunny voice is heard, all of slumber's resistance is broken and the daily dozen is performed. Thousands of letters have been received by Uncle John, Physical Director of WOR, from persons who used to agree with Sir Harry Lauder—"Oh, it's nice to get up in the mornin', but it's nicer to lie in bed." And won't Uncle John's voice be especially welcome on these cold and murky mornin's?

AVEZ-VOUS faim—Madame, Monsieur? All of which only means that if you are hungry, ladies and gentlemen, and that if talking about food helps any, just make the Radio acquaintance of the Premier Chef (Charles Premmac). He's on the CBS every Tuesday evening.

* * *

ELIZABETH, did you say you wanted more gossip about announcers on WOR. NBC, CBS and WCAU? Just stop, look and listen! Lewis Reid, come forward. Drama is his middle name. He studied dramatic technique and prepared himself thoroughly for a stage career, adding to his long list of accomplishments, singing and playing the piano and trombone. And he was even among the talented group of performers who accompanied Elsie Janis on her triumphal coast to coast tours of the United States and Canada a few years ago. His resonant voice has been heard regularly over WOR since February 1928. And when he is not before the mike, he is pounding off Radio plays on the old typewriter.

* * *

THIS is about Eddie Thorgerson of the very big voice, Mrs. L. S. No—he's not married. His has been a storm-tossed career, having sailed for many years on the restless seas. He was also employed as a cow hand on Nevada, New Mexico and California ranches and served as a tourist guide and newspaper



Charles Premmac

reporter. Eddie was born in Elizabeth, N. J. in which state his parents are still living. He is twenty-six years of age and has decided to settle down to a career in Radio. Wave lengths are, after all, less turbulent than the seas.

* * *

FRANK SINGISER is one of the youngest announcers over the NBC. Did I hear someone say that Radio was no place for a minister's son? Well, Frank's father is a Baptist minister, and not only that, but Frank also is qualifying himself for that noble profession by attending the Newton Theological Institute in Massachusetts during the winter. It still remains a question as to which will have the stronger calling—Radio or ministry. At the age of ten Frank circled the world with his Dad and since then he has lived in most of our forty-eight states. He started his Radio career as a continuity writer and announcer over WGY, two years ago, and his work there won such recognition that he was drafted into the New York studios of the NBC. Among his wide range of occupations I find that he was physical instructor at a boys' camp, store clerk, ranch hand and that he ran a laundry route. At Brown University, he distinguished himself in his studies, dramatics and soccer. He is twenty-one and unmarried.

* * *

Word has just come from Boston that Howard Butler, formerly with WEAF and WOR is now announcing at WNAC Boston. His dainty little wife, Edith Thayer, commutes every week from Boston to New York just to do Show Boat. She has been Jane McGrew with this feature for most a hundred and twenty weeks!



Upper: Wallace Butterworth, Edward Thorgerson
Lower: John Gambling, Frank Singiser

Hitting The High Spots With Robert Brown

The Flying Announcer

By
Natalie
Giddings

IF ONE announcer were to be selected from among the independent Radio stations as most truly representative of the adventurous life the average listener imagines for every announcer, Robert Brown of the Crosley Radio stations, WLW and WSAI, probably would edge out all comers.

THE average Radio listener invests announcers with the same cloak of glamour that covers policemen, railroad engineers and firemen in the eyes of little boys. Men and women who sit at home in a quiet living room listening to broadcasts from airplanes, from the Washington monument, from submarines, from motor boats, from race tracks, and from ring-side seats at world championship prize fights, picture every Radio announcer rushing about in a world that holds only such pulse-stirring events. Few announcers, however, as most of them will tell you with tears in their eyes, ever have any excitement at all! Few of them ever get outside the quiet—if not peace—of a Radio studio, for not all of them are fitted by temperament or ability to fill the demands of "spot" broadcasting . . . reporting events as they occur.

Robert Brown of WLW and WSAI, is one of the few announcers whose life is a succession of exciting broadcasts. WLW listeners, in fact, have come to associate Brown with excitement to the extent that whenever he announces the station's call letters, nine out of ten listeners think WLW is about to put on a stunt of some kind. At WLW for three years, he has had more "breaks" than all the other an-

nouncers put together, always excepting the football and baseball dramas at which Robert Burdette officiates.

The reason for this undoubtedly lies in the fact that Brown is never at a loss. Most loquacious of all the Crosley announcers, he never fumbles for words. When he is not on the air, he talks just

head. For a year he studied French to improve his pronunciation. Now he is bi-lingual, and lapses into long harangues in a mixture of English, French, "pig latin", and Polish, which he picked up while an announcer in Buffalo. He can embroider any incident into an anecdote.

It did not surprise anyone, therefore, when Powel Crosley, Jr., president of the Crosley Radio Corporation which owns the two stations, selected Brown to go with him to Sarasota, Fla., to help him broadcast the landing of a giant tarpon in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico on June 18th.

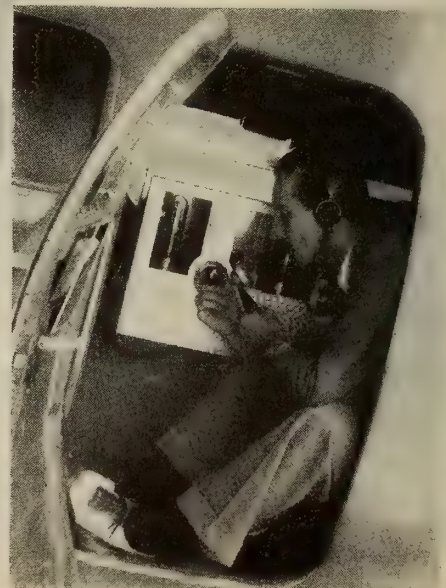
At the microphone in Mr. Crosley's fishing boat, equipped with radio transmitter and appropriately christened "Little WLW," Brown talked constantly for almost an hour. Listeners and critics immediately dubbed him "a new MacNamee" and heaped upon him all sorts of praise for his glowing description of the scene and of the struggle with the fish that finally was pulled into the boat. Both stations WLW and WIL in St. Louis carried the story.

(Continued on page 125)



Robert Brown of WLW. Right, broadcasting from the cockpit of a plane in the National Air Races.

for the pleasure of hearing words come tumbling out of his mouth. The larger the words and the faster they tumble, the happier is Brown. He is irrepressible. On or off the air, he talks at top speed, and almost at top voice. He has an amazing fund of information on every subject imaginable. He has an additional fund of information even more amazing because it quite evidently comes out of his own



Famous Playwright On Air at WLW

The "Hoosier Editor" whose human comments on events and personalities are heard every Friday over WLW, Cincinnati, is far from a newcomer to the public eye. A brother of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, czar of big league baseball, Frederick Landis belongs to a family which has played a distinguished part in the life of Indiana and of the nation. He served in Congress, and later won fame as the author of "The Copperhead", which became a sensation on Broadway and as a motion picture, both times with Lionel Barrymore as the star. He also wrote a story on Theodore Roosevelt, of which that distinguished American said: "This is the picture of me as president by which I wish my family to remember me."

* * *

KROW of Oakland held an all night broadcast and party-Saturday night, August 2nd, dedicating the new auxiliary studio in the L. H. Schrader Building, recently completed at 24th and MacDonalld Avenues, Richmond. Manager W. L. Gleeson announces that the major part of the broadcasting will still be done from the Oakland studio.

* * *

KROW is going into the talking pictures. All this fame has come through Bill Simmons and his California Cowboys, who are heard every afternoon at 3:30 over this station.

Bill and his boys entertained recently at the Salinas rodeo and sang for the news reel. The result was so successful that they were asked to make a ten-minute "short" for distribution throughout the country. The boys will go "on location" soon to some ranch near Mt. Diablo, with some of the KROW artists to assist as atmosphere.

* * *

Madison, Wis., and the staff of WIBA, just across the street from the State Capitol, are glad-handing Harold T. I. Shannon, who has joined them as director of programs and commercial manager. With the new increase of power to 500 watts and the facilities of the University of Wisconsin and the State Capitol at Mr. Shannon's disposal, folks in Wisconsin expect big things from this live executive.

Hal Lansing, once of WJJD and WLS, Chicago, takes Mr. Shannon's old place as program director at Station WHBY, Green Bay, and says that he likes the wind-swept prairies better than the wind-blown boulevards of the lake front.



Laura C. Gaudet, staff pianist of Station WTIC of Hartford, Connecticut, who has been a member of the New England station's staff for more than five years. She is an Acadian who received her early training in Quebec and who studied piano in Europe under the tutelage of several eminent teachers in Paris and Rome.

Old Man Superstition Is Thrust Aside at WBBM

WBBM, key station for the Columbia Farm Community network, is no place for the superstitious these days.

The organization is in the midst of its third expansion within a year. Carpenters and electricians are everywhere, and he who goes from department to department must flaunt Old Man Superstition by walking ladders—not one ladder, but several ladders.

Formerly the occupants of the major portion of two floors in the Wrigley building, WBBM and the Chicago division of Columbia is now preparing to take over a large section of the main floor. While the expansion cannot be completed for several weeks to come, the miles of wire and the intricate equipment that must be moved necessitate an early start.

* * *

Dick Dixon, KGER program manager, wanted to be an artists' model. But he

grew short and stumpy so that was out. So he took up the study of piano and organ.

Boyhood ambitions of others on the KGER staff . . . Kitty Brown, comedienne, took a pre-medic course, and she still knows most of the joints . . . Manager Bill Ray wanted to be conductor of a street car but the hoss-car went out of fashion before the ambition was realized.

* * *

Elvia Allman, titian haired KHJ singer, and Wesley B. Tourtellotte, organist, were secretly married early in August at San Bernardino but the news didn't leak out until September. Now they are living as cheaply as one in a Mediterranean style apartment house right next door to a Spanish garden pee wee golf course. Miniature golf, miniature radio sets, miniature motor cars . . . are new . . . miniature apartments, though, have already been well established.



Horse-Fly and His Wranglers doing their stuff

"Horse-Fly" Shakes A Leg Out West at KNX

Every night out on Marathon Boulevard in Hollywood, from one-hundred to four-hundred spectators watch "Horse-Fly" and his wranglers go through their tricks, to the accompaniment (perhaps) of sharp cracks from their six-shooters. They are real cowboys from Arizona, "no foolin'".

Who lured them to Hollywood? No, it wasn't Bebe Daniels or any other screen vamp. It was a fellow named Sanders who owns a ranch out in wild and wooly Arizona, right near Horse-Fly's own head-

quarters. He tempted them with fat salaries and put them to work adding local color to his restaurants, which are all decked up to imitate a patio. Program Director Pierre Mellonino of KNX drove through one day and ordered "ham and" and decided that the Wranglers were *not* hams. He put them on the air early in August this year, and their popularity is growing by leaps and bounds. Apparently, they have an inexhaustible repertoire of the old time range tunes and Hoe-down melodies.

ALFRÉD MEUNIER, CJOR favorite, has had a long and varied career. Born in Portugal, with later study in Germany and Italy, his first American visit was in '22 and he has been here ever since.

A brief period in piano classics in the east was followed with theater conducting in California and finally in Canada. Now he is being heard fairly frequently over the Vancouver station, not only in orchestral directing but also in piano solo work.

Forrest E. Williams is the only man on the Radio who can tell his audience where to go and get away with it. But that is his business. He is the Kyanize Road Man of WBZ-WBZA. Morning and night, day in and day out, he instructs listeners on motoring matters. They hear all about preferred routes, avoidable detours, picturesque rides for an evening or cross-country trips, and the places to stop by tuning to his two-a-day broadcasts. Owners of radio-equipped cars are strong boosters for him!

THE other day a rare rug made by the mysterious Mayo Indians of our sister republic to the south, arrived at KNX, Hollywood—a gift to Naylor Rogers, director-manager. J. H. Knost of Tucson, Ariz., was the donor of the rare rug.

An engineer, Mr. Knost was forced by business exigencies to leave his wife and little sick daughter to visit a mine in the wilds of Mexico. No telegraphs, no commercial Radio stations, no telephone—in short no means of communication except by courier for a distance of hundreds of miles existed where Knost was called for his task.

The little girl's illness was approaching a crisis and the distracted father appealed to Mr. Rogers.

ISN'T there some way your announcer can let me know how my daughter gets along?" Knost pleaded. "If I depend on ordinary mail and native couriers, it might be a month or more before I would learn about the child. But I can take a Radio receiver and tune in KNX."

Mr. Rogers agreed to aid the father and on several nights a bulletin, specially prepared, was broadcast. Add to the wonders of Radio—Knost's mind and heart were relieved, for his child grew better and eventually quite well and healthy.

With the rug, gift of the grateful Knost, came a letter saying that such articles are made by the Mayos for their own use and are not sold. It is a black and white affair, quite soft to the touch, yet hand-woven on primitive looms and as wearable as iron.

Snakes Alive! Rattlers

Broadcast from Denver!

In the words of the circus ballyhooper, "First and only time! Real live snakes shake their rattles for the edification of Radio listeners." It happened out in Denver, at Station KLZ. Theodore Tausch, who spent the last thirty years living with wild animals, and is considered an authority on natural life, was responsible for the broadcast, on September 23rd. Two live rattle snakes, who had not been deprived of their poison antenna, gave a musical rendition to accompany Mr. Tausch. One had a high pitched rattle while the other's, deep-throated tones made it eligible for the bass. Although Master of Ceremonies Tausch assured his audience that he had them under perfect control, listeners nevertheless took a swig (if they had it) to protect them from the effects of the virulent poisons should Annie and Joe decide to bite.

* * *

Charlie Wellman, KHJ's "Prince of Pep" left the station Labor Day to spend his time in the field of free lance Radio.

* * *

Charlie K. Lindsey, first director of the KNX orchestra when that station went on the air six years ago, now directs The Mariners concert orchestra and The Cavaliers dance group for KGER. Somebody told Charlie that "Absence makes the hair grow longer." So he took some time off. But the gag didn't work, so back he went to the studio and his beloved music. "Anyway," said Charlie, "it was a swell idea even if it didn't work."

* * *

Stephen Gaylord, formerly manager of KGW, now acts as studio director for KOL and is writing more popular songs and tone poems on the side. Love Dreams, Waiting, Sleepy Moon, A Canoe and You and lots of others have already come from his facile pen and, wonder of wonders, Steve doesn't like to be photographed without a hat. Is he bald? No, it must be some other reason, but nobody seems to be able to ferret it out.

* * *

Wish I could add another job or two to my present duties, sighs vivacious Dorothy Irvine, twenty-three year old KGA "utility" girl. She does the book-

keeping for the station, is its secretary and chief clerk, even writes a few continuities to order, gives the women's forum program over the air, sings contralto when sufficiently urged and does a bit of drama for the studio players' weekly broadcast.

Miss Irvine was secretary of the Spokane branch of the Drama League for some time and has a cultured, Radio voice.

* * *

Ted R. Liuzza, WSMB, Does Rescue Act

Ted R. Liuzza, announcer of sports, markets and news for The Item and The Morning Tribune over WSMB, New Orleans, was one of the leading participants in the rescue of a drowning youth recently on the roof of Loew's State Theatre.

A 14-year-old boy was pulled into a high-pressure suction pipe while he and three other youths were swimming in a tank of the cooling system atop the theatre building. Seeking relief from the mid-afternoon heat, the boys climbed the

fire escape to the top of the theatre building, disrobed and hopped into the tank. Then, tired of wading in the shallow water, the boys prepared to get out of the tank when one of them sat down upon the open suction pipe. Instantly the youth was sucked into the pipe until his chin rested upon his knees and all but his nose was under water.

HE screamed for help and his companions rushed to his assistance, but the pressure was too great. Two of the boys hurried into their clothing and scurried down the fire escape to summon aid.

Ted Liuzza, the announcer, and an official of the theatre, were standing in front of the playhouse discussing a program feature when they were attracted by the boys' cries for help. The boys explained the plight of their companion.

Liuzza hurried to the top of the building and realizing the situation, disrobed, and jumped into the tank. Unable to free the lad from the pipe, he instructed the theatre official and the other boys to keep the imprisoned boy's head above the water. Putting on his clothes he descended the long line of stairs, ladders and runways to the basement and instructed the engineer of the theatre to turn off the pressure.

In the meantime, a squad of firemen were summoned, and a joint in a 16-inch pipe beneath the tank disconnected before the boy was released.

Having done his act of mercy, Ted, wet as the proverbial hen, disappeared in the crowd and hurried to WSMB to do his news broadcast.



Jack and Bill of WSM, Nashville

KJR Snaps Back After Hard Luck



Henri Damski of KJR

WQAM Puts on Program for Santo Domingo Sufferers

WQAM, "The Voice of Tropical America", at Miami, Florida, was the first Radio station in America to come to the relief of the storm sufferers in Santo Domingo with a benefit broadcast. Two days after the hurricane struck, WQAM had raised over \$500 in cash to be sent for relief work.

Musicians, artists and speakers donated their services during the four hour program and contributions were acknowledged over the air as phone calls and telegrams arrived. A draft for the cash was sent to Theodore Roosevelt, governor general of Porto Rico, who in turn delivered it to Montgomery A. Stuart, head of relief activities in Santo Domingo.

* * *

The power of Radio in police work, as demonstrated by the Fargo police depart-

FINANCIAL storms have caused a great deal of disturbance to many of the nation's most important broadcasting stations. One of the notable examples of how some of these stations have recuperated is the story of KJR at Seattle.

This station with its 5 kilowatt transmitter had served an important place in the Northwest, bringing the news of the world and presenting some of the most desirable programs of the country. A year ago KJR ran out of funds and was placed in the hands of a receiver who had nothing to go on.

For the first week the station was not only glad to get records but appreciated the kind consideration of friendly interests which loaned them for it did not even have the money to buy records.

The plight of the station was recognized by talented persons in Seattle and gradually they volunteered their services so that within three months time a very competent staff was organized. Feeling and loyalty for the station grew. A corporation was formed and late in November it was acquired by the present owners. Its merit was recognized by the Radio commission and by the first of the year it was a daily broadcast schedule of twenty hours—the heaviest schedule for any one station in the Northwest.

ment and WDAY, Fargo Radio station, is shown in a report just compiled by Inspector Andrew Quam, who handles the police bulletins for the Fargo department.

During July and August—the period covered in the report just issued—36 cars were reported stolen locally. Of this number 22 were recovered by means directly traceable to the Radio announcements, Mr. Quam says.

During the same period 29 persons were reported missing and 23 of these were found directly through the Radio announcements.

* * *

Gene "Frenchie" Ticoulat of KROW is gaining a world-wide fan following during his tour of Europe. He is broadcasting from all the prominent stations on the Continent.

This month Gene is singing over VITUS, the Eiffel Tower station in Paris. Later this summer he will be heard in Monte Carlo and over RFN in Leningrad, Russia. This is a 50,000 watt station as is also VITUS.

Honor for achieving this success was divided by the Three Mikeroteers—A. E. Pierce, Thomas F. Smart and Henri Damski, the musical director. There is an operating staff of 125 employees now on the KJR payroll and it is outstanding for its enterprise.

Among the most popular features are the Imperial Grand Orchestra, the Neopolitan Orchestra, Light Opera Hour and ten other musical ensembles. Popular music is provided by Vic Meyers' Recording Orchestra, the Harmony Aces, the Whirlwinds and the Six O'clock Steppers.

* * *

Although Ginger Rogers often sings "I Got It but It Don't Do Me No Good", Radio audiences don't seem to agree, and neither do studio program directors. Her "It" brought about her recent enlistment in a new feature entitled "A.S. Beck Brevities" which will be chock-full of the new star's stuff.

* * *

Ilima Islanders Now at WTIC, Hartford

The Ilima Islanders, who twang out Hawaiian songs over the wave-length of WTIC, Hartford, are newcomers to Connecticut. They have given up Broadway and plan to stay in the insurance city permanently. The "Islanders", led by Mike Hanapi, hail from and are natives of tropical islands in the Pacific. They bring the alluring music of the South Seas to Western climes . . . and were actually the first group of Hawaiian musicians to perform a national network. Before their entrance into Radiodom they played in New York under the direction of Vincent Lopez at the St. Regis, a season at the Mount Royal in Montreal, and three winters at the Baltimore, in Miami, Fla. Hope they don't find the rigors of New England winters too stern after tropical nights!

* * *

Young Dan'l Cupid shot not only one bow but a whole sheath-full up in the northwest at KJR. It seems as though Sydney Dixon sort of started the hiatus when he was married to Guinevere Borgford just a day or so before he left KJR, in Seattle, to go with KYA at San Francisco.

Then more knots were tied . . . Gray U. Munjar, assistant manager of the Northwest Broadcasting system, who picked out Betty Woodward, of KEX, Portland, as his life's mate.

John Pearson, announcer, was hitched to Mae Lowther . . . Glen Eaton, tenor, to Madeline Kinney . . . Donald H. Johnston, continuity writer, and Jane Deetken . . . and Isadore Schaefer, publicity impresario, and Yette Eisbert.

Cupid did a pretty good job and now takes a well earned rest.

Doodlesockers Burlesque Announcers

OUT to set a record as the "goofiest" program on the air, the Doodlesockers at the Crosley Radio station, WLW, have succeeded in getting their program so funny that they can't perform on it.

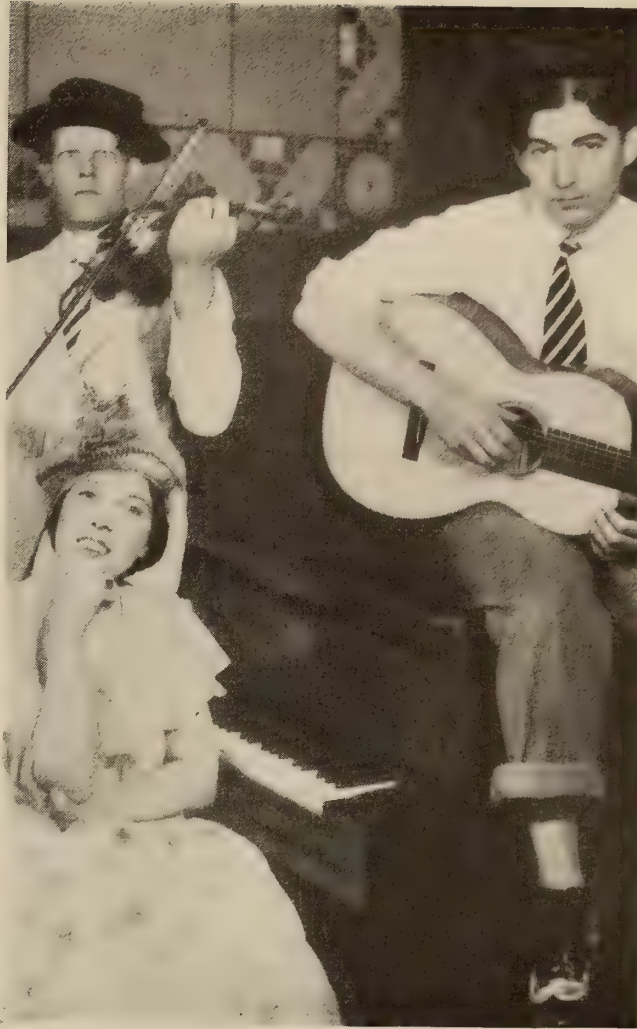
Sydney Ten Eyck, morning announcer, writes the continuity for the program which is broadcast at 11:30 A. M. every week day and at 12:30 Saturday night. Psychiatrists reading the lines have suggested that Ten Eyck either is a master comedian or not quite bright. Some of the lines are so funny that the Doodlesockers, intent on being serious, go off into gales of laughter instead of playing.

The Doodlesockers are Hortense Rose, pianist, George Hall, violinist, and Carl Clauve, banjo player. Ten Eyck introduces them individually as Purlosa, Duckwell, and Cletus, with the collective title of Jugheads. It is difficult to decide from the fan mail which is the more popular, the announcements or the Doodlesockers' special brand of syn-copated harmony.

They burst forth every morning with "Hail, Hail" as their theme song. Ten Eyck says it is "taken from the celebrated opera 'Quaffa Can,' from the pen of the gifted Russian composer, 'Drink-alotski'". Another favorite selection is "from the ptomaine scene in the opera, 'La Cafeteria'". Still another, suggested "by the deep rich nasal tones of a hibernating bear tempered with the sweeter musings of a reindeer at day-break" is "a folk song of ancient Cucumbria."

THIS introduction to a love song, recently stopped the broadcast for 40 seconds:

"The Doodlesockers' program would never be complete without a bit of well-baked banjo music from that old medicine show fakir, Cletus. In order to use him successfully in a broadcast, it is first necessary to gag him.



The Doodlesockers, left to right, are George Hall as "Duckwell" (he really is not cross-eyed), Hortense Rose as "Purlosa", and Carl Clauve as "Cletus". . . . cuckoos all!

"Vun dollar vor you, Karl," says Henry (Heinie) Schneiders. "Thanks," shakes Herb (Karl) Feierman of WOW, Omaha.



His deep abiding love for violets and daffodils prompted the playing of 'Only a Rose'."

* * *

Leo Mannes continues as KMPC's most versatile performer and adds the new studio organ to the list of his accomplishments. He plays several string instruments, piano, sings and now the organ.

* * *

Eddie Holden, who fashioned the Radio character of Frank Watanabe, has moved bag and baggage from KFRC down to KNX in the south. Eddie doesn't like to drive in city traffic, so he immediately sold his family chariot and hired an apartment right across the street from the studio. In seven minutes he can dress, gulp down a cup of coffee, firmly grasp a hunk of toast in his pudgy fist and amble over to KNX.

* * *

Heinie and Karl Give "Choiman" Skits

Feierman and Schneiders, two good old German cognomens, give authenticity to the "Heinie and Karl" fifteen minute interludes of fun, "Choiman" and English songs and comic poetry that go out from WOW at Omaha.

Henry Schneiders (who takes the part of Heinie) writes the entire continuity as well as the poems. He sings "denor" und is der first denor of the Omaha Kiwanis Quartette, which drafels all over dese United States to sing at conventions and over the Radio.

Herb Feierman (Karl in the act) is an accomplished pianist and for the past four years has been conductor of the Krug Park Orchestra in Omaha. He speaks only "United States" in the act; for the German dialect is taken by "Heinie", who can also double as impersonator. Although four characters are often heard in the act, thorough search of the studio would only reveal two people near the mike . . . the other two are hidden in Mr. Schneiders' vocal cords.

WBAL Celebrates Fifth Birthday Anniversary



Elise Lee
Cohen
Recitalist



Edward
Jendrek
Operatic
Singer



Jane
Kirby
Soprano



John
Lederer
"Marylander"
Leader



Henriette
Kern
Symphony
Soloist

WITH everything and everybody at Station WBAL taking part, Baltimore's only high power broadcaster celebrates its fifth birthday anniversary this month and, according to advance program announcement by Frederick R. Huber, director, this is going to be a gala occasion for Radio listeners—one which they are not likely to forget for many moons. WBAL will begin its fifth birthday celebration just one hour before midnight on November 1 and run it over to one A.M., November 2.

Every member of the staff has been recruited for this two-hour broadcast and each one has been notified to come prepared to put a brief program on the air. Not only are the individual soloists to appear, but various studio groups of entertainers—the "Baltimoreans" (who are to open the program), the "Romany Trail," the "Masqueraders," the "Merry-Makers," the WBAL Concert Orchestra, the WBAL String Quartet, the "Calvertons," and the "Marylanders" (scheduled to close this broadcast)—will also be heard in brief programs; and there will likewise be special features by those who appear in "Around the Melodeon" and "Musical Memories" programs.

One of the features of the evening will be the presentation of an anniversary poem written especially for WBAL's birthday by Sally Bruce Kinsolving, a Baltimorean. Mrs. Kinsolving will present this reading herself. The speaker of the evening will be Herbert A. Wagner, president of the Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power Company, which owns and operates WBAL.

WBAL is the station which, in 1925, made a public announcement of a no-jazz policy. That, when the air was full of practically nothing else, was considered a radical step indeed. However, Frederick R. Huber, Director, remained adamant in the face of a storm of protest against this unique policy, and soon after the first furore and torrent of opposition had passed and the station had begun to get its feet, so to speak, the no-jazz protestants turned to praise the programs broadcast from this station, with the result that WBAL gained a national reputation. Now jazz is not banned, but only the best goes out from WBAL.

* * *

The afternoon program supervisor at WBAL is Elsie Lee Cohen, and she does a good job in securing and arranging the various features for daytime broadcast-

ing. But that isn't all that she can and does do. She is a widely known recitalist, having studied voice culture and dramatics in New York and London. While living abroad, she frequently appeared as guest artist for various fashionable teas and salons, one of her European appearances having been at a garden tea given by Lady Beck at Monte Carlo. In spite of her venture into society, she doesn't even attempt to high hat the rest of the staff!

The dramatized short stories which are on the air from Baltimore every so often are broadcast by Miss Cohen in their entirety. She assumes the role of each person whose voice is heard in the story.

* * *

Henriette Kern, soprano, is one of WBAL's stars in constant demand for concert work. Mrs. Kern has always sung, but never gave her voice much serious thought until one evening a friend called to see her who hadn't been around for some time. In the course of the evening there was some musical entertainment, and Mrs. Kern's voice made such a deep impression that the friend immediately went to the telephone and made an appointment for her with George Castello, a member of the Faculty of Peabody Conservatory of Music.

"And, more to please my friend than anything else, I kept the appointment for the next day, and so enthusiastic was Mr. Castello regarding my voice that I immediately started to study music seriously," Mrs. Kern says.

* * *

If you went downtown to one of the big churches in Baltimore every Sunday, you would recognize the tenor soloist's voice as one that has been heard regularly from WBAL. For two years Edward Jendrek has been dividing his time between that station and serious musical endeavors in oratorios and Baltimore operatic productions. He is married and wouldn't change the freshly scrubbed white steps of his home for the marble entrance to a mansion.

* * *

She came "near as a hair" not being a singer at all—we mean Jane Kirby, soprano at WBAL. In fact, she had fully determined to be a professional dancer and was studying the terpsichorean art with that idea in mind when the music teacher at school heard a lovely, clear soprano voice rising high above all the others in the large assembly!

He investigated and "discovered" Jane Kirby. Through his enthusiasm and interest, Miss Kirby commenced to study singing, and it wasn't long before she had decided that her voice was her real career. Yes, she still dances—loves it, in fact, but now devotes practically all of her time to singing.

Steamboat Whistle is Station Call of KTRH

THROUGH the blue and grey ether a long, deep, resonant steamboat whistle penetrates and the announcer's voice comes through with something like this: "Good evening, everyone! This is KTRH, the station owned and operated by the Rice Hotel, Houston's welcome to the world." And you wonder why a steamboat whistle was chosen to symbolize this new Radio station.

Houston, Texas, is located on the famous Ship Channel that converted Houston into one of the most important inland ports of the world; and perhaps was a large factor in making Houston the second largest city in the South. Houston feels that if it hadn't been possible to hear those deep-throated steamboat whistles as their ships plied the Channel, they couldn't be so proud of their new population. In consequence, the steamboat whistle was selected by KTRH as their station call.

The station is owned and operated by the Jesse H. Jones interests, who, of course, needs no introduction to Radio Digest readers. He is the man who brought the Democratic National Convention to Houston, and was largely responsible for the gigantic Sam Houston Convention Hall, where the seething political activities of the Nation's Democrats took place. In addition to owning the Rice Hotel, he has erected miles of skyscrapers in New York as well as in Houston. In the days of the Republic of Texas, Houston was the capital city and the Rice Hotel now stands on the historic spot that was the site of the capitol; which is indeed a far cry from such modernism as a Radio station.

* * *

The scene is laid in the studios of KTRH.

You peek into the studio and for a moment you believe that you must be transported to the realms of Mother Goose Days, for there is the Old Woman in the Shoe with so many children she didn't know what to do. But upon further investigation, you discover that it is a young lady, somewhere in her twenties, surrounded by children. She is Aunt Pat, and when she thrusts aside this role about the studio, you find that she is Margaret Britton, Assistant Program Supervisor of KTRH.

She can jump into a dramatic sketch and do exceptional work whether in character parts or as a sweet girl graduate. In one play, she enacted the part of a young girl's mother and in one spot where the young girl was supposed to sing a love song, Margaret Britton changed from the role of a stately mother to sing a love song as a seventeen-year-old girl would sing it.

* * *

Guy Savage, young and blond, is known over the air as the "Whispering

Tenor," but around the studios as an announcer. Guy conducts all of the morning programs and has one of the most popular features on the station, during his broadcast, which is the KTRH Mothers' Program. This feature is dedicated to "Your Mother and Mine" and Guy receives a heavy average of letters each day requesting dedications to mothers or to their memory.

An incident of his broadcast is the quarter-hour ring of an alarm clock with the supplement of "Time to get up," followed by a strain of "Reveille" as further inducement to greet the sun.

Guy says the only hard part about this is that there is no wide-awake announcer to persuade him to get up!

* * *

KTRH has an operatic star on its calling list. One Mary Carson, who like a thin flame shot up in European Opera and expanded into a resplendent fire of dramatic ability and voice perfection.

Miss Carson studied in Milan, Italy, under several of the foremost maestros until she was prepared for opera. After her debut, she sang in opera in all the important cities of Italy, England, France and Germany, and at one time she was with Max Rabinoff and Anna Pavlova's Boston Opera.

* * *

The Texas oil fields have contributed to KTRH two harmonizers of the first degree, who have won a wide following by the perfect blend of their voices. Sloan and Threadgill, whose names have appeared on many Brunswick Phonograph Records, are the gentlemen in question. Jerry Sloan, tall and slender, and Frank Threadgill, not so tall, are inseparable friends as well as singing partners. If the fame of Damon and Pythias, the Gold Dust Twins and Check and Double-Check are measured by their devotion as friends, then this harmony team should be added to the list.

Jerry and Frank met each other in 1913, and since that time have remained friends in harmony, both figuratively and literally. Frank's father was a Methodist minister and it was from him that Frank inherited his musical tendencies.

Both of these boys work at Baytown, Texas, and when KTRH programs demand a harmony team for a spot, a wire is dispatched post-haste to "Sloan and Threadgill" at Baytown, and the mistake of addressing them individually is never made by a wise program director! Jerry and Frank sing "Countryside Style" songs.

Guy
Savage
Announcer



Mary
Carson
Soprano



Jerry
Sloan
Harmonizer



Margaret
Britton
"Aunt Pat"



Frank
Threadgill
Jerry's "Pard"





Tom Breneman of KFVD

Tom Breneman, who accepts full responsibility for the Tom and Wash team, moved from KFVD over to KFVB and, just a few days later rushed eastward on a wild goose chase of some sort. But back he came and began to do his two characters all over again. Although some of the skits are available a la electrical transcription, Breneman is doing the KFVB noonday programs himself.

* * *

Elsie Taylor, San Diego and Los Angeles Radio artist, has joined the KJR and Northwest Broadcasting System artists' staff. She will be heard in concerts over KJR regularly hereafter. Miss Taylor became known to California listeners by her appearances over KFSD.

Marillah Olney Comes to KTM from Stage

Marillah Olney, director of KTM's Little Theatre, Los Angeles, is just another proof that Radio is making a deep in-road into the theatrical profession, taking for its own many of the stage's most talented artists.

Beginning her stage career in Salt Lake City in 1926, Miss Olney played in stock there until the summer of that year when she went to Los Angeles. She got the idea that she wanted to be a business woman, so went to business college for six months, but the call of the footlights was too great, and her brief quest of a business career ended, and her stage triumphs in Los Angeles began. She has appeared there in many parts, in roles varying from that of the sweet, demure little homebody to that of a hardened woman.

Then she switched her allegiance. Marillah Olney has been with KTM since December, 1929, and her play productions over that station every Thursday night are among the most popular features of that type on the Coast. AND—Believe it or not—Marillah Olney is only 22 summers young!

* * *

We have many women entertainers, serious and frivolous, but few women in the Radio world have attained the heights that Grace Raine. WLW, Cincinnati, assistant musical director, has reached. Besides being in charge of all vocal music for that station and WSAI, Mrs. Raine conducts the Crosley Concert program frequently. Before WSAI was taken over by the owners of WLW, she was musical director of the former station. In that capacity, she accompanied many orches-

tras that played at the station, always directing, however, from her seat at the piano. For some time she has been studying orchestra conducting with William C. Stoess, musical director of the two stations, who has turned his baton over to her for some of the Sunday night concerts.

* * *

Julian C. Riley, KOA traffic manager, returned from rod and reel vacation days with a weirdly fantastic tale about catching a fish with his hands when the pole broke.

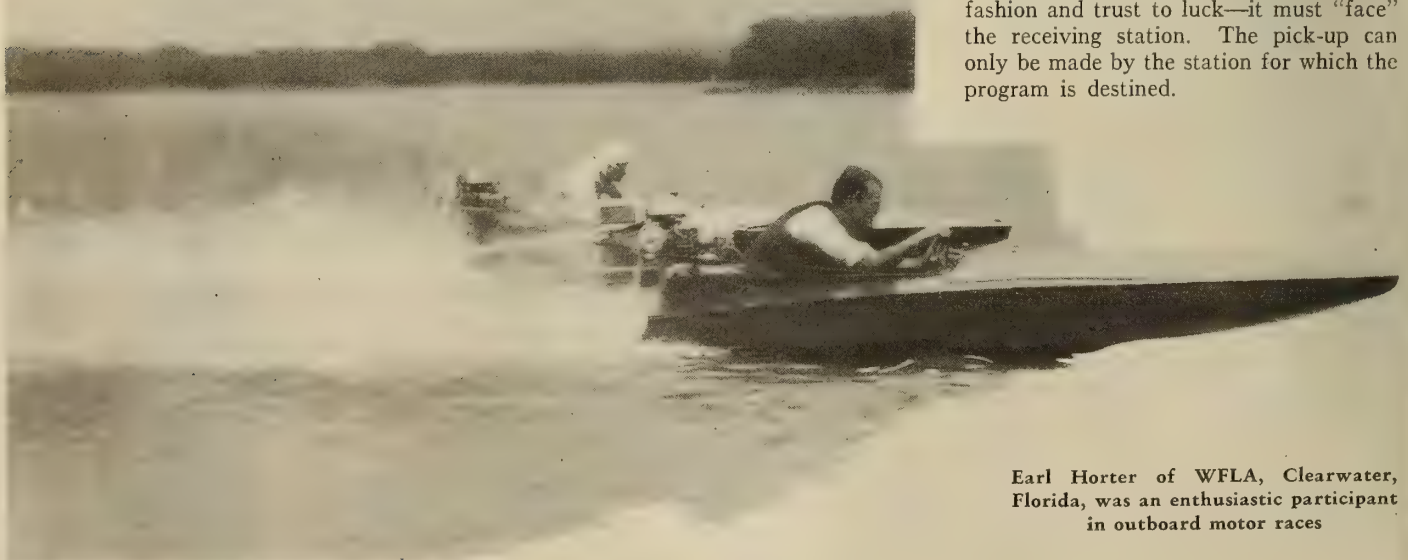
Riley later explained to intimate friends that, after all, the pool was shallow and besides the fish was blind in the lee-side eye.

* * *

We hung the flag out down here in Radio Digest's offices the other day, for a distinguished visitor. Our caller was none other than Major William C. Borrett, of Station CHNS, Halifax, Nova Scotia. He believes that television will remove the romance from Radio, but then, it will give Canadian listeners in the pleasure of meeting this gallant gentleman in person as we did. Mrs. Borrett, who often appears on their Women's Programs, accompanied the Major and said that although New York and The Radio Show were very exciting, Halifax is the place to live.

* * *

The broadcast of the Canadian Marconi Company on October 1st, which was relayed from Station 2LO, London, England, employed the "beam" system, rather than the wave system. That means that the broadcasting station across the ocean can't send its message out in haphazard fashion and trust to luck—it must "face" the receiving station. The pick-up can only be made by the station for which the program is destined.



Earl Horter of WFLA, Clearwater, Florida, was an enthusiastic participant in outboard motor races

Goes to WTAM

Vaughn de Leath, the "original Radio girl", is at it again . . . that is to say, Miss de Leath, one of the leading stars of the Radio world, has broken through the network pastures of New York and signed herself for the winter to WTAM, Cleveland. Inventive as usual, she is broadcasting programs of her own pattern with full assurance of station officials that she may pioneer to her heart's satisfaction.

Her appearances over WTAM do not forbid New York broadcasts, and so while under a twenty-six week's contract with WTAM, in which she is heard as a featured artist on evening programs, she journeys back and forth to keep various Eastern engagements. In addition to her New York and Connecticut residences she now maintains a Cleveland home along Lake Erie in the exclusive residential district.

This former star of the Firestone and other NBC programs is as exhaustive and particular in arranging and presenting her broadcasts as a surgeon making ready for an operation of major importance. The careful attention to study and business that has characterized the career of Miss de Leath is largely responsible in helping her to attain her present success. Distinguished as a Radio artist, she is also recognized as one of America's leading women composers today. Her first composition at the age of thirteen was submitted by mail to a large publishing house and immediately accepted without the concern being aware that the author was still a child. Miss de Leath has made settings for several extravaganzas and has written an Arabian Suite, but likes best to do songs for in them she can delight hearers with story and melody.

Strangely enough, Miss de Leath, originator of the style known as "crooning", objects to being called a "crooner".



Vaughn de Leath

Two Real Indians Go On Air in Oklahoma

It's a far cry from the blood-curdling war whoops of their ancestors to the pleasant, dulcet tones of Wesley Robertson and Eli Wamego. Where do they hail from? Oklahoma, of course . . . the Heap Big Injun state.

Wesley Robertson, who sings his native songs in five different Indian languages over WKY, Oklahoma City, is a half breed Choctaw, with an allotment of rich farm land that goes with such a birth, and revenue from said farm has been used to cultivate his beautiful baritone voice. This Indian not only knows how to dress in his native costume, but wears evening clothes with the suavity of Mayor Jimmy Walker. He does not smoke or indulge in cocktails. He has a wild sense of humor; drinks iced tea with cream and



Wesley Robertson

no sugar, and Lillian Gish is his idol both personally and on the screen. Otherwise he cares little about the girls.

* * *

Eli Wamego, Pottawatomie Indian tenor, has been featured over Radio Station KCRC at Enid, Oklahoma, for more than a year. He joined the staff of this station as a member of the "Champlain Indian Service" in September, 1929.

He possesses a most unusual and pleasing tenor voice, that registers perfectly over the microphone. Mr. Wamego sings in 6 different languages besides English—



Eli Wamego

German, Italian and Sioux, Ojibwa, Pottawatomie, and Chippewa Indian tongues—and is a graduate of Haskell Institute, the largest Indian school in the United States. He also took work in the Fine Arts Department of the University of Kansas. For a time he was on Chautauqua; later he toured with an "all Indian" orchestra, in which he not only sang, but played saxophone and violin.

* * *

What makes the Marylanders' dance programs so different? It's the views of John Lederer, conductor of that popular Tuesday evening feature of Station WBAL. He is one of the few modern dance orchestra conductors who believes that syncopation is not necessarily jazz. He claims that the best dance music is quietly rhythmic rather than noisily jazzy. Of course, lots of dance fiends would disagree . . . but many listeners as far away as Canada and Cuba like his stuff. Mr. Lederer is also a pianist and sometimes steps down from the conductor's dais to broadcast a piano recital all "on his own." He was one of the first Radio dance orchestra conductors on the air. (Picture on page 78.)

* * *

Lou Bode, Jr., a member of the Band of a Thousand Melodies heard every afternoon on an NBC program, needs a "boarding-house reach" to perform his duties. He plays three instruments, the saxophone, clarinet and the baritone saxophone during the performance and is kept very busy reaching for each.

We'll All Be Russian

*Fashion takes a hint from the Bizarre
Tzigany Gypsy and the Picturesque Cossack*

NO, THE U.S.S.R. won't be in power in the old U.S. this year. But, Shades of the Cossack and the Russian Gypsy and perhaps the Samovar Hour over the Radio! According to what we hear over the ether, fashions have certainly gone Russian with a vengeance this year. There is the long tunic blouse with the high belted waistline that is so reminiscent of the jacket worn by the former Czar's wild horsemen. The long tunic may be of the same shade as the full skirt which peeps out so coyly for six or eight inches beneath its hem, or it may be of a contrasting shade. And when the tunic takes unto itself fur collar or a fur band at the bottom, it is ever so smart, and still more really and truly "Roosian".

Another straw that shows that the winds of fashion blew over the vicinity of old St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, is the big loose sleeve, caught in at the wrist with gay peasant embroidery or smocking. It's really awfully colorful, becoming and an interesting relief from the always-the-same tight sleeves of the past few seasons.

Coats, which have taken on a flare, use astrakhan . . . black, grey or beige, depending upon the color of the fabric which you choose . . . and usually belt themselves. With the high, stand-up collars so many of them affect, they look as if they could stand the rigors of long, cold winters in Siberia, but they are just too precious-looking to be cast to the wolves! (By the way, take heart if you need a new cloth coat this year. From several sources of information, it seems that coats with fine furs will be more reasonable than ever this year. After the market crash, prices of raw skins went way, way down, and this enabled the manufacturers to use furs in great plenty and still keep their smart coats at prices kind-to-the-pocketbook.)

ABOUT the only things not Russian are hats. No tight, straight caps for us. We wear instead tight little "bunnits" that come way, way down to cover those just-a-growin' locks or those cute little "buns" and show all of our foreheads except, perhaps, a corner. But no matter how much hat there is, it never is big, because it must not collide with our coat collars. If you'll look at

By Jeanne duBois

the pretty picture on our Rotogravure Fashion Page 45, you'll see the only proper way to wear these new hats. You must show your curls. Bring them out in orderly little waves on your forehead and then cram the "bunnet" down in bewitching fashion.

Another thing which you'll see on that

page, although you catch only a glimpse of it, is the wool lace blouse that has just come to the forefront. What a para-

dox that is—wool, which one associates with warmth and heavy sports clothes; and lace, which brings to mind pictures of frothy afternoon and evening frocks. Well, because clever designers have evolved this delightful new fabric, they've had to come to a compromise about its use. Blouses and frocks of this fabric, because they're wool, may attend all but the roughest of sports functions. Because they're lace, they may appear at office, bridge, luncheons, or even tea.

IF YOU are looking for a practical dress—one that is actually very, very swanky-looking and yet has almost all the virtues of Mother's gabardine which she turned four times, take this recommendation. Buy a wool crepe or any of the variations of the thin wools or thin tweeds that are appearing now. They don't crush, they are sheerish and swirl gracefully; they can approach the rather formal afternoon dress if you want them to, with intricacy of cut and line; they are warm and comfortable but not at all bulky. See the dark green marita cloth dress with the lovely, flattering white vest on Page 45.

Just one more look at that page before you lose your place. Notice carefully that black astrakhan jacket, because you're going to see a lot of those short fur jackets this winter. It doesn't matter what fur they utilize . . . caracul, beaver, lapin (which is French for rabbit, if you don't know it, but ever so flattering even if it is inexpensive), astrakhan or squirrel. Some of them have belts, some haven't, some have peplums (those little flares from the waist), and some are even so short as to take on the proportions of a bolero jacket. Brr! you say. How can I be expected to wear one of those pretty, but not very protective jackets when the snow is on the ground and the wind is whistling through my skirts? Here's a secret . . . many of them are made so that they can be donned over one's winter coat. So if you're smart you'll have one which can be used in spring and fall by itself; in winter, perhaps, ice-skating, with a warm skirt; and over the furless coat which you'll buy



Best & Co.

Black crepe tunic frock with
crisp grosgrain collar.

This Winter!

Tunics Flare Skirts
Dolman Sleeves Stand-up Collars

to accompany it.

If you're one of those fortunate souls who has a husband who insists (at your request) on seeing his wife warmly clad in furs so that she'll not catch pneumonia; or if you've saved up enough money for a brand new fur coat this winter, you'll want to know all about what's what. In furs, there is nothing new. It's the same old line-up of flat and almost flat furs; caracul, broadtail, mink, nutria, beaver, squirrel (that's coming into its own this season), lapin, Persian lamb, astrakhan, leopard-skin and of course, raccoon for young sorority members. But be very careful of the cut of your new coat. It should flare ever so slightly so as to suggest the natural waistline; whether or not it is belted will depend upon your figure and the bulkiness of the fur you choose. Its collar should come high around your neck and fasten in some novel way not quite like anything you saw last season . . . a scarf which comes in and out, a little rolling collar, a cape collar of fur. In length, it should be long enough to be one or two inches below your dresses.

BY NOW dress lengths have been straightened out and that it has been a question of the survival of the fittest. Paris now turns up her nose and says that her couturiers never said we should wear the wispy uneven "rags" and the extremely long daytime frocks that so many extremists went in for at first. You can believe her or not, as you choose, but dress lengths this year look mighty like the result of a firm stand on the part of the American woman. This year one's daytime skirts come to only a moderate length below the knee. Sports dresses can be an inch or two below, more formal frocks four, five or six, as you please.

But—have you a favorite evening or dance frock from last year? If you have tears, prepare to shed them, because unless you were very lucky and extremely advanced, you'll find it short compared to this year's frocks, no matter how long it seemed last year. Just put it on and you'll see that though it may be long in back, it allows a good deal too much of your shapely limbs to be seen in front. This year's dresses are absolutely even all around, and just as demurely long as

they can be, covering the very ankle! Look at the prom frocks for young things and the crepe evening gown on Page 44. Don't they bear out these words? But perhaps if you're clever with the needle or know a smart little dressmaker, you can save . . . not the day . . . but the evening.

Everything else about the offerings for Christmas and New Year festive gatherings remains much as it did last year. Fabrics are stiff moire or taffeta, glittering lame or gold or silver cloth, soft velvet, crepe or satin. What to wear out in the frosty night over these so-long confections? Anything from a little short "bunny-wrap" of white fur if you're very young; to a sophisticated, draped wrap that is almost as long as the dress itself. And anything in between is just as good, too, just so long as it is flatteringly furred and charmingly feminine.

That's the word for these new things we've talked about . . . charmingly feminine. Remember that when you take that fat little pocketbook down to the stores and if you look that way when you "try on" . . . don't search any further. Take the article of clothing unto your bosom and keep it, for you'll be both attractive and smart if you do.

* * *

PYJAMAS are still very much the thing, and you can wear them (if you have nice enough ones) to make your friends envious next time you entertain at a bridge, or at home to loll around



Best & Co.

Deep Cossack cuffs of black persian lamb, a frame-the-face collar and a wide, wide flare label this coat "Born Fall 1930."

in at your ease. They are much more inexpensive than they were at first, and if somebody asks you what you want for Christmas, have some little bee whisper in that person's ear, "py-jamas!"

Transparent velvet jamas are much the latest thing, but flat crepe, rayon crepe and milanese rayon are just as good. You usually run across them in the shops with cute little yoke tops on the 'trous' or often they will tie at the side with a big bow. Indulge your taste for wild gypsyish combinations of colors as freely as you please, for the pyjamas one sees combine black and orange, pale green and bright green, and other color duets we can't normally use.

Lessons in Loveliness

*The Modern Girl is Not Nearly as Black
as She is Painted—Nor Even As Pink*

By Nell Vinick

CBS Beauty Advisor

MAKE-UP is the final aid to facial beauty and its purpose is to make one look more attractive *naturally*.

It has been my observation that the younger girls usually use entirely too much make-up and thereby often make themselves look "cheap", and that the woman of mature years—the woman past her first youth—generally uses little or perhaps no make-up and thus often looks faded. Neither extreme is commendable nor up to date.

Make-up for the Young Girl—Perhaps the most common fault in selecting the three principal items of make-up—powder, rouge and lipstick—is to use something because you like the package—or because a friend uses it or because it

is endorsed by your favorite screen star. What if it is? You may be an altogether different type; you may have a different coloring, a different personality. In selecting make-up the question is: will it bring out your best points—will it lend expression to your eyes—will it give a tempting curve to your lips—or will it make them look like a bloody gash? There are thousands of beautiful "extra girls" in Hollywood, striving for recognition, who never get to be anything except "extras"—because they "come by the dozen" so to

speak. They have no distinction—no individuality. The ones who become stars are usually featured because they are *different*—because each is a distinct type. So if your eyes are dark, don't use a blue eye-shadow even if blue does happen to be the vogue. Dark eyes can be made more alluring with a brown eye-shadow. And don't use cherry, raspberry or any other vivid shade of rouge and lipstick if you are the brunette type.

Here is another thing to consider, make-up for the stage and for the screen must necessarily be different than make-up for personal use. It must be applied more heavily to give a natural effect across the foot-lights and through the movie camera, and those who tell you so are the biggest stars of the stage and screen—some of whom you may have heard on the air with me last season—and who will be on the air with me again quite soon.

A true example of loveliness and wisdom in the art of personal make-up. Bernice Claire, First National Studios' Star



MAKE-UP for the Older

Woman—We are not so very far away from those days when any lady who used powder and "paint" was whispered about—yet I find quite a few of my Radio friends of sophisticated years who are reluctant to use any rouge or lipstick—or even powder—and consequently they do not do justice to their appearance. There are few skins so flawless—few complexions with enough natural color in cheeks and lips—that they can do without the protection of a good face powder and the vitalizing warmth of a bit of good rouge and lipstick. Since a bit of good rouge will lend depth to your eyes and expression to your lips and emphasize the beauty which is truly yours, why not use it? No woman is condemned now for vanity—for beautifying herself. She is really under an obligation to do so—society requires that she improve her
(Continued on page 121)

(Editor's Note)—Miss Vinick is among the foremost recognized authorities on cosmetics and beauty-care. Her help on your personal beauty problems is now available to our readers. Address her at 130 West 42nd Street, New York, enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope and she will reply confidentially.



A correct
Table
Service
made
attractive
by
centerpiece
of flowers

By
Catherine
Adams

Ida Bailey Allen Talks "Turkey"

A CONVERSATION I had recently with a charming old lady, set me to thinking about our modern way of celebrating Thanksgiving.

"No, my dear, Thanksgiving is not what it was in my day. Why, I remember cooking three big turkeys once, and I fixed a gallon of cranberry sauce, and twelve pumpkin pies. Oh, we had a marvelous feast."

"Well," I said to her, "if that is what you mean, I guess Thanksgiving is not what it once was. But don't you think the modern way of celebrating the occasion might be just as good as the old?"

"It's a disgrace," she said. "You never serve more than you would for a good Sunday dinner. That's no way to celebrate Thanksgiving! You should have heaps and heaps of food. Of course, you can't eat it all, but it looks right nice—and it's proper."



Photo Courtesy Good Housekeeping Institute

THANKSGIVING DINNER MENU

Mixed Fruit in Apple Cups
Pimiento Bisque
Sweetbreads and Mushrooms in Potato Cases
Roast Turkey Stuffed with Oyster Dressing
Mashed Turnips
Cranberry Sauce
Celery
Olives
Endive with Roquefort Dressing
Thanksgiving Pudding with Hard Sauce
Nuts
Fruit
Cider
Coffee

All measurements are level. Recipes proportioned to serve six.

Pimiento Bisque

2 tablespoons butter	2 cups white stock	Few drops tabasco sauce
2 tablespoons flour	1 small can pimientos	1 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk	Few drops onion juice	1/8 teaspoon pepper

Melt the butter; add the flour; and blend. Gradually add the stock, and stir until the mixture thickens. Add the milk. Put the pimientos through a fine sieve; and add to the sauce together with the seasonings. Serve in cream soup bowls; and garnish with whipped cream. Serves six.

Thanksgiving Pudding

3 1/2 cups flour	2 teaspoons baking powder	1/2 cup chopped candied orange rind
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon	1/2 cup chopped walnut meats	1/2 cup molasses
1 teaspoon ground cloves	1 1/4 cups chopped raisins	1/2 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt	3 cups currants	1/2 cup melted shortening
1/4 teaspoon soda	1/2 cup chopped figs	1 cup sour milk, 1 egg

Sift the dry ingredients together, and add the nuts and fruit. Mix the molasses, sugar, milk, and egg together, and combine with the first mixture. Transfer to an oiled and floured mould or several small moulds, and steam an hour for individual moulds, three and a half hours for a large mould. Serve with hard sauce.

It seemed to me from what she said that there must have been considerable waste in her method, and there might be some reasons for the change modern women had effected. And so I decided I would find out what they were from one who would really know. I would interview Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home-Makers Club, who talks over the Radio to hundreds of thousands of women every week.

"Why of course things have changed," said Mrs. Allen in answer to my first question. "Things have changed radically. And I'm glad they have. Women used to spend so much time preparing huge quantities of food for Thanksgiving that they never had any enjoyment themselves; and often they lost the real spirit of the occasion. But I'm sure modern home-makers still celebrate Thanksgiving—they just express their

gratitude differently—the spirit is the same.

"Don't you think that the proper setting of a table has a great deal to do with the spirit of Thanksgiving?" I asked.

"Yes it has, and I am going to give you a few directions: When serving with one maid, put a dinner or service plate on for each person, in the center of the space allowed to them. Arrange the forks needed for the meal in their order of use from left to right, at the left-hand side of the plate; put the spoons and knives in their order of use, from right to left, at the right-hand side of the plate—placing them all within a half inch of the edge of the table. Put the water glass or goblet at the tip of the knife, the bread and butter plate at the tip of the fork, with the bread and butter spreader placed across the lower edge horizontally. Put the napkin at the left; if it is a large dinner napkin, and it should be, fold it over into oblong shape. Allow a set of salts and peppers for each two persons, or for more formal service, allow a set apiece, using individual size.

WHEN the meal is announced, whether for home or company service, the water glasses should be filled, and the ball or tube of butter should be on each bread and butter plate with the bread or crackers needed for the first course:

"The appetizer, if cold, should be already served on a small plate set on the service plate. If the appetizer is hot, it is placed after the guests have been seated. Soup is always served from the pantry. The turkey is usually carved by the host, the waitress standing at the left taking the plates. When the turkey has been apportioned, she then passes the vegetables, either in a double compartment vegetable dish or separately. Whenever passing any food, a folded napkin should be between her hand and the dish. The dish should be held at a height convenient for the guests to help themselves. For small articles, as cream and sugar, a little tray may be used, but a doily should be placed on it, so that the dishes cannot slide around.

"Serve to the left," Mrs. Allen continued. "When foods are to be passed, as a plate with turkey or salad, it may be either from the left or right according to the convenience of the guest. If two guests are sitting side by side and are talking, for instance, leaning toward each other, it would be necessary to place a salad at the left of one and the right of the other to avoid interruption.

"The waitress should replenish the butter and water without being reminded to do it. A good

waitress need not be told anything by the hostess during the service of a meal. She should watch to see what is needed, and when guests have finished any course, she should clear the table and serve the next course. A side or serving table, on which can be put extra water, butter, relishes, and food for succeeding courses, will save many trips to the kitchen or pantry." With one of her characteristic gestures, Mrs. Allen finished.

"But the decorations! How about those?" I asked.

"Oh, Joan Barrett, our Interior Decorator, has corking ideas. Go down there and ask her for them."

I dropped into Miss Barrett's cheerful office and asked her what she considered of prime importance in Thanksgiving table decoration. She replied without hesitation, "Cranberry sauce."

Then she explained that at the home where she has visited for twenty-two Thanksgivings, the hostess one year forgot to put the cranberry sauce on the table—an oversight which apparently made Miss Barrett miserable. She hated

to embarrass her hostess by asking for the missing dish, which might, she reasoned, have met with an accident in the kitchen. Nor could she very well leave the table to ransack the refrigerator. Searching for a means of introducing the subject, Miss Barrett began detailing the story of a Thanksgiving comic strip she had noted in the paper, emphasizing the food angle, especially the cranberry sauce. With a shriek that echoed through the dining room, the hostess jumped up and ran to the pantry, where the dish had been since its preparation the day before, and with profuse apologies for the oversight, brought it to the feast. Since then, the Thanksgiving table has each year held two bowls of cranberry sauce, one for the guests at large, the other for Miss Barrett.

"Seriously though," Miss Barrett said, "I have one very strong opinion about Thanksgiving table decorations. I think that they should be dignified. Crepe paper strips, Jack o'lanterns, orange and black paper caps and the like are perfectly appropriate for Hallowe'en. But Thanksgiving dinner, if it is of the traditional sort, is a more solemn feast. Happy, yes. But never frivolous."

"Could you suggest a few such arrangements?" I asked.

"Why, yes," Miss Barrett replied, "although I do think that settings should vary to suit the hostess' linen, silver, and glassware, and the size of the table.

"One of the most effective treatments I have seen was arranged upon a large, oval table, spread with a green tinted damask cloth. The centerpiece consisted of a graceful, opaque black glass bowl with solid, ear-like handles projecting at each side. This was heaped with vivid green and purple grapes. Somewhere the hostess had procured a twining spray of grape leaves that she hung from one side. This she balanced by placing a small, well shaped bunch of grapes on the green cloth at the base of the bowl. Four tall, bright silver candlesticks, with concord purple candles flanked this group. Gleaming silverware, black glass service plates, and crystal goblets with black bases completed a study at once chaste and forceful.

WITH a white cloth you might use old English china. The sort that pictures pastoral scenes in green on an ivory background is newly popular. With this pale green bubbled glassware, a centerpiece of any old-fashioned flowers that can be obtained, such as, delphinium, painted daisy, columbine, asters, and baby's breath,



Thanksgiving
Pudding

Hard
Sauce
Garnish

THANKSGIVING SUPPER MENU

Toasted Giblets and Bacon Sandwiches	Cheese Crackers
Cabbage and Pineapple Salad	Cookies
Peanut Brittle Mousse	
Tea	

All measurements are level. Recipes proportioned to serve six.

Cabbage and Pineapple Salad

2 cups canned, drained, shredded pineapple	2 cups finely shredded white cabbage	1/2 cup sour cream juice 1/2 lemon 1/2 teaspoon salt
	1/8 teaspoon pepper	

Combine the cabbage and pineapple; and marinated with the sour cream, lemon juice, salt and pepper, mixed together. Serve in nests of lettuce.

Peanut Brittle Mousse

1/4 pound peanut brittle	2 tablespoons dried sugar	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 pint heavy cream	1 teaspoon gelatin	Grated rind 1/2 orange

Crush the peanut brittle by putting through the food chopper; and add the orange rind, sugar, and vanilla. Soak the gelatin in one tablespoon cold water; then melt over steam. Combine with the cream, whipped stiff. Fold into the first mixture; and transfer to a mould. Pack in equal parts ice and salt; and bury for three hours; or freeze in an electrical refrigerator.

Toasted Giblets and Bacon Sandwiches

1 cup cooked minced chicken giblets	6 slices chopped crisp cooked bacon	Mayonnaise to blend mixture
1/2 cup finely diced celery	1/4 teaspoon salt	1/4 head shredded lettuce
	Hot buttered toast	

Combine the chicken giblets, bacon, celery, and salt; and blend with the mayonnaise. Spread on slices of hot buttered toast; place shredded lettuce on each; and cover with a second slice of toast. Serve hot.

arranged in a green bowl would be effective.

"My own ideal for a Thanksgiving table," continued Miss Barrett, "would be the sort which the pilgrims probably used; a crude pine, trestle table, either bare or covered by a handwoven red and white cloth pewter utensils and wooden dishes. The food would probably serve as the only decoration. I'd have the traditional sort; a huge browned turkey; bowls piled high with maize, potatoes, creamed onions, and squash, two kinds of pie and—cranberry sauce."

"WHAT is new in the way of dinner cloths?" I asked.

"That is the question that ran through my head recently as I hunted through several of the New York shops," Miss Cornell replied. "I had half expected to find something startling and bizarre in design or color. But apparently, the exotic and unusual is no longer in favor. Instead, I found prominently displayed most exquisite examples of fine linens, embroidered or trimmed with beautiful bits of lace.

"My choice was a handsome cloth, made from the most delicate quality of Irish linen, the threads so firmly and closely woven that it lay like a smooth mirror on the table. Rectangular in shape, the edge was bordered by a deep band of hand-made filet lace. At the corners and along the sides the linen had been cut away and heavy lace representing baskets of flowers and fruit had been set in. These motifs in turn were emphasized and adorned by graceful sprays of embroidery and small curves of cut-work.

"Conservative in effect, beautifully executed, this cloth would form a rich background for the silver and china of any formal dinner."

I left Miss Cornell to go down to the Kitchen-Laboratory of the National Radio Home-Makers Club and watch Miss Grace White, Club Dietitian, beginning preparations for Thanksgiving. She was making out a menu for Thanksgiving dinner, and one for Thanksgiving supper. She gave me both, and I came away fortified against all questions that anyone can ask about how the modern home-maker will celebrate the original American holiday this year.

* * *

AND while the turkey is steaming away in the oven and the cranberry sauce is set out to cool, there is a mysterious shuffling in the garret—suppressed laughter—gasps of excitement—clapping of hands. What is happening?

Although roast turkey, cranberry sauce and plum puddings are very important in Johnny's and Mary's Thanksgiving Day, their crowning glory is dressing up like grown folks. Father's suspenders mysteriously disappear, mother's Sunday dress



Underwood and Underwood

Three Generations gather at the bountifully set Thanksgiving board.

is missing and big sister's best pocketbook suddenly develops legs.

And hearing great shrieks of glee, the family put their heads out of the window only to find the younger generation, wrapped up in the family's best and parading themselves along the avenue in elegant style.

There is Suzy with the rim of her mother's hat flapping against her freckled nose as she is making vain efforts to hold up the folds of the wide dress to keep from tripping the hundred and fifty-first time.

Then follows Timothy, Jr., rigged up in a harlequin's outfit that bespeaks the ingenuity possible at a dozen years. How he rigged up the costume remains a mystery forever to Time's family, but there is no mistaking the clown's suit. Of course, Sister will find next summer that her white Sunday dress is off its hanger and she will be deceived into believing that she left it at the seashore, quite forgetting that Tim's Thanksgiving disguise conveyed to her a resemblance to something faintly familiar to her.

Such an array of patches, costumes and designs would stagger any style specialist. And they topple over one another in a splash of colors and get up again with a surprising poise and self-possession.

And here comes Fido, barking away in his greatest of holiday spirits, and rushing merrily against a mass of colored petticoats only to have this avalanche fall over him; and tugging at Mary's ruffled pantaloons and tearing off its lace edges.

What has your garret to yield to the curious youngsters? Already they may be half bent over old trunks chuckful of cherished memories. At this moment Mar-

gie may be half buried in a pile of stuffs which she has taken out from one of the old trunks and opening and shutting the faded pink parasol with its rows of ruffled edges, with Buzzie, the cat and her family of well-cleaned kittens staring with open-eyed wonder at this modern spectacle.

And if there are no garrets, you may be sure that the smallest corner of the house even though it be a tiny cupboard will contain a mountain of ecstasies for the children.

A cartoon of several years ago comes to mind of two little boys on the street on Thanksgiving Day. The one, dressed up in Daddy's clothes with the legs of the trousers trailing behind him and the coat-tails reaching the ground; the other boy, dressed up in his brand new outfit, being helped into the great big automobile by his nurse maid. Each boy looked at the other wistfully.

But it can be said with certainty that the little masquerader was infinitely happier that day than the little rich boy.

THE roast turkey, the cranberry sauce and puddings are important for Thanksgiving Day, but if the Maries and Johnnies and Suzies and Sadies, especially those of the city, could not masquerade, it jes' wouldna be Thanksgivin' for 'em.

Feed the children up on brown roast turkey, stuffed with bread crumbs and oysters, on the cranberry sauce, the salad and olives and all the varied trimmin's that go with a grand and glorious Thanksgiving dinner; but don't forget that they need the fun of masqueradin' as well as the pleasures of the festive board.

ARE men coming into their dietetical own? For the first time in the history of Radio the masculine palate is being catered to from the viewpoint of actual masculine taste. Every Friday morning at 9:45 during the Hecker program, "Care and Feeding of Men" over WABC and a special network, Dad Dailey advises housewives on the plain menus their husbands most enjoy.

During a long period of time, in the interest of his brothers and their long neglected desires for certain dishes, Dad made a study of this subject, eating in restaurants and dining clubs which exclude women patrons, ferreting out masculine preferences, cajoling the cooks into revealing the secrets of their preparations and then probably in the quiet of his home concocting these tempting delicacies. One can imagine Dad stirring the ingredients in a variety of pans, and sniffing at this and tasting of that.

Some two years ago Dad Dailey got to playing around with a manuscript that he called Dad Dailey's cook book and which, he insists, contains many helpful hints on the care and feeding of men. It also lists about one hundred masculine menus for these virile creatures.

He dedicated this literary effort to the millions of men who have been sacrificed on the altar of the feminine viewpoint. In its foreword the writer states that he has but one ambition in life and that is to answer the questions which millions of women put to their husbands every morning, "What would you like for dinner tonight, my dear"—a question which ordinarily elicits an incoherent, unsatisfactory grunt, or a carefree "Oh, I don't care, any old thing will suit me", and then the "any old thing" would turn out to be last Sunday's roast beef in disguise, or the leg of lamb incognito.

While the manuscript of this some-day-to-be-famous cook book was in the making, Dad conceived the idea of carrying his message to the women of the land over the Radio. With the advertising instinct that motivates his every thought, he said to himself, "Why not make this a commercial Radio program?"

In July of 1929, Dad Dailey broke



Dad Dailey, Known to Radio pioneers as One Bulb Bill.

Menus for MEN

*Dad Dailey answers the Eternal
Feminine, "What shall I have
for Dinner?"*

loose on the air at Station WODA in Paterson, N. J. The results of his broadcast proved interesting in more ways than one. He was flooded with letters from women who were interested in keeping their husbands at the home table. He gave menus that erased the furrows in the feminine brow, and his listeners applauded him for standing alone midst the mighty army of feminine broadcasters on food.

That is why Dad Dailey and his new line of chow chatter is booked for a lengthy stay on a split network of the Columbia Broadcasting System, every Friday morning at 9:45. This program is sponsored by the millers of Hecker's flour.

Dad receives in his voluminous mail letter after letter requesting recipes of

the many oven delicacies which he now includes in his menus for men. And it seems fair to predict that Dad is going to shame many women back into the old-fashioned occupation of home baking, for Dad is telling the wives that nothing will give greater delight to men, husbands in particular, than a batch of hot rolls or biscuits for dinner, and that every big-hearted woman in his audience need only try it to prove it.

So if any husbands who have long been patient in enduring the wares of the delicatessen shop will ask their wives to tune in on this program, they may find a radical change in the next dinner at home.

One of the courses might even be ham baked in milk which is one of Dad's latest creations.

Dad Dailey is really Wm. J. E. Dailey who for many years has been a conspicuous figure in the advertising agency business.

Seven years ago Bill, as he was familiarly known, built—that is his wife built—a one-tube Radio set. In those pioneer days of Radio, Bill would go to his office after listening in most of the night on nearby and distant stations and dictate to his secretary his impressions of the Radio programs. These impressions finally developed into full-grown comments which found their way into the columns of one of New York's leading newspapers. And so he became known to the pioneers of Radio as One Bulb Bill. He claims credit to the distinction of be-

ing America's first Radio columnist, and so far there have been no other claimants to this honorable title.

And now Dad Dailey stands alone on the battlefield, engaged in a single-handed warfare in bringing men back into their dietetical own and in placing the sovereign crown again on the home-made biscuit's brow.

"What will you have for dinner, my dear?"

"Nightingales tongues trimmed with Queen Bee's honey and scalloped with fresh cut orchids."

WITH Dad Dailey's interpretation she will now know exactly what that means.

MAKE-UP for TELEVISION

By Betty McGee

"HORRORS!" exclaimed Betty McLean one night in early September in the studios of WMAQ and its attendant television station, W9XAP, Chicago. "How can I ever go through with my act like this?"

Small wonder that Betty was distraught. There in the mirror she saw that her usually creamy skin had taken on a pale greenish brown hue, her nose was actually shiny, and her lips were unmistakably, hideously green!

And that, my dears, was the fate of all who would appear beautiful—that is, those who would appear beautiful in television receiving sets all of two months ago. No, fortunately, it was not a chemical change in the epidermis of the individual. Merely a unique type of make-up which television brought into being. During the past two months, however, new preparations have been made which are not a whit less unique but more in keeping with the usual standards of human, especially feminine, beauty. But more of that anon.

TO RETURN to the plight of Betty McLean. We were speaking of the night of her first appearance on a synchronized Radio-television broadcast through WMAQ and W9XAP. Of course this was not the first time Betty had had the horrid stuff on her face. Not at all. She had endured it many times when she had been a subject for make-up experiment. But it was one thing to have various peculiar colors dabbed on one's face for purely "experimental purposes" and quite another to be nonchalant in the face of an audience, though unseen,



John Gihon, production manager of WMAQ and W9XAP, makes up Dorothy Drum of "Artists and Models" for television. First a base of grease paint in a warm, deep ivory tint, spread out over the face. Then brown eye-pencil. Last . . . imagine it . . . chocolate-brown for lips!

knowing that your looks would put a circus freak to shame. Betty confessed afterwards that she had had no idea that she would feel so, oh, so—sea-sick. Something psychological about the green probably. Of course it only lasted a minute, and then she remembered how she would appear on the screen in soft sepia tones.

Betty's experience is probably typical of the effect of the green make-up on the average entertainer. Temporarily, at least, it is poise destroying. I visited the W9XAP dressing rooms when five or six Radio entertainers and show-girls were

making-up for a television try-out. They dabbed the green paint on daintily, surveyed themselves in the mirror distastefully, and sat around self-consciously awaiting try-out. Not until they had applied the good old red and white paint where it belonged did they become their usual vivacious selves . . . True enough that the girls don't like it, but ask any woman if *some* make-up isn't better than *none*, and you'll have the answer to the question as to whether or not make-up for television will last.

When the directors of WMAQ turned to television they discovered, as have many others, that television often does strange things to the human face. Primarily, the great difficulty is that the

features are apt to appear blurred through television. In experiments it was discovered that sometimes a nose was completely lost, and we'll all admit that a face without a nose is not a thing of beauty; sometimes blue eyes seemed to have faded away into almost no eyes at all; sometimes the outline of the whole face was indistinct.

THEN the production manager, John Gihon, and the casting director, Vinton Haworth, put their heads together and said, "Let's do something about this. The whole thing is in an experimental stage. Why not experiment with make-up?" And they began their experiments in earnest. A number of make-up experts were called in and Dave Factor, who is said to be the foremost make-up authority in Hollywood, tore himself away from the movie stars to study the problem of television make-up.



Jean East and Carol Lynn, the Honey Girls, appear over WIBO and W9XAP. Imagine these darlings daubed with green!

He began with powders, running the gamut of shades and textures from the thinnest white to the deepest, heaviest ochre. His conclusion was that powder was definitely out since it produces a too dry and flaky surface. After trying seven different kinds of grease paint he discovered one that produced very satisfactory results. It was a light brown with a green cast and one that did not create too decided high lights.

"The whole problem of television make-up is a red washout," explained Mr. Factor. "Television takes the natural red from the skin, changing it into black. Therefore the idea is to cover up all reds. The grease paint acts as a mask, completely covering the face."

WHEN Mr. Factor hit upon green as the ideal color to superimpose on ruby lips he levelled quite a blow at feminine vanity. However, when he returned to Hollywood to put his chemists to work on some new preparations for television he took into account this weakness usually accredited to the female sex. The new make-up evolved is a grease paint of a warm, deep ivory tint—this for women. That for men is two or three shades darker, running into the browns. There is, too, another dark shade which is used to bring high lights where they are needed, as for instance, around the nose. For the lips he created a nice chocolate brown paint which is, to the unaccustomed eye, hardly alluring but far more pleasing than the former green.

Now as to the application. It takes about an hour to apply the make-up

properly. First you put on a base of the panchromatic grease paint—a little dab on the cheeks, the nose, the forehead and chin. (And by the way, girls, the paint that the men use is a far nicer color than that for the women.) You spread this coat out over the face with plain, unadulterated water — always moving your hands in the same direction. This is a half-hour job in itself. The base must be very smooth, very even and very thin. On some faces it is a good idea to use high lights on the nose, gradually darkening the color as you reach the outer cheeks. This is to prevent the possible "loss" of a nose too small to take distinctly.

After this is done, you line your eyes slightly, according to individual requirements, and pencil your eyebrows with a brown pencil. Black is too dark. Now, everybody knows that the proper way to pencil

your eyebrows is to use the deepest color near the nose, and gradually lighten it as the eyebrows narrow. For television, they do just the opposite—barely touching the eyebrows close to the nose, and using the pencil more heavily as you go outward. The reason for this is that television sometimes plays tricks with the eyes and eyebrows, making eyes look crossed if the brows are too close together. If your eyes are blue you place a dash of brown under them, to bring out their depth, but no eye shadow is used. Mascara, if you wish, although it is relatively unimportant.

If your face has a tendency to be a little too broad you will dab a little white paint on either side just above the jawbone. If it is thin you place a little of the darker paint there instead.

And now we turn our attention to the lips. The chocolate brown is applied quite lavishly, emphasizing the natural curves, as television requires over-emphasis.

And there you have the story of the application.

Many people who have been experimenting with television rather extensively feel that make-up is not worth the expenditure of time and money. The results they have had are satisfactory enough and would not be materially affected

if make-up should be eliminated, they say.

"I suppose that make-up for television cannot be reckoned a necessity," said Vinton Haworth, casting director of WMAQ and W9XAP. "Its reason for being is an artistic one and we feel that it is a very important factor in the development of the new art of television."

MR. John Gihon, production manager of the station, believes that the promoters of television are groping around to discover just the type of thing that it is best adapted to, and he is confident that some particular form of entertainment will become the "television program."

"We are continually bringing beauties of the theatrical and Radio world before the microvisor in an endeavor to find the best types for television. Undoubtedly there will be a distinct type known as the 'television beauty' but it is hard to prophesy just what type she will be. Generally speaking, the girl with a rather broad face and clearly defined features will take well.

"The 'television beauty' will not have a rosebud mouth. It is certain that she will be a strong, vigorous type, and she will probably be characterized by flashing eyes and a flashing smile."

The development of television will bring about many changes. For one, a new type of beauty expert will arise. A new vanity case, resembling an artist's palette will be added probably to the feminine television artist's accessories.

"Oh, dear, don't you think that my nose needs a little more green?" will be the oft-repeated question in studios. And who knows but that our flapperettes will follow suit with green noses and blue lips?



Marcella Lally of Station WMAQ. No, those aren't soap bubbles behind her . . . they are the "eyes" of the television microvisor.

Why Look Like a Wife?

"Any woman can be lovelier . . . simply by never looking unattractive, even to herself."

THIS is the beginning of a series of articles by the well-known consultant on care of the skin. You may have the booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", by writing to Miss Ingram in care of this magazine, or if you have some special beauty problem, Miss Ingram will be very glad to advise you by letter.—EDITOR.

HOW to be lovelier. This question is put to me in every one of the hundreds of letters which come to me each week. These letters are from young girls, middle-aged women, grandmothers—all of them interested in the same subject—how to be lovelier.

I doubt if all these women who ask this question know just why they want to be beautiful, but after all, that isn't important. The reasons for wanting to be attractive are so natural that I'm sure many women have never expressed them even to themselves. The point is, there is no woman who would not improve her appearance if she knew how.

Perhaps no woman is more interested or has a more pertinent reason for wanting to be beautiful than the wife. After all, men do like beauty—they always have. Men see in beauty an ideal—an inspiration—and as beauty does mean so much to men and to the world, I think it follows that it's a wife's privilege as well as duty to be as attractive as she can.

MANY weeks half of the letters I receive are from wives. The following is typical:

"I am thirty-five years old and the mother of three children. Since I've been married, I haven't had time to bother about anything so trivial as my appearance. I have sacrificed myself to my husband, my household duties, and to my children. I've given them the best years of my life. But my husband seems to have lost all interest in his home and me. He spends very few evenings at home and he doesn't tell me where he goes. Of



By

FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on care of the skin,
who broadcasts regularly over CBS.

course, I imagine everything. You can't blame me. I could be more attractive if I only had the time. And from now on I'm going to have the time. I'm going to leave my husband and get a job. If all my years of sacrifice mean nothing to him, I'm through. I won't talk any more about my situation, but I wish you would tell me how to improve my appearance enough to get a job which will support me and my children. Even in business nowadays it seems that looks count for more than ability."

I remember when this letter came in. Marion, my secretary, read the letter to me and said in a disgusted tone of voice, "I don't think much of her husband, Miss Ingram. I'm glad she's leaving him." I told her that I wasn't sure that it was all the husband's fault. It seemed to me—and it still seems to me—that one of the reasons why that marriage was going on the rocks was because that woman was neglecting her appearance. In other words, she was looking entirely too much like a wife. We've all seen this happen. Attractive young girls marry and in just a few years they change into unattractive, discontented, matronly looking women. Most of these women, I'm sure, had promised themselves before they were married that they would not allow this to happen to them—that they would be dif-

ferent from the average run of wives. But they begin to backslide a little, and as the years go by, they unconsciously backslide more and more until finally they are content to look like a cartoonist's impression of a breakfast-table wife.

Now there's nothing alluring about a breakfast-table wife. Of course a man likes to know that his wife is helping him by being domestic. But he likes to see her in more attractive aspects, too. He likes to see her pretty. He likes to be proud of her. And why blame him for this? Since the beginning of time, attractiveness has been one of woman's most outstanding

virtues. Before she's married, a woman is punctilious about her appearance. She tries hard to be as attractive as she can to get a job—or a husband—or to keep a job. If a woman will make this effort to keep a job, I wonder why it doesn't seem equally important to her to make the same effort to keep a husband.

ANYWAY, preserving her looks has a decidedly mental reaction on the woman herself. It gives her an air of alertness—a sense of confidence in herself—in other words, poise. Psychiatrists say that neglected wives are frequently suffering from inferiority complexes and that these complexes often can be traced back to an unattractive appearance. Women get this sense of inferiority when they realize that they are not attractive and that other people are not attracted to them. Then they lose their belief in themselves and their ability. When this happens, other unfortunate things occur in rapid succession. These women develop a spirit of martyrdom. In this spirit of martyrdom, they sacrifice themselves, their husbands, and their children to household duties. They thrust aside every opportunity that offers relief from household monotony. As a result, they are more apt

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How to Comprehend Symphony Music

Keener Enjoyment of Good Radio Music

Comes to the Listener With Better

Knowledge of The Orchestra

By

WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music

Dr. William Braid White, Author, acoustical engineer and national authority on musical instruments and music has been engaged to write a series of articles on the inspirations and appeals of good music—Editor

WITH the permission of my readers, I shall not talk this month about actual programs on the air. For various reasons it appears to me that there is quite a bit of preliminary ground clearing to be done before we start off full-tilt on music arguments. There is a great public just beginning to find good music attractive, but it is still almost entirely without knowledge either of the history, or of the styles of the art of musical expression. Where knowledge is not, any man's opinion is as good as any other's; and precisely there the uninstructed taste gets into trouble. Anyone can cover reams of paper with high-falutin' talk about the emotional side of a piece of music, but after the eager unlearned amateur music lover has ploughed through a square mile or so of stuff like that he is just about where he was at the start. Suppose on the other hand that here, in this department of Radio Digest, I try to do something a little different. I shall not use the awful word "educate", and indeed shall not for a moment try to uplift, or to "teach" anybody. I shall however try to give some needed information on points concerning which there is an immense amount of misunderstanding, even among those who really should know better. If I can manage to convey the information in a way that shall not bore you

and that at the same time shall really tell you some things that you must know if you ever intend to get real significant pleasure out of listening to the great programs which are now being broadcast by the best musical organizations of the country, then indeed I shall feel that something worth while has been accomplished, even if we do agree not to call it "educational".

Music as a form of expression.

Long before Homer sang the Fall of Troy, magnificent poems were composed in India and China, which have come down to our own age to awake our admiration and envy. Then, later on, men sought a still more perfect form of expression which should enable them to say that which could not be said in words. The Church during the Middle Ages took the complex but inexpressive musical experiments the Greeks had made in music, and began to build up the art of choral singing. I have heard music which was written nine hundred years ago. One can only wonder at the inspiration of men who, without a scientific scale of musical sounds, without a nota-

tion whereby to write down the sounds, without musical instruments to give them out, without trained musicians to play the instruments, nevertheless were able, because they loved God and desired to worship Him rightly, labored unceasingly to find out how to make different voices, move together so as to produce a tolerable tune and make a harmony at the same time. We smile today at the child-like simplicity of their efforts; but let one of us moderns sit down with a blank sheet of paper, with no piano, with no sheet music, with no science of harmony, with nothing but the ear and the brain, and try to invent a tune, arrange it so that a high soprano and a low tenor may sing in harmony.



The history of music is the history of the great struggle to master this problem, the problem of making sounds move together so as to express emotion that cannot be so well expressed in any other way. It has taken nine centuries to perfect musical form. To-day it is right to say that neither with pen, nor with brush, nor with chisel, have men been able so to express the depths of heart and mind as they have with music. Five hundred years ago, when music was young and struggling for a place in the sun, the great art was Painting. To-day the great art, the great modern form of expression, is Music.

What is musical form?

A good many people seem to think that music is something which a dreamy eccentric called a composer writes down in a frenzy of emotion and of inspiration, not knowing how it comes and hardly knowing what he is doing. Nothing could however be more absurd. The art of musical composition goes by the strictest of technical rules. To acquire a mastery of these rules so that one can apply them in writing down one's musical ideas, takes years of very hard work. No matter how much inspiration a man may have unless he has learned the rules of the art he is out of luck. One hears wonderful tales of obscure geniuses who play by ear; but those are tales. A man who has the mental qualities which shall enable him to write a great symphonic composition for the grand orchestra must have mental capacity of the highest order. To appreciate music, to listen to it understandingly, one need know only a few simple facts; but to write music . . . well that is another matter entirely. Music is the easiest of all arts to love and to appreciate, but the hardest of all to master.

How Does an Orchestra Work?

When a composer writes a piece of music, he conceives it mentally as something to be performed (as all music must be to bring it from dead notes into life) by some one instrument or group of instruments, by one voice or a group of voices, or by some combination of instruments and voices. He does not write down a lot of notes and then leave it to some one else to decide what instruments are to be used. The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or the Philadelphia Orchestra or the NBC Orchestra or the Roxy Orchestra, has nothing to do with arranging the music for various instruments, save in very exceptional cases. When the score (as you call the manuscript or printed pages of a symphony) comes to him, he sits down to study it, but he finds on its pages every note that is to be played by every instrument in his orchestra. His task then is to have the orchestra play over that music and to make them play it exactly as he wants it played. Over and over again, if it is new music especially, and often when it is music old and well known, the conductor will have the orchestra go through a certain passage until it sounds as he wishes it to.

Don't think that it's done by inspiration, not at all. When you heard the great Boston Symphony orchestra playing on October 4th from Symphony Hall in Boston during the New England Tercentenary festival, what you heard was the carefully prepared result of repeated rehearsals. The performance of fine music by an orchestra is a matter of continued, steady and difficult labor, involving the highest kind of executive ability on the part of the conductor and the most strenuous training on the part of the musicians.



Dr. William Braid White, who explains with great clarity and interest, the symphony orchestra in this article. Dr. White is one of the few possessors of the accredited title of Doctor of Music.

What are the Divisions of an Orchestra?

A symphony orchestra, such as the big one which Walter Damrosch conducts for the NBC symphonic broadcasts, or the New York Philharmonic Symphony, the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Chicago Orchestra or the Cleveland Orchestra, is a very different thing from the group of players who form what is called a dance or a jazz orchestra. The symphony orchestra has evolved into

its present size and shape through the efforts of the composers, who have written their masterpieces for certain definite numbers and groups of instruments which seemed to them to be the best for their special purposes. Gradually, during the last hundred and fifty years, composers have tacitly agreed upon a general lay-out of instruments for which to

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The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra arranged as explained in this article . . . Conductor Leopold Stokowski in the center. To your left, the strings; center the wood wind instruments; right rear the brasses, and the tympani.

THE VERY IDEA!

WE THINK Big Brothers Bob and Willie are the most clever comedians on KMBC, but here is the thing that seems funny to me. Big Brother is always correcting Willie for saying words wrong and then he insists on saying "That's an idear," instead of idea.

I thought someone would tell him about it, but I guess they have not, as he still says "idear."—Mrs. S. C. Munson, Leavenworth.

* * *

WE ACQUIRED a Graham McNamee complex, several years ago, and we have never gotten over it. He is our favorite announcer. And when we are granted the privilege to hear him sing, well, we never pass up such an opportunity for any other entertainment. We sincerely hope that he is awarded this honor by the greatest majority of listeners.—Mrs. Winifred Coplien, Brodhead, Wis.

* * *

WE'LL TRY TO DO BETTER

I BOUGHT my first copy of RADIO DIGEST a couple of weeks ago and find it very interesting.

There is only one complaint I have to make and that is that you didn't mention WSB of Atlanta in this issue; one of the strongest and best stations on the air. Everyone is familiar with the voice of Lamdin Kay and the rest of WSB's staff.—George C. Holland, McRae, Ga.

* * *

HOPE YOU WIN MORE PRIZES

ON SATURDAY I was unexpectedly surprised when I received a check for one hundred dollars from you, as the prize winner of the Dubronsky mystery story.

I wish to express to you, and to the judges my most sincere thanks and appreciation, and let me add too, that RADIO DIGEST magazine is one of the cleanest and finest books ever published.—Margaret J. Ayatte, Watervliet, N. Y.

* * *

WE'LL TRY TO FILL YOUR ORDER

JUST finished reading the article "Dawn of Radio" in the August RADIO DIGEST. I surely did enjoy it and the pictures. I hope you will run more articles and pictures of the early days of radio.

I, too, think that we have been having too much of Amos 'n' Andy. Amos 'n' Andy gave me many a laugh but they have gone stale, now; while Jake and Lena (when they were at WTAM) were funnier with each broadcast. I can truthfully say that Gene's clean, wholesome humor and Glenn's infectious laughter gave me more enjoyment than anything or anyone I have ever heard on the air.

And now I'm going to make some suggestions for pictures. The first is for that of John McGovern, who, each Sunday, plays the title rôle of "The Globe Trotter" over CBS from 6.30 to 7.00 and the hero in "Mystery House" over NBC from 7.00 to 7.30. On August 10, he spoke his last lines over CBS at 6.58 and his first over NBC at 7.08. How does he do it? I would like pictures of the WCAU announcers, and the WCAU Kiddies. When the Kiddies played Wildwood, N. J., they drew the biggest crowd of the season.

I would like to have pictures too of Little Mitzie Groff who does Belle Baker, Fannie Brice, Sophie Tucker, etc., Martie Zisserman, who does Henry Burbig (I wish you could hear these two) and the rest of these talented youngsters.

The tree sitting bug has hit this part of the country so strongly that even the radio entertainers are not immune. However, Jackie Mack of WPEN, who has been sitting in a tree

Voice of the

in Woodside Park, doesn't let it interfere with his Radio work. He broadcasts several times a day from his lofty perch.—Miss Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.

* * *

SEE OCTOBER, KATIE

I SUGGEST that you print a story of the life of Gene and Glenn, those two famous Radio artists. Something like your Amos and Andy stories. I am sure our readers would like to read something about these two boys in your wonderful paper.—Kate E. Gordon, Mentor, Ohio.

* * *

QUICK! BRING THE DICTIONARY

NOW that orbal transmission is imminent as an adjunct of aural broadcasting, discussion of the topic will become of proportionate interest, as speculation arises and doubts are instilled by the quizzical whose interrogations delve into the hazy and who seek information on the subject because of its very pertinence to their future aberrations in the field of entertainment.

Let it be here quoted that radio as a deliverer of music and speech is still unapproached to realism. Visit a concert hall, dance to the rhythm of a dance orchestra or attend a social function where music in any of its forms predominates. Then you are in contact with the true source in actuality. There is no static or intrinsic disturbance to mar the performance as we wish to hear it. Mayhap engineers will soon be able to evolve a cure for this woe.

With television extant the question of its being a commercial competitor with the talking movies, the theater or vaudeville will be advanced. The same, or virtually identical, question arose when Radio was being developed in competition with the silent drama. Everyone now knows of the innovation of speech and music in the motion picture and the lack of conflict between the two industries. And there never will be.

With the initiation of television will probably come the separation of the two into two different departments. Television will turn into the broadcast of sport news as it occurs, in addition to providing the drama and prepared program as it does now, while for the talking picture will remain the depictal of only the present type of drama that it offers us. It may be added that the two will never merge, although there may be a similarity in the output.

Assuming that the predictions do materialize, the eyes of the present can be easily confounded by interluding time and its accompanying unforeseen incidents.—Algird Truska, Newark, N. J.

* * *

YOU'RE SO NICE, MAYBE WE WILL

I HAVE three things to accomplish as I write you this letter. The first is that of most importance. It is that I want to praise the staff and editor of RADIO DIGEST for the wonderful magazine they put out to the Radio listener. Second, also important to me, is that I wish to become a member of the V. O. L. The third is that I wish you would give us a write-up on

Thompkins Corner.—Ralph Berry, Kansas City, Okla.

* * *

DARN CLEVER, THIS "CHINESE"

THE article in the Sept. issue, "Try Singing to Speak Well," by Drake Evans, was very interesting. However, I beg to differ with Mr. Evans as to his pronunciation of "Chinese", rhyming with fleece as being the only proper pronunciation. He evidently uses the Funk and Wagnall dictionary, which gives the pronunciation to rhyme with fleece. The Oxford, Stormonth, Encyclopedic Dictionary, and Worcester give but one pronunciation—that rhyming with breeze.

The Century gives both ways, preferring the one rhyming with fleece, while Webster's International gives both ways, but gives preference to the pronunciation rhyming with breeze. Now those reading the article who have always said "Chinez" need not feel bad (not badly) about the matter of faulty pronunciation. Both are evidently correct on equally good authority.—Mrs. Lizzie M. Roberts, Sterling, Ill.

* * *

JEWEL PHRASES FOR JESSICA
DRAGONETTE

FIRST, let me congratulate you on your very excellent magazine—especially the rotogravure section which I immensely enjoy. Second, to praise my favorite Radio artist, Jessica Dragonette. Not only does Miss Dragonette possess unquestionably the finest, purest, sweetest voice on the air, but she is an extremely talented actress, as she proved on the Philco hour, and is now proving on Cities Service. Her naïve, unaffected personality broadcasts as effectively as her voice, due to its magnetic quality. As far as her looks are concerned, she certainly need have no fear of television.—Marjorie Goetschins, Manchester, N. H.

* * *

128 NOW—COUNT 'EM!

WHY so much fiction in the Digest?—and only 96 pages when there were 128 all through the winter and spring? I'd certainly appreciate seeing more about Radio and less fiction—none at all as far as I am concerned. There are so many magazines full of fiction but only one Radio magazine so far as I know. I'd like to see something about Roxy again. Cheerio!—Mrs. B. C. de Mercado, Columbus, Indiana.

* * *

PLEASE WRITE TO MR. ARNOLD

SINCE 1926, when I became a Radio Fan and began subscribing to RADIO DIGEST, I have had a desire to know what reception is like in other states. The finest sport I can think of would be to tour the states in a Radio-equipped car and get that information. That being impossible I would like to receive reports from listeners in every state, giving the stations you receive best, what stations interfere in your state, whether you depend on electricity or batteries for power and the make of your Radio. Every letter received will be answered

Listener

promptly with like information.—A. C. Arnold, R. No. 4, North Topeka, Kan.

HOPE YOU LIKE THESE WINNERS, ROSE

THE August DIGEST was overflowing with items of interest and long-looked-for pictures. I especially enjoyed the article about Cooney and the one on Vacation Follies.

I am an ardent fan of the network features. I believe I could get along with very few but chain programs. Gene and Glenn's Song Shop, Coon-Sanders' Knights and Ladies of the Bath and certain broadcasts of WENR, however, are priceless. The truth is, I've read several letters knocking the NBC and CBS networks so I am inspired to express my wholehearted support of their superior programs. I am very eager for the outcome of the Diamond Meritum Award contest although I was very disappointed in the result of the last two. Somehow it doesn't seem very representative of the listening public—loyalty is the ruling factor, I believe, not the number of fans.—Rose Gergen, Turtle Lake, N. D.

FLOYD GIBBONS

Forever, please, forever,
Let us hear at eventide,
Of the many news bits
You tell the world so wide.
Do your stuff—how we enjoy it,

Great have been your daily chats
Interspersed with wit and oft—mishaps.
Best all those swell detective yarns
Because they happened in your own life
Or thrilling happenings in this recent strife.
Now, Thorgy, you for the blue ribbons
So long as you announce "Floyd Gibbons."
—A Group of Radio Listeners.

THANK YOU!

HAVE been a reader of RADIO DIGEST ever since we have had a Radio—a little less than a year, and the only bad thing about this fine magazine is the wait, from one issue to the next.

We would especially enjoy any pictures or stories from our favorite stations WTAM, Cleveland, WJR, Detroit, WENR, Chicago, WLW, Cincinnati also Larry Larson, WGN, Chicago and others.

I am enclosing our vote in the Digest Popularity contest for Gene and Glenn, WTAM. They are to us the "Idols of Radioland." Have the 7 coupons. We would surely be happy if they should win this honor, and they should for I believe theirs is one of the most popular midwest programs.

With every best wish for the success of RADIO DIGEST, we are—Mrs. Ruth Avery and Family, 2011 Ashman St., Midland, Mich.

IN THE AUTOMOBILE CITY—DETROIT

WE HAVE had station WNYZ which broadcasts on a frequency of 1240 kilocycles, several times. Both of the Grand Rapids stations broadcast at 1270 kilocycles.

This somewhat interferes with getting station WNYZ. We have seen this station listed in radio programs but it doesn't give the city. We are rather curious to know where this station is.—Thelma Winter, Grand Rapids, Mich.

STATE AND CITY INDEX IN THIS ISSUE

ENJOY every bit of RADIO DIGEST, but as it is a Radio Magazine, wouldn't it be possible to help the DXers by putting back the "State and City Index with wave length?" I use the "Official Wave Length" to log my dial readings.—Mrs. J. H. Morris, Box 204, Richmond, Va.

FLOWERS FOR GORMAN AND CUMMISKEY

I WOULD like to invite the attention of the other listeners and yourself to Gorman and Cummiskey who broadcast from WWRL. They sing harmony in a manner that, I think, is far ahead of anyone else on the air.

Their announcer once stated that they were proteges of the former team of Van and Schenck and while I cannot vouch for this statement I certainly do know that I was amazed at the similarity that this team possesses to the former champion harmony team.

I therefore nominate Gorman and Cummiskey as the world's champions at male-harmony and predict that in a few months they will be recognized as such. Please, Mr. Editor, print their pictures. If they look as well as they sing John Gilbert will be worrying about his job.

Hoping to see the photographs in an early edition of your magazine, I remain, a devoted reader.—Joseph Kane, 215 Johnson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

INFORMATION WANTED ON "IKKO" STAMPS

I AM a collector of verification and "ikko" stamps of broadcasting stations. I would like to know if you could tell me how, or tell me where I could get a list of broadcasting stations that issue ikko stamps?

In order to get ikko stamps now I have to write to the station and ask if they issue them.—Ernest Jessop, Box 166, Oakland Beach, R. I.

YES—MONDAY AT 10:00 P.M.

JUST a line to show my appreciation of RADIO DIGEST. It is indeed a marvelous Radio magazine and the Radio fans like nothing better than to see pictures and read the gossip of our favorites.

Although we enjoy Amos 'n' Andy, don't you think the public is getting a little tired of them? It seems that way around this part of the country.

I enjoy nothing better than a good singer and the True Story Hour and speaking of dance orchestras, I don't think any can compare with Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; their slow dreamy tempo seems to have won the hearts of many. Would it be asking too much to let us have a real good picture of this orchestra? We haven't seen one since the Spring issue and then it wasn't very clear. I understand another brother has joined them, making

four Lombardos. Will you let us have a picture of him? Will you let us know through RADIO DIGEST when the Lombardos will again be heard on the Robert Burns programme over the Columbia Broadcasting System?—Lenore Churchill, Oil Spring, Ont., Can.

CONSOLATION PRIZES FOR MERITUM ENTRIES WHO DIDN'T WIN!

DURING the present heavy static, the daylight stations are about all that we get at night, though usually WENR and KTHS struggle through, and KMOX now comes big since the installation of the new transmitter. But why worry about distant stations when we have one we can count on for all the best National broadcasts; one that has the *Best* studio orchestras; a nationally known quartet, the Bel Canto; one of the finest organists; the liveliest studio programs; the peppiest early features; and absolutely the nicest announcers anywhere! This may sound very enthusiastic and positive, but we have reason to be proud of Our Own WFAA.

An act that has everything, I mean pep, vim, speed, humor, and "aliveness" if I may so express is our Quaker Oats man, Mr. Phil Cook. It takes a real blond to get the fast ones over, in my opinion, so I say *THREE LOUD CHEERS* for Phil. He is without a rival as being the best act on any network. Sorry we could not vote for him also, but our home folks come first.

I think the real test of how peppy they are is the dead hour of early morning. I often play the Radio until 3 a.m. but I never miss an "Early Bird" Orchestra program. I am hoping you will be kind enough to let this burst into print and give the boys a hand.—M. E. Huebner, Austin, Tex.

I AM enclosing five votes for the Farm Hour Program at WAIV, Columbus, Ohio. This is the best program on the air and I hope to see it win. Neighbor Fred Palmer is a real neighbor, although we can't see the grin. We can hear his hearty laughter and his cheery, "Hello neighbor!" It certainly goes a long way toward making this old world a better and more cheerful one. It puts pep and sunshine into the whole day.—Thelma F. McKittrick, Reinersville, Ohio.

YESTERDAY I mailed six coupon ballots to you, but found this morning I had failed to include the seventh, so here it is, one more vote for the best of 'em all—The Dutch Master's Minstrels! My husband and I would rather miss a good dinner (and HOW we like to eat), than miss hearing the Dutch Masters—they are all artists and it would be difficult to say which one we enjoy most. Here's hoping they win the contest.—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Flynn, Detroit, Mich.

MON cher Editor—Some voix, eet may lead . . . Some voix, eet may sing . . . And some, just don't mean a thing. But oh! mon Dieu, when zat glorious voix of "Palm Oliver" take wing . . .

Some voix, eet may whisper . . . Some voix eet may shout

But zat charming voix of Palm Oliver. Eet sure will get you, if you don't watch out.

Who knows?

Pozee, Paree.—U. S. A. Today.

WE HAVE numbers and numbers of fine entertainers, numbers of fine announcers, but no one like our little old Texas Cowboy Crooner Marc Williams at W. A. C. O. Waco, Texas. I could gladly turn off of any other program to listen to Marc.

I thank the Radio Digest for helping us out on our NBC Entertainers and letting us know them better.—Pearl Spann, Celina, Texas.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

At last! Indi-Gest has come to fame. This columnist is ready to compete now with Amos 'n' Andy, Jessica Dragonette, Rudy Vallee, and all the others who receive such stacks of fan mail. Some one wants my picture. I'm going to take the letter in to the boss and tell him that now that my popularity is proven, he'll have to give me a raise. Well, Frances Cherry, here is my picture, just for you.

The only trouble with my picture is that the artist who drew it either broadcast it on one of these distorted (not balanced-unit) Radio sets, or else he sent it by Radio across the ocean. You can't tell whether I am male or female. Frances calls me Mr. Indi, but maybe I am Mrs. Indi, or Miss Indi. Or maybe I'm Will Rogers or Bernadine Hayes, the Most Beautiful Radio Artist.



Indi-Gest in Person

Here's a giggle I gleefully ran across some time ago during a program broadcast from a middle-western station.

Jones (perhaps you know him?) was discussing, as neighbors are wont to do, local happenings with his friend Smith (I'm sure you know him). As was quite natural under the circumstances, they were conjecturing in regard to Neighbor

Brown's recent purchase of a dog; according to reports, an exceptional and valuable animal.

"He says he paid \$800 for the dog—says it's part bull, part setter."

"Which part do you suppose is bull?"

"That about the \$800."—K. M. Gergen, Turtle Lake, N. D.

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. *Radio Digest* will pay \$5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, \$3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and \$1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Send your contribution to *Indi-Gest*, *Radio Digest*.

A LISTENER'S LIFE

(Being a parody on An Announcer's Life as featured by Mac, and Lennie, and Walter Samuels over CBS.)

We tune, and tune, and try to get a station

For a program which we want so much to hear;

In despair we tear our hair,

We can't get them on the air . . .

A listener's life is not a happy one!

We get all set to listen to a hook-up,

A weekly feature that is bound to please;

Then we could commit a crime,

When locals: "Sorry, trouble on the line . . ."

A listener's life is not a happy one!

We keep our sets tuned to a certain station,

We like the things that it puts on the air;

Then commissions change its wave

Cut its time . . . an early grave! . . .

A listener's life is not a happy one!

We listen daily to the cooking experts,

One says: "Never, never cook soup all day long!"

Another, that same day,

Says: "Cook it just that way!"

A listener's life is not a happy one!

We enjoy the music that is coming to us,

We are ready for an hour or more of it;

Then the announcer starts to blat

About the sponsor's this and that . . .

A listener's life is not a happy one!

By request we send in fan mail to broadcasters,

Telling what we like, and do not like to hear;

If it's praise, their hats they doff,

If it isn't . . . how they scoff! . . .

A listener's life is not a happy one!

But, always hoping for the best we keep on listening,

Perhaps, someday we'll get a lucky break;

Till we do, I'm telling you

(Though it's sad, it's really true) . . .

A listener's life is not a happy one!

—Niagara Nell

INDI'S OWN PUZZLE

Mr. Brown came to me the other day and he said well Indi you got so many letters this month and I read some of them and they all sounded funny so I think you'll have to fill up pages this time instead of two and I said but Mr. Brown my typewriter is broken and I won't space any more and Marcella is busy answering her mail that she won't lend me hers so it'll be hard enough to fill two pages and he said that I'd give anything for an excu-



se not to work but it isn't true I am very industrious and if he and all the Radio Digest readers can't read this I am very sorry but I can't help it.

Well, it's all right, now, my favorite typewriter fix-it man just came up and he located the trouble. He said the reason the space bar wouldn't work was that it was jammed on a pile of twenty-five contributions to Indi-gest's column that I had (with a sad heart) rejected, and then placed under my typewriter by mistake instead of in the files where they belong. According to the new psychologists, that error was just an unconscious wish-fulfillment. I hate so much not to send each one the dollar he craves that it hurts me to file those "rejects" away.

As office critic and observer, I submit . . . one of the feminine proof readers in Radio Digest's print shop got an advance thrill from this issue . . . I peered over her shoulder and what did I see? Rudy Vallee's picture carefully clipped and placed under the glass on her desk.

Elmira Ruben, the Crook Who Didn't Like Ether, should have been a fiction writer . . . he picked so many plausible names for his aliases . . . you know finding plausible names is the author's greatest trouble. He picks one, and then all of a sudden, some one by that name telegraphs and threatens to sue for libel. Is there a John Garland, Mr. Oppenheim?

Just changing an old adage . . . Mme. Schumann Heink says it's the first fifty years that are the hardest . . . Talk about excitement and Thrills, Len Smith sure got me panting for breath with those dashes he used in his Graham McNamee story. He gets paid by the word . . . wonder if he expects us to count the dashes.

There must be something in this Mystery business . . . just look at the Mystery Announcer and his Diamond Meritum medal . . . if remaining incognito pays with spunkers, I'll stay that way.

Well life can't be all pickin' on things and people. Here is a little of the salt of philosophy with the pepper:—

RADIO

The salt sprays fling where the seamen cling

Clutching close to rigging and spar.
And though ocean-wide be the rolling tide

'Tween the sailor and friends afar—
Aye, though leagues away, where the loved lands lay

By the billow's rocky rim;
A message will come from his far-off home,

Bearing hope and cheer for him.

—Renice Radcliffe.

Everett Mitchell at WENR announced, "Swinging in a Hammock with Frank Westphall and the studio orchestra." Some hammock full don't you think?—Mrs. J. E. Wells, Bloomington, Ind.

FLYING NOTES

During the Cheerio half hour over WEAf, the soprano started valiantly on an aria. She sang about four lines—then, suddenly, she stopped! The orchestra carried on alone to the end of the number. But not a word of explanation came from the master of ceremonies, Russell Gilbert, except a brief remark about an accident that had occurred.

Next morning the secret was out. Gilbert said it was a trivial accident—

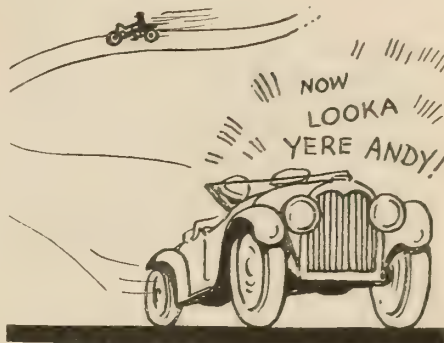


nothing more than a fly which had flown into her very throat as she opened her mouth for a high note!—M. Dowd, New Rochelle, N. Y.

That reminds Indi-Gest of a favorite tongue twister. Say it, I dare you. "A flea and a fly in a flue were imprisoned one day. Said the flea to the fly, 'Let us flee!' Said the fly to the flea, 'Let us fly!'" So together they flew, the flea and the fly from the flue.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

We almost had heart disease the other day when an officer on a motor cycle followed us for several minutes. And when he finally caught up to us we found out that he only wanted to hear Amos 'n' Andy—which gave us a grand and glorious feeling because we had equipped our car with a Radio just the day before.—Mollie Zacharias, Kansas City, Mo.



THE ASININE FOOL!

Heard during the WENR Minstrel Show.

Gene—"Ray, how do you like my new hat?"

Ray—"How much did you pay for that hat?"

Gene—"Fifteen dollars."

Ray—"Where are the holes?"

Gene—"Holes! What holes?"

Ray—"Why, the holes for the ears of the jackass that would pay fifteen dollars for a hat."—Leila Eppley, Wyandotte, Mich.

THE RADIO FAMILY

Monday

Wife—"Come on, let's all go out tonight,

So long since we have seen a show."

Tired man—"This age in which we live is new,

Stay home and tune the radio."

Wednesday

Wife—"Ma sent me two seats for the opera,"

Annoyed man—"Well I, for one don't care,

I can't be bothered going out —
When there's music in the air.

Friday

Wife—"Now dear, tonight is my birthday,

I've asked some folks we know,"

I'll open the ol' piano—

And we'll sing of the long ago."

The Week End

Weary man—Families are so selfish

They're forever on the go

When weary man comes home

He needs his radio!!!!

—Rhea Sheldon, Kansas City, Mo.

After you read the story below you'll learn that stenos and Will Rogers haven't a patent on gum-chewing . . . Radio entertainers can do a little jaw work as well.

Station W I. B. W. at Topeka has a "Sunshine Hour" in which each of the staff adds his bit of entertainment. They seem to make quite a picnic of it among themselves; and the announcer, a peppy, clever, young man has a genial way of letting the listeners in on the studio fun.

While announcing one morning, this summer, he stopped suddenly as though greatly disturbed and said that if the loud smacking in the studio weren't stopped he would be unable to go on. He informed us the "Massey Family," a group of five musicians, were all chewing gum and that the audience would now be favored with the chorus from "Lew-Chew-ia" with variations from "Yucatan".

The five obeyed and stepped up to the mike and smacked their gum with all their might. The effect was uproarious.—*Mrs. Allyn Hartzell, Rossville, Kansas.*

Once upon a time Indi-Gest was a distance fiend and sat up until 1 G.M. o' nights trying to get Cuba and Chile and San Francisco but lately, Indi has been content to just twiddle the dials to our own New York locals. But on seeing the picture of Frank Watanabe and his cheery saffron smile, the old urge arose and after several alarms, the KNX Los Angeles station came in through my set. It took a while, but Frank (Eddy Holder) was worth it. He's hilarious.

Weener Minstrels (WENR). Bill.—"The girls were all dressed swell."

Gene.—"How do you know? What do you know about women's garb?"

Bill.—"Well, I guess I know swell garbage when I see it."—*Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwood, N. J.*

HOT DOG!

The Weenies have it again. If you look carefully, you'll see that the last one, from our keen-eared reporter in New Jersey, comes from the same perpetual spring of humor as this, reported from Kentucky.

(*Weener Minstrels, Station WENR.*)

Gene.—"Chuck, where were you going with those cuspids, last night?"

Chuck.—"I was taking them home to my dog."

Gene.—"To your dog! why, what kind of a dog have you?"

Chuck.—*Spitz.—Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton Avenue, Lexington, Ky.*

MISTAKEN INDENTITY

Being a 'cellist on WCAE—Gimbels in Pittsburgh, I have heard many amusing statements by the announcers.

During the vacation season, a substitute announcer, apparently unfamiliar with composers and compositions, was announcing a program presented by a concert pianist which included a composition by the great German composer, Richard Wagner, from the opera "The Flying Dutchman."

The announcer, anxious to make some comments, inquired of one of the experienced announcers who (in a joke) stated the composition was written by that famous ballplayer (shortstop) Hans Wagner who was often termed "The



Frank Watanabe Himself

Flying Dutchman." This was given with the utmost sincerity on this dignified piano recital.

Much to the announcer's surprise, the Radio editor of a local newspaper who happened to be in the control room, rushed into the studio and inquired again, who composed the number, as he couldn't believe his ears.—*William L. Roberts, 312 N. Graham St., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

That poor substitute announcer probably said good-bye to Gimbel's the next day. Undoubtedly he was sorry he didn't go to school now, when all

children listen in to Walter Damrosch on Friday mornings and will grow up so musically erudite that jazz will be banished from Radio.

Gather round me, and I'll tell you a secret, but don't broadcast it. I was told this by an announcer over in Newark, but promised on my word of honor not to reveal any names.

It seems there was a very, very, very distinguished personage who was scheduled to broadcast on a holiday program in that Jersey city. At the close of his address Paul Whiteman (the joke's not on him, so it's all right) was to burst into the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner", with his band. Of course, Paul Whiteman has his time scheduled down to the last second, but the speakers before the Distinguished Personage talked on and on and on, until Paul grew fidgety.

Just after the Chief Speaker started, the big band leader told the station manager that he would have to leave in fifteen minutes to make a New York engagement. It looked as though the D. P. would talk at least a half hour,

"Excuse, please! Mr. and Mrs. Madame."

"It is to arriving upon Los Angeles for dropping a work of job. I one high class domesticated scientist with brains, sank you! Most duty of recent are useful sweeping and dish to wash also put out milk bottles, nudge away cigar butt and smear dirt from window."

"Hoping you are the same, Frank Watanabe."

and he was not a man whom one could ask to "make it snappy." The tactful Station Manager was not phased, however. He just had the speaker's microphone disconnected at the end of an appropriate sentence and Whiteman's band concluded the program, as scheduled. When Whiteman had finished his program and was in the tubes on the way back to Manhattan, the speaker was still talking into his disconnected mike!

Station WENR, Weener Minstrel Show:

"I was driving by the County Asylum when a woman inmate put her head out of a window on the third floor and shouted:

"I want a bucket of beer, I want it right now and I don't mean maybe."

At that time a colored man, walking by, heard her and said:

"Lady, you might 'a' been crazy when they put you in there, but you is sho' talking sense now."—*W. D. Mackenzie, 406 Woodland St., Nashville, Tenn.*

The gossip shop has one to report on Norman Brokenshire, veteran CBS announcer. New York now has such a complicated system of you-can-park-here-until-blank-o'clock rules and regulations that Norman became a little confused and picked the wrong spot or the wrong hour or something, and was the recipient of one of those complimentary tickets issued by the traffic cop.

In court, when the clerk called "Norman Brokenshire," the judge frowned and said, "You have the same name as the Radio announcer, haven't you?"

"I am the announcer," said Norman.



"If that is true let the court hear you announce," commanded the judge.

After the courtroom resounded with the familiar "How Do You Do, Ladies and Gentlemen, How Do You Do," the judge rapped for order and said, "Very fine, very fine. In fact, \$5.00 Fine!"

HEREAFTER, BUT NOT HEAVEN!

The Dutch Masters over WJZ:—
Al Bernard—Mr. Shelly, do you believe in hereafter?

Mr. Shelly—Yes, I do.

Al—Well, Mr. Shelly do you remember those \$2.00 you borrowed last week?

Mr. Shelly—Uh-huh.

Al—Well, that's what I'm here-after.
—Marion Fensterle, Telford, Pa.

George Bacmus, CBS dramatic director, believes that when the script calls for a kiss or a hug the players should actually go through the motions, even if they are unseen. The other day a woman visitor in a CBS studio saw a male actor ardently kissing his leading lady.

"Do they always do that?" she asked.

"More sometimes," a Page grinned.

"Is that so? Well, I'm that man's wife."—Franklin Day, Sergeant, Ky.

THIS CURL (OR WAVE) IS PERMANENT!

Phil Cook told this good one.

Puffy—Say Phil, how does a hairdresser end his days?

Phil—I don't know Puffy—how does he?

Puffy—He just curls up and dyes—
Carl W. Horn, Lancaster, Pa.

INDI-GEST-ION

Radio John of WJAG, Norfolk, Neb., told the story of two ex-service men who were talking. One told the other that the day before he had met the cook that they had in France. The other looked at him. "He may be a cook to you but to me he was just a source of indigestion."—Frances Cherry, Wayne, Neb.

E-G-Y-P-T

Earl May, teacher of KMA's (Shenandoah, Iowa) country school told a pupil:

"Use the word Egypt in a sentence."

"I paid a grocer and he gave me the change but E-gypt me."—Frances Cherry, Wayne, Neb.

Indy took Marcella out to lunch the other day but discovered only 50c in the exchequer! So Marcella had to pay the check, and while she didn't mean to insinuate that Indy had Scotch characteristics, she said the incident reminded her of this one.

A Scotchman who uses the umpteen dollar a minute telephone to London on business quite often, paid a call on Floyd Gibbons the other day. He wanted to negotiate with a view to obtaining Floyd's services on his twice-weekly long distance conversations!



At W L W the other evening, the announcer introducing the Plymouth Motor Car program said, "The first selection to be played on this evening's program is 'Through.'"—Helen O'Brien, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IT WAS A GAS-EATER

Not so long ago, on an NBC network program, an announcer whom I shall call Mr. Smith and a guest artist who might have been named Miss Jones held a colloquy.

Mr. Smith asked Miss Jones if she had given her car a name. "I call her Shasta," answered Miss Jones.

"Ah," said Mr. Smith, "she must be a daisy, then. Does the name indicate that your car has any connection or relation to the Shasta daisy?" "No connection, whatever," answered Miss

Jones. "I call her Shasta because Sh'hasta have air, sh'hasta have water, sh'hasta have oil, sh'hasta have gas, sh'hasta have a whole lot of things."—W. E. Brown, Fort Worth, Texas.

MALAPROP ON THE AIR

Amos—"Did yo' really love Susie?"
Andy—Well, prepsodent and prepsodid?"

Here are a few from a Milwaukee fan who enjoys Quinn Ryan so much that he must sit down with a shorthand notebook and take down Quinn's remarks verbatim, to gloat over and chuckle upon when there is a big S.O.S. and aerial silence. Or perhaps he doesn't know shorthand and has bought one of those new Victor recording thingamajigs that Indy saw at the Radio show. You know, you just put the needle on and let your power (or plain) speaker mouth its words into the ear of this clever invention. Or you can talk into it yourself and preserve your inflections for your posterity. But to get back to Quinn Ryan:—

Here are some of the amusing excerpts from Quinn Ryan's sport broadcast. Quinn must believe that "Variety is the spice of life".

"Hack Wilson is picking up dirt again. He will do dirt to the next pitch. He only picked up an acre or two. Whee—it's a home run into the right field stands. His thirty-fifth home run with Kiki on first base. Boy! oh boy!" (Whistles)

"Don't collide, boys. McCarthy ought to teach his players some football signals. That is the second time they collided.

"I wonder where Earl Richard is today. He told me this one.



"There was a man, who while walking along the shore of a lake in Wisconsin, always kept on saying, 'No—no—no—No, that isn't it—No—no, no no no—I say NO.' Upon inquiring he found out that this man was a Yes-man from a big Chicago corporation, on his vacation."—M. D. Waite, Chicago, Ill.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Conductor Stokowski Improves Quality of Symphony Orchestra Broadcasts

TO OUR minds one of the outstanding events of the Radio year 1929 was the broadcasting of the symphony concerts by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stokowski. The Philadelphia Storage Battery Company deserves credit for the sponsoring of programs of such merit and the engineers of the National Broadcasting Company who were responsible for the transmission of these programs to the listener must also share in this credit. In these days when almost any aggregation of musicians is likely to be called a symphony orchestra, when anyone who wields a baton is a maestro, it is enjoyable to listen to Mr. Stokowski's orchestra because of its excellence—and because Mr. Stokowski, perhaps more than any other conductor, has taken to heart the problems of broadcasting large symphony orchestras and has worked closely with the broadcast engineers to improve the quality of these programs.

One of the major problems involved in the broadcasting of a symphony concert is that of compressing the volume



Conductor Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra

range of the orchestra within limits that can satisfactorily be transmitted by present-day broadcasting apparatus. Normally this responsibility is assumed by an engineer who adjusts controls to keep the very loud passages from overloading the apparatus, and the triple piano passages from becoming so weak as to be lost to the listener during broadcasting.

Mr. Stokowski reasoned that if the dynamic range of an orchestra must be reduced that the person most qualified to do this is the conductor. He therefore undertook to so conduct his orchestra as to make it unnecessary to have any engineer monitor the program. He did this with the aid of an electrical instrument, mounted on his music stand, which continuously indicated the volume of the music. Mr. Stokowski was then able by careful conducting to keep the volume within the required range. As a result the music, as the listener heard it, seemed much more natural. It had no sudden or artificial changes in volume; it was more nearly an exact reproduction of the sounds being produced by the orchestra.

During the time that has elapsed

since Mr. Stokowski's Radio concerts of last fall, he has been in almost constant touch with NBC engineers. As a result we understand certain new devices have been developed, probably to be used by Mr. Stokowski in his second series of Radio concerts to be broadcast this fall under the sponsorship of the Philadelphia Storage Battery Company.

of the Radio Arts

Experiments with High Power

THE WESTINGHOUSE Electric and Manufacturing Company was recently granted permission by the Federal Radio Commission to experiment with broadcast transmitter power up to 400 kilowatts, which is eight times as much power as is used by the largest existing broadcasting stations. These experiments will be made at the new KDKA station being built near Saxonburg, Pa.

Success of these experiments will depend largely upon a new tube designed by Westinghouse engineers. This tube is rated at 200 kilowatts, it is six feet high, and weighs 60 pounds. Quite a tube! In operation it is necessary to cool the tube, in the same manner that an automobile motor is cooled, by means of circulating currents of cold water.

Approximately five tons of cooling water must be passed through the water jacket of the tube each hour it is in operation—one hour's operation of the tube would heat enough water to supply the requirements of an average home for several weeks.

Whenever a broadcasting station desires to increase its power, or make experiments with the use of high power, someone always seems to raise the cry of "super-power", forgetting that the only reason that a station desires more power is to improve its service to the public. When the term "super-power" is applied to a large power station, such as is to be erected in South Carolina, with a capacity of 200,000 kilowatts, the phrase has some significance. Back in 1924 Mr. David

Sarnoff very sensibly suggested that broadcasting stations using considerable amounts of power could more properly be referred to as "long range stations".

After all, the success of any station depends largely upon its ability to supply a large number of listeners with a signal strong enough for satisfactory reception at all times of the year. This means that

the signal must be strong enough to override local noise and static, for no simple, cheap, and effective device to eliminate static has ever been invented—not that such a device wouldn't be of great utility!

The Institute of Radio Engineers, an organization which numbers among its members many of the most prominent Radio engineers throughout the country,

has laid down some very specific recommendations regarding the most desirable location of broadcasting stations. These recommendations include one to locate a broadcasting station at such a distance from the nearest populous center as to make the interference produced by the station negligible in comparison with its service area. Although the recommendations are based on definite technical considerations, they really consider the old adage, "the greatest good to the greatest number".

* * *

The British Broadcasting Corporation is at present constructing a new building which when completed will be the new center of broadcasting in England, replacing the present headquarters at Savoy Hill. The design of the new building will be simple, almost severe, depending for its effect more on the grouping of masonry than upon profusion of detail.

The estimated cost is between two and two and one-half million dollars. The enterprise is being financed by a syndicate on terms favorable to the British Broadcasting Corporation which retains an option to purchase it and when this appears desirable.



The new tube, designed by engineers of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, to be used in experiments with high power at the new KDKA station being erected at Saxonburg, Pa. This monster tube is six feet tall, weighs 60 pounds, and is cooled by five tons of water each hour of its operation!

Scientific Progress ^{of} _{the} Radio Arts

Electrical Musical Instruments

FROM the earliest days the production of sounds by musical instruments has depended upon one of three things; a current of air, as in the case of horns and the organ, or upon friction, used in instruments which are bowed, or upon percussion, in the case of drums. Some time ago there was announced the RCA Theremin, an instrument utilizing Radio vacuum tubes for the production of musical sounds. This instrument was a development of the Thereminvox, an invention of Professor Leon Theremin, of the Institute Physico-Technique of Leningrad. It was first demonstrated before a select audience of musicians and critics; later, before a much larger audience at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

The RCA Theremin has no stops or keyboards and is operated entirely by the motion of one's hands with respect to two metal bars, one of which controls the pitch and the other the volume. The hands are not placed in contact with the metal bars but are simply brought nearer to or further away from the bars to con-

trol the pitch and volume. The highest tone corresponds very nearly to the top note of an oboe. The lowest note is about the second G below middle C.

More recently we read of another instrument of somewhat similar design. It is known as the "Martenot", named after its inventor, and is said to permit legato, detached or staccato playing. By means of switches a very delicate "attack" is possible, or the attack can be made to resemble that of a saxophone. The instrument has the advantage possessed by the organ of continuous tone and practically unlimited pitch, but in addition can produce vibratos impossible with the organ. A series of "stops" gives the instrument sixteen distinctly different timbres. Although this instrument is operated by a so-called "keyboard" (for want of a better name) it has not the tempered scale of a keyboard instrument. A theoretically infinite number of pitch gradations can be obtained.

What will be the future of these instruments, that had their birth in the laboratory of the physicist and engineer,

and which can be produced as simply as a Radio receiver? About them can be none of the glamour of a skilled instrument maker, of a Stradivarius. Professor Theremin stated, according to an interview published some time ago in *La T. S. F. Pour Tous*, "This is not at all a plaything for me. It is much more a concrete proof, an incontestable demonstration, of my conception of the arts and sciences . . . To prove that science can render the greatest services in the development of the arts, to demonstrate the fertility of an intimate collaboration of the arts and sciences, is my aim."

IT IS reported that Rachmaninoff turned to a member of the audience that witnessed the first demonstration of the Theremin apparatus and said, when she shouted "Bravo!"—"Madame, you exaggerate." But the future of any device is seldom forecast by the first crude demonstration. In the future . . . who knows? One need look no further than his Radio receiver.

The Voice of The Roxy

IT WILL surprise many, who disparage "mechanical music" to learn that the voices and music they hear when they visit the "Roxy", New York's largest theatre, do not come altogether directly from the stage but also reach the audience through a system of loud speakers, located on either side and above the stage. They add volume to the singer's voice and regulate the amount of sound coming from the orchestra and organs. Individual voices can be selected and strengthened above others. Certain orchestral instruments, either singly or in groups, can be brought to greater volume than the others. These results are possible with the aid of microphones located at a number of different positions. There are five microphones in the orchestra pit, one in each of the three organ consoles, and five along the footlights of the stage. In addition there are five microphones on the stage itself, six in the choral boxes and stairways and one more on the stage, hanging overhead. The circuits connect-

ing these microphones make it possible to mix the output of as many as ten mikes.

In addition there is a complete microphone and loud speaker system throughout the theatre, which makes it possible for Roxy or his assistants to talk from any one of the microphones and have his voice heard by the stage-manager, the switchboard operators, the electricians and spotlight operators, and the motion picture operators. In this way he can guide the lighting, modify the tempo or volume of the music, direct the curtain opening and closing and change of scenes.

DURING dress rehearsals Roxy takes a position in the orchestra, with a desk-like arrangement before him, containing a microphone, with which he can speak directly with the operators of the various lighting systems, with the dancers, orchestra conductors, organists, stage hands, and motion picture operators.

Supplementary systems make it pos-

sible for the stage-manager to call the performers to their places. The stage-manager speaks into a microphone at his post on the stage and his orders are heard through loud speakers located in the cafeteria, musician's lounge, rehearsal rooms, and six floors of dressing rooms.

Unintentionally we were given a good demonstration of the effectiveness of these intercommunication systems when we examined the installations a few weeks ago. As we watched the stage performance with our guide, a yellow spotlight was suddenly, and in error, thrown on the stage from one of the spotlight booths. Our guide, with a short exclamation, leaned over, picked up a microphone and said, "Cut off the yellow light." A moment later the yellow spot disappeared from the stage.

We must not close without giving credit to the Western Electric Company, who designed and installed all the loud speaker systems throughout the Roxy Theatre.—It was the Western Electric which perfected recording for the sound pictures.

Chain Calendar Features

See index of wave lengths and kilocycles on page 108

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Sunday

HEROES OF THE CHURCH—

8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WHP WFBF WHEC WAIU
WFMB KMOX KMBC WBCN
WMT WNNC WTRF WBBJ
WREC WDAF WDAF
WPG WNAX

MORNING MUSICAL—

9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WHP WFBF
WHEC WAIU WFBM KMOX
KMBC WBBW KFFJ WSPD
WMT WNNC WDBJ WREC
WLAC KRDL KFFJ WPG
WNAX

LAND O'MAKE BELIEVE—

10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WHP WJAS WAIU KMOX
KMBC WBBW KSCJ WSPD
WMT WNNC WTRF WDBJ
WREC WLAC KFFJ WPG

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT- URES—

10:50 a.m. 9:50 8:50 7:50
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WHP WJAS WAIU KMOX
KSCJ KMBC WBBW WBCN
WSPD WMT WNNC WTRF
WDBJ WREC WLAC KFFJ
WPG

LONDON BROADCAST—

12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
W3XAU WMAL WHP WFBF
WKBW WADC WHK WAIU
WKBN KOIL KSCJ KMBC
WCOO WBBW WTRF WDBJ
WREC KFFJ KFLZ
KVI KFFY WDAY WXYZ

JEWISH ART PROGRAM—

12:45 p.m. 11:45 10:45 9:45
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
W3XAU WHP WFBF WADC
WAIU WJAS WBBW WTRF
KMBC WBSN WCOO WTRF
WDBJ WREC KFFJ KFLZ
KVI KFFY WDAY WXYZ

CONCLAVE OF NATIONS—

1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
WCAU WMAL WHP WFBF
WHEC WKBW WKRC WAIU
WKBN KMOX KOIL KSCJ
KMBC WBSN WCOO WBBW
WBCN WMT WNNC WTRF
WDBJ WREC WREC KLRA
KFFJ KFLZ KFFY
WPG WDAY WXYZ

CATHEDRAL HOUR

2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU
WMAL WHP WFBF WHEC
WKBW WADC WKBN WFBM
KMOX KOIL KSCJ KMBC
WBSN WCOO WBBW WTRF
WBCN WMT WNNC WTRF
WDBJ WREC WREC KLRA
KFFJ KFLZ KFFY
WPG WDAY WXYZ

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYM- PHONY ORCHESTRA—

3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU
WMAL WHP WFBF WHEC
WKBW WADC WKBN WFBM
WFBM WMAQ KMOX KOIL
KSCJ KMBC WBSN WCOO
WBBW KFFJ WBCN WSPD
WMT WNNC WTRF WDBJ
WREC WREC WLAC KRDL
KLRA KFFJ KFLZ KFFY
KHIJ KFFC KVI KFFY
WPG WDAY WXYZ

RELIGIOUS SERVICE—

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WJZ WHZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM WLW KWK WREN
KFAB KSTP WBEBC WJAX
WIOD WMC KOMO WJDX
WOAI KVOO KPRC WFLA
WSB WSUN KOA KTRF
KGO KGW KHQ KDKA

"YOUR EYES"—

4:45 p.m. 3:45 2:45 1:45
WJZ WHZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR KYW
KWK WREN KFAB CKGW

ECHOES OF THE ORIENT—

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WEEI WTAG WFI
WGY WCAE WTAM WFCJ
WWJ WOC WHO WOV
WDAF CKGW

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

TEA TIME TUNES—

5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WEAF WEEI WTAG WFI
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
WWJ KSD WOC CKGW
WHO WOV WDAF

CATHOLIC HOUR—

6:30 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WESH WRC WGY WKY
WBEBC WOD WSM KSTP
WDX KGO KPO WLIT
KHQ WSMB WGR WCAE
KSD KGW KTRF WFCJ
KECA KTRF WDAF WTAMJ
WJAX WFLA WBSN WHAS
WMC WSB WBAP KPRC
WOAI KOA WRVA KVOO
WSAI

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS—

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
KFI KGW WJAS WFBF
KSL KHQ WCKY WSB
WBAL WPTF WAPI WRVA
WFLA WSUN KFAB KFSB
KTRF WJDX

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MAJESTIC THEATRE OF THE AIR—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBF
WKBW WDEL CFBF CKAC
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
WFMB WBBM KMOX KOIL
KMBC WBSN WCOO WBBW
KFI WSPD WNNC WSAZ
WTRF WDBJ WBRF WDOJ
WREC WLAC WBSN KRDL
KLRA KFFJ KTRF KFLZ
KDYL KJLJ KFCF KOIN
KVI KFFY WXYZ WPG
WBT KOL

"OUR GOVERNMENT"—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WTAG WJAR WOSH
WBEBC WGY WCAE KSD
WHAS WKY WSAI WJJC
WSB WMC WSN WFAA
WOW WOAI WPTF WSMB
WTIC WJDX WIOD WFLA
WSUN WOC WHO WEL
WRC WLIT WWJ

WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS—

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WREN
WLW KYW

EL TANGO ROMANTICO—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WJR KWK WREN
WTAG KSTP WJAX
WLBZ WMC WFLA WSN
WBZ WBZA WJDX KFAB
WIOD KOA WSM WCFE

MAYHEW LAKE AND HIS BAND—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBF
WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
WFBM KMOX KOIL KSCJ
KMBC WBSN WBBW WTRF
WSPD WMT WTRF WDBJ
WREC WLAC KLRA KFFJ
KIZ KDYL KFFY WXYZ
WDAY WROC

STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—

10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WEAF WEEI WTAG WFI
WGBH WRC WCAE WJAX
WJAX WJL WGN KSTP
WJAR WTAM KOA WBEBC
KGO KGW WOV KOMO
KHI KHQ WLLI WDAF
WGY WGR KSD

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM—

10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WEAF WEEI WRC WFI
WGY WGR WCAE WJAX
WAI WSAI KSD WOV
KSTP KOA KFLZ KFLZ
KGO KOMO KPO KPO
WSM WMC WFAA KPRC
WOAI WKY WSMB WHAS
WGN WSB WOC WHO

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBF
WHLA WKBW WHK WSPD
WTRF WDBJ WPG WROC

SETH PARKER—

10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJAX WOV WKY WFI
WPTF WGY WRC KOA
KGO WEEI WIOD WMC
WSE WGR WHEC KGW
KRW WSN WHO WJDX
WTAM CKGW KSTP KSD
WDAI WSMB KPRC KOMO
KHO WTMJ WOC KTRF
KISD KVOO

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—

11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KWK WREN
WLW WENR

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—

11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WEEI WTAG WFI
WGBH WRC WCAE WJAX
WJAX WJL WGN KSTP
WJAR WTAM KOA WBEBC
KGO KGW WOV KOMO
KHI KHQ WLLI WDAF
WGY WGR KSD

Monday

ORGAN REVEILLE— Daily except Sunday—

8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBF
WKBW WDEL CFBF CKAC
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
WFMB WBBM KMOX KOIL
KMBC WBSN WCOO WBBW
KFI WSPD WNNC WSAZ
WTRF WDBJ WBRF WDOJ
WREC WLAC WBSN KRDL
KLRA KFFJ KTRF KFLZ
KDYL KJLJ KFCF KOIN
KVI KFFY WXYZ WPG
WBT KOL



Toscha Seidel, famous violinist, heard over the CBS

IDENT BIC BROTHER CLUB—

7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WRC
WGY WGR WTAG WFCJ
WWJ WSAI WCAE WOC
WHO WOV KSD WLIT
WDAF

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU
WMAL WHP WFBF WHEC
WKBW WADC WKBN WFBM
WFBM WMAQ KMOX KOIL
KSCJ KMBC WBSN WCOO
WBBW KFFJ WBCN WSPD
WMT WNNC WTRF WDBJ
WREC WREC WLAC KRDL
KLRA KFFJ KFLZ KFFY
KHIJ KFFC KVI KFFY
WPG WDAY WXYZ

WILLIAM OILOMATICS—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WHZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM WLW KWK WREN
KFAB KSTP WBEBC WJAX
WIOD WMC KOMO WJDX
WOAI KVOO KPRC WFLA
WSB WSUN KOA KTRF
KGO KGW KHQ KDKA

MAJOR ROWES' FAMILY—

7:35 p.m. 6:35 5:35 4:35
WEAF WEEI WJAR WRC
WGY WGR WTAG WFCJ
WWJ WSAI WCAE WOC
WHO WOV KSD WLIT
WDAF WFLA WBSN WHAS
WMC WSB WBAP KPRC
WOAI WTMJ WTAM

ENNA JETTIC MELODIES—

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WHZ WBZA WHAM
KWK WKY WJR WREN
WFAA KPRC WOAI WHAS
WSAI WTMJ KSTP KDKA
WJAX WMC KOA KYW

COLLIERS RADIO HOUR—

8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WJZ WHZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR WLW WJAX
KWK WREN KOA KFLZ
KHQ KOMO KTRF KFLZ
KGO KGW WOV KOMO
KHI KHQ WLLI WDAF
WGY WGR KSD

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU WTMJ WCAU WMAL
WJAS WLBW WHEC WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
KMOX KOIL KMBC WCOO
WSPD WXYZ WBT

CHASE AND SANBORN CHORAL ORCHESTRA

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WRC
WGY WGR WTAG WFCJ
WJZ WHZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM WLW KWK WREN
KFAB KSTP WBEBC WJAX
WIOD WMC KOMO WJDX
WOAI KVOO KPRC WFLA
WSB WSUN KOA KTRF
KGO KGW KHQ KDKA

JESSE CRAWFORD, Post of the Ocean

8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBF
WKBW WDEL CFBF CKAC
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
WFMB WBBM KMOX KOIL
KMBC WBSN WCOO WBBW
KFI WSPD WNNC WSAZ
WTRF WDBJ WBRF WDOJ
WREC WLAC WBSN KRDL
KLRA KFFJ KTRF KFLZ
KDYL KJLJ KFCF KOIN
KVI KFFY WXYZ WPG
WBT KOL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE QUAKER MAN—
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WJAR WEEI WTAG
WCBS WFI WRC WGY
WGR WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI CKGW WRVA WPTF
WJAX WIOD WFLA

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily except Sunday)—
8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WCAE WRC WHAS
WOW WGR WFI WCHS
WLS WJAR WWJ WKY
WPTF WIOD WAPI WFLA
WSUN WTAG WJAX WJDX
WRC WRVA

CHEERIO (daily except Sunday)—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WCKY WRC
WGR WJAR WGY WCHS
WCAE WWJ WOV WDAF
KSTP WAPI KPRC WFI
WBS WJAX WPTF WTAG
WOAI CKGW WIOD WHAS
WFLA WSN WTAM WSM
WMC WIO WJDX

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily except Sunday)—
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WCAU WEXAU
WMAL WHP WFLB WKBW
WKRC WBNB KMOX KSCJ
KFH WBCM WSPD WUNC
WBDJ WBRB WLAC KLRA
KFJF WPG

THE MELODY PARADE—(daily except Sunday)—
8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
WMAL WHP WJAS WFLB
WKBW WHK WBNB KOIL
KSCJ KMBK WLBW KFJF
WBCM WSPD WMT WUNC
WBDJ WBRB WLAC KLRL
KLRA KFJF WPG

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—(daily except Sunday)—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WHP WJAS
WFLB WKBW WADC WMAQ
KMOX KOIL KSCJ WBCM
WMT WWC WDBJ WBRB
WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
WPG WXYZ

MORNING MELODIES—(daily except Sunday)—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WRC WWJ WOW
WHAS WGY WTAM WAPI
WGR WSM WIO

POPULAR BITS—THE QUAKER CRACKLES MAN—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WLS WRC WJR
KWK WLN KFAB WTJ
KSTP WBCB

BLUE MONDAY GLOOM CHASERS—
9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
WMAL WHP WLBW WFLB
WHK WKBW WADC KMOX
KOIL KSCJ KMBK KFJF
WBCM WSPD WUNC WBDJ
WBRB WBRB WLAC KLRL
KLRA KFJF KDYL WPG

RADIO HOME MAKERS—(daily except Sunday)—
10:00 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WLBW WFLB
WKBW WADC WKRC KMOX
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN
WBCM WSPD WUNC WBDJ
WLAC KLRL KLRA KFJF
WPG WXYZ

THE MANHATTENERS—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WREN WRVA
KSTP WHAM KYW WSM
WSB WAPI WTJ WJZ
WBAL KWK

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCHS
WLIT WRC WHAS WSM
WSB WGR WCAE WWJ
WSAI KPRC KTM KSD
WOW WMTJ WLBW
WAPI WSMB KTHS KVOO
KPRC WOAI WKY WEEI
WGY WMC

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WTAG WRC WGR
WCAE WWJ WTMJ WJDX
WBCB WRVA WHAS WMC
WAPI WGY KSTP WSM
WTAM WIO KOA

COLUMBIA REVUE—(daily except Sunday)—
12:00 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WLBW WCAU
W3XAU WCAO WMAL WHP
WJAS WLBW WHK WKBW
WADC WFBM KSCJ KMBK
WISN WCCO WLBW WBCM
WMT WUNC WTAR WBDJ
WBRB WBRB KLRA KFJF
KHJ KFJF WPG
WPG WDAY WORC KOL
WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHES-TRA—(daily except Sunday)—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WLBW WFLB
WMAK WADC WBRB WAIU
KSCJ KMBK WLBW KFJF
WBCM WMT WTAR WBRB
WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
KLZ KDYL KVI KFPY
WPG WDAY WORC KOL
WXYZ

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WJZ WHAM KDKA WJR
WLW KSTP WBCB WRVA
WPTF WHAS WSM WOV
WMC WSB KVOO WKY
WOAI WRC WIO WDAF
KPRC WJDX WBAL WSMB
WIOD KWK WREN KOA
WBZ WOC WBA WFAA
KFAB WAPI KTHS WFLA
WSUN KFKX WJAX

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-URES—(daily except Sunday)—
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WFLB WHEC
WMAK WRC WKBW WMAQ
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN
WCCO WLBW WBCM WSPD
WMT WUNC WTAR WBDJ
WREC WLAC KLRL KLRA
KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY WPG WDAY WORC
KOL WXYZ

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WFLB WHEC
WMAK WADC WBRB WAIU
WKBW WFLB WMAK WFLB
KMBK WISN WBCM WSPD
WMT WUNC WTAR WBDJ
WBRB WREC WLAC KLRL
KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
KHJ KPRC KVI KFPY
WPG WDAY WORC KOL
WXYZ

THE MERRY MAKERS—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WEAF KSD WOC WHO
WCAE WTAG WDAF WWJ
WRC WGR WDM

LADY NEXT DOOR—(daily except Sunday)—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WRC KSD WTAG
WSM WGR WFAA WHAS
WRC WGR WDM

MY BOOKHOUSE STORY TIME—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WFLB WKBW WADC WOWO
WSPD WXYZ

BLACK AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA
(daily except Sunday)—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WEAF WOC WKY KOA
WHO WRC WGY WCAE
WOW KSTP CKGW WSM
WGR WAPI KGO KTAR
WCHS KSD WHAS

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WJZ WBL WKA KWK
KOA KSL KGO KOMO
KFAB KGW KPO WLW
CKGW WRC WHAS KDKA
KSTP KFSD KTAR WAPI
WFAA

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WJZ WBZ WBZ WHAM
WRVA WPTF WJAX WIOD
KDKA
WFAA

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJZ WBZ WHAM KDKA
WBZ WRC CKGW WRVA
WPTF WJAX WIOD WCKY
WFLA WSUN WBAL

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kalten-berg—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
W3XAU WCAO WMAL WHP
WJAS WLBW WFLB WHEC
WKBW WAIU WFBM KMOX
KOIL KSCJ WISN WIBC
KFH WBCM WMT WUNC
WTAR WBDJ KLRA KFJF
KLZ KVI KPRC KFPY
WDAY WORC KOL

PHIL COOK—(daily ex. Sunday)—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBL WCA WFLA
WSUN WIOD WKY WRVA
WPTF WJAX WBAL WHAM
KDKA WHAS WENR KWK
WREN KFAB WTMJ KSTP
WSB WSMB WBRB KVOO
KOA KSL KGO KECA
KGW WRC KOMO KHQ
KFSD KTAR KPRC WFAA

EVANGELINE ADAMS—(Mon. Wed. and Friday)—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

WJAS WLBW WFLB WHEC
WKBB WCBW WADC WHK
WKRC WAIU WFBM KMOX
KOIL WISN WCCO WGL
WSPD WUNC WTAR WBSJ
WGST WBRB WODD WREC
WDRB WRR KJFJ
WXYZ KTRH

SINCLAIR PROGRAM—
"Going Places"
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
WCAO WKBW WADC WHK
WKRC WCAO KMOX KOLL
KSCJ WSPD WGST KRLD
WXYZ WBT

ROXY AND HIS GANG—
7:50 p.m. 6:50 5:50 4:50
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KWK WSB WSM WCKY
KGO KFAB WCA WFLA
WSUN WRC KGW WCLF
CKGW WIO KTHS

HALF HOUR IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WIOD WPTF WJAX
WJAR WTAG WCHS WRC
KSFJ KOMO WRC WCAE
WGR WFCJ WWJ WSAI
KSD WOC WOV WDAF
KYW WDAF KSTP WDJX
WSMB KGO KVOO KPRC
WOAI KOA KECA KGW
WFLA WSUN WTIC

A. & P. GYPSIES—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAR
WTIC WCHS WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WWJ
WSAI WGN KSTP WOC
WDAF WTAM WOV WHO

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KYW KWK
WSMB WREN KSTP WBCB
WSM KTHS WMT WJAX
KOA KSL WCKY WJDX
KGO KECA KGW KHQ
KOMO WTMJ WHAS WMC
WFAA WSB KVOO KPRC

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL SYM-phony Hour—Henri Verbrugghen
Conductor.
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
WADC WKBW WWC WBCB
WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBK
WISN WCCO WSPD WXYZ
WBT WPG

AMERICAN MAIZE PROGRAM—Ad-ventures of Don Amaizo.
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WCAU W3XAU WLBW
WADC WHK WKRC WKBW
WBBM KOIL KSCJ WISN
WCCO WSPD WMT KLZ
KDYL KHJ KPRC KOIN
KFPY WCAH WDAY WNAH
KNX KOL

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAO
WLBW WFLB WKBW WFBM
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN
WIBW KFH WBCM WMT
WUNC WTAR WBDJ WBRB
WREC KLRA KFJF KLZ
KFPY WPG WNAH WDAY
WORC KOL WXYZ

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WHEC WKBW WFBM KOIL
KMBK WISN WCCO WIBW
KFH WBCM WSPD WMT
WUNC WTAR WBDJ WGR
WBRB WRC WODD WREC
WLAC KLRA KLZ KDYL
KPRC KFPY WXYZ WDAY
KOL WBT WNAH

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—
Heywood Brown—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WLBW WFLB WHK WKBW
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN
WCCO WLBW KFH WBCM
WMT WUNC WTAR WBDJ
WBRB WREC KLRA KFJF
KLZ KFPY WPG WNAH
WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

SONNY WATKINS AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WFLB WHK WKRC
WKBW WFBM WMT WJAX
KMBK WISN WCCO WIBW
KFH WBCM WSPD WMT
WUNC WTAR WBDJ WBRB
WREC KLRA KFJF KLZ
KFPY WPG WNAH WDAY
WORC KOL WXYZ

BOURJOIS—An Evening in Paris—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
CPRB WADC WHK WKRC
WUNC WNC WBBM WMOX
KMBK WSPD WXYZ WPG
WBT

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WLW KWK KYW
WJR WREN CKGW

GENERAL MOTORS FAMILY PARTY
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WCHS WTAG WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
WWJ WGN KSD WOC
WOW WSAI WDAF WBC
WTJ WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WJAX WFAA KBC
WOAI WPRC WKY KOA
KSL KGO KGW KOMO
KHQ WHO

ROBERT BURNS PANATELA PRO-GRAM—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WWO
WBCM WMAQ KMOX KOIL
KMBK WCCO WSPD KRLD
KFJF KTHS KLZ KDYL
KHJ KPRC KOIN KVI
KFPY WXYZ KOL KFPY
KTRH KOL WPG WBT

STROMBERG-CARLSON PROGRAM
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WHAM WJZ WBZ WBZA
WREN KDKA KYW KWK
WIOD WBCB WRVA WJAX
WSB WHAS WSM WMC
KPRC WSB WKY KTHS
KFI WOAI KOA KGO
KOMO WCKY KGW KHQ
KVOO WJDX KSTP WPTF
KFSD WFLA WSUN KTAR

SIGN OF THE SHELL—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
WSAI WENR KSD WOC
WOW WDAF WRVA KOA
KSTP WPTF WJAX WIOD
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WJDX WBCB WHO
WTAM

EMPIRE BUILDERS—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR WLW KYW
KWK WREN WTMJ WOAI
KSTP WBCB KOL KSL
KGO KECA KGO KOMO
KHV KTAR KFSD WKY
WBAP

POPULAR BITS—QUAKER CRACK-ELS MAN—Phil Cook
8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WLS WRC WOC WOC
WTJ WJR WREN KWK
KFAB KSTP WBCB WAPI
WSMB WJDX KVOO KPRC
WCAI WOV WJAX WKY
WDAF WBCB WPTF WJAX
WIOD WFLA WSUN WHAS
WSM WMC WSB

MORNING MOODS—(Daily except Sunday and Monday)
9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
WMAL WHP WLBW WFLB
WKBW WADC WAIU KMOX
KOIL KSCJ KMBK KFJF
WBCM WSPD WUNC WBDJ
WBRB WREC WLAC KLRL
KLRA KFJF WPG WXYZ

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WCKY KWK WSM
WMC WSB WAPI WSMB
WREN KSTP WBCB WRVA
WLBW WODD WNC KVOO
WBAP KPRC WOAI KFAB
WKY WTMJ WHAS WPTF
WJDX WJAX

"YOUR CHILD"—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WRC WOC WGY
WJZ WSM KSTP WJAR
WCAE WSAI WJAX WIOD
WHAS WKY KPRC KTHS
WDAF WRVA WAPI WSMB
WOAI KOA WHO WTAG
WIO

FAMOUS FOLK—
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WHEC WKBW WAIU KMOX
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN
WBCM WSPD WUNC WBDJ
WBRB WREC KRLD KLRA
KVI KFPY WPG WORC
KOL WXYZ

THE METROPOLITANS—Nat Brusil-off and his Novelty Orchestra.
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WHEC WKBW WAIU WKBW
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN
WBCM WSPD WUNC WBDJ
WBRB WREC KRLD KLRA
KVI KFPY WPG WXYZ
WDAY WORC

Tuesday

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MASTER SINGERS QUARTET—
 Male Quartet.
 2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

ITALIAN IDYLL—

Vincent Sorey and his Orchestra.
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

COLUMBIA ARTIST'S RECITAL—
 Catherine Fields, Soprano; and John Barclay, Baritone.

4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

RHYTHM KINGS—Nat Brusiloff and his Novelty Orchestra.

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—

6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

Seconyland Sketches—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

THE EARLY BOOK WORM—

Alexander Woolcott.
 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

BLACKSTONE PROGRAM—

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

THE FLORSHEIM FROLIC—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

PREMIER ORCHESTRA—

8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

HENRY-GEORGE—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

EVEREADY PROGRAM—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

HAPPY WONDER BAKERS—

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

**PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAY-
HOUSE—**
 10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

RADIO-KEITH-ORPHEUM

PROGRAM
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

BETTY CROCKER—
 10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—

11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

COLUMBIA LITTLE SYMPHONY—

2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

MUSICAL ALBUM—Columbia Salon
 Orchestra with Lillian Bucknam,
 Soprano; and Kenyon Congdon,
 Bass.

4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

FOOTNOTES—Dance Orchestra Di-
 rected by Nat Brusiloff.

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

TEA TIMERS—

5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

COLUMBIA MALE TRIO—

5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"

6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

JACK ALBIN AND HIS HOTEL BOS-
SERT ORCHESTRA

6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—

6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—

7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN
WASHINGTON"

7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

"DIC-A-DOO ENTERTAINERS"—

7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ



Landt Trio and White broadcast six mornings a week over NBC

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

ENNA JETTICK SONGVURD—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

GRAYBAR'S MR. AND MRS.—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

ANHEUSER BUSCH PROGRAM—

11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—

11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PIC-
TURE—

11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

RADIOHOME MAKERS—

10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WBLW WFLB
 WMAK WADW WHK WRCR
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBC WSPD WFTS WISN
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WERC WREC WLAC WFLA
 KFJF KILZ KDYL KFRK
 KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
 WORC WXYZ

Wednesday

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
ESKIMO PIE PROGRAM—
 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WABC W2XE WNAC WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WHEC WKBW WFLB WKRC
 WKRC WMAQ KMOX WCCO
 WGST WBRG KRDL WBT

TOSCHA SEIDEL AND CONCERT ORCHESTRA—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WMAL WHP WJAS
 WLBW WFLB WKBW WADC
 WHK WAU WFBM KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBW KFH WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WTAR WDBJ
 WBRG WREC WLAC KRDL
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 KFRC KVI KFPY WDAY
 WDAY WORC WXYZ

EAST OF CAIRO—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WEA W2XE WGR WOC
 WDAF WJW WJDX WSBM
 WJAR KGO KGW WHO
 WEEI WTAM

FORTY FATHOM TRAWLERS—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WLBW WFLB
 WHEC WKBW WADC WHK
 WKRC WWO WFBM WMAQ
 KMOX WSPD WXYZ WPG
 WBT

MOBILLOIL CONCERT—
 8:00 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WEA W2XE WJW WTAG
 WCHS WLIT WRC WGR
 WSAI KSD WLW WJFC
 WTAM KOA WFAA
 KPRC WOAI WKY KSL
 WTIC WGY WGN WBCB
 WDAF WCAE WHO WOC
 WWJ

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WEA W2XE WTIC WJAR
 WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC
 WGY WGR WCAE WSAI
 KSD WOC WHO WOV
 WJAX WJW WHAS WMC
 WSB WSBM KOA
 KPRC WOAI KGO KOMO
 KHW KGW KSTP KSL
 CKGW KYW WTMJ WHO
 WRVA WSM

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW KMJ WFLB
 WKBW WADC WHK WKRC
 WAU WWO WFBM WBBM
 KMOX KOIL KSCJ KMBC
 WISN WCCO KFH WSPD
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 WLAP KRDL KLRA KFJF
 KLZ KDYL KHJ KOL
 KFRC KOIN KVI KFPY
 WXYZ WCAH WPG WBT
 KFBK

WADSWORTH PROGRAM—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 WLS KWK WREN WCKY
 KDKA

O'CEDAR TIME—
 9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WLS
 KWK WREN KDKA WHAM

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WREN WLW KYW
 WSJS WPTF WRVA WJR
 KWK

LA PALINA SMOKER—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WAU
 WWO WMAQ KMOX KOIL
 KMBC WISN WCCO WSPD
 WREC WXYZ WBT WPG

PALMOLIVE HOUR—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WEA W2XE WTIC WJAR
 WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC
 WGY WGR WCAE WSAI
 WSAI WGN KSD WOC
 WOV WSBM KSTP WTMJ
 WHAS WSM WMC WHO
 WSH WJAX KVOO WOAI
 KOA KSL KGO KGW
 KOMO KHQ WFAA KECA
 KPRC

VOICE OF COLUMBIA—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WLBW WFLB WKBW WADC
 WADC WFBM KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
 WBCN WSPD WMT WNNC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC KOL

COCA COLA PROGRAM—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WEA W2XE WTIC WJAR
 WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC
 WGY WGR WCAE WSAI
 WSAI WGN KSD WOC
 WOV WSBM KSTP WTMJ
 WHAS WSM WMC WHO
 WSH WJAX KVOO WOAI
 KOA KSL KGO KGW
 KOMO KHQ WFAA KECA
 KPRC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WLBW WWO WFBM WMAQ
 KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
 WIBW WBCN WSPD WMT
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
 WBRG WDOE WREC WLAC
 KLRA KLZ WXYZ WBT
 WDAY WREC WXYZ

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS HOTEL ST. REGIS ORCHESTRA—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WEA W2XE WJW WJDX
 WCAE WJW WJDX WSBM
 WOC WHO WOV WOC
 WJDX WKY

WILL OSBORNE—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WJW WTAG
 WLBW WFLB WRC WGR
 WFBM WFLB WFLB WFLB
 WISN WCCO KSCJ KMBC
 WBCN WMT WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRG WREC WLAC
 KFJF KFPY WPG WXYZ
 WDAY WORC

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—
 Heywood Brown
 11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WLBW WFLB WFLB WFLB
 WKBN WFBM KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WCCO WBCN
 KFH WBCN WMT WNNC
 WTAR WDBJ WBRG WREC
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 WDAY WREC WXYZ

ABE AND DAVID—
 11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WJZ WSAI WJW WJDX
 KSD WOC WSAI WSAI
 WBEBC WHAS WSBM WJAS
 WTAM WJFC WOV WTMJ
 WMC WSB KSTP

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N' ANDY—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 KYW KWK WREN WTMJ
 KSTP WLBW WFLB WFLB
 KTHS KECA WBC WBC
 KPRC WOAI KSL WDAF
 KOA KFSO WMAQ KGO
 WJDX WSM KOMO KGW
 KHQ WHAS WMC WSB
 WSBM WJR

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAJ WLBW WFLB WFLB
 WHK WFBM KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
 KFH WBCN WMT WNNC
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WREC KLRA KFJF KPRC
 KFPY WPG WDAY WXYZ
 WORC

PHIL SPITALNY'S MUSIC—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WEA W2XE WJW WJDX
 WDAF WJW WJDX WSBM
 WOC WHO WOV WOC
 WJDX WKY

ROYAL YORK ORCHESTRA—
 12:00 Mid. 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WJR WLW WIBO
 KWK WREN KFAB

HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON ORCHESTRA—
 12:30 Mid. 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30
 WEA W2XE WJW WJDX
 WDAF WJW WJDX WSBM
 WOC WHO WOV WOC
 WJDX WKY

RADIO HOME MAKERS—
 10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WAU
 WWO WMAQ KMOX KOIL
 KMBC WISN WCCO WSPD
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WREC KLRA KFJF KPRC
 KFPY WPG WDAY WXYZ
 WORC

HOUSE EFFICIENCY—
 10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WLBW WFLB WKBW WADC
 WADC WFBM KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
 WBCN WSPD WMT WNNC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

BARBARA GOULD BEAUTY TALK—
 10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WAU
 WWO WMAQ KMOX KOIL
 WSPD WGST WDSU KRDL
 WXYZ WPG WBT

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
BON AMI RADIO MATINEE—
 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WEA W2XE WJW WJDX
 WCAE WJW WJDX WSBM
 WOC WHO WOV WOC
 WJDX WKY

THE FIVE ARTS—
 11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—
 3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

THE CAPTIVATORS—
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

MELODY MAGIC—
 4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
 5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—
 6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

MACDOUGALL RAMBLERS—
 6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN SING—
 7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
 WEA W2XE WJW WJDX
 WCAE WJW WJDX WSBM
 WOC WHO WOV WOC
 WJDX WKY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 WLS KWK WREN WCKY
 KDKA

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WEA W2XE WJW WTAG
 WCHS WLIT WRC WGR
 WSAI KSD WLW WJFC
 WTAM KOA WFAA
 KPRC WOAI WKY KSL
 WTIC WGY WGN WBCB
 WDAF WCAE WHO WOC
 WWJ

ROMANY PATTERN—
 8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN—
 8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

VAN HEUSEN PROGRAM—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WWO
 KMOX KOIL KMBC WCCO
 WSPD WBT WPG

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 NBC Service to WEA W2XE
 WJW WJDX WSBM WNNC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WREN WLW KYW
 WSJS WPTF WRVA WJR
 KWK

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WEA W2XE WJW WJDX
 WCAE WJW WJDX WSBM
 WOC WHO WOV WOC
 WJDX WKY

DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJW WJDX WSBM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

LUTHERAN LAYMEN LEAGUE PROGRAM—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WWO
 WBBM KMOX KOIL WCCO
 WSPD WDSU KRDL KLZ
 KDYL KHJ KFRC KOIN
 KFPY WXYZ KOL

Thursday

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 KYW WKY WREN WTMJ
 KSTP WKY KPRC WEBC
 WOAI KOA KSL KFSD
 WDAF WMAQ KGO WBAP
 WLW KECA KOMO KFI
 KHQ WWSB WJDX WJR
 WSB WWSB WJDX WJR
 KFAB KTHS

Saturday

COLUMBIA MALE TRIO with Virginia Arnold, Pianist.
 10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WNAC WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WHP
 WLW WLW WBFL WHC
 WKBW WADK WKH WAIU
 WFBM KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WCCO KFH
 WBCN WSPD WNNC WDBJ
 WLAC KLRA KFPY WPG
 WXYZ

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT—
 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WNAC WCAU
 WLW W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WHC WKBW WAIU WKBW
 WFBM KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WCCO KFH
 WBTAR WDBJ WREC KRLD
 KLRA KFI KFJF KFYF
 KFRK KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—
 11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WFAF WEEI WVIC WJAR
 WCHS WLIT WRC WGY
 WGR WCAE WTM WJW
 WSAI WJAS WFLB WHC
 WOV WTMJ KSTP WEBC
 WHAS WSM WMC WSB
 WAPI WWSB KVOO KPRC
 WOAI WKY KTHS

SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA—
 1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

COLUMBIA ARTISTS RECITAL—
 2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
 Vincent Sorey and his Orchestra
 2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

MASTER SINGERS QUARTET—Male
 Quartet.
 3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

SPANISH SERENADE—
 4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHES-
TRA—
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-
URES—Dr. Thatcher Clark's
 French Lesson.
 5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

THE JAMESES—
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WFAF WJAS WFLB WHC
 WCHS WLIT WRC WGY
 WGR WCAE WTM WJW
 WSAI WJAS WFLB WHC
 WOV WTMJ KSTP WEBC
 WHAS WSM WMC WSB
 WAPI WWSB KVOO KPRC
 WOAI WKY KTHS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

TOM, DICK AND HARRY—
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

RHYTHM RAMBLERS—
 6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WFAF WJAS WFLB WHC
 WCHS WLIT WRC WGY
 WGR WCAE WTM WJW
 WSAI WJAS WFLB WHC
 WOV WTMJ KSTP WEBC
 WHAS WSM WMC WSB
 WAPI WWSB KVOO KPRC
 WOAI WKY KTHS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

DIXIE'S CIRCUS—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WJZ WLW KDKA KYW
 WBAL WHAM WJR WBZ
 WBZA KSTP KVOO WOAI
 KPRC WKY WBAP

RIN-TIN TIN THRILLER—
 8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
 WJZ WLW KDKA KYW
 WBAL WHAM WJR WBZ
 WBZA KSTP KVOO WOAI
 KPRC WKY WBAP

COLUMBIA MALE CHORUS—
 8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

JOHNS-MANVILLE FIRE FIGHTERS
—Dramatic Sketch
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

INDEX TO WAVE LENGTHS AND KILOCYCLES

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

Kc.	Kc.
CKGQ.....960	WFJC.....1450
KDKA.....980	WFLA.....620
KECA.....1340	WGN.....720
KFAB.....770	WGR.....550
KFI.....640	WGY.....790
KFSD.....600	WHAM.....1150
KXXX.....1020	WHAS.....820
KGO.....790	WHO.....1000
KGW.....620	WIBO.....560
KHQ.....590	WIOD.....560
KOA.....830	WJAR.....890
KOMO.....920	WJAX.....900
KPO.....680	WJDX.....1270
KPRC.....920	WJR.....750
KSD.....550	WJZ.....760
KSL.....1130	WKY.....900
KSTP.....1460	WLIT.....560
KTAR.....620	WLS.....870
KTHS.....1040	WLW.....700
KVOO.....1140	WMC.....780
KWK.....1350	WOAI.....1190
KYW.....1020	WOC.....1000
WAPI.....1140	WOW.....590
WBAL.....1060	WPTF.....680
WBAP.....800	WRC.....950
WBZ.....990	WREN.....1220
WBZA.....990	WRVA.....1110
WCAE.....1220	WSA.....1330
WCFL.....970	WSB.....740
WCYK.....1480	WSM.....650
WCHS.....940	WSMB.....1320
WDAF.....610	WSUN.....620
WEAF.....660	WTAG.....580
WEBC.....1290	WTAT.....1070
WEH.....590	WTIC.....1060
WENR.....870	WTMJ.....620
WFAA.....800	WVJ.....920

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Kc.	Kc.
CFRB.....960	WEAN.....780
CKAC.....730	WEAN.....610
KDYL.....1290	WFBL.....1360
KFH.....1300	WFBN.....1230
KFJF.....1480	WFIW.....940
KFPY.....1340	WGST.....890
KFRK.....610	WHCC.....1440
KHJ.....900	WHK.....1390
KLRA.....1390	WHP.....1430
KLZ.....560	WIBW.....580
KMBC.....950	WISN.....1120
KMOX.....1090	WJAX.....1290
KOIL.....1260	WJJD.....1130
KOIN.....940	WKBW.....1480
KOL.....1270	WKRC.....550
KRLD.....1040	WLAC.....1470
KSCJ.....1330	WLBW.....1260
KTRH.....1120	WLBZ.....620
KTSA.....1290	WMAK.....900
KVI.....760	WMAJ.....630
WABC.....860	WMAQ.....670
WADC.....1320	WMT.....600
WAIU.....640	WNAC.....1230
WBBM.....770	WNAX.....570
WBCN.....1410	WOWO.....1160
WBRC.....930	WPG.....1100
WBT.....1080	WOAM.....560
WCAH.....1430	WREC.....600
WCAU.....600	WRR.....1280
WCAU.....1170	WSPD.....1340
WCCO.....810	WTDAR.....780
WDAE.....1220	WTOC.....1260
WDAF.....940	WVNC.....570
WDBJ.....930	WXYZ.....1240
WDBO.....1120	W2XE.....6120
WDDO.....1280	W3XAU.....9590
WDSU.....1250	

HUSTON RAY AND HIS ORCHESTRA

7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15
WEAN WLBZ WCAU W3XAU			
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW			
WFBL WHC WKH WCRK			
WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD			
WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ			
WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF			
KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ			

NECCO SURPRISE PARTY—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ			
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL			
WHP WJAS WFLB WHC			
WMAK WADK WKH WCRK			
WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD			
WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ			
WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF			
KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ			

SILVER FLUTE—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF WEEI WVIC WJAR			
WCHS WLIT WRC WGY			
WGR WCAE WTM WJW			
WSAI WJAS WFLB WHC			
WOV WTMJ KSTP WEBC			
WHAS WSM WMC WSB			
WAPI WWSB KVOO KPRC			
WOAI WKY KTHS			

ROMANCE OF AMERICAN INDUS-

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ			
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL			
WHP WJAS WFLB WHC			
WMAK WADK WKH WCRK			
WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD			
WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ			
WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF			
KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ			

POP CONCERT—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF WEEI WVIC WJAR			
WCHS WLIT WRC WGY			
WGR WCAE WTM WJW			
WSAI WJAS WFLB WHC			
WOV WTMJ KSTP WEBC			
WHAS WSM WMC WSB			
WAPI WWSB KVOO KPRC			
WOAI WKY KTHS			

THE FULLER MAN—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ WLW KDKA KYW			
WBAL WHAM WJR WBZ			
WBZA KSTP KVOO WOAI			
KPRC WKY WBAP			

SIGN OF THE SHELL—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF WEEI WVIC WJAR			
WCHS WLIT WRC WGY			
WGR WCAE WTM WJW			
WSAI WJAS WFLB WHC			
WOV WTMJ KSTP WEBC			
WHAS WSM WMC WSB			
WAPI WWSB KVOO KPRC			
WOAI WKY KTHS			

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS—Harry

8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ			
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL			
WHP WJAS WFLB WHC			
WMAK WADK WKH WCRK			
WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD			
WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ			
WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF			
KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ			

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ			
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL			
WHP WJAS WFLB WHC			
WMAK WADK WKH WCRK			
WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD			
WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ			
WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF			
KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ			

RUDY VALLEE AND HIS ORCHES-

12:00 Mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WEAF WEEI WVIC WJAR			
WCHS WLIT WRC WGY			
WGR WCAE WTM WJW			
WSAI WJAS WFLB WHC			
WOV WTMJ KSTP WEBC			
WHAS WSM WMC WSB			
WAPI WWSB KVOO KPRC			
WOAI WKY KTHS			

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

GENERAL ELECTRIC BAND—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
 WCHS WFI WRC WGY
 WCAE WTM WJW WOV
 WDAF KSD WTMJ WEBC
 WJAS WHAS WBS KPRC
 WOAI WVA WAI KSTP
 WAPI WKY KOA KGW
 WMC KOMO KHW WWSB
 WBO WBAP KFSD KTAR
 WGR WOC WHO KSL
 KGO WSM KFI

DUTCH MASTERS MINSTRELS—

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
 WLW WJR KWK KYW
 WREN WBZ WBZA

CHICAGO VARIETY PROGRAM—

Novelty and Dance Orchestras.
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY

STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
 WCHS WFI WRC WGY
 WCAE WTM WJW WOV
 WDAF KSD WTMJ WEBC
 WJAS WHAS WBS KPRC
 WOAI WKY KOA KSL
 WMC KOMO KHW WWSB
 WBO WBAP KFSD KTAR
 WGR WOC WHO KFI

MINIATURE THEATRE—

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WJZ WBAL WCAU WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

JESSE CRAWFORD, Poet of the

Organ.
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

JACK DENNY AND HIS MT. ROYAL

ORCHESTRA From Montreal—
 Dance Music.
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHES-

TRA—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WFLB WHC
 WMAK WADK WKH WCRK
 WAIU KSCJ WBCN WSPD
 WMT WNNC WBTAR WDBJ
 WBRK WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WPG KOL WXYZ

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL

CANADIANS—Dance Music.
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO

Stations Alphabetically Listed

*Watch Each Issue of Radio Digest for
Corrected Official Wavelengths*

K

KBPS.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KBTM.....Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KCRG.....Enid, Okla.
250 w.—1370 kc.
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.
KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
100 w.—1290 kc.
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1430 kc.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.
KEB.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.
KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont.
2500 w.—1280 kc.
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas
1000 w.—560 kc.
KFDD.....Brookings, S. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.
KFEL.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—680 kc.
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1120 kc.
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa
250 w.—1200 kc.
KFJF.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
5000 w.—1460 kc.
KFJL.....Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KFJM.....Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.
1000 w.—880 kc.
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.
KPKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.
KPLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.
KPLX.....Galveston, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KPMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
KPNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—890 kc.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
250 w.—1210 kc.
KPOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
10,000 w.—1250 kc.
KPLD.....Dublin, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
KPPY.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1340 kc.
KQOD.....Anchorage, Alaska
100 w.—1230 kc.
KQOU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KQW.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KQRC.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.
KRSD.....San Diego, Calif.
1000 w.—600 kc.

KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas
500 w.—1290 kc.
KFUM.....Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.
KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KFWL.....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.
KFXF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.
KFXM.....San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KFXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
250 w.—1310 kc.
KFXV.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas
250 w.—1420 kc.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
500 w.—550 kc.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1330 kc.
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
1000 w.—930 kc.
KGC.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGCN.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
250 w.—1310 kc.
KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.
KGDH.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGEZ.....KalisPELL, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGFG.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGFI.....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.
KGFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGFV.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KGFY.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.
KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGGF.....Picher, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.
KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
500 w.—1230 kc.
KGFH.....Pueblo, Colo.
500 w.—1320 kc.
KGGH.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGGI.....Billings, Mont.
500 w.—950 kc.
KGGJ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.
KGGK.....Butte, Mont.
500 w.—1360 kc.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGIN.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGFJ.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.
KGGK.....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.

KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas
500 w.—570 kc.
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KGMH.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KGNF.....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.
KGNQ.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.
KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.
KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—860 kc.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
5000 w.—1090 kc.
KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.
KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
5000 w.—1050 kc.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.
KOB.....State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
500 w.—1400 kc.
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.
KONO.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.

KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas
2500 w.—920 kc.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
KPWF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
1000 w.—580 kc.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa
2500 w.—1330 kc.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.
KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.
KTAB.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—560 kc.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.
KTHS.....Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.
KTLK.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
2000 w.—1290 kc.
KTSI.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
KUJ.....Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.
KUSD.....Vermilion, S. D.
750 w.—890 kc.
KUT.....Austin, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.
KVOB.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KWCN.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.

KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
500 w.—1220 kc.
KWWG.....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.
KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.

W

WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—940 kc.
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.
WABC.....New York City
5000 w.—860 kc.
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.
WAU.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.
WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WBAB.....Harrisburg, Pa.
1000 w.—1430 kc.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
1000 w.—1060 kc.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
10,000 w.—800 kc.
WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.
WBRR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.
WBGM.....Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mo.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WBNY.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.
WBQ.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—800 kc.
WBOW.....Cincinnati, Ohio
100 w.—1310 kc.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
1000 w.—930 kc.
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WBRO.....Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—920 kc.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
5000 w.—1080 kc.

WBTM.....Danville, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WEHC.....Emory, Va. 250 w.—1200 kc.	WHN.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1010 kc.	WLBG.....Petersburg, Va. 250 w.—1200 kc.	WOI.....Ames, Iowa 5000 w.—640 kc.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass. 15,000 w.—990 kc.	WEHS.....Evanston, Ill. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WHO.....Des Moines, Ia. 5000 w.—1000 kc.	WLBL.....Stevens Pt., Wis. 2000 w.—900 kc.	WOKO.....Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass. 500 w.—990 kc.	WBLK.....Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1370 kc.	WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.	WLBW.....Oil City, Pa. 1000 w.—1260 kc.	WOL.....Washington, D. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn. 250 w.—600 kc.	WBMC.....Berrien Springs, Mich. 1000 w.—590 kc.	WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.	WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y. 500 w.—1220 kc.	WENR.....Chicago, Ill. 50,000 w.—870 kc.	WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WLBZ.....Bangor, Maine 500 w.—620 kc.	WOOD.....Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1270 kc.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1220 kc.	WEPS.....Auburn, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WIBA.....Madison, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WLEX.....Lexington, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.	WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—1430 kc.	WEVD.....New York City 500 w.—1300 kc.	WIBM.....Jackson, Mich. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WLEY.....Lexington, Mass. 250 w.—1370 kc.	WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—1300 kc.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr. 500 w.—590 kc.	WEW.....St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—760 kc.	WIBO.....Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—560 kc.	WLTB.....Elgin, Ill. 25000 w.—720 kc.	WOR.....Newark, N. J. 5000 w.—710 kc.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.	WFAA.....Dallas, Texas 50,000 w.—800 kc.	WIBU.....Poynette, Wis. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.	WORC.....Worcester, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.	WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.	WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas. 1000 w.—580 kc.	WLOB.....Boston, Mass. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WORD.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—600 kc.	WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio 250 w.—1200 kc.	WIBX.....Utica, N. Y. 300 w.—1200 kc.	WLS.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—870 kc.	WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo. 500 w.—630 kc.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.	WFBG.....Altoona, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn. 500 w.—1190 kc.	WLSI.....Cranston, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WOV.....New York City 1000 w.—1130 kc.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind. 1000 w.—1230 kc.	WIL.....St. Louis, Mo. 250 w.—1200 kc.	WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.	WOW.....Omaha, Nebr. 1000 w.—590 kc.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa. 10,000 w.—1170 kc.	WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind. 1000 w.—1230 kc.	WILL.....Urbana, Ill. 500 w.—890 kc.	WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind. 10000 w.—1160 kc.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind. 1000 w.—1230 kc.	WILM.....Wilmington, Del. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WLW.....Cincinnati, O. 50000 w.—700 kc.	WPAD.....Paducah, Ky. 100 w.—1420 kc.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WLWL.....New York City 5000 w.—1100 kc.	WPAP.....Cliffside, N. J. 250 w.—1010 kc.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.	WMAC.....Cazenovia, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.	WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WIS.....Columbia, S. C. 1000 w.—1010 kc.	WMAF.....S. Dartmouth, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.	WPCC.....Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—560 kc.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WISJ.....Beloit, Wis. 500 w.—560 kc.	WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—1040 kc.	WPCH.....New York City 500 w.—810 kc.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn. 7500 w.—810 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.	WMAL.....Washington, D. C. 500 w.—630 kc.	WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1500 kc.
WCDA.....New York City 250 w.—1350 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WIAC.....Johnstown, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—670 kc.	WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J. 5000 w.—1100 kc.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—970 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr. 1000 w.—1060 kc.	WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo. 500 w.—1200 kc.	WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y. 100 w.—1370 kc.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJAR.....Providence, R. I. 400 w.—890 kc.	WMAZ.....Macon, Ga. 500 w.—890 kc.	WPOR.....Norfolk, Va. 500 w.—780 kc.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky. 5000 w.—1490 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1290 kc.	WMBA.....Newport, R. I. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WPSC.....State College, Pa. 500 w.—1230 kc.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla. 1000 w.—900 kc.	WMBC.....Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C. 1000 w.—680 kc.
WCLO.....Janesville, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—610 kc.	WMBD.....Peoria, Hts., Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQAM.....Miami, Fla. 1000 w.—560 kc.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.	WMBF.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WQAN.....Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJBC.....La Salle, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WMBG.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WQAO.....New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla. 500 w.—1340 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJBL.....Red Bank, N. J. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WMBH.....Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
WCOE.....Meridian, Miss. 1000 w.—880 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJBL.....Decatur, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WMBI.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WQDV.....Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJBO.....New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WRAF.....LaPorte, Ind. 100 w.—1200 kc.
WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJBT-WBBM.....Glenview, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.	WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1020 kc.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WCSC.....Charleston, S. C. 250 w.—1310 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJDX.....Jackson, Miss. 1000 w.—1270 kc.	WMBR.....Tampa, Fla. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WRBT.....Wilmington, N. C. 100 w.—1370 kc.
WCSH.....Portland, Me. 1000 w.—940 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill. 20000 w.—1130 kc.	WMC.....Memphis, Tenn. 1000 w.—780 kc.	WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WCSD.....Springfield, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJKS.....Gary, Ind. 1250 w.—1360 kc.	WMCA.....New York City 500 w.—570 kc.	WRBX.....Roanoke, Va. 250 w.—1410 kc.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla. 1000 w.—1220 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJR.....Detroit, Mich. 5000 w.—750 kc.	WMMN.....Fairmont, W. Va. 500 w.—890 kc.	WRC.....Washington, D. C. 500 w.—950 kc.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJSV.....Alexandria, Va. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.	WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WRDO.....Augusta, Maine 100 w.—1370 kc.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas 250 w.—1410 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WMSG.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.	WRDW.....Augusta, Ga. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WDAH.....El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJZ.....New York City 30000 w.—760 kc.	WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa 500 w.—600 kc.	WREC.....Memphis, Tenn. 1000 w.—600 kc.
WDAY..... Fargo, N. D. 1000 w.—940 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R. 500 w.—890 kc.	WNAC.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.	WREN.....Lawrence, Kans. 1000 w.—1220 kc.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va. 500 w.—930 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich. 1000 w.—1040 kc.	WNAD.....Norman, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.	WRHM.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla. 1000 w.—1120 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKAV.....Laconia, N. H. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WNAX.....Yankton, S. Dak. 1000 w.—570 kc.	WRJN.....Racine, Wis. 100 w.—1370 kc.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del. 350 w.—1120 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKBB.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WNBF.....Binghamton, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WRNY.....New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1180 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WNBH.....New Bedford, Mass. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WRR.....Dallas, Texas 500 w.—1280 kc.
WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn. 2500 w.—1280 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.	WNBO.....Silver Haven, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla. 5000 w.—830 kc.
WDRG.....New Haven, Conn. 500 w.—1330 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis. 1000 w.—1380 kc.	WNBK.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.	WRVA.....Richmond, Va. 5000 w.—1110 kc.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La. 1000 w.—1250 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio 500 w.—570 kc.	WNJ.....Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.	WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio 500 w.—1330 kc.
WDWF.....Providence, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.	WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn. 2000 w.—560 kc.	WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill. 100 w.—1070 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKBC.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.	WNR.....Greensboro, N. C. 500 w.—1440 kc.	WSAN.....Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—660 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WNYC.....New York, N. Y. 500 w.—570 kc.	WSAR.....Fall River, Mass. 250 w.—1450 kc.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y. 1000 w.—1270 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKBV.....Connersville, Ind. 150 w.—1500 kc.	WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex. 5000 w.—1190 kc.	WSAZ.....Huntington, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I. 500 w.—780 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y. 5000 w.—1480 kc.	WOAN.....Whitehaven, Tenn. 1000 w.—600 kc.	WSB.....Atlanta, Ga. 5000 w.—740 kc.
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio 750 w.—570 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WOAX.....Trenton, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.	WSBC.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis. 2500 w.—1290 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio 1000 w.—550 kc.	WOBT.....Union City, Tenn. 250 w.—1310 kc.	WSBT.....South Bend, Ind. 500 w.—1230 kc.
WEBQ.....Harriburg, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla. 1000 w.—900 kc.	WOBU.....Charleston, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.	WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y. 200 w.—1310 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1470 kc.	WOC.....Davenport, Iowa 5000 w.—1000 kc.	WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.	WODA.....Paterson, N. J. 1000 w.—1250 kc.	WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—590 kc.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WLBK.....Kansas City, Kans. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WODX.....Mobile, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.	WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn. 100 w.—1210 kc.

WSJS... Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WSM... Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—650 kc.
WSMB... New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.
WSMK... Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1380 kc.
WSPA... Spartanburg, S. C.
250 w.—1420 kc.
WSPD... Toledo, Ohio
1000 w.—1340 kc.
WSSH... Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WSUI... Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—880 kc.
WSUN... Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.
WSYR... Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.
WTAD... Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WTAG... Worcester, Mass.
5000 w.—1070 kc.
WTAM... Cleveland, Ohio
5000 w.—1070 kc.
WTAQ... Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.
WTAR... Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.
WTAW... College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.
WTBO... Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WTFI... Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.
WTIC... Hartford, Conn.
5000 w.—1060 kc.
WTMJ... Milwaukee, Wis.
2500 w.—620 kc.
WTNT... Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.
WTOC... Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.
WWAE... Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.

WWJ... Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.
WWL... New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.
WWNC... Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.
WWRL... Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WWVA... Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.
WXYZ... Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.

Canada

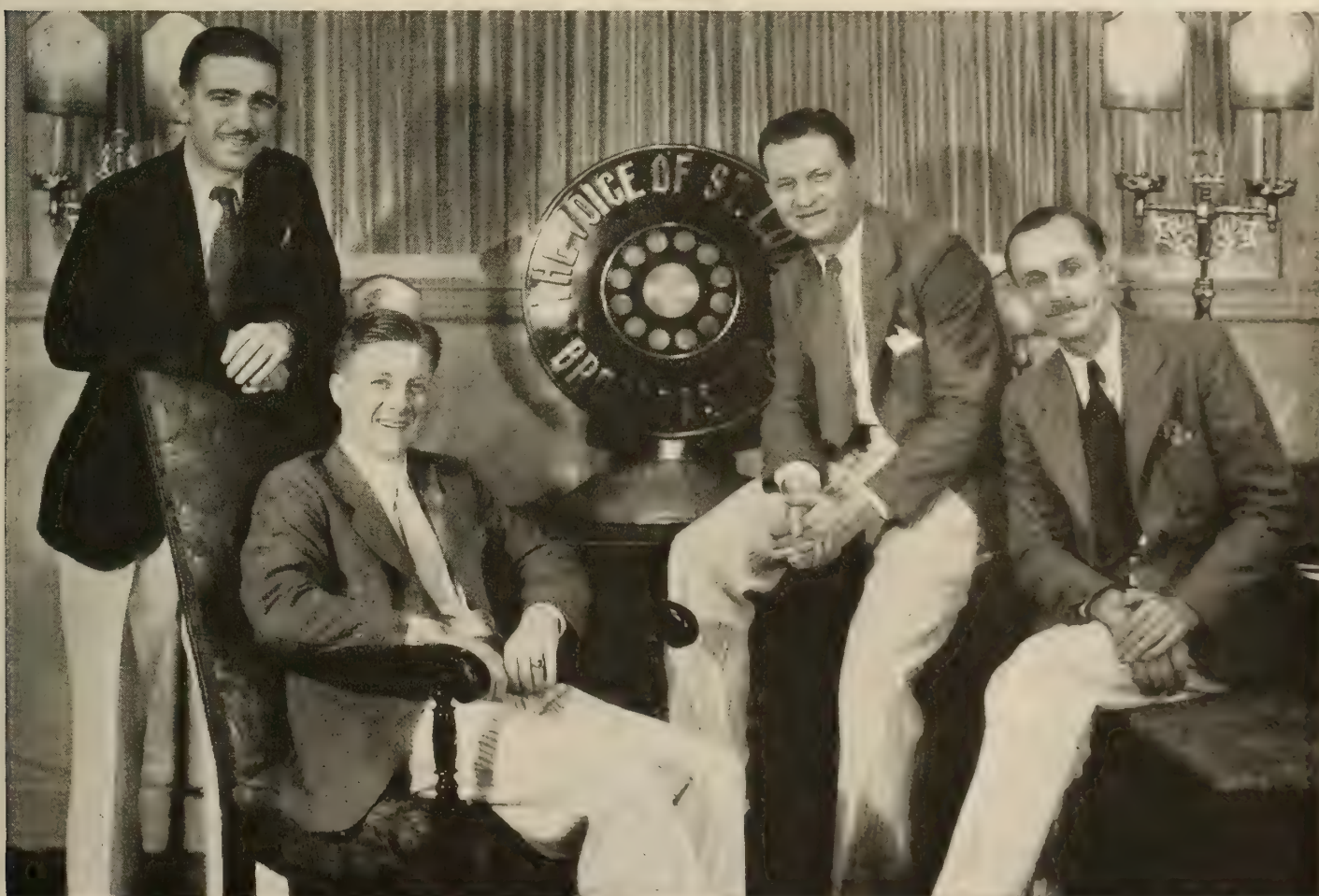
CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m,
889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA - CKOW - CNRT, To-
ronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc,
500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q.,
291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont.,
500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m,
629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E.
I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B.,
247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC CNRS, Saskatoon,
Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co.
Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m,
1120kc, 500w.

CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E.
I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 329.7m,
910 kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
880 kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte,
Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C.,
247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m,
729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton,
Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m,
880kc, 50w.
CJCI-CHCA, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJCG-CNRL, London, Ont.,
329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m,
629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask.,
329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C.,
291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask.,
500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask, 500m,
599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m,
1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P.
Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B.
C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKL, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
880kc, 50w.

Toronto, Ont., 517.2m,
580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m,
889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRC, Quebec, P. Q.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S.,
322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont.,
434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer,
Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m,
1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m,
540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg,
Man., 384.6m, 790kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B.,
476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta.,
357.7m, 840kc, —w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m,
599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C.,
291.3m, 1038kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc,
50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc,
100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m,
622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc,
50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m,
680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m,
1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m,
611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc,
100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc,
500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc,
100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc,
150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m,
1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m,
643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc,
300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m,
1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tunucu, 379m, 791kc,
500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m,
923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc,
500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc,
2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc,
1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 9143.kc,
250w.



Here they are, the Smiling Announcers of KMOX. Reading from left to right: Delmar King, lately of Kansas City; Woody Klose, the youngest announcer on the air (he came to KMOX a year ago and was then not quite nineteen); France Laux, sports announcer; and Capt. Charles Lewis of London and Australia.

Kilo- Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500		100 KDB Santa Barbara, Calif.	
			100 KGFI Corpus Christi, Texas	
			50 KGHX Richmond, Tex.	
			100 KGBB Brownwood, Texas	
			100 KGKY Scottsbluff, Neb.	
			100 KPJM Prescott, Ariz.	
			100 KUJ Long View, Wash.	
			50 KTLK Richmond, Tex.	
			15 KVEF Portland, Ore.	
			100 WCLB Long Beach, N. Y.	
			250 WKBV Connersville, Ind. (day)	
			100 WKBV Connersville, Ind. (night)	
			50 WKBZ Ludington, Mich.	
			100 WLBX Long Island City, N. Y.	
			250 WLOE Boston, Mass. (day)	
			100 WLOE Boston, Mass. (night)	
			100 WMBA Newport, R. I.	
			100 WMBJ S. Pittsburgh, Pa.	
			100 WMBQ Brooklyn, N. Y.	
			50 WMES Boston, Mass.	
			100 WMPD Lapeer, Mich.	
			50 WNBK Binghamton, N. Y.	
			100 WOPJ Bristol, Tenn.	
			100 WPEN Philadelphia, Pa. (day)	
			250 WPEN Philadelphia, Pa. (night)	
			100 WWRL Woodside, N. Y.	
201.6	1,490	5,000	WORD Batavia, Ill.	
		5,000	WCKY Covington, Ky.	
		5,000	WJAZ Mt. Prospect, Ill.	
		5,000	WCHI Chicago, Ill.	
		10,000	KPWF Westminster, Calif.	
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF Oklahoma City, Okla.	
		5,000	WKBW Amherst, N. Y.	
204	1,470	5,000	KGA Spokane, Wash.	
		5,000	WLAC Nashville, Tenn.	
		5,000	WTNT Nashville, Tenn.	
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP St. Paul, Minn.	
		10,000	WJSV Mt. Vernon, Ill.	
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC Akron, Ohio	
		1,000	KTBS Shreveport, La.	
		250	WBMS Hackensack, N. J.	
		500	WCSO Springfield, Ohio	
		250	WIBS Elizabeth, N. J.	
		250	WKBO Jersey City, N. J.	
		250	WNJ Newark, N. J.	
		250	WSAR Fall River, Mass.	
		250	WTFI Toccoa, Ga.	
208.2	1,440	250	KLS Oakland, Calif.	
		250	WBA Allentown, Pa.	
		500	WHEC-WABO Rochester, N. Y.	
		1,000	WMBD Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)	
		500	WMBD Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)	
		500	WNRC Greensboro, N. C.	
		500	WOKO Mt. Beacon, N. Y.	
		250	WSAN Allentown, Pa.	
		500	WTAD Quincy, Ill.	
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK Harrisburg, Pa.	
		500	WBRL Tilton, N. H.	
		500	WCAH Columbus, Ohio	
		500	WGBC Memphis, Tenn.	
		500	WHP Harrisburg, Pa.	
		500	WNR Memphis, Tenn.	
		1,000	KECA Los Angeles, Calif.	
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF Portland, Ore.	
		100	KFIZ Fond du Lac, Wis.	
		100	KFOU Holy City, Calif.	
		100	KFQW Seattle, Wash.	
		50	KFXD Jerome, Idaho	
		250	KFYO Abilene, Texas (day)	
		100	KFYO Abilene, Texas (night)	
		100	KFXV Flagstaff, Ariz.	
		100	KGFF Alva, Okla.	
		250	WSPA Spartanburg, S. C. (day)	
		100	WSPA Spartanburg, S. C. (night)	
		50	KGGC San Francisco, Cal.	
		100	KGIW Trinidad, Colo.	
		100	KGKX Sandpoint, Idaho	
		100	KGIX Las Vegas, Nev.	
		100	KICK Red Oak, Iowa	
		100	KLPM Minot, N. D.	
		100	KORE Eugene, Ore.	
		100	KTAP San Antonio, Texas	
		100	KTUE Houston, Texas	
		100	KXL Portland, Ore.	
		75	KXRO Aberdeen, Wash.	
		30	WEDH Erie, Pa.	
		100	WEHS Evanston, Ill.	
		100	WHIS Bluefield, W. Va.	
		200	WHFC Chicago, Ill. (day)	
		100	WHFC Chicago, Ill. (night)	
		100	WIAS Ottumwa, Iowa	
		50	WIBR Steubenville, Ohio	
		100	WILM Wilmington, Del.	
		100	WJBO New Orleans, La.	
		50	WKBH Chicago, Ill.	
		50	WKBK Battle Creek, Mich.	
		100	WLBK Kansas City, Kan.	
		250	WMBK Detroit, Mich. (day)	
		100	WMBK Detroit, Mich. (night)	
		250	WMBH Joplin, Mo. (day)	
		100	WMBH Joplin, Mo. (night)	
		10	WMRJ Jamaica, N. Y.	
		60	WQBZ Weirton, W. Va.	
		50	WTBO Cumberland, Md.	
		100	WFDW Talladega, Ala.	
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV Rockford, Ill.	
		500	WMAF South Dartmouth, Mass.	
		1,000	KGRS Amarillo, Texas	
		250	WDAG Amarillo, Texas	
		500	WSSH Boston, Mass.	
		500	WBBL Sheboygan, Wis.	
		500	WBCM Bay City, Mich.	
		500	WLEX Lexington, Mass.	
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW Chickasha, Okla. (day)	
		250	KOCW Chickasha, Okla. (night)	
		500	WBBC Brooklyn, N. Y.	
		500	WCGU Coney Island, N. Y.	
		500	WCMA Culver, Ind.	
		500	WCBF Indianapolis, Ind.	
		500	WLTH Brooklyn, N. Y.	
		500	WSGH-WSDA Brooklyn, N. Y.	
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA Little Rock, Ark.	
		500	KOY Phoenix, Ariz.	
		1,000	KUOA Fayetteville, Ark.	
		2,500	WHK Cleveland, Ohio (day)	
		1,000	WHK Cleveland, Ohio (night)	
217.3	1,380	500	KQV Pittsburgh, Pa.	
		500	KSO Clarinda, Iowa	
		1,000	WKBH LaCrosse, Wis.	
		200	WSMK Dayton, Ohio	

Kilo- Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC Enid, Okla. (night)	
		100	KCRC Enid, Okla. (night)	
		50	KFBL Everett, Wash.	
		100	KFJI Astoria, Ore.	
		100	KFJM Grand Forks, N. D.	
		100	KFJZ Fort Worth, Texas	
		100	KFLX Galveston, Texas	
		250	KCAR Tucson, Ariz. (day)	
		100	KCAR Tucson, Ariz. (night)	
		100	KCCI San Antonio, Texas	
		15	KGDA Dell Rapids, S. D.	
		100	KGFG Oklahoma City, Okla.	
		50	KGFL Raton, N. M.	
		100	KGGM Albuquerque, N. M.	
		100	KGKL San Angelo, Texas	
		100	KONO San Antonio, Texas	
		200	KLO Ogden, Utah (day)	
		100	KLO Ogden, Utah (night)	
		100	KOH Reno, Nev.	
		100	KOOS Marshfield, Ore.	
		100	KRE Berkeley, Calif.	
		100	KVL Seattle, Wash.	
		100	KWKC Kansas City, Mo.	
		100	KZM Hayward, Calif.	
		100	WBBL Richmond, Va.	
		250	WCBM Baltimore, Md. (day)	
		100	WCBM Baltimore, Md. (night)	
		100	WEHC Emory, Va.	
		100	WELK Philadelphia, Pa.	
		100	WFBJ Collegeville, Minn.	
		100	WFDV Rome, Ga.	
		100	WGL Ft. Wayne, Ind.	
		100	WHBD Bellefonte, Ohio	
		100	WHBQ Memphis, Tenn.	
		100	WHDF Calumet, Mich.	

Official Wave Lengths

*Log your dial reading
according to wave and
frequency indicated here
and you will know any DX
station by quick reference*

Kilo- Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
223.7	1,340	50	KFPV Siloam Springs, Ark.	
		500	KFPY Spokane, Wash.	
		500	WCOA Pensacola, Fla.	
		2,500	WRAW Reading, Pa.	
		2,500	KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa (day)	
225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa (night)	
		250	KGB San Diego, Calif.	
		500	WDRG New Haven, Conn.	
		500	WSAI Cincinnati, Ohio	
		1,000	WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis.	
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF Pueblo, Colo. (day)	
		250	KGHF Pueblo, Colo. (night)	
		250	KGRQ Twin Falls, Idaho	
		500	KID Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)	
		250	KID Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)	
		1,000	KREG Santa Ana, Calif.	
		1,000	WADC Akron, Ohio	
		500	WSMB New Orleans, La.	
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK Sacramento, Calif.	
		100	KFGQ Boone, Iowa	
		10	KFIU Lunenburg, Alaska	
		100	KFJY Fort Dodge, Iowa	
		100	KFPL Dublin, Texas	
		15	KFPM Greenville, Texas	
		100	KFUP Denver, Colo.	
		50	KFKJ Edgewater, Colo.	
		250	KFKJ Pueblo, Colo. (day)	
		100	KFKR Okla. City, Okla. (night)	
		100	KGBX St. Joseph, Mo.	
		250	KGCX Wolf Point, Mont. (day)	
		100	KGCX Wolf Point, Mont. (night)	
		100	KGEZ Kalispell, Mont.	
		50	KGFV Ravenna, Neb.	
		50	KGHG McGehee, Ark.	
		50	KMED Medford, Ore.	
		50	KRMD Shreveport, La.	
		100	KTSL Shreveport, La.	
		100	KWCR Cedar Rapids, Iowa	
		75	KXRO Aberdeen, Wash.	
		50	WAGM Royal Oak, Mich.	
		100	WBOW Terre Haute, Ind.	
		100	WBRE Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	
		100	WCLS Joliet, Ill.	
		100	WDAK KTSM El Paso, Texas	
		200	WEER Buffalo, N. Y. (day)	
		100	WEER Buffalo, N. Y. (night)	
		100	WFBG Altoona, Pa.	
		100	WDFD Flint, Mich.	
		50	WFKD Philadelphia, Pa.	
		100	WGAL Lancaster, Pa.	
		100	WGH Newport News, Va.	
		100	WHAT Philadelphia, Pa.	
		100	WHBP Johnstown, Pa.	
		100	WIBU Poyntette, Wis.	
		100	WJAC Johnstown, Pa.	
		50	WJAK Marion, Ind.	
		100	WKAV Laconia, N. H.	
		100	WKBB Joliet, Ill.	
		100	WKBC Birmingham, Ala.	
		100	WKBS Galesburg, Ill.	
		50	WLBC Muncie, Ind.	
		100	WMBL Lakeland, Fla.	
		100	WMOB Auburn, N. Y.	
		100	WNAT Philadelphia, Pa.	
		100	WNBH New Bedford, Mass.	
		50	WNBK Knoxville, Tenn.	
		250	WOBT Union City, Tenn. (day)	
		100	WOBT Union City, Tenn. (night)	
		100	WOL Washington, D. C.	
		20	WRBI Tifton, Ga. (½ time)	
		100	WRK Hamilton, Ohio	
		100	WSAJ Grove City, Pa.	
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH Wichita, Kan.	
		500	KFJR Portland, Ore.	
		1,000	KGEF Los Angeles, Calif.	
		750	KTBI Los Angeles, Calif.	
		500	KTBR Portland, Ore.	
		1,000	WBRR Rossville, N. Y.	
230.6	1,300	500	WEVD Woodhaven, N. Y.	
		1,000	WHAP Carlstadt, N. J.	
		500	WHAZ Troy, N. Y.	
		1,000	WIOD Miami Beach, Fla.	
		1,000	WOQ Kansas City, Mo.	
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL Salt Lake City, Utah	
		500	KFUL Galveston, Texas	
		50	KLCN Blytheville, Ark.	
		2,000	KTSA San Antonio, Texas (day)	
		1,000	KTSA San Antonio, Texas (night)	
		1,000	WEBC Superior, Wis.	
		1,000	WJAS Pittsburgh, Pa.	
		50	WNBZ Saranac Lake, N. Y.	
234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB Great Falls, Mont. (day)	
		1,000	KFBB Great Falls, Mont. (night)	
		500	WCAM Camden, N. J.	
		500	WCAP Asbury Park, N. J.	
		2,500	WDOD Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)	
		1,000	WDOD Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)	
		500	WOAX Trenton, N. J.	
		500	WRR Dallas, Texas	
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM Colorado Springs, Colo.	
		50	KGCA Decorah, Iowa	
		1,000	KOL Seattle, Wash.	
		1,000	KTW Seattle, Wash.	
		100	KWLC Decorah, Iowa	
		500	WASH Grand Rapids, Mich.	
		250	WFBK Baltimore, Md.	
		500	WEAI Ithaca, N. Y.	
		500	WOOD Grand Rapids, Mich.	
		1,000	WJDX Jackson, Miss.	
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL Council Bluffs, Iowa	
		100	KRGV Harlingen, Texas	
		500	KVOA Tucson, Ariz.	
		500	KWWG Brownsville, Texas	
		1,000	WLBW Oil City, Pa. (day)	
		500	WLBW Oil City, Pa. (night)	
		500	WTOC Savannah, Ga.	
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO Boise, Idaho	
		1,000	KFMX Northfield, Minn.	
		1,000	KFOX Long Beach, Calif.	
		1,000	WAAM Newark, N. J. (night)	
		2,000	WAAM Newark, N. J. (day)	
		1,000	WCAL Northfield, Minn.	
		1,000	WDSU New Orleans, La.	
		250	WGCN Newark, N. J.	
		1,000	WLB-WGMS Minneapolis, Minn.	
		1,000	WDM Newark, N. J.	
		1,000	WRHA Fridley, Minn.	

Mystery Announcer Wins Diamond Meritum Award

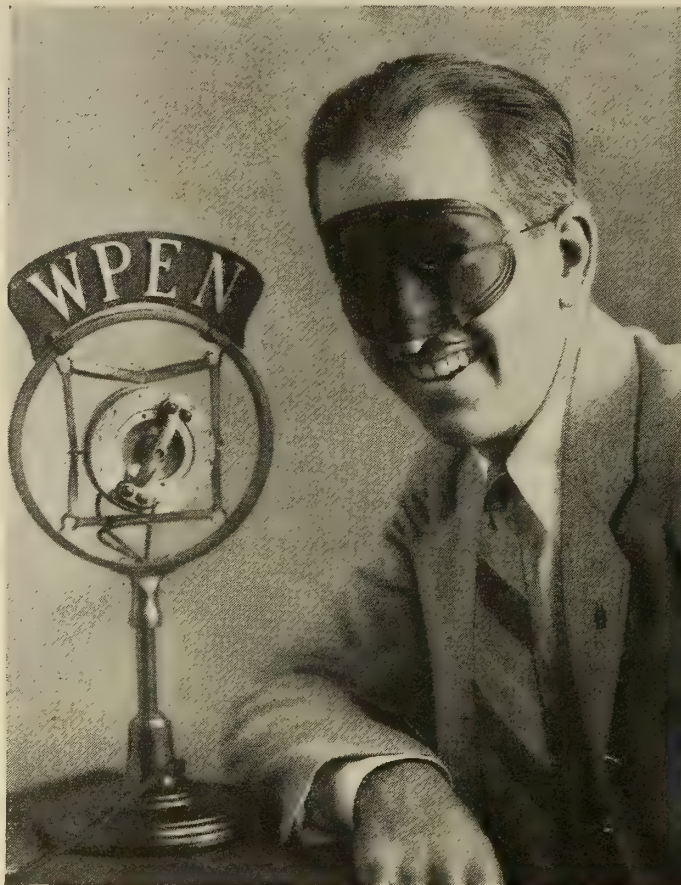
ANOTHER great national popularity contest has been decided by the readers of Radio Digest. The Diamond Award for the most popular individual or program of the air goes to the Mystery Announcer of WPEN, Pittsburgh.

Of course the Mystery Announcer does not claim, nor does Radio Digest infer, that he has the largest audience in America. But the results of the contest show that he had more friends who took the trouble to vote for him than did any other entertainer of the air.

We are not even informed as to his true name. But we do know something of his career and it is with extreme regret that the contest editor of Radio Digest does not have the space at his disposal to tell the dramatic history of this extraordinary favorite.

He has seen life—and he has been close to death—so close that he seemed to be in the very jaws of death in the course of his experiences as a ship wireless operator during the World War and various conflicts with German submarines. Once he was on a vessel loaded with high test gasoline consigned to American fliers in France when fired upon by a U boat. Again his ship was set on fire and escape seemed absolutely impossible—but escape he did.

The Mystery Announcer conducts the WPEN Musical Clock, which began in a very modest way in October, 1929, and now has become one of the strongest features of any individual station in the country. From the time it started to August 1, 1930 a check-up showed that 50,000 letters had been re-



Still in disguise, the Mystery Announcer smiles behind his mask on receiving news

ceived by M. A. from his ardent listeners.

The Mystery Announcer comes on the air each morning at 6:30 throughout the week. He sends the world off to its day of duty with appropriate suggestions to the "works, the clerks and the shirks" as the day advances. He is assisted through the various phases by his main standby, High Pressure Charlie, who also is "Charlie the Horse" greeting the audience with a "good morning" whinney. Others to be introduced are Officer Dan, Pete the Rooster, Polly Penn, the Parrot; Melody Mae of the tiny Tom Thumb piano; black Jackie Mack the comic, and Billy Penn the Police Dog. Other characters are introduced at various intervals. The program continues until 10:15.

Rudy Vallee, author of the opening article in this issue of Radio Digest, is the winner of the Gold Award for the East. Mr. Vallee's popularity has never waned. His career and that of his famous Connecticut Yankees have been discussed frequently in these pages.

There was a great deal of rivalry in the Mid West but Gene and Glenn of WTAM,

Cleveland, soared over Amos 'n' Andy and other great features from Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and other powerful and popular stations in that area. You read all about Gene and Glenn in your October Radio Digest.

Shreveport brought home the bacon again to Mr. W. K. Henderson who has a habit of winning Radio Digest popularity awards in the South. Mr. Henderson's militant personality and fearless broadcasting has made him a rabid favorite with his KWKH audience. His position is secure. Adversaries who have opposed him have found him hard to budge. His enemies have made him friends.

Mr. Henderson has never been satisfied to be merely the owner of an important station. He has aimed to make it the clear sounding call of a people. He has taken the responsibility on himself to articulate that call. Because he has done this he has established a definite sympathetic accord with an audience that stands and votes for him in Radio Digest contests. The staunchness of such Radio characters becomes evident when leadership is questioned.

Swinging into the West a very close rivalry developed between Henry and Jerome of KGBZ, York, Nebraska and Dr. Brinkley, former Radio Digest contest winner, at KFKB, Milford, Kansas. It seemed that Henry and Jerome had some very strong partisans, so that leadership between them and Dr. Brinkley rested first with one and then with the other. Dr. Brinkley may have suffered somewhat from a campaign of unfavorable newspaper pub-



Mystery Announcer, still incognito



Rudy Vallee, Gold Medal Winner

licity, although complaints that he used his station for unethical purposes did not stand up after an investigation by the federal Radio commission. The final tabulation showed the York boys had won the contest and they will be presented with the Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award.

We are advised by Dr. George R. Miller that Jerome's full name is Jerome DeBord. He is 31 and has been singing in Radio for nine years—which is a pretty long time considering the history of Radio broadcasting. He is well known throughout the West as the original "Whispering Tenor". For the past two years he has been teaming with Henry Peters at KGBZ. Henry is 25 years old and has been a Radio entertainer for the past four years. They are known on the air as "Doc's Yodeling Twins".

Flitting over the mountains and scanning the sunny slopes of the federal Radio district known as the Far, Far West we find the interest of Radio Digest readers focused on Long Beach, California, where Hal Nichols and his station, KFOX, rolled up the second largest vote in the country for their Buttercream School program.

The keenest rivalry in the Far, Far West was right in the KFOX camp itself, for the voters were divided on the proposition of casting in favor of the entire program staff or the Buttercream program in particular. The entire staff could hardly have been considered as a contesting unit according to the intents and purposes of the contest which was seeking the artist or program with the greatest following.

Just what the



Henry and Jerome, the gold medal winners from KGBZ, York, Neb.

Buttercream School program is, and why it is so popular on the Pacific coast has not been revealed to the contest editor as these lines are written. We know that Mr. Nichols is particularly enterprising and appreciates a good contest. If KFOX goes in to win you may depend on a real showing at the finish of a race. The station is always alert and quick to act. It is always entertaining and has no time at all for mediocre talent, which probably accounts for a surprisingly large vote for the "KFOX Staff".

The Diamond Meritum Award contest aroused great enthusiasm throughout the country. The closing days were particularly exciting. Packages of ballots came in by the bagful with every mail. Then as the final hour approached they came by special delivery, registered mail. Some even came from California by airmail.

Girls were put to work counting the ballots and making their careful tabulations so that every vote was counted. At midnight on September 20th the ballot was declared closed except for those ballots that should come in with postmarks registered before that hour.

The jewelers are putting the inscriptions on the medals as this report is written and before you received this book it is expected every medal will have reached its successful contestant. The Diamond Award, according to the plans in hand, will have been presented to the Mystery Announcer at the Radio Show in Chicago.

He won his contest as the Mystery Announcer and a mystery he must continue to be, in all probability wearing a mask (Continued on page 122)

Winners in Diamond Meritum Contest

DIAMOND AWARD					
Mystery Announcer	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa.	35,039	Votes	
GOLD MEDAL DISTRICT AWARDS					
Winner	Station	City	Votes	District	
Buttercream School Program	KFOX	Long Beach, Cal.	30,405	Far West	
Gene and Glenn	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio	27,786	Mid West	
Rudy Vallee	WEAF	New York, N. Y.	11,022	East	
W. K. Henderson	KWKH	Shreveport, La.	6,433	South	
Henry and Jerome	KGBZ	York, Neb.	4,585	West	
HONORABLE MENTION					
Eastern District			Midwestern District		
Station	City	Votes	Station	City	Votes
Cheerio	WEAF New York	7,728	National Barn Dance	WLS Chicago, Ill.	13,536
Floyd Gibbons	WJZ New York	5,669	Smith Family Weener	WENR Chicago, Ill.	6,801
Landt Trio and White	WJZ New York	5,432	Minstrels	WENR Chicago, Ill.	6,176
Guy Lombardo	WABC New York	3,714	Station Staff	WENR Chicago, Ill.	5,654
Seth Parker	WEAF New York	3,685	Frank McBride	WMAQ Chicago, Ill.	3,965
The Wanderers	WIP Phila., Pa.	2,447	Everett Mitchell	WENR Chicago, Ill.	2,772
Vincent Lopez	WEAF New York	2,329	Western District		
Something for Everybody	WABC New York	2,243	Dr. Brinckley	KFKB Milford, Kan.	4,028
			Far-Western District		
			Vagabonds of the Air	KSL Salt Lake City, Utah	4,237



Gene and Glenn receiving message from Radio Digest with good news about Gold Medal Award

Floyd Gibbons And His Stars

(Continued from page 32)

Gibbons' chart which reveal his extraordinary luck, and no one who is even faintly acquainted with the details of his life can overlook the prominent part this usually fickle goddess has played in his career. Astrologers never speak of luck among themselves. The aspects either indicate good or bad conditions and to them there isn't any luck about it. But to the average man, luck is something quite real and most desirable and from the looks of Mr. Gibbons' horoscope he was born with a world of it.

As a matter of fact, his luck is traditional in the newspaper world and one of the first things I heard about him, when he came to the Mexican Border, was in regard to his exceptionally good fortune in getting any story he went after, no matter how difficult it was, or how many men had failed before him.

This "protection" as it is sometimes called in the mystical lore of the stars communicated itself to every department of his life, and he took chances that certainly would have meant death for anyone else, only to come through harrowing experiences, smiling and unscathed.

One of these adventures with death concerns his first meeting with Pancho Villa, desperate, half-savage mountaineer, whom historians may yet make the greatest patriot south of the Rio Grande.

Villa had enjoyed the support and friendship of the American Government for some time, when a sudden change of policy excluded him from the frequent councils held along the Mexican Border. He was an illiterate, primitive man, totally lacking in statecraft or diplomatic intrigue and he could understand the actions of the U. S. officials. Villa fought with men, and he suspected anyone who fought with his wits. None of his advisers could dissuade him from thinking that his former American friends had entered into a plot with his arch enemies, Generals Obregon and Calles, to rob him of his power in Mexico.

WHEN Villa evacuated Juarez, across the river from El Paso, Tex., Calles was in Nogales, Mexico, over the border from Nogales, Ariz., and Obregon, with 2,000 Yaqui Indians, was far behind him at Eagle Pass, Tex., in the Big Bend country.

In his usual impetuous way, Villa had decided on his long, weary march across the desert waste of Northern Mexico, to stop at Nogales and put Calles forces to rout. He had never failed before to defeat him in a military encounter and he determined to make this victory one that General Calles would never forget.

But while Villa was out of touch with the world, Obregon had negotiated with

the State Department and received permission to transport his Indians over the Southern Pacific railway to Nogales. They had been in camp a couple of days, when Villa threw his exhausted forces against what he considered Calles' inferior army.

His onslaught was met with a murderous fire and in the swift battle which followed, Villa suffered the worst defeat of his career. Bewildered and infuriated, he retired into the desert, where his couriers brought him the news of the Yaqui re-enforcements. He flew into a terrible rage, threatening death to every white man who came within the range of his gun. The American Government had betrayed him to his enemies and for that reason every American citizen unwise enough to venture into his territory, must die!

And just about this time, the managing editor of the Chicago Tribune wired Floyd Gibbons, directing him to get an interview with Pancho Villa!

THE other correspondents read the telegram and their faces blanched. They knew Villa, and they knew there was no man in Mexico more capable of carrying out that terrible threat, "death on sight to the white man!"

"Of course, you're not going," they chorused.

"Of course, I am," replied Floyd, "and don't you worry, I'll live to write the interview."

They pleaded, they argued, theyajoled and then they watched him leave, never expecting to see him again.

A member of Villa's staff told me about that meeting, months later in the lobby of the Paso del Norte at El Paso, Tex.

"Gibbons was lucky," he said, "he came into camp at dusk, and Villa, who was sitting outside his adobe house talking to several of his aides, did not see him until he was directly in front of him. Gibbons had dismounted when Villa recognized the white skin of the American. His hand flew to his holster. We all jumped aside, expecting a hail of bullets, but Floyd was smiling at Villa and calling him friend. 'Let me talk to you first,' he said, 'then if you still feel like it, you can shoot me later.' His daring, his cool courage . . . that dynamic, overwhelming magnetism . . . won Villa instantly. He liked Gibbons in a split second of time, and his hand dropped away from his holster."

What followed was in keeping with the fiery temperament of the Mexican outlaw. He ordered up an elaborate dinner and every once in a while, he would pat Floyd on the back and laugh, "You took a long chance, my friend, a long chance."

Mars, which even school children recognize as the planet of war, is posited in

Cancer in Mr. Gibbons' chart. This indicates his career as a war correspondent and the revolutions and wars which he was to survive.

If Floyd had been a student of astrology, or a believer in the science he might still be in possession of the eye which he lost at Belleau Wood during the War.

A competent astrologer could have told him that he was in danger of losing an eye if he ventured on the battle field for the Moon was in conjunction with the Pleiades in Taurus, in his birth chart, the most dangerous of all aspects to the eyes. More than one person has been blinded by what would ordinarily be a slight accident under any other configuration.

But knowing Mr. Gibbons as I do, and recalling all the times he has deliberately walked straight into the face of death, I doubt if he would have taken the astrologer's advice. He is the kind of man who would prefer the experience of a wound than to go unscathed through life.

I remember when Floyd was sailing on the Laconia. Again his friends and relatives begged and implored him to take the risk. He had information that the Germans intended to sink the Laconia and he wanted to write the story of that sinking. He made all preparations to be sunk and when one of the correspondents, viewing his equipment exclaimed, "Listen, Gib, you talked Villa out of shooting you, but for heaven's sake get wise to yourself. You'll never be able to talk a German sub out of sinking a British ship!"

"I don't expect to," was Gibbons answer. "I'm going down with the ship, but you just wait and see, I'll live to write the story."

AND everyone knows that he did, and everyone knows what a story it was. It still gives me the cold chills when I think of it, for I crossed the Atlantic a short time later with the first contingent of the American Expeditionary Force and Floyd's vivid report was responsible for ten sleepless, terror-stricken nights which I put in between New York and Liverpool. But then, my stars are not so fortunately grouped and my fate runs an uneven course. I have never dared to take the same chances, for the position of Saturn in my chart shows that Villa would not have given me a chance to even say, "Amigo."

If you are wondering, then, why Floyd Gibbons tops the list of famous newspaper men, why his income is greater than the President of the United States, go outside and look at the heavens. Those twinkling little stars have greater power over our lives than any other force in the Universe, and in Floyd's chart, they are all in right places for success and fame.

Percy Grainger Chats

(Continued from page 59)

I saw the original tile painting of Mr. and Mrs. Grainger which is also reproduced here. Mr. Grainger handled it very gently. The tile is set in a heavy attractive gold frame which brings out the rich colors of purple and gold.

How my fingers did fret to run through the treasures on those shelves, but the dignity of an interviewer restrained this childish impulse.

Upstairs again—we glanced through Mrs. Grainger's numerous tile portraits. There was one of Queen Alexandra. The word, "queen" or "king" has a magic effect upon one reared in a democratic country. Visions of thrones, crowns, courtiers, knights and ladies were conjured up.

"Oh, tell me something about Queen Alexandra," I asked enthusiastically, but I received just an indifferent answer as Mr. and Mrs. Grainger both are reticent about people as personalities.

I then felt I had to generalize. "What qualities do you consider most desirable in a person?" I asked.

"They have to be talented, beautiful, rich and famous," Mrs. Grainger quickly replied. And she does not have to go one step beyond the threshold of Seven Cromwell Place in search of any of these.

Mrs. Grainger herself is a woman of rare gifts. She devotes much of her time to painting portraits on tiles and achieves gorgeous effects with lines and curves. An exhibition of these tiles is announced to be opened to the public at the Ferargil Galleries, 37 East 57th Street, New York City, from November 10th to 22nd. Mrs. Grainger has also written several poems. Here is one of them, entitled "Intentions and Fears."

I meant to sing my lover's praise,
Describing lovingly his face,
The color of his eyes and hair,
But think of naught but my despair
And I despair because he is
On this our earth my only bliss,
To look at him is what I crave;
He is my master, I his slave.
Is he so fair? I must say yes!
But of his beauty you must guess;
I cannot tell exactly how
My lover pleases me just now.
Yet I despair, as I have said,
Because forever in my head
Such silly thoughts keep whirling round;

I fear to lose the love I found.

—Ella Ström-Grainger.

Copyright, 1928, by Percy Grainger.

In addition to turning doorknobs with his nimble feet, Mr. Grainger likes to swim, run, play football and deck tennis and to wrestle. He loves walking because it gives him a greater opportunity to observe nature's prodigality.

It is not, then, surprising that "sunshine and fresh air" are said to be the "constituents of his art" and that he is described as "the only cheerful sunny composer living." He said:

"I think that the object of all art is to

Mr. Grainger pointed out that millions of people have lovely melodies running through their minds, but that only one in thousands is able to write them down properly, and that very few are able to write them down at all.

"Isn't there some way of simplifying the writing down of music?" I asked, seized with the sudden ambition of coming to the world's rescue in helping to release its song.

"The great value of art," rejoined Mr. Grainger, "is its complexity. The trouble with civilization is that it makes life too simple and therefore impoverishes it. Nature is lavish and complex.

"Printing has helped to simplify existence. Take the expression, 'I'll tell the world.' This phrase spread around the world through the aid of printing. It is the same, 'I'll tell the world' in every valley and district of the country. Civilization tends to destroy local color. But local color is in tune with the lavishness and complexity of nature."

This is the man who not very long ago trundled a wheelbarrow with his trunks to the railroad station. He did it for the exercise, he said, and added humorously, "A penny saved is a penny earned."

I WAS eager to know why he was so keenly enthusiastic in the Nordic Race and in its literature, as I know that he reads or speaks Danish, Swedish, Jutish, Norwegian, Landsmaal, Icelandic and Faerose.

Because there is no place where religion, patriotism and morality are so little

publicly regarded as they are in the Scandinavian countries. If religion, patriotism and morality are to be of any value they must come from within.

"The Scandinavians are not afraid to hear anything and they are never shocked. They are primitive without being ignorant. They have retained their original primitive instincts. They are tolerant and highly cultured.

"The strongest source of artistic inspiration, for the Nordic Race, is what we call nature itself—rivers, trees, rocks, soil and the sea—rather than people.

"Everywhere one is continually brought in sight of virgin nature—nature that has not been despoiled by man. My two Hill Songs express feelings aroused by the



Tile painting made by Mrs. Grainger.

approximate the freedom and tolerance of nature. I like Walt Whitman's phrase, 'broad and tolerant is nature'."

One's grasping for the comprehension of the infinite is satisfied when Mr. Grainger talks of music.

A COMPOSER who is inspired does not feel himself a person. He is merely recording something that is being dictated to him. I am content to feel that when one is inspired that one is carried along on the stream of human necessity. There is something in the race that wants to find expression. The artist is nothing at all. He is the means by which a race becomes conscious of itself."

thoughts of the hills." So speaks a poet.

Nature was wise in having chosen this favorite son, who loves her so dearly, as one of her grand interpreters. Poets have sung her praises and artists have outlined her graces since day began. But it is doubtful if more than a select few have ever so completely worshipped and exalted her as has Percy Grainger.

In marked contrast to Mr. Grainger's indifference to persons and his adoration of nature, are Mrs. Grainger's utter dislike for forests, parks and other settlements of Nature and her keen interest in human nature. That Mrs. Grainger finds her inspiration in people is evidenced by her preference for portrait painting.

"Do you notice the luminousness," Mr. Grainger asked me, "of those paintings? The lines never mix. They remain individual and clear. Now let me show you what I mean by luminousness in music. It is gained by the use of bells and percussion instruments."

Mr. Grainger then played on the piano and instructed his wife to hammer (for want of the musical term) on the bells when he looked at her. He played from his composition, "Spoon River," and as the bells sounded, the rings stood out clearly and separate from each other and from the piano tones until they gradually faded out.

It was glorious hearing him play at close range. I can understand now what he meant when he said he objected to personal music—music played by persons other than the composer. "The performer is very apt to concentrate on the emotions aroused rather than the thought. Musical thoughts are perhaps better than the emotions they awaken. All we need is a composer's message. It does not have to be interpreted. Let us have all statements without embellishments."

Mr. Grainger finds beauty in anything that has been left alone—even in vacant lots.

"Even with the tin cans?" I ventured, hoping that I would be saved the pain of cultivating a taste for a junk-dealer's traffic.

"Even with the tin cans," was the peremptory reply.

AFTER all, things can be worse than lots strewn with rusty tin cans. And they aren't so ugly at that—well—that is, they really are not.

The Graingers were expecting friends on the next train. Off flew Mr. Grainger down the steps in two bounds, disappearing like a phantom, and leaving me with a lapful of ideas.

I find here on the last page of my notebook one of his statements, "It does not seem necessary that a composer should come in contact with classical music for more than a few years in his early youth to become a first class composer. So I deduce that what is necessary to make a great artist is a great human nature. Experience comes in a few years."

Symphony Music

(Continued from page 93)

write their largest works, basing the plan upon what they have found to be the best and most generally efficient grouping. Thus, the orchestra has come to consist at bottom of four groupings of instruments, known respectively as the strings, the wood-wind, the brass and the percussion. Each of the first three groups contains instruments which will play in the high, the middle, or the low ranges of sound, so that full chorus can be played by one single group. An orchestra, in fact, consists of a string band, a wood-wind band and a brass band, with percussions in the way of drums, cymbals, tambourines, triangles, and the like, for occasional use.

THE string group consists of viols, violins, violas, 'cellos, and stringed basses. The violins are always divided into two groups, first and seconds, not because there is any difference in the instruments, but to take respectively the highest notes and those next to the highest. The notes next lower are given to the violas, the next lower to the violoncellos, or "cellos" as they are usually called and the lowest to the stringed basses, usually called "double basses" or "contrabasses" or just "basses". All these instruments are played by means of bows. The violin is held under the chin and so is the viola, which is just a little larger than the violin. The 'cello is played seated, and is held between the player's knees. The bass is played standing, for it is very large and bulky. There are more individual instruments in the string section than in any other, because the wood-wind and brass instruments are often very powerful and a big body of strings is needed to counter-balance them. Thus, an orchestra like the Boston Symphony will probably have all told, nearly seventy instruments in the string section, sixteen first violins, sixteen second violins, fourteen violas, twelve cellos and ten basses, or sixty-eight in all.

The wood-wind section comprises two or three each of flutes, oboes, clarinets and bassoons, with bass clarinet, contrabassoon and English horn (tenor oboe) when called for. The flute and the oboe are high treble instruments, the one with a woody and the other with a bitter-sweet sort of tone. The clarinet has a somewhat lower range of notes and its tone is very smooth, quietly rich and noble. The bassoon is the bass of the wood-wind section and there is a contra-bassoon which plays an octave lower.

The brass section is easy to understand. There are the bright pealing trumpets (rather finer and cleaner in tone than the cornets used in brass bands), the lovely mellow French horns, the splendid solid trombones and the majestic bass tubas.

The drums need hardly be described, except the t'mpani, which are peculiar because they can be tuned to various notes, usually an octave in range. The side drums and bass drums are familiar to everybody.

A BODY of players like this will run up to a hundred men or more. In broadcasting it has been found very often that a smaller number of strings is actually better, since the acoustic conditions are different. The ordinary large number of strings has come into being in orchestras intended for performance in auditoriums and not for broadcasting. There is a whole host of acoustic problems connected with matters of this sort still waiting to be worked out.

At any rate, you can now keep before your mind's eye, when next you hear on the air the Boston or the Roxy or the NBC orchestra, the picture of this big body of men sitting in a great semi-circle facing the conductor, who stands in the middle of them on a little platform. He has the score of the music before him. In his right hand he holds a baton or light wand of wood. His back is to you as you face the orchestra. On your left are the first violins, on your right the seconds. Behind the firsts are the 'cellos, behind the seconds the violas. Right at the back stand the ten stringed basses. In the central space are the wood-winds. Behind them, usually on the right hand rear of the platform are the brasses, with the percussions at the rear centre.

Keep that in your mind's eye the next time you hear the opening strains of the Tannhauser overture, or of Beethoven's sixth symphony floating to you through the loudspeaker. And remember that this great body of players represents the finest example of the possibilities of training and of discipline that this world knows.

Military discipline is not within a mile of it. Seventy bows sweeping the strings as one in some great unison passage; and no false notes. Such instantaneous precision and exact coordination of movement can not be excelled by any other company of human beings.

THERE stands the conductor, score in front of him, which he keeps there more for form's sake than because he needs it, for he has learned by heart every note in it, every note to be played by every one of the hundred men before him. His eye takes in a page at a glance, and as he sweeps his arm in a gesture of command, his men obey him as one, for they have worked out every note in rehearsal and they respond to every silent signal.

Heywood Broun's Radio Column

(Continued from page 17)

Doctors told me I did not, but that didn't help at all. Then one night I got into a fist fight with a chum—quite a big one—(I still think I was right) and he blacked two eyes and broke my nose.

I had an engagement to meet a friend who was dancing in a cabaret, and I thought, "I am not going to let a little thing like this stand in my way." Of course I put my head under the pump for a while. But there wasn't anything to do for the black eyes. All the butcher shops were closed. I couldn't get any raw beef steak. She was a very nice young lady, my friend the dancer, because when I peered out through the thin portholes still left to me and said, "Do you mind going out with a man who looks like this?" she said, "Why, not at all!" And so we joined another party and went to an all night restaurant.

And about six in the morning when we were all discussing the protective tariff or love at first sight or one of those things that you do get talking about at six in the morning, I suddenly realized that I ought to be home in bed having a nervous breakdown. In fact I felt that very likely I ought to be dead. Nobody with two black eyes, a broken nose and a bad heart ought to be arguing about love at first sight in an all night restaurant at six in the morning.

BUT I had forgotten all about it. The next day—or maybe, to be more exact, noon of the same day—I woke up to find that I only had vision in the left eye. But I could see one thing very plainly. I could see that I was cured.

But of course there are a lot of other methods. You don't have to take that one.

There is one terrible thing about being sick. Some people get along with their ailment—a sense of shame. As far as I am concerned every sort of illness just comes under the head of hard luck. I suppose there are healthful and unhealthy ways of living—but lots of us haven't a great deal of scope in choosing the way we are going to live. And not one of us chose his fundamental constitution. If you are robust by nature you can live very unhealthfully and have a lot of fun. And aside from that there comes a time in every man's life when he has to say, "This thing I must do. I have got to do it. Health or no health it is up to me." Even in times of peace there are occasions when there is nothing to do but march right out and charge the machine guns. If you get wounded nobody ought to blame you . . . least of all yourself.

There have been a good many letters which made me want to see the person who wrote, face to face. But just now

I am thinking of a particular one. The initials don't matter. I have forgotten. It was from a man in a hospital and he said that he had tuberculosis—and then this terrible sense of shame burst out—he said, "Don't worry—you can't catch it from this letter." I wanted to go to his bed and slap him on the shoulder and say, "Don't be silly. Don't be so sensitive. Get rid of that notion that you are a public menace. You are sick, just as all of us have been or will be sometime or another. In this respect we certainly are all in the same boat."

And why should there be this squeamishness about tuberculosis? Doctors tell me that practically everybody encounters the germ at one time or another and it tosses some of us and the rest of us toss it. Tough luck—good luck. There is no

Baby Rose Marie,
FIVE YEARS OLD,
MAKES \$100,000
Broadcasting

*Amazing story of success by child
broadcasters who are moving their
parents from the slums to stylish
apartments in the exclusive sections
of the city will be told by Anne Sioux*

Scarberry in the

DECEMBER
RADIO DIGEST

point in being mysterious or ashamed about it. There isn't any disease which can be licked by saying "shush!" Anyhow—what are a few germs between friends.

But I have a lot of letters telling me I ought not to wander around so. How did we get here? I mentioned Edison and his questionnaire. And I have some questions I want to ask those bright boys on my own account. I am in need of advice again. I want to know what you do about cats? And after my Radio vacation is over I am very much afraid I will have to ask, "What do you do about kittens?" And there is an even more perplexing problem that I would

like to put up to the young scientists. It goes like this, "What is the biological explanation for the fact that when a stray cat wanders into your house she always turns out to be female if you keep her long enough?"

I didn't really feel morally responsible for Marion the first time she meowed her way into the penthouse apartment. I had never seen her before. There was no chance of her taking up permanent possession. Captain Flagg, the Airedale, will be back in a couple of months. She couldn't seem to grasp that. She stayed on and on and finally at my suggestion Miss Whipple offered to give her a good home. That is she offered to take Marion to her own house. They started off in the elevator together but down at the corner Marion leaped out of Miss Whipple's arms and ran into a family hotel and disappeared. Miss Whipple tried to follow but the doorman wouldn't let her go through all the corridors of the hotel calling out, "Here, Kitty! Here, Kitty." He said it might annoy some of the guests. Make them feel self conscious, I suppose. When I heard about what had happened I took it very calmly. I said, "Marion has chosen her two hundred beds with private bath and southern exposure, let her lie in them."

AND exactly two days later she came back. It was Marion all right. Even in a big city like New York there aren't many gray cats with three inches cut off the tail and green paint on the right front foot. I did not need to call in any council of medical experts to make sure that I had the right cat. But I will never understand how she did it. I suppose she spent the forty-eight hours looking for the right address. But I live on the tenth floor and they don't let stray cats ride up in the elevator. Not without special permission anyway. There's a back stair but she would have to reach up and turn all the doorknobs. They are a little bit high for her. And she couldn't possibly have said to the doorman, "I want Heywood Broun's apartment."

I don't believe she even knows my name and certainly she doesn't know how to pronounce it. But she seemed to sense that I might use her for material in a Radio column. In her cunning and feline mind that entitles her to salmon and cream for the rest of her life. Just one mention on the Radio. Maybe she has an exaggerated idea of what people get paid for working on sustaining programs. Sometimes there are six kittens—all female in time—and not so much time—that makes thirty-six female cats. And then—well, after that I moved out—I don't suppose anybody wants a kitten? No! Well, good night, just the same.

Radio Roads

By Rudy Vallee

(Continued from page 9)

find it up to their expectations. I further told them that I considered our tour a Radio good-will tour, one which we had chosen in preference to a trip to Europe or to Hollywood to make another picture, in the hope that it would bring us face to face with our Radio friends and fans. It had done just that; everywhere we went we found friendly and cordial audiences. In the one or two cases where I had a sense of vague hostility on the part of a few, it disappeared before the evening was half over. Psychologically I felt it couldn't be otherwise.

DURING the fifty minutes (it usually took an hour) of the concert, parts of which the crowd danced to, I was either singing or playing the saxophone or clarinet; even on the hottest of nights we all worked extremely hard. During the concert I sang over thirty songs and had a long monologue in our comedy number, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo!" At the end of the concert on the warm nights the boys were wringing wet, and we had only a short rest after the concert, and from then on we played twenty and twenty-five minute stretches of dance music with two and three minutes rest between.

I stayed with the boys until the end of the dance, working every minute to make the dance a success. Every fourth or fifth song was a wild, hot number for those who love the Hoosier Hop, or for those who like to be lost in an ecstasy of wild dancing for the moment. The entire fifteen men I had chosen were men who enjoyed working and who threw themselves into every evening's work with complete abandon; such also was the way I worked, and the reaction upon our audience couldn't help but be felt. A band that works for the love of working, and gives plenty of what they are producing and gives it in a varied style, cannot help but please the audience.

I will leave it to the dance promoters who engaged us, and use their words to express what I cannot say personally. Every dance promoter was enthusiastic concerning our appearance and in every case asked us when we could play a return engagement; that is very unusual at the price we received. Several wanted to play us a few weeks after our first appearance, but I preferred to wait for a year or two years.

The prices charged varied from \$1 to \$3 per person; the average price was \$2

and \$2.50 per person. That is a lot of money to ask in these days of business depression in towns where the mines have been closed for weeks, where factories have been shut down and where some families are actually starving.

The fact that Radio can create such a tremendous interest is shown by the immense crowds outside the dance hall as well as in. In every place there were from 3,000 to 5,000 people lined up along the way to the dance hall, or surging around it in the hope of hearing and seeing for nothing. Many of these were well-dressed and genteel looking people. The answer was that as much as they wanted to be inside they couldn't afford it; times were hard, the drought was in its worst stages in the middle of our tour, and yet the terrific, cordial crowds inside showed that in spite of all the depression whatever could be done was done to the satisfaction of everyone.

IN MANY cases the crowd outside was permitted to hear and see. The dance hall promoter realized one thing—that these people couldn't afford to be inside, or, of course, they would be, because the only thing that keeps a person on the outside is the fact that he cannot afford to be inside. That is common sense. The fact that he is there on the outside shows that his curiosity is great enough or he wouldn't be there.

It made me very happy indeed to have hundreds of young, burly men, some in a very shame-faced, eyes downcast attitude, approach me between dances and after the dance and ask to shake hands, saying that they had changed their opinion. Whenever I had the opportunity to ask them, I generally questioned them saying, "Why did you form an opinion before you had seen me? Why be so unfair?" To this they could only do what any person could do—shrug their shoulders and admit that they didn't know. Human nature was ever thus, and will always be! People will form opinions before they have any reasonable right to do so; they will form it from write-ups, from pictures, and from stories brought by word of mouth. Nothing is more unfair, yet nothing is more a fact; that is human nature in its stark reality.

I feel that our tour did more good than anything else could have done, as it brought the Connecticut Yankees and myself very close to those who knew us only through our Radio work. They had

learned to love our music through our Radio work or they never would have turned out to see us, but the tour permitted them to see in action the men who had brought them musical happiness month after month; it enabled them to see that these boys and I were just as human, just as regular and hard working in our own particular way as they were in theirs.

As I left the last town in Pennsylvania and turned the nose of my big, blue car towards New York, leaving early in the morning of the day that we were to broadcast from the Times Square Studios, I realized that this had been a summer that had joined Radio and actual appearances in a perfect unity. The 7,000 miles which were clocked on my speedometer had been 7,000 miles of wonderful relaxation and change for my boys and myself. After a year and a half of an eighteen-hour schedule which had kept us from the sun, being indoors in the theatre from twelve noon to ten-thirty at night, and in the Villa Vallee from eleven until three, never seeing another show, never getting out into the sunshine, the beaches, the golf and tennis clubs, we needed such a change as this, and Radio made it possible for us to take it, and take it in a triumphant, friend-making, sensational tour.

Everywhere we met good-will, friendliness, cordiality, and left feeling that we had helped to make these young people and old people happier for one evening of their lives, and that in our future broadcasts there would be a better understanding and knowledge of those who were trying to bring them, through the ether, simple dance music with song.

Turkey Day in Studioland

(Continued from page 27)

Lombardo, and if he had any, they were not accessible. For when he was shaken violently to rouse him from the proverbial doze into which he had fallen even in the face of such an appealing discussion, the beloved director of the Panatella syncopators simply mumbled, "Please go 'way and let me sleep."

So of course no one did. They just kept right on loudly cooking that theoretically perfect microphone banquet for turkey day until, by a sad misfortune, Phil Cook, the Quaker Man, hove into sight.

"Phil," I asked him. "What's your idea of just the right thing for Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Well," said that multi-charactered comedian in voice No. 6, "you take a double handful of Crackels—"

And so ended the discussion with the large crowd rapidly scattering here and there and hiding behind grand pianos, drapes, saxophones, kettle drums and bull fiddles.

Crooks Don't Like Ether

(Continued from page 13)

to curtail the intimacy between the youth and the criminal which is fostered in these breeding places of crime.

Theodore Roosevelt expressed the entire problem of delinquency when he said, "If you want to do anything that is permanent for the average man, you must begin before he is a man. The chance for success lies in working with the boy and not with the man."

The main issue before the American people today is neither political nor economic—it is the education of youth.

The officers of the Bureau of Crime Prevention of the New York Police Department have shown what remarkable results can be obtained by trained workers who gain the confidence and the respect of delinquent boys and girls. The first six months' report of the Bureau has some splendid illustrations of this point. Children who showed anti-social tendencies, frequently due to home conditions, were induced to frequent recreational clubs where they played healthy games and learned to accomplish useful things. Difficult family situations were harmoniously adjusted, thereby making the home life of the possible delinquent more attractive.

The great influence of this new arm of police service will not be felt immediately. We are planning for the years to come. We are most hopeful that by directing the mental traffic of the young mind in the right direction we will lessen the spiritual injury and death that devastate the ranks of our children. Thanks to Radio the awakening of a national desire for crime prevention is beginning to be felt. We all admit the wisdom of the maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The ether waves have started carrying a campaign of education which will promote the security, the safety and the happiness of every honest citizen. Such publicity means something else to the criminal. He shrinks from it!

WHEN television comes into its own the ether waves will be able to broadcast pictures of wanted criminals. He thrives best in ignorance and darkness. But we will give him plenty of ether; not the kind that comes out of a can, but the ether which carries a much bigger kick, Radio waves. Crooks don't like that brand of ether.

Lessons In Loveliness

(Continued from page 84)

appearance and enhance her best points.

A guide to make-up—Powder always looks deeper or darker in the box than it does on the skin. It is not advisable

to select powder or rouge or lipstick because you like the color in the package. It will look much different on the skin. To be most effective, powder should always be chosen a shade deeper or darker than the tone of the skin. A lighter powder shows up on the skin, a powder deeper than the skin gives it a translucent appearance.

Neither is it advisable to select powder designated "For Blonde" or "For Brunette". Not all blondes are fair-skinned, nor all brunettes dark-complexioned. It is desirable to have at least two different shades of powder—a deeper, creamier shade for daytime wear, and a shade for evening that will give the skin a fairer, whiter effect under electric lights. A good evening lavender will give an alluring fairness to everyone except the Spanish brunette with deep olive complexion—and this is the type that should never strive for whiteness. A deep naturally olive complexion has fascination.

THE present fashion of "creamy" powders is flattering to nearly every tone of complexion carried to extremes. If you have brown hair you may wear a deep rachel to advantage, but a light rachel will look even better.

Rachel is associated in our minds as something for brunettes, but many a light-complexioned woman can enhance the attraction of her skin by a deep rachel, especially if she has brown eyes. If she has gray or blue eyes a light rachel for daytime and a pinkish naturelle or lavender for evening are more suitable.

Rouge and Lipstick—The shade of rouge and lipstick should always be a perfect match. Too often we see orange cheeks and red lips or vice versa. Rouge in cream form has many advantages over dry rouge. It looks more natural, if properly selected and softly blended in, and stays on for hours without the necessity of renewing it. I consider a good cream rouge much better for the skin than dry rouge.

Eye Shadow and Mascara—Eye-shadow is growing in favor, but the difficulty about it for evening is this: With so many various colored lights being used in theatres, restaurants and night clubs, one never knows what the lighting effects will do to the make-up, so it is best to stick to the deep blue or light green shade. A

tiny bit of cream rouge blended into the upper eyelid will make the eyes look larger, but it must be very delicately applied, else the eyes may look inflamed. You know, of course, that the eyebrows are no longer being plucked into the extremely fine pencil line, but if they are scraggly or too heavy it is desirable to shape them or thin them out. Heavy "beading" of the eye-lashes, in fact, any kind of make-up for the eyes, is never in best of taste for daytime, except where the lashes and brows are too light. Then, a good cosmetic and eyebrow pencil are desirable to bring out the depth and expression of the eyes.

TO ADVISE each of you on your own color combinations. I will have to know—

1. The color of your hair (if it has grey in it, please say so).
2. The tone of your complexion—fair, creamy or olive. Does it still retain some summer tan?
3. Your age (approximately).
4. Is your skin included to be dry or oily?
5. The color of your eyes.

Please mention the RADIO DIGEST in your letter—the Editor's note tells how to address me.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

Business Opportunities

Screw-Holding Screw Drivers! Remove, insert screws from inaccessible places! Factories, garages, electricians, mechanics, auto. radio owners buy on sight! Exclusive territory. Free Trial! Manufacturer, 1710 Winthrop Bldg., Boston.

Song Writers

SONGWRITERS-POEMS-MELODIES—Opportunity. Tommie Malie, RD 4215 North Avenue, Chicago.

SONGWRITERS—Advance royalty payments, new talking picture song requirements, etc., fully explained in our free instructive booklet. Write today. Song poems examined free. Newcomer Associates, 1674-P Broadway, New York.

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Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Seals. Sell for 10c set. When sold return \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 6, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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"GET-ACQUAINTED LETTER CLUB"—For Ladies and Gentlemen. Big List of Descriptions (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society, Box 100-R, Detroit, Michigan.

Big Money for Radio Entertainers

If you can play an instrument, sing, or recite, learn about the opportunities to get into Radio Broadcasting as an Entertainer. If you have a voice "with a personality" there are also big opportunities as Radio Announcers. Our complete Book "Radio Entertaining" tells all about the opportunities for those who have talent, and how to cash in on it. Price \$2 postpaid. Those purchasing "Radio Entertaining" and who desire to apply for an audition, may be listed with our Bureau, and we will advise your nearest Broadcasting Stations. No fee for this service. The "Listing Questionnaire" will be mailed with your copy of "Radio Entertaining."

Send \$2 today to **NATIONAL RADIO BUREAU**, Dept. C, P. O. Box 332, San Francisco, Calif.

Mystery Announcer Wins

(Continued from page 115)

at every public appearance. There is no doubt that part of the charm exists in maintaining that identity as a mystery. His voice is, however, his most potent asset. It is a voice that registers a strong and virile personality, infectious with a twinkle of humor but withal possessed of a certain integrity of character and dignity appealing to the imaginative feminine listener.

RADIO was his first love. It began with his school days when he slipped away from the tedium of classrooms at Johnston, N. J., to delve into the intriguing business of putting coils and batteries together to produce a far-flung sound or gather in a sound that other hands directed from far away at sea or in distant lands. It fascinated and gripped him—those strange signals trickling down out of the sky to tell of things that were mysterious and far away. And finally he too could throw back his own thoughts across the great spaces. There was no idea of using his voice in those days—everything was in dots and dashes.

Eventually the ships claimed him. A wireless operator with power to span the seas from ship to ship and ship to land—then the War. Secretary Josephus Daniels sent him a special letter of commendation for bravery manifested in sticking to his key while in very imminent peril. After the war he gravitated into broadcasting, first as a combination announcer-operator, and now as the national champion Diamond Meritum Award winner.

The Happiest Years

(Continued from page 16)

gagements and her children were taking more of her time. Her husband died a few years later, leaving her with five small children and hardly any money. The days were dark ones for her and time and again she and her children experienced hunger. Just when the singer was in despair, she was asked to sing at a benefit performance in Berlin. For that appearance she was given thirty marks and the newspaper critics awoke to find that they had discovered a voice which they were sure was destined to become great. Perhaps this was the real climax of her life which led to her broad philosophy of today.

From that time on her path became smoother. She was asked to sing at the Hamburg Opera and then invited to become first contralto of the Berlin Royal Opera, the goal of every singer in Germany and one of the most famous opera houses in the world.

WHEN she sang Wagner at Bayreuth Maurice Grau, then impresario of the Metropolitan Opera in New York, asked her to come to America. Two years later, in 1899, she came to this country and the American public took Schumann-Heink, artist, mother and woman, straight to its heart. And after more than a half century of song, her golden voice still thrills its listeners. Friendly, unaffected and unspoiled, she remains the idol of her vast audience of music lovers. Now that the calm, peaceful days have come after a busy life, she finds her "happiest years."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, October, 1930. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond Bill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO DIGEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Business Manager—Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward Lyman Bill, C. L. Bill, Randolph Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Titman, and Charles R. Tighe all of 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for which such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.) Raymond Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September 1930, Harry Hoag, Notary Public, County Clerk's No. 245, N. Y. County Register's No. 11177. Term expires March 30, 1931. [SEAL.]

Vote For Your Favorite Station in New Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid-in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct.. \$4.00 150 votes

2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 8.00 325 votes

3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.. 12.00 500 votes

4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.. 16.00 750 votes

5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 1-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 20.00 1,000 votes

10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year

and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. 40.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

The Poet's Friend

(Continued from page 24)

Mount Parnassus and chatting there with Keats.

Here he formed the enduring friendship of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Swinburne and Rossetti who were his constant companions. These poets lived again for Masfield in his garret and poured out their rich songs to him.

Then he began with his own dabbings in verse. Some of these hint at the genius which was to be and most of these early beginnings are still in the possession of friends in Yonkers.

Although Mr. Masfield's thoughts circle sea and land, he has a memory for little things. When he returned to the United States a few years ago for a lecture tour, he went to the home of some old friends. They fell to reminiscing. They talked about their wedding and Masfield even remembered the guests who had attended and what presents they had given. There was the old icebox which he himself had bought as a gift. When Mr. Masfield returned to England, he arranged for another icebox to be sent to his friend on the wedding anniversary.

Although the old icebox might make a very attractive addition to Henry Ford's museum or provide a fascinating bit for collectors of valuable furniture, Billy Booth intends to hold on to these two iceboxes.

For a famous poet, there is very little biographical material, but Masfield has probably said with his fellow writers that those who would seek him must find him in his works.

In olden times the bards would sing their rhymes on the streets and the more fortunate would find their way into courts and palaces.

In modern times the only tunes we hear on the street are the warm whistle of the peanut wagon, the rumblings of trains, the whizz of aeroplanes and the beckoning call of the steamboat.

SO AMONG the multitudinous voices of machines, our poets have retreated into the covers of books and from the influential platform of the printed page have given utterance to their deepest emotions.

But Radio, as Mr. Masfield points out, may bring poets back into their own. The wave length will silently carry the songs of poets through hum and buzz of modern life into the homes of those who love the song of poetry.

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Bernadine Hayes

(Continued from page 49)

"Any woman can be beautiful if she takes time," was the encouraging reply. "A charming woman is much more attractive than a beautiful woman. The longer you know a charming woman, the deeper does she grow in your affections."

"Are you financially independent?"

"Yes, I am, and I am not ashamed of it. I used to work in the lace department of a large store during my vacations when I went to high school, and very rich ladies would come in with their maids, and I would often wonder if I would ever be like them. I have always loved beautiful things and I love to go out to theatres and parties."

Her ideal man? He does not have to be good-looking. But he must be intelligent and must know how to earn a living.

"I want to marry someone upon whom I can thoroughly depend. I don't believe that any woman should dominate the marriage situation. Yes, I'd like to have one or two children and send them to nice schools."

"But there is nothing like a large family at Christmas time, with everyone gathered at home."

The career of Bernadine Hayes, Queen of the Air, began in humble surroundings. She started singing in St. Louis and confined her activities to private parties and in the homes of her friends.

THEN came her opportunity. It was at Loew's State Theatre in St. Louis. The engagement of one of the singers, around whom an act was built, had to be cancelled. Another singer was engaged to do the number, but when she arrived at the rehearsal she couldn't carry on with the song.

Eager to try the part, she pleaded with the manager to let her take it. He looked at her in surprise. Who was this young girl who even dared to presume that she could sing before the footlights? But she was not to be daunted, and the manager, after all, had to get someone to fill the bill. Her success amazed even the manager if managers can be amazed. And a contract was offered her for a tour of the West.

A short time after the completion of the tour Miss Hayes appeared at an exhibition, and as events would have it,

George Junkin, Manager of KMOX, St. Louis, invited her to broadcast from his station, and soon after that she was signed up as a staff artist.

Recognition after recognition came. An official of the Columbia Broadcasting System, hearing her over KMOX, suggested that she go to Chicago and broadcast from WBBM and since that time she has been one of the features on CBS and on local programs.

Miss Hayes is known as one of the best blues singers in the country. But "popular" music is not her only interest in life. She loves operas and concerts and has been studying under Albert Rappaport of the Chicago Civic Opera.

The midnight hour has sounded and Cinderella has not departed. The Fairy Godmother is evidently pleased with the way she has carried her part—and the Prince of a Wealthy Kingdom will soon be coming.

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Good Diction

(Continued from page 66)

minded is generally recognized. We hear a speaker without seeing him. When a speaker is only a voice, he must needs send forth a good voice. The Radio has not only added to the value of a pleasing method of utterance, it has increased the handicap which a harsh unlovely voice and incorrect use of words impose."

THE voice of Sir Oliver Lodge, musical, quietly authoritative, without one blundering note or displeasing tone is a lesson in cultivated speech of enormous potency, for it reaches millions of listeners who have been made speech conscious by the Radio.

"It was in recognition of the growing importance of the regular paid announcers of the five hundred stations in America as teachers of good diction, that I advocated to the American Academy directors the establishment of a medal to be awarded to the announcer whose articulation, pronunciation, tone quality and general quality seemed most worthy of award."

Miss Perkins claims that the chief function of Radio is to serve the public, first, by broadcasting news; second, by providing entertainment; third, by discussing educational topics; and fourth, by promulgating good cheer.

Who is more in need of this wonderful service than the busy housewife for whom Radio serves as her only contact with the teeming world outside?

Miss Perkins' broadcasts, built upon these principles, have been of inestimable value to the woman at home, to whose rescue she comes in more than one way.

Those who have found it impossible to do very much window shopping can always receive guidance from Miss Perkins who presides over her program as a charming hostess, never forgetting the elements of service, entertainment and good cheer.

Miss Perkins stimulates interest in her program by discussing current events of general interest and by inviting prominent persons from time to time to tell about their own fields of activity. Among these guests have been Mrs. Douglas Robinson, sister of former President Roosevelt, who told about the boyhood of her distinguished brother. Mrs. Frank Shuler, President of the New York Federation of Women's Clubs, outlined the scope and activities of this organization. Among those who have contributed a rendition of modern poetry have been Leonore Speyer, Edwin Markham, and Arthur Guiterman.

With representation from such a variety of activities, it can be seen why the interest of the busy woman at home is maintained in these morning programs.

Miss Perkins is very enthusiastic about

her work. The National Association for American Speech of which Miss Perkins is President, attracts professionals as well as those who are interested in good diction for the sake of culture. Here at the Association, day and evening courses are conducted for voice training, vocabulary building, poise, effective personality and artistic interpretation.

"The purpose of speech training is to develop the use of the voice as an instrument of expression," concluded Miss Perkins. "This is just as essential in daily life as it is over the Radio, but Radio emphasizes the need."

Miss Perkins enjoys her Radio work because it brings her in contact with individuals from every walk of life and because it is so closely allied to the subjects of voice, diction and personal expression in which she has always been so interested."

Radiographs

(Continued from page 69)

ments for twenty-two publishers and writes all the continuity for the Breen and de Rose programs. She admits to a weakness for fan mail. She gets a voluminous amount but she reads and answers it all herself. She has a pair of white snails for pets. She had had them for years and herself. She has had them for years and has never been quite sure why she keeps them. But she does.

Peter de Rose

NEXT the man. Slender, dark, small moustache, bending over the piano and gazing up at the other member of the team with large romantic eyes. He is Peter de Rose, who has been picking out tunes by ear on the piano since he was twelve years old and now is half of the team of Breen and de Rose, the husband of the other half (I will not make puns); and the composer of a long string of popular ballads.

Many of these ballads are dedicated to his wife. Theirs is probably the most famous Radio romance on record. When they first began playing together hundreds of persons wrote in to say they were sure they were married by the way they sang love songs over the air. Hundreds of others wrote to say they were sure they weren't married—for the same reason! As a matter of fact, they weren't at that time but later they announced their engagement over the air. Congratulations poured in by the thousands and they were married by a minister whose acquaintance they had made through a fan letter he had written.

They are still singing their love songs in the same way—whatever that may prove—and Peter's latest ballad, dedicated to his wife, is "When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver I Will Love You Just The Same". But even under the

brilliant lights of the studio that day looked a long, long way off.

Like his wife, Peter is of Italian descent and was also born in New York City. He was one of nine children, all natural musicians. Peter, himself, never had a lesson in his life and doesn't read music, but he has been playing the piano by ear ever since he was big enough to reach the keyboard. In addition he also sings and plays the guitar, and just recently May has taught him to play the ukulele. The first time he played it over the air it kept them busy for a week assuring their friends that it really was Peter and not May. "And that," Peter says, "is praise."

He has been composing popular songs for years, but one of his earliest still remains his greatest hit and they still have more requests for it than any other number. It is "Muddy Water" and it looked at first as if it had been born under an unlucky star. It was written just before the big Mississippi flood of a few years ago and for a long time its sale was banned throughout all that region. In time, however, the flood went down, but "Muddy Water" went on and is still paying Peter royalties. Among his other popular successes are "Havin' My Ups And Downs," "Down Among The Sugar Cane," and "I Still Remember."

The de Roses live in New York City on West Seventy-third Street, where Peter does his composing in an apartment overflowing with china and pottery animals for which they both, for some unexplainable reason, have a weakness.

Washington Talks to the Nation

(Continued from page 67)

ever delivered over the air were made by Senators Harrison and Johnson recently from Columbia studios in Washington.

The fiery Mississippian apparently missed an enthusiastic audience not at all when he delivered a denunciation of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill. He shook his finger menacingly at the timid looking mike as he assailed the administration measure, and assumed the fighting pose so familiar to Senate galleries. Senator Watson of Indiana, who also spoke over Columbia on this bill, was equally at home as he voiced approval of the measure.

Senator Johnson withered the mike with a glance as he began his assault on the London treaty. He soon warmed up and pitched into the task with all his familiar ardor. His speech was widely acclaimed as one of the best he has made.

Probably the day is not yet at hand when the little iron box will displace the rostrum. But certainly the day will come when no one can be considered much of a public speaker unless he can thrill invisible audiences via the Radio.

Why Look Like a Wife?

(Continued from page 91)

to "pick on" their children than to serve them in the true sense of the word.

Another disaster that follows these women is loss of the play spirit. Nerve specialists agree that the death of the play spirit is one of the largest factors in matrimonial unhappiness. Women, more than men, have a tendency to lose all sense of their identity after they are married. Of course "Life is real, life is earnest," but life is fun, too, and it's a mistake for any woman to lose sight of that.

IN REPLYING to neglected wives who write me, I suggest that they try to interest themselves in amusements which will take them away from the monotony of household tasks. I advise them to cultivate some simple hobby. And I emphasize the advisability of going to places of amusement with their husbands and children. A month or so ago, I read a prize winning article by a woman who told how she kept her husband and children happy. She said that no matter how tired she was, she was always ready to go to shows and picnics and parties with her husband and children. When I read that I wasn't surprised that she was a successful wife. I'm quite sure this woman didn't look like a breakfast-table wife!

How to be lovelier—any woman can—simply by cultivating the habit of never looking unattractive even to herself. Yes, any woman can be attractive if she is willing to pay the price—and the price is not high. It calls for a little intelligence and character enough to care for one's self faithfully and systematically.

Even the most unattractive woman need not be discouraged. For the most important answer to any beauty problem is—begin now to correct the things which are wrong and keep up the treatments every day thereafter. It is all a matter of habit. And it's just as easy to form good habits as bad ones. Good habits include regular periods of relaxation, exercise, proper diet, care of the skin, and mental discipline. By mental discipline I refer especially to the elimination of worry, fussing, and nagging. These things ruin the disposition and not only that, they cause the glands to manufacture poisonous toxins instead of healthy fluids. Then the skin shows a yellow tinge, lines appear, and the complexion grows dull and lifeless. And before women know what is happening, they have become breakfast-table wives.

But any woman can be beautiful. It is simply a matter of will power. The loveliest woman you have even seen is probably the woman who has character enough to care for herself properly and consistently. Any woman can develop character—so why look like a wife?

The Flying Announcer

(Continued from page 72)

Less than a week later, Brown announced the race on the Ohio river between the Tom Greene and the Betsy Anne, river packets whose rivalry for the racing title of the Ohio has made river history. For almost three hours, Brown gave WLW and National Broadcasting Company listeners a picture of the race and of its progress, with stories of the Ohio river and its history. He was assisted by George Hicks, NBC announcer, who came to Cincinnati to help with the race. This broadcast was almost a repetition of a similar race the year before in which Brown told the story of the sailing of the Betsy Anne and the Chris Greene, sister packet of the Tom.

Most important of all Brown's microphone appearances, however, is the one for which Mr. Crosley chose him in August: the broadcasting of the non-stop flight of Mr. Crosley's plane in the National Air Races.

Flying with Captain William S. Brock in Crosley's Lockheed-Vega at the rate of 190 miles from Los Angeles to Chicago, Brown told the story of the race through station KHILO, the plane's transmitter. The broadcast was picked up by stations along the way for rebroadcasting. At the finish in Chicago, the National Broadcasting Company picked up the story of the last 60 miles of the race, and of its culmination, which Brown described as the plane zoomed across the finish line.

Not content with this unusual feat of broadcasting from a racing plane, Mr. Crosley also sent his plane, with Pilot Brock and Announcer Brown to the International Balloon Race and Aerial Carnival in Cleveland the week of September 1st.

IN THE Cleveland event, Brown announced from the plane as it raced at full speed across the field. After the balloon races began, the plane followed the balloons for 50 or 60 miles, broadcasting their progress so that the WLW audience might follow them by Radio. Several more broadcasting stunts are "in the bag" for Brown and the plane as this story is written . . . stunts that will make him even more famous as an announcer than he is now.

Before Brown came to WLW from Buffalo, he had other broadcasts to his credit that would have satisfied the most adventuresome soul. He had leaned out of a nineteenth story window to describe a Lindbergh parade. He had been one of the first announcers to describe a city from an airplane. He was the first announcer to present Queen Marie of Roumania to the American Radio audience. He also had presented four of the most famous flyers: Colonel Lindbergh, Ruth Elder, Eddie Rickenbacker, and Clarence Chamberlain.

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Suspense

(Continued from page 63)

"Of course we should. Before anyone. And"—she repeated the words with emphasis—"We've noticed nothing."

To Irene this naturally seemed mysterious. But before she could ask for any explanation a diversion was caused by the re-entrance of her father, collared and generally tidier. His mind, it was evident, still dwelt upon one preoccupation.

"Ned and that paper-boy both late together," he grumbled.

"I DON'T think you know my husband, Mr. Gibbs," said Mrs. Mortimer, with an air of relief.

Gibbs also hailed an addition to the group as likely to be helpful; the evening did not seem destined to rank among his triumphs.

"How d'you do, sir," he asked, shaking hands effusively. "I think everyone knows the writer of—that book you wrote."

Mr. Mortimer stared in pleased astonishment. "So you've read that, eh?" he exclaimed. "Capital!"

"Well," answered the guest, ingenuously, "not to say exactly read. But I've often seen it on the shelf at the public library. It's always there."

Mr. Mortimer said nothing—eloquently. "There's another ring," observed Irene, as the sound of the front-door bell cut into a somewhat oppressive silence. She turned to her mother. "Shall I go?" she asked, "Amy is busy."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Mortimer. Then in a quick undertone. "No, wait a minute. No, go at once!"

"Why, mother you're absolutely shaking," Irene whispered, playfully. "One would think we'd never given a party before. And it's all going beautifully."

She flashed an apologetic smile upon the company, and went out quickly into the hall, leaving Mrs. Mortimer standing alone beside the fire. Irene had been right; she was certainly trembling. She laid a hand upon the mantel shelf to steady herself.

Meantime Gibbs had turned again towards his host.

"Sad thing about poor old Hughes," he observed, conversationally.

Mortimer grunted, unappeased.

"Found on the line this morning, they tell me," explained Gibbs. "They say it was that business of his son's absconding that made him do it."

Some trick of the firelight, perhaps, playing on the face of her who listened made it seem to work convulsively.

"I don't hear about such matters for choice," growled Mr. Mortimer.

"To be sure," agreed Gibbs. "Still, I just mentioned it."

These people were undeniably difficult

to talk to, he thought. However, thank Heaven, here was someone entering who looked rather more alive.

This was Trixie, a conventionally pretty young woman of the fluffy and doll-like type, the affianced of Edward. Both her manner and her costume, a low-necked evening dress of silk, were not wholly free from the suspicion of a desire to show off before the family she was about to enter.

"Edward hasn't brought her," announced Irene, ushering in the visitor.

"Oh, dear me, no!" cried the lady. "Nobody brought me, I assure you. Not worthy of such an honor, I expected to find his lordship here."

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer were greeted. "Then you haven't seen him?" asked the latter, kissing her future daughter-in-law.

"Not since yesterday. And he was pretty humpy then. Hardly said good night at all."

"It is queer," mused Irene. Then more briskly. "Trixie, dear, this is Mr. Gibbs, from Edward's bank. Miss Willard, Edward's fiancée."

Mr. Gibbs bowed.

"What do you think of the cake?" asked Irene, by way of making conversation.

"CHARMING, charming," murmured Trixie, in a society voice, intended to show that sugar-icing was to her slightly demodé.

Simple-minded Irene looked pleased.

"Cook thought there should have been little candles on the top, for each year," she said, thoughtfully. "Would you have liked that better?"

"Hardly suppose there'd have been room," volunteered Mr. Gibbs, just to show his interest.

"Really, Mr. Gibbs!" Trixie withered him. "One isn't positively a centenarian, if that's what you mean."

Irene kissed her hastily.

"There," she entreated, "don't be cat-tish, if he is a bit late. Perhaps he is getting a present for you."

"Oh!" Some secret memory seemed to mollify Miss Willard. "I've had that already."

"We haven't seen it."

"I know you haven't." This still more consciously.

Irene's curiosity became clamorous.

"Is it something to wear?" she asked, eagerly. "Have you got it on?" Meeting with affirmative but mysterious nods to both questions, she added, entreatingly, "Oh, Trixie, do show it to us—if—if you can."

It was the last words that appeared to overcome Miss Willard's scruples.

"No gentleman," she replied, with hauteur, "would give me anything to wear that I couldn't show. Only I promised Edward—" She lowered her voice. "Well, just you, then," she said, and half furtively from under the lace of her low bodice produced a pendant, which she handed to Irene.

The latter took it with a cry of astonishment.

"How lovely!" she almost gasped. "And they're real, aren't they? Mother, dad, do just look what Edward's given to Trixie!"

Heedless of the other's cry of protest, she had run to her father and displayed the glittering treasure. Even, he, who had been again impatiently turning the pages of the paper, was impressed.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed, taking the gift in his hand and surveying it with astonishment. "Where, did Mr. Edward get the cash for this bauble, I should like to know? He seems free with his money."

Trixie looked vexed, and a little confused.

"It was only because I admired it in a shop," she faltered.

From the moment of her greeting Mrs. Mortimer had said nothing to the girl. But now, with the pendant in her hand, she came close to her and asked:

"Has he given you many presents like this lately?"

Somehow, for all their quietness, the words seemed to cause an uncomfortable thrill in the little room. It was as though they were charged with ominous meaning. Trixie stammered and hesitated. She was blushing and already beginning to look cross.

"One or two," she said, defensively. "There's nothing to be astonished about. Edward's very fond of me."

"Naturally!" volunteered Gibbs, plunging; but nobody heeded him.

"You needn't imagine," she continued, "that I encouraged him in extravagance. I'm sure I was quite vexed about it at the time. Please give it back to me. I ought never to have let anyone see it."

"WHY?" asked Irene, as Mrs. Mortimer, in silence, handed the jewel back to the girl, from whose face she had not once taken her eyes.

"Edward made me promise not to. He didn't want people to know that he'd got more money than usual just now."

Then Mrs. Mortimer spoke. "And you keep it—like this!" she said. "How can you tell what might depend on it?"

The vehemence of her tone startled them all.

"Really, Mrs. Mortimer—" Trixie stammered, while Irene looked at the

(Continued on page 128)

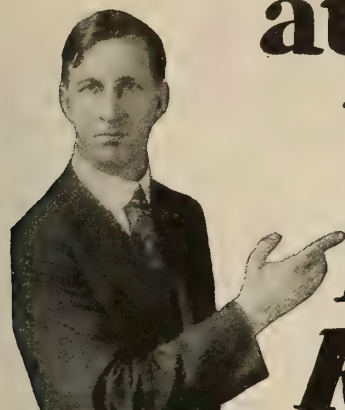
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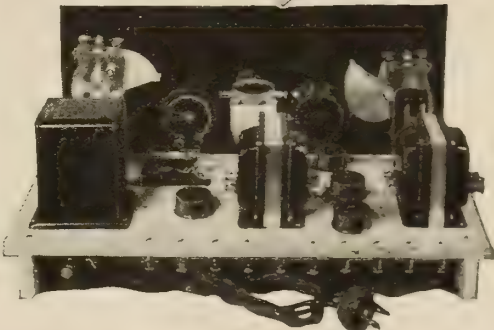
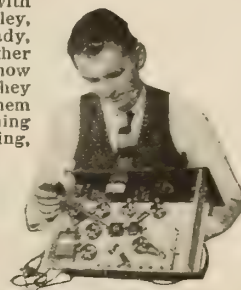
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Suspense

(Continued from page 126)

speaker with a sudden anxiety. What, she wondered, was making her usually quiet mother so odd to-night. This was the second thing—

"You're frightening Trix," she observed, with gentle reproof.

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Mortimer had mastered herself again, as though realizing the effect of her outbreak and alarmed by it. "You mustn't mind what I say to-night. I'm tired."

Doubtless that was the explanation, thought Irene, relieved.

"We're all tired and hungry, and inclined to get cross through waiting for our supper," she proclaimed, in her cheerful voice. "I shall have it up without waiting another minute!"

She had left the room almost before the last words were uttered; practical Irene seldom suffered the loss of an unnecessary second between resolve and action. Mr. Gibbs, confused and more than a little uncomfortable, had tactfully taken up a copy of the Register, and was affecting to be absorbed in its perusal. Mr. Mortimer had turned to the window, and, drawing back the blind, was gazing out into the street. Trixie and Mrs. Mortimer were thus isolated.

"Edward knows I happen to be very fond of real diamonds," continued the former, in what was almost a whimper. "So, naturally, he took the first opportunity—" She blew her ridiculous little nose. "No reason why I should be snapped at!"

MRS. MORTIMER was regarding her with a look in which there was both wonder and terrified pity.

"I'm sorry I flew out at you," she said at last, speaking low and quickly. "But, oh, my dear, you do love the boy, don't you? You're glad and proud that he chose you to be his wife?"

"I chose him just as much," corrected Trixie, still aggrieved.

"Then can't you understand how important it may be? You heard what his father said just now. Where did he get that money? Do you know?"

Impossible now to mistake the earnestness of her anxiety.

"I—I didn't ask," faltered Trixie. "We were having such a wonderful afternoon I wasn't going to spoil the fun with questions of that kind!" But, at sight of Mrs. Mortimer's face, she added quickly.

"Edward isn't in any trouble, is he?"

For a moment his mother did not answer. Then:

"Even if he were," she said, "wouldn't it 'spoil the fun' to tell you?"

"What—what do you mean?"

"Would your love for him be strong enough to share it? Even if it were

worse than trouble, if it were disgrace?"

"Oh—I—I don't know." The doll-like face was aquiver now with agitation. "I hate to think of things like that. There isn't anything going to happen, is there?"

The elder woman turned away with a half-audible groan. "I don't know either—yet," she answered.

"Supper!" cried the brisk voice of Irene, who at this moment appeared, bearing a covered dish, which she placed upon the table. "And the paper-boy's in the road, father. I've sent Amy out for one."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer, rousing himself from his abstraction. "At last we shall know who the fellow is!" He turned with a slightly superior air to the others. "I don't suppose it interests you people much; but, mark my words, this is an evening to be remembered."

"A very enjoyable evening, I'm sure," observed Gibbs, vastly relieved that, as he put it to himself, the family skeleton seemed to have blown over.

"Well," said Irene, "I'm glad you'll know before supper, father, or you wouldn't have eaten anything."

Father, as a fact, had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the expected journal. He did not notice how, while these sentences were being spoken, Trixie had moved close to Mrs. Mortimer. For all her affectation and silliness, there was good somewhere in the girl. "Tell me what it is," she whispered. "What you're afraid of. I want it to be mine, too."

For a moment Mrs. Mortimer caught her hand and squeezed it. Then she turned to face the door. "Wait," she said.

Amy was coming into the room. She carried the Evening Register and a telegram.

"Ah!" here we are!" cried Mortimer. "At last!"

"And there's this," said Amy, holding out the message.

"Oh, father!" Irene exclaimed. "A telegram! Perhaps it's from Ned to say why he's so late."

Mr. Mortimer was fumbling the paper. "Open it, somebody," he growled. "I can't attend to it at this moment."

Irene took the envelope. "I expect it's just that he's been detained at the off—No," she broke off, recollecting; "it

can't be that, can it? Here, mother, will you see?"

Mrs. Mortimer was standing motionless. Something in her bearing struck her daughter even then as strange; on her face was the look of one who sees fate approaching. "Open it," she commanded.

There was a moment's pause as Irene tore the envelope and Mr. Mortimer rustled the pages of his journal. Then a cry broke from them both.

"Mother! Father!" exclaimed Irene, devouring the telegram with her eyes. "It is from Edward. And do you know what he says—?"

"Never mind what he says," The amazed, incredulous voice of Mr. Mortimer broke in upon her. "It's what it says here, in the paper, about him!"

He stammered incoherently. Astonishment seemed to have taken away his breath. No one noticed Mrs. Mortimer in that moment.

Then, "Listen!" he cried, and began to read aloud. "'We have pleasure in disclosing the identity of the brilliant young writer, Edward Mortimer; who will henceforth join our staff.' That means our Edward! Oh, but it can't be true!"

"True!" Irene's cry echoed his. "Of course it is. Absolutely. This is what he says here: 'Left bank. Permanency Register. Starting three hundred. Wait supper. Edward.'"

Mr. Mortimer seemed dazed. "My son wrote them!" he was murmuring incredulously. "My own son!"

"Lucky devil!" said Gibbs, for the second time; adding, with generous warmth, "but he deserves it!"

"Our Edward!" cried Irene. The room was full of little exclamations. "No wonder he looked queer when father read his own things aloud to him! Trixie, aren't you just bursting with pride?"

"Rather!" answered Trixie, whose eyes were very bright. "But I always knew he'd be famous some day." She turned triumphantly to Mrs. Mortimer.

"There!" she said, "what do you say now?"

Edward's mother had not moved or spoken. But as they looked they saw a strange thing. All her self-control seemed to desert her. She gave a great, sobbing cry. "Thank God! Oh, thank God!"

Then she fainted.

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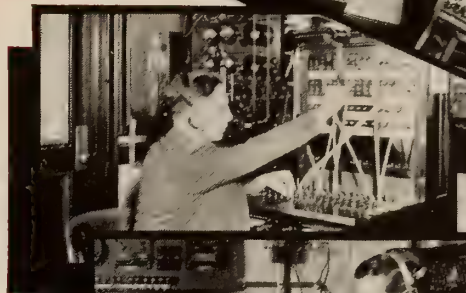
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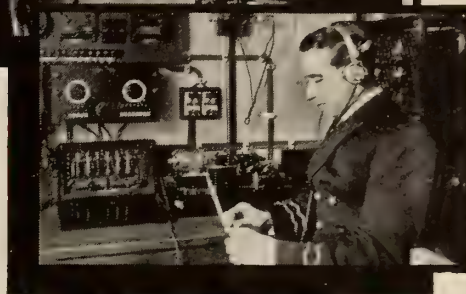
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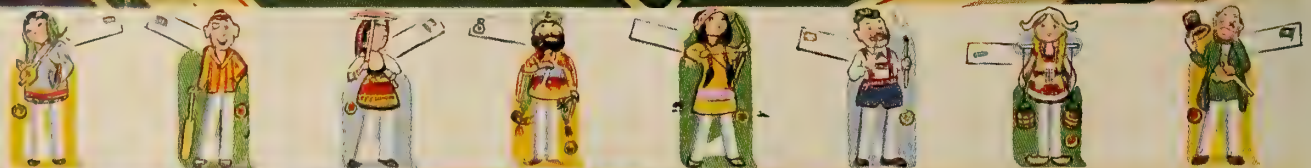
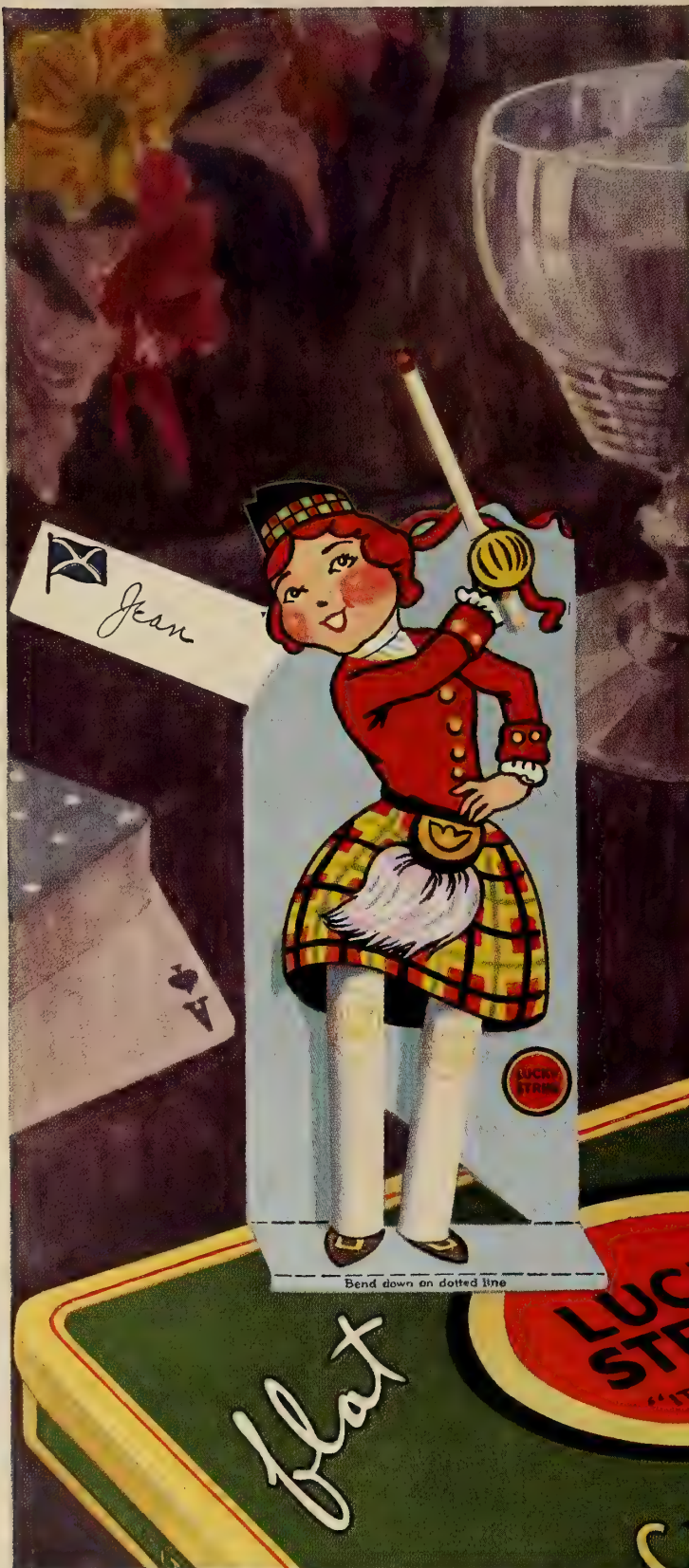
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Radio Digest

December

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Sir Oliver Lodge ÷ Baby Rose Marie ÷ Will Rogers' Horoscope

WHAT RADIO STARS WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

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trust only the finest dentifrice

SO widely known are the benefits which Forhan's brings to mouths marked by the effects of age, that another important function of this dentifrice is sometimes overlooked.

It is so pure, it is so mild and cleansing, that this "dentists' dentifrice" is ideal for children.

Young teeth need exceptional care. Fully 85% of all molars coming through the gums contain tiny surface cracks or fissures—the breeding place of future trouble unless they are watchfully cleaned with a safe dentifrice, and checked also by your dentist.

Health authorities also recommend that you clean and massage the gums, even of infants, and urge that children's gums receive regular care.

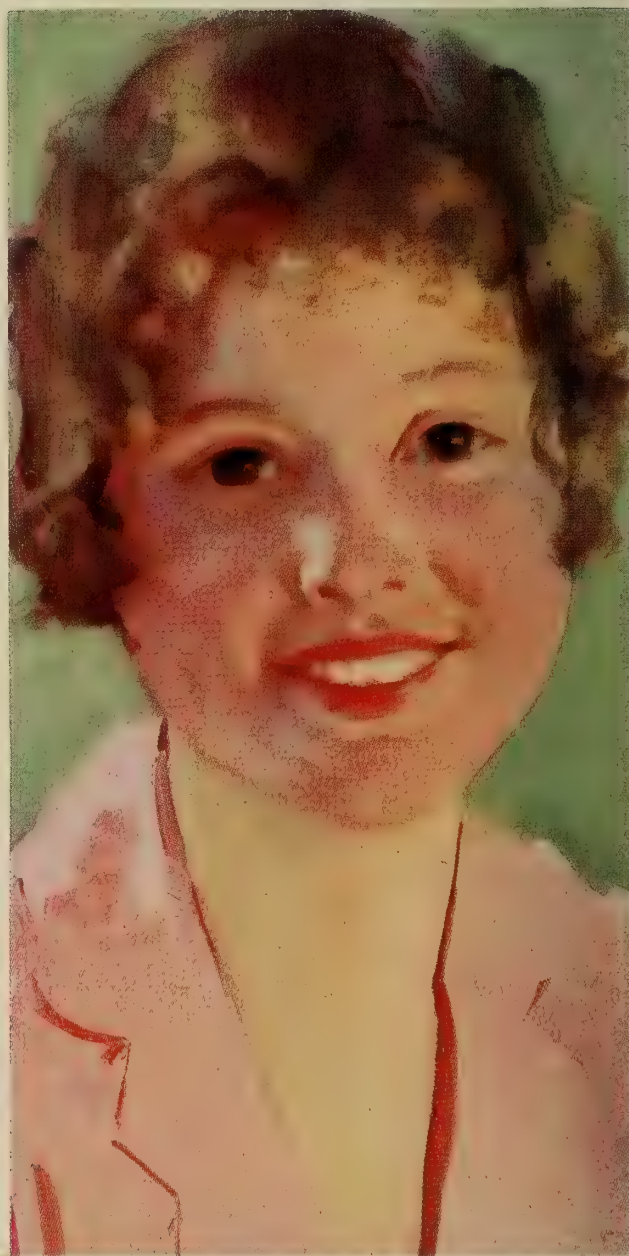
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He prepared a dentifrice which gives the teeth a wonderfully gentle and thorough cleansing—and claims to do nothing more for the teeth. But he added another benefit which his practice had shown him was important—the benefit of a preparation used everywhere by dentists in the care of the gums. In fact, this treatment for the gums, also originated by Dr. Forhan, was the starting point of his excellent dentifrice.

Use Forhan's in the mouth of youth—and to keep the mouth of youth into middle age. When teeth are sound and gums are healthy is the time to adopt this excellent dentifrice. Let it cleanse the teeth and add its help to the care of the gums. Used with massage at the time of brushing, it livens circulation, and aids the gums to stay young and firm.

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YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A



Clearer, softer skin

Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

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"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen."

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin."

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't *you* follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

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- ★ THE MOUTH — Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ THE THROAT — To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Radio Digest

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

December, 1930

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GEORGIA BACKUS is Myra Loring in Arabesque . . . finds the time to direct and write continuities . . . but anyway, she's just a Nit Will! Yes, she's Aphrodite Godiva in that hilarious piece of CBS Radio burlesque.



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SOUTHWEST BROADCASTING COMPANY

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Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

STORIES continue to flow from Fannie Hurst's mind and heart with richer and increasing fervor. She is modern in her thinking, she understands the trend of modern reasoning, modern philosophy and gives her characters feeling and emotional reactions keyed to the day and the hour. This is not a prelude to any novel to appear in RADIO DIGEST but rather an introduction to an interview conducted by Miss Lillian G. Genn who was prompted to ask Miss Hurst whether it was the man or the woman who experienced the deepest emotion of the eternal passion. What does Miss



Hurst say? Miss Genn expects to give you that interview in a forthcoming issue of RADIO DIGEST—perhaps in January.

* * *

LOOK what Santa is bringing us in our Christmas stocking! More channels for a broader scope of listening! Mr. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, says that synchronizing a hook-up of thirty high-powered stations over a single channel has been proven entirely feasible. Imagine all the NBC programs emanating over one or two channels! NOW if all the stations handling NBC programs should confine themselves exclusively to that source they could surrender their own channels; or else they could do double broadcasting, if they have the transmitting equipment. The national program could go forth on the NBC channel through the local transmitter and the local program could go forth on the local channel, making it possible for one station to present two programs simultaneously. On the other hand NBC could probably gain a license to put in a string of relay stations on the WJZ and WEA F waves. This would leave all other stations to their own devices.

But that is not all. An English inventor is now here giving demonstrations of a receiving set that is said to add nine frequencies to every one that is available now. Under present conditions each channel must be separated by ten kilocycles to avoid overlapping and interference. By the new method only the precise frequency desired can filter through a crystal gauged for that particular frequency. The next thing will be a new structure all the way around for broadcasting and reception.

* * *

And we are further told that the most powerful Radio organization in America could put movie television into operation in a practical way immediately if it so desired. This means that it could broadcast moving pictures and give you a receiver that would present a good moving image on a screen a foot square. Understand, this does not mean that the operator could go out to a stadium and broadcast a football game direct; it means that a motion picture of that game could be broadcast.

It is also possible to broadcast a newspaper similar to the way a ticker-tape performs. The "tape" for the Radio newspaper is wide enough for two columns of newspaper space and unrolls with flashes when you want it.

HEREIN you will read Mr. Leonard Smith's report of Floyd Gibbons' greatest thrill. It was not on the battlefield, as you might have supposed, but in a broadcasting station getting out a newspaper of the air for Literary Digest. He was said to be earning more than any other single individual on the air. His sudden replacement by Lowell Thomas caused a great deal of speculation. We called up Mr. Gibbons. He said everything was okeh except he had finished his contract and was glad to get a rest-up from the long grind. And anyhow would we kindly explain how we had put out one eye and restored the other in our cut of him that appeared in the October number. That was a mean trick in printer's make-up, whereby the original cut had been reversed so that the right side of the face appeared to be the left. Floyd said he wished every success to Mr. Thomas. Then we tried Mr. Cudahy of Literary Digest. "Mr. Gibbons was engaged for a specific purpose," said Mr. Cudahy, "he accomplished that purpose and did a splendid job of it. His contract expired and that it was not renewed was the fault of no one. The fact that we hired Mr. Thomas is no reflection on Mr. Gibbons. We expect to use various persons from time to time to speak for us on the air."



* * *

WERE you fortunate enough to hear George Bernard Shaw and Dr. Einstein during a recent transatlantic broadcast? If you were not you may be glad to know that



RADIO DIGEST will present their comments in the January number. It is unfortunate that some of these very important messages from notables across the sea must come at a time when so many of us are busy at our daily tasks in office, factory or field. For that reason RADIO DIGEST hopes to be of service to its readers in reproducing the exact text of some of the most important speeches. We will

also reprint the speech by Mr. H. G. Wells in our next RADIO DIGEST. There may be other notables whose speeches you will read.

Just eye some of these interesting and very exceptional bits planned for our January RADIO DIGEST: Guy Lombardo's Adventure with a Gunman . . . E. O. Dunlap's Reviews and Previews on Broadcasting . . . Old Topper Perkins' Drolleries . . . Messages from Venus, another Peggy Hull horoscope . . . Seth Parker writes how Maine folks make good in the Big City . . . more about Baby Radio Stars getting rich . . . Rudy Vallee analyzes song successes . . . Bob Ripley believe-it-or-not slants on Radio . . . and a whole raft of other bits gleaned from the air. We are going to start 1931 off with the finest RADIO DIGEST ever published.

Championship Contest Draws

BIG VOTE

*Avalanche of Nominations Pull Hard for Four
Leading Broadcasters in Each State*

HAVE you nominated the four best stations in your state? Are you saving your votes for them? Never before has RADIO DIGEST presented a contest which has met with such instantaneous response as the one now offered to its readers to choose the four most popular stations in each state.

Ballots and nominations are coming in by every mail. So far it is anybody's choice in the leading states. There is a chance to win for any station that is nominated.

Letters explaining the reasons for preference have been coming from listeners in all walks of life.

Here is one that places WENR at the head of the four Illinois leaders. "You can put WENR at the head of any four stations in the country and I'm sure any fair minded listener who actually uses some discernment in the judging of relative merits will vote to keep it there. I don't see why you don't give some special award for the one station of all the states that gets the highest number of votes." I hope all the other WENR fans will join together and put Gene Arnold and Everett Mitchell and Irma Glenn over the top. They deserve it. Mrs. P. J. Miller, Chicago."

In Wisconsin there have been a flock of nominations for WTMJ, and in Minnesota there have been many nomination slips and votes for WCCO. Buffalo shows WGR going strong and in New Orleans WSMB heads the list of the most popular four. In Detroit WJR stands considerably in the lead of all other Michigan stations that have been nominated. A number of nominations in Detroit seem to have arranged the ticket in the same order. It stands WJR, WMBA, WWJ and WXYZ. Looks like a little electioneering, what? You might be surprised to learn that in New York State WGY at Schenectady carries more nomination slips than

any other station, even including the most popular stations in New York City.

On the Pacific Coast in California, KHJ, Los Angeles, has the distinct advantage with KFRC, San Francisco, a close second. We find KFOX, KFVB, KFI and KPO in succeeding order. Hi, there, KFOX, don't let these other stations take your old record lead away from you!

Of course WLW at Cincinnati is getting a lot of attention. A lady in Delaware writes: "There is only one station in Ohio, so why nominate four? I just put the dial on WLW and leave it there." Naturally there are any number of other Buckeye folk who will feel inclined to start an argument with the lady in this Methodist college town. But let them name their favorites—and then VOTE.

An interesting letter comes from Arkansas where KTHS has been put in nomination from Hot Springs. We have not heard a great deal from KTHS for some time. How about it, you Arkansas boosters?

You probably know all about this contest now. See those two blanks down at the bottom of the page? Fill them out and send them to the Contest Editor of RADIO DIGEST. Send the nomination blank first. You are to vote for the four best stations in your own state. This is

to give everybody a chance to win one of the beautiful medallions from design shown in the center of the page. There will be four of these medallions awarded to the four stations standing highest in each state—and oh, what a cinch this will be for those who are in a state where there no more than four stations!

The rules and conditions of the contest are set forth on page 114. Read them and see how you can earn extra bonus votes by sending in a series of ballots as they come successively in each issue of RADIO DIGEST until the contest closes in April.



NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state)

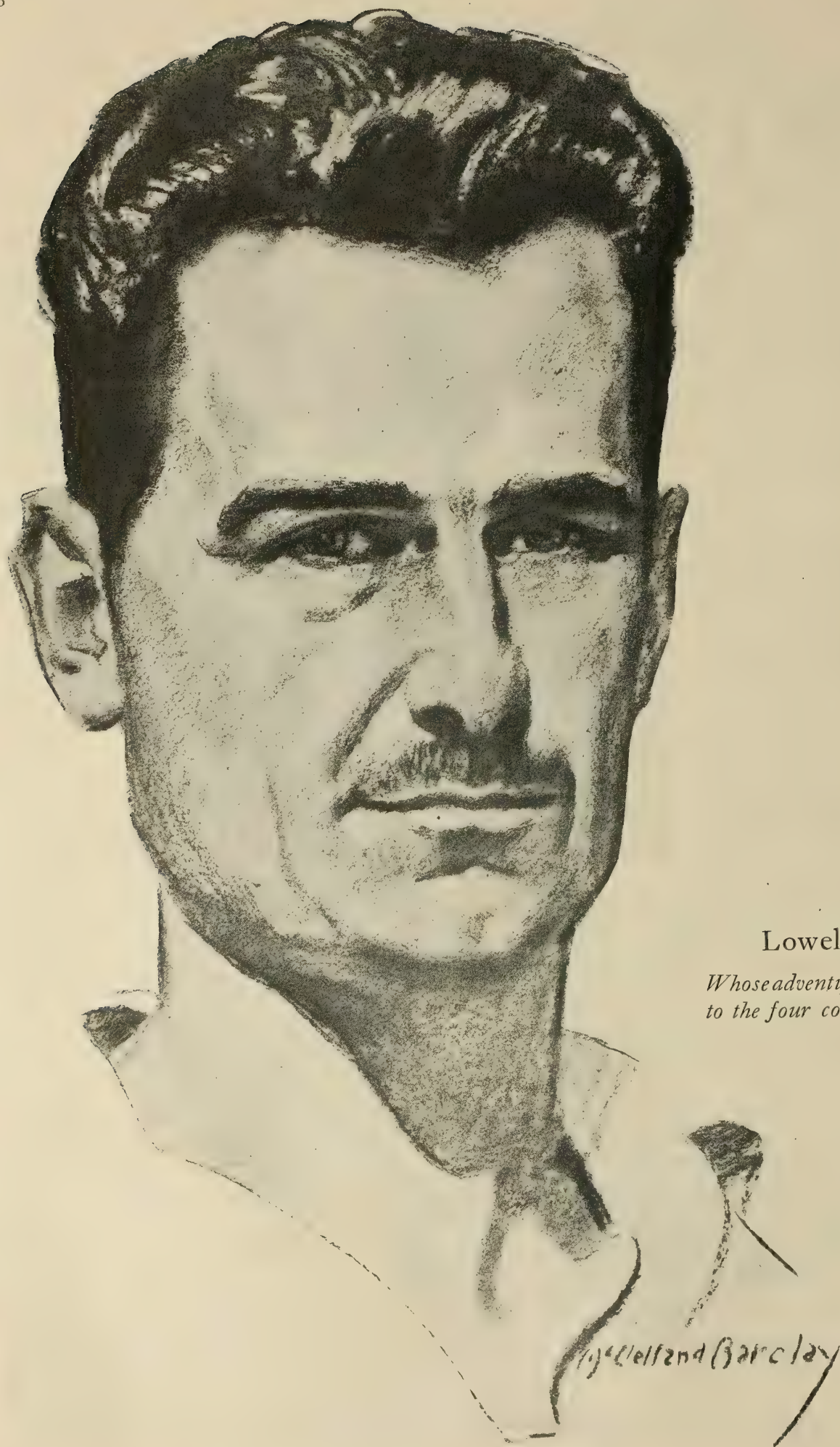
First (call letters) City
Second (call letters) City
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Fourth (call letters) City
Signed
Address
City State

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

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Lowell Thomas

*Whose adventures have taken him
to the four corners of the world*

Lowell Thomas

*Adventurer—Explorer—Writer
—Friend of Kings and Beg-
gars—Radio's Newest Voice*

By Nelson S. Hesse

WHEN executives of The Literary Digest started a search for their new Radio voice they sought a man with a thorough knowledge of the world and its affairs, one who had traveled and studied, one with an alert and informed mind, a man who could discuss intelligently and impartially any topic. The hunt led them to a 200-acre farm in Dutchess County, New York, where they found Lowell Thomas, author, explorer and adventurer. They went no further.

Lowell Thomas might well be called the embodiment of all the primary requisites of a perfect broadcaster and interpreter of news events. His life has been replete with action and adventure. An unquenchable thirst for travel has carried him to the far corners of the globe where he has seen history in the making and has helped make it.

Who's Who describes him as an author and lecturer. Lowell Thomas prefers to be known as a traveling student or a newspaperman who got some lucky breaks and has some stories to tell. Were he given to boasting, he might lay claim to several titles, for he probably is the world champion globe trotter and the first man to broadcast news events over both the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company network.

THE numerous occupations and avocations of this man qualify him as a candidate for the honor of being Radio's most interesting and colorful personality. Still in his thirties, Lowell Thomas has been a gold miner, cow puncher, football player, law student, reporter, editor, college professor, explorer of the Arctic, India, Malaya, Burmah and Central Asia; special plenipotentiary to Europe during the World War, war correspondent, world traveler, author of sixteen books and a myriad of magazine and newspaper articles, historian of the first around-the-world airplane

flight and story-teller extraordinary.

He has been an intimate friend of Field Marshal Viscount Allenby, the modern Richard Coeur de Lion; of Sultans, Prime Ministers and Kings; friend of Princely Emirs of the East; close companion of Lawrence, the mystery man of Arabia; confidant of Carl Liebknecht and "red" Rosa Luxemburg, the German Nihilists; acquaintance of princes and beggars of Jerusalem and Mecca, of London and Rome, of Paris and Singapore.

SO MUCH for the background of the man who broadcasts "Topics in Brief—the news behind the news." How about the other requirements—a good voice and a magnetic and pleasing personality?

From the time he was a toddler of four, Lowell Thomas had to stand before his father and spout poetry and prose. He had to learn to get his voice out of his nose and down where it belonged, to breathe correctly, to gesture with elliptical grace.

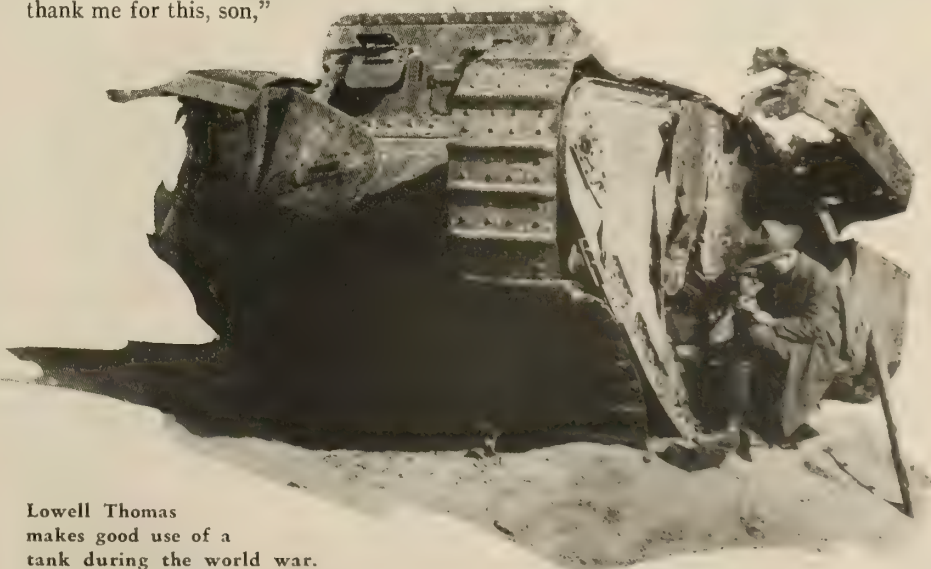
"Some day you will thank me for this, son,"

the elder Thomas prophetically said.

Twenty years later this prediction came true. This voice—rich, pleasant, friendly and well-modulated—was acclaimed in the largest auditoriums of the principal cities of the English-speaking world. More than 4,000,000 people paid close to \$1,000,000 to hear Lowell Thomas tell of his adventures.

Lowell Thomas has an extremely fine sense of modesty, a modesty that acknowledges his manifold accomplishments in a factual manner. He makes a profound impression upon you the minute you meet him. Inclined to be a bit shy at first, he opens up once you engage him in conversation and is alive to any subject you may introduce. His magnetic personality literally reaches out tentacles which grip and hold all who hear him talk.

IN APPEARANCE Lowell Thomas resembles a well-tailored business man. He seems neither tall nor short. Always erect, he walks with a determined business-like gait



Lowell Thomas
makes good use of a
tank during the world war.
He served on many fronts



Africa, Nogales Bay, the Turkish general, Sir Hubert Wilkins and picturesque soldiers of fortune such as Tex O'Reilly and Fighting Dan Edwards have dropped in to talk over the past and present with their longtime friend, Lowell Thomas.

Since he embarked upon his latest adventure Thomas has received letters, telegrams and cables of congratulation from friends and acquaintances all over the world. Several of them have dropped in unexpectedly while he has been broadcasting. While executives of the Columbia Broadcasting System were congratulating Thomas a few minutes after he had made his debut over CBS, a short, stout and deeply-tanned man was ushered into the audition

room on the twentieth floor of the Columbia Broadcasting System Building, at 485 Madison avenue.

General Rafael Nogales, it was, bitter

out his old friend, Lowell Thomas.

Some interesting facts cropped up during the first few weeks that Thomas was broadcasting. A timer stationed in a studio of the Columbia Broadcasting System found that Thomas speaks between 3000 and 4000 words during a fifteen-minute broadcast, the equivalent of a short magazine story or more than three columns of newspaper print.

IN HIS new role as a broadcaster of news events Lowell Thomas becomes a voice speaking in the dark. Curiously enough he nearly always has been just that, because he used pictures to illustrate his adventure tales. Once again his physical appearance is hidden from the public.

It is difficult to believe that the life of one man could be so crowded with adventure, romance and action. It is equally difficult to condense the story of his thirty-eight years into a few paragraphs.

Romance nurtured Lowell Thomas almost from the day of his birth. Son of a surgeon infected with wanderlust, he spent his early years in travel while his family moved westward from Ohio in the gold migration that came a few years after the "Pike's Peak or Bust" movement. Reaching the heart of the mining district, the Thomas family settled in Cripple Creek, Colo., and there Lowell Thomas lived for ten years in the crater of an extinct volcano some 10,000 feet above sea level.



that has carried him swiftly over jungle trails. Kindly but keen blue eyes greet you beneath his shock of long, wavy hair.

There you have the reasons why he was selected from more than a score of candidates for the new Radio "Voice".

When the call of Radio beckoned him, Lowell Thomas was on his farm near Pawling, N. Y., dividing his time between caring for his thirty cows and preparing his seventeenth book. Now he spends six days of each week in New York City. On the seventh day he and his wife, the former Frances Ryan, of Denver, return to their farm, which has become a rendezvous for explorers, adventurers and men high in affairs of this and other nations. Prince William of Sweden, Count Luckner, Major Dugmore from

enemy of the present government of Venezuela and stormy-petrel of Latin - American politics. He had just arrived in New York and immediately sought

Above: Mr. Thomas in a new role

Center: With T. E. Lawrence, uncrowned king of Arabia, in the desert

Right: A friendly chat with the Sultan of Perak



At the age of eight young Thomas mingled with tough hombres from Mexico and the Klondike, from Africa and Australia, carried ore samples from miner to assayer, and got the lust for romance into his blood by listening to a thousand tales of rough-and-ready adventure. Gunmen, gamblers, miners, cowboys and prospectors from the four corners of the earth were the daily companions of his youth. He didn't have to read dime novels for excitement; in the Cripple Creek riots fourteen men were shot down before his eyes.

IMBUED with a desire for a good education, Lowell Thomas went to Northern Indiana University, the University of Denver, Princeton and Chicago Kent College of Law in quest of it. At the early age of twenty-four he had five degrees to his credit, had been an assistant professor of geology, an instructor of English and a professor of oratory, and had equipped and led two private expeditions into the Arctic.

At various times Thomas has been on the staff of more than a dozen large metropolitan newspapers. In order to pay his way through law school he obtained a position as a reporter on a Chicago daily. There he broke in with a group that

later was to become famous—Carl Sandburg, Ben Hecht, Harry Hansen and Mary Synon.

Thomas began giving talks on his experiences in Alaska and the Arctic. Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Interior, heard of his adventures and had him up to talk before the Smithsonian Institute. As a result of this talk Thomas was asked by Secretary Lane to resign from Princeton and lead a "See America First" movement. Thomas was to act as a sort of John the Baptist for the wonders of America, particularly of Alaska.

Then came the war, and, as Secretary Lane put it, "a poor time to be telling about the glories of nature." Secretary Lane decided that Thomas' trained eye and tongue could be put to still



Helps make history with General Allenby in Palestine: Left: Famous war correspondent's camp in Palestine



Headed two expeditions into the Arctic

better uses. At the request of Secretary Lane and President Wilson, Thomas left Princeton and headed a civilian mission to Europe to prepare quickly a historical record of the World War. He was still in his early twenties.

In the words of Lord Northcliffe, Lowell Thomas saw more of the World War than any other man. He was attached in turn to the Belgian, French, Italian, Serbian, American, British and Arabian armies. While in Venice he heard of the appointment of Allenby to command the Allied forces in the Near East. He communicated with the British War Office, and they obligingly sent along

a vessel to take Thomas and Harry Chase, his photographer, to Cairo. There he and Chase hopped aboard a plane and, as Thomas has said several thousand times, made in forty minutes a journey that had taken the Children of Israel forty years.

He stayed with Allenby's army many months as official historian of the epochal events developed by the Allied forces. He had the good fortune to be the only American observer who saw Allenby—the modern Crusader—drive the flaming Crescent from the horizon forever. These spectacular events in the Holy Land were recorded by Thomas for future generations through the lens of a motion picture camera.

Throughout the country he kept hearing rumors of strange happenings to the south, in the Arabian Desert, where a mythical British officer had united the hostile Arab tribes and was leading them in a fierce Holy War against the Turks.

(Continued on page 128)

Baby Brings

THIS yarn should really be called *Baby Brings Home the Caviar*. Bacon? Much too prosaic—and inexpensive. Like reversing the old saw, and craving beer with a champagne pocketbook.

For this is the story of several Radio kiddies whose incomes are more than ten thousand dollars a year. Nearly all are the children of foreign born parents whose fathers are incapable of earning more than \$35 a week.

At the top of the list is a five year old tenement child whose income will be more than \$100,000 a year. \$100,000 worth of boop-boop-a-doop!

Perhaps you've heard Baby Rose Marie, crooning, coon-shouting Radio child prodigy. Or seen her in vaudeville or the "talkies" and marvelled at her. Then, her story and a look into her home might be of interest to you.

THE writer first saw her in vaudeville at the age of three and a half. Rose Marie came out wrapped in a smart little coat—did her number in a hard-boiled, astonishingly coarse shout, calmly and professionally removed the coat, hung it up and did two more numbers. When she finished she bowed her way off with the air of a young lady who had been boop-a-dooping for twenty years.

The house was quiet for a second afterward. Then there was very little applause. A strange man turned in his seat and remarked as though talking to himself:

"Gosh, I'll be darned if I know whether to laugh or cry!"

She was clever. But, from the stage there was none of the child about her. She left you with sort of an aching belief that something had been taken from her. A year and a half later I met her and came to know the real Baby Rose Marie.

It was an interview arranged by the National Broadcasting Company, who have her under contract. She came with her father. It was summer and she was dressed in a filmy, stagey dress with her



black hair sleeked down and her dark brown eyes sparkling with mischief.

For a little while her father stood close by and answered most of the staid questions that usually go to make up an interview. Then someone came in and he went over in a corner to talk with them.

Rose Marie leaned over suddenly and put her elbows on my knees. For a full minute she played with a necklace of bright beads and tried to make up her mind whether she was among friends. Suddenly she grinned and climbed on my lap.

"Ah, ain't this the old apple sauce!"

"What's apple sauce?"

"Ah, you know," she shook her head knowingly, "all these things I'm supposed to say."

Deciding to let the young lady conduct her own interview after that I cuddled her comfortably and, casting a sly look at her father she began in a low stage whisper:

"**D**O you know where I live? I live 'way over on the East Side—you know where the tenement houses are at 616 East 17th Street. Right across from a big city ash dump and I bet I play with a hundred kids ever' day. You

HOME *the* Bacon

By

Alma Sioux Scarberry

A Five Year Old Earns \$100,000 a Year! And a Ten Year Old is in the \$10,000 Income Class! How do they do it?

The Secret's Out in This... a Story about the Home Life of the "Millionaire Kids"... "Baby Rose Marie", "Little Jane" (Muriel Harbater), and Winifred Toomey, young actress.



Baby Rose Marie and her family still live in the poor downtown district of New York. She entertains the kids on her block and gives them gifts and toys.

He is ten months old and—don't you think I'm lyin'—but, he can sing a jazz song. Not the words. But, I hum and he sings with me and shakes his shoulders. You'd die! He won't do it for nobody else but me. I guess he'll be in my act when he's about two if the kid's society will let him. The old meddlers! Always stickin' their nose in our business. His name is Frank, junior."

A little later when she paused for breath we asked:

"And Rose Marie, what are you going to do with all of your money?"

She put her hand on her hip:

"Sa-ay! Ask me! What

oughta see 'em. I don't think they ever wash. And they are ever' nationality in the world.

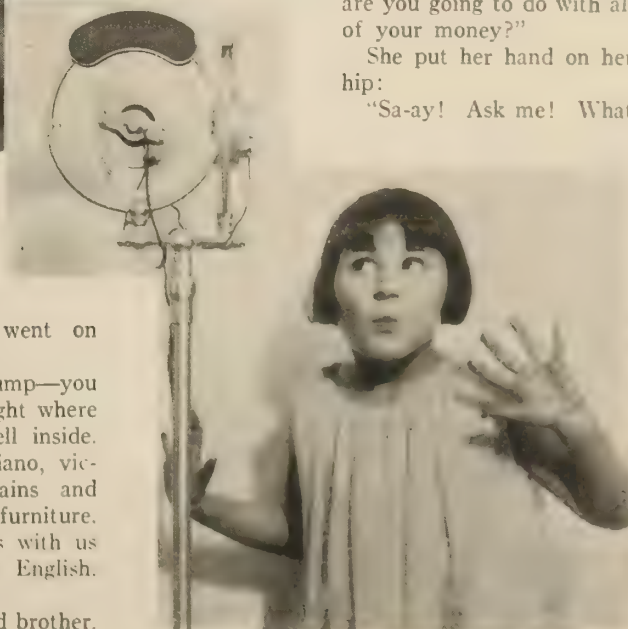
"Know what I am? My name ain't Rose Marie Curley. It's Mazetta. They say Curley cause it don't sound like a foreigner. My pop is Italian and my mom Polish. She worked in a restaurant. Pop drove a truck once—but he don't no more 'cause I keep 'em so busy looking after me. I mean he manages my affairs."

This precocious child mixing big words

with childish philosophy went on naively:

"We live in a awful dump—you know a reg'lar tenement, right where I was born. But, it's swell inside. All modern. We got a piano, victrola, Radio, pretty curtains and flowers and swell stuffed furniture. Grandma—mom's ma, lives with us and she don't even speak English. Ain't that funny?"

"You ought to see my kid brother.





Winifred Toomey, unaffected, leaves all her "dramatics" at the studio.

would a woman do with her money? Spend it on duds, of course. I got about forty-eight dresses."

"Why not buy an airplane?"

Rose Marie looked astonished.

"Get me up in one of them old crates. Not while I'm right in the bean. I got to live and make lots of money."

She went on again in her husky little voice:

"I can't read or write. But, I'm pretty smart. A big professor from Columbia University asked me a lot of questions once and when he got through he told 'em I was a most unusual kid and that I had brains. I can just print my name. I learned how to spell it from the electric lights at the theatre. Honest I did."

Here she proceeded to hunt pencil and

paper and laboriously prove her point.

"See! Not so bad —not so good. Give me time. I just went to school one day. Mom fixed me up swell—but I had a awful time. I had a nice clean dress on and white shoes. And they made us get in a funny line and there was a nasty boy behind me and I guess it worried him because I was the only kid at kindergarten that had clean shoes. Cause he reached over and rubbed dirt on 'em. Imagine! I went home and I says to mom that them eggs ain't civilized and I guessed I'd stay at home. She agreed and I ain't been back since."

SHE paused once for breath and inquired earnestly:

"Anything else you'd like to know?"

Then without waiting for an answer she went on jabbering:

"Oh, dear me, Susie! I forgot one of the most important things they always make me tell. I know more than eighty songs. Jazz and ballads. All the

words and the music. I never forget once I've learned a number. You know how I was discovered, don't you?"

"Pop come in one day when I was two and I was standing in the middle of the floor singing like Sophie Tucker. He nearly passed out and called Mom and she played the piano for me and they said they guessed they wouldn't have much to worry about if they could get me booked on the stage. Well, they did. Here I am.

"Now I don't want you to think I'm braggin' like a ham actor does but, you know, I was only nine months old when I talked. When I was thirteen months old I carried on a reg'lar conversation. And I won an amateur stage prize when I was two."

A little later she sighed, weary of her monologue:

"Oh, don't ask me how I got this way. Don't ask me!"

Let no one think Baby Rose Marie's monologue has been elaborated upon. As a matter of fact—it is impossible to do it justice. At times she broke into song and made wise cracks that would sound so blasé and impossible in a kiddie of her age that, lest we be accused of having a wild imagination, they have been eliminated.

And, with it all, she is a sweet baby. Not a hardboiled little grown-up baby, but a cuddly, affectionate child when she isn't "putting on an act" for the benefit of her "public". Like most stage children she puts on her act at the slightest provocation and any willing listener is her public.

But, later at her tenement home—which by the way is in one of the worst sections of its kind in town—we found her playing in the street, the idol of her block. She had several toy animals beside her and a crowd of youngsters that made it look like the setting for a tenement movie.

Rose Marie is the queen of the block. For doesn't her own shiny car sit in front of the door? And hasn't she always plenty of money to treat the other kids to ice cream and lollipops? She is a generous little one—and is unhappy unless she shares with the other boys and girls who aren't fortunate enough to be Radio headliners.

Often she stands on the back of her car and puts on a show for them. It is an amazing sight . . . dozens of kiddies in the street and women of every nationality, shawl-draped heads shaking approvingly from the windows, keeping time to her boop-boop-a-doop!

At present the Mazetta's are on the way to Hollywood where Rose Marie will play in Victor Herbert's *Babes In Toyland*. She has been touring in vaudeville several weeks en route. "They say" her salary is \$1,000 a week—and that with her Radio and movie salary she will bring into the Mazetta coffers well over \$100,000 this year.

It will be interesting to watch the Mazetta's climb to fame and fortune on the shoulders of their first born. They have made no attempt so far to improve their living conditions, even though Rose Marie's income for a long time would have permitted them to move almost anywhere in New York they might care to live. They seem to be perfectly happy among their old friends in their foreign tenement setting.

SUCH a contrast to the amazing little Rose Marie is that most precious of Radio children, Little Jane of *Jolly Bill* (Steinke) and *Little Jane*.

Her name is Muriel Harbater. She is the daughter of a plumber and lives at 1927 University Avenue, the Bronx, New

years of age and her income is somewhere around \$10,000 a year.

Jane's father has not retired as a great many of the Radio children's fathers have. He lets the mother manage and look after Jane while he tends to his plumbing. But, through the little bread winner the Harbater's live in a nice five room apartment and keep a maid to make sure Jane has the proper meals, and that everything moves in clock work fashion for her welfare.

What would you think if you had a child like this?

Jane awakens at 5 o'clock sharp in the morning. Without the aid of an alarm clock. She rubs the sleep out of her eyes and bounding out of bed goes in and shakes her sleepy father and mother.

"Get up, lazy bones! It is time for me to go to work."

Then there is breakfast. A well balanced breakfast of orange juice, toast, and always a malted milk. Jane has three "malted" a day. Her little legs are solid as healthy little legs should be and her cheeks are brown from swimming at the beach or rolling on the Fordham University campus near home. She is an expert swimmer—and loves to fish and bait her own hook.

After breakfast there is a long hour's ride on the subway—and at 7:45 Jane meets *Jolly Bill* Steinke at NBC and they put on their first broadcast. At 8:45 they put the same one on again. She learns two new song numbers every day and reads her dialogue like a veteran.

Jane owes her sweetness and childish charm not only to her mother's care and the fact that there has been a constant effort made to keep her away from the idea that she is more clever than any other child, but also to Bill Steinke, with whom she has done their program for two years.

He is "Uncle Bill" to her. A jolly Allentown, Pa., newspaper cartoonist who adores children and broadcasts for them because he loves them. Bill writes the continuity and directs little Jane. He makes it all a game. When he wants her to giggle he tickles her in the ribs and she rocks with laughter.

THEIR morning program (it used to be evening) is perhaps the most popular child program on the air, and Little Jane is beloved all over the United States.

She was "discovered" by her mother who explained:

"Muriel took part in school programs and I found she had unusual talent. I didn't like to see it go to waste. I didn't like the idea of the stage and I was happy when I took her to NBC and Mr. Steinke saw possibilities in her and gave her a chance in his program.

"It isn't like a professional life at all. There is no applause to spoil the children and we don't allow people to fuss over

her in the studio. She takes it all just as a funny morning game to be played with Uncle Bill before she goes to school."

Jane goes to Public School No. 26. Shemadeonevaudeville appearance and "hated it," she said. When asked what she was going to do when she grew up Jane said:

"Oh, always a Radio girl. I couldn't give that up."

And as for spending her money:

"Oh, we put it in the bank and in insurance. All but my clothes and whatever we need for bare expenses. We don't waste it. That wouldn't be right. Would it?"

LITTLE Jane is Russian. Her hair is light brown and her eyes a gray-blue. She will be quite a pretty young lady. She is stocky and healthy as a frisky, cunning little colt.

Nearly all of the Radio child celebrities have been discovered and brought out by Madge Tucker, *The Lady Next Door*. You no doubt know who she is. More about her later. Among her finds is Winifred Toomey.

This little Irish colleen is as refreshingly childish and unaffected as Little Jane. And she has twenty-eight blonde curls. Count 'em! Because Winifred is not permitted to make vaudeville appearances and such, she is still on the \$5,000 a year list.

Winifred's father is a clerk in Wall Street. They live at 636—57th Street, Brooklyn, in the winter and spend their summers at Rockaway Point, where Winifred walks away with all of the swimming medals for miles around.

There are two sisters. Mary, sixteen, is red-headed and in High School. Kathryn is 15 and in the Eighth grade. Let Winifred tell it:

"We live in a big brick double house and I have a nice big yard to play in.



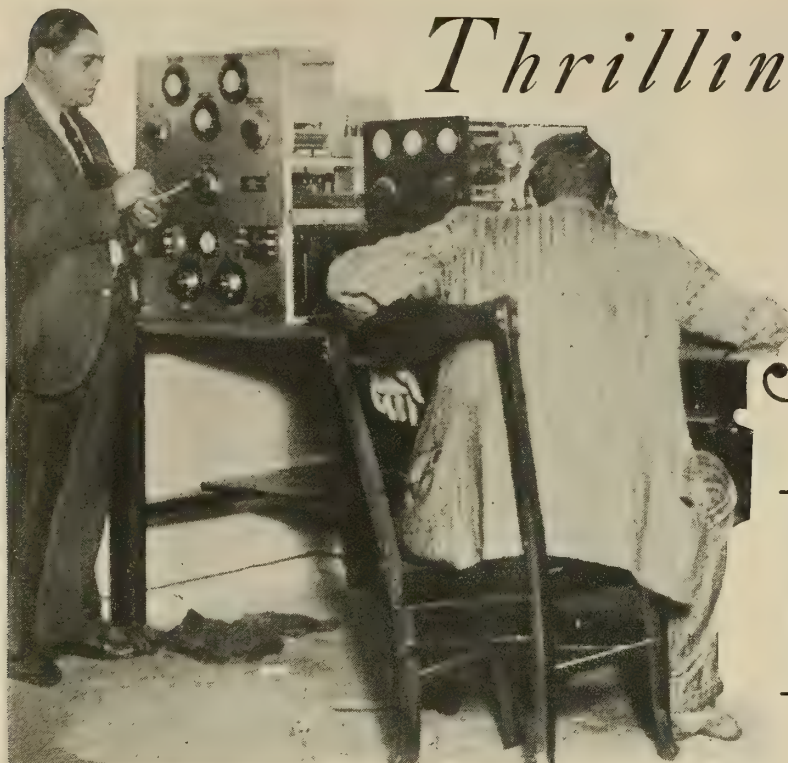
Jolly Bill's partner, Little Jane, is Muriel Harbater . . . sweet and unspoiled.

That's what makes me so healthy. That and the swimming. It's funny, I know, but my two sisters haven't a speck of dramatic talent. They don't even care for it. I've been on the air with Miss Tucker since I was four. I'm ten now.

"I've been in the movies too. I'm crazy about pictures. But, being on the air four times a week—often more than that, keeps me pretty busy. I go to professional school at 1860 Broadway. Did I tell you we have five rooms and a bath at home! Well, I meant to."

Winifred is an expert at being interviewed. She goes on without much prompting, wrinkling her brow and wondering just what might be of interest. When she paused we inquired:

(Continued on page 120)



© International Newsreel Photo

Government raiders jump into criminals' place at sending end of set seized at Coney Island, September 26th, and flash fake messages to rum ships.

Thrilling Chase and Million Radio

By JANET A. DUBLON

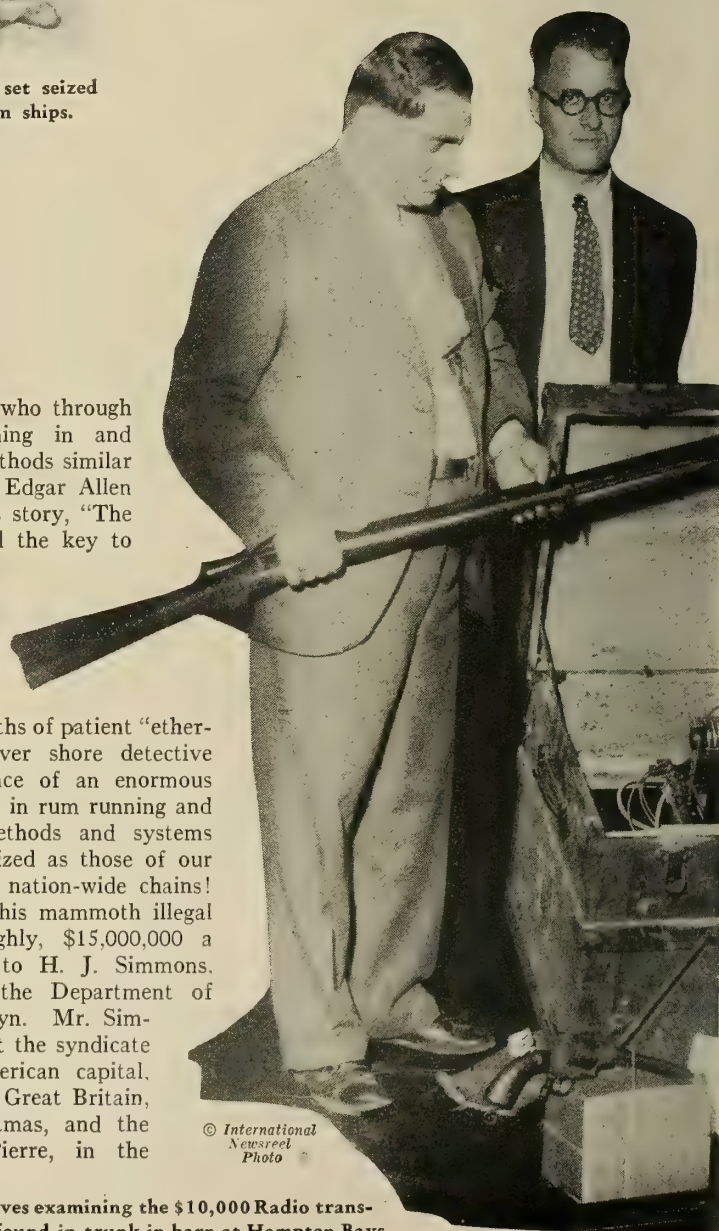
FAR out at sea, beyond the twelve mile limit, a powerful boat moves at half speed. In its Radio operator's cabin sits an expert wireless man, busy taking down a message; tap-tappit—the familiar dot—dash—system of the Morse code, but to the uninitiated the pages of letters look like a jumble of unpronounceable words. At the Radio operator's side stands the captain, who snatches the sheets of paper as the message comes over. He understands this queer code, and translates the message into English. "Proceed to point ten miles south of Fire Island and contact boat M. Load with 578 cases of assorted liquors. Boat leaving now. Shore Headquarters."

This is the scene which the federal agents whom I interviewed described to me. How were they able to visualize that scene? They were certainly not on the spot in the cabin of the rum runner. Of course not . . . but they were in a much more strategic position. They were ensconced in their secret Radio receiving station, listening in on messages sent over the short wave used by the Radio Rum ring in broadcasting instructions from its shore stations to ships beyond the twelve mile limits.

The message given here is actually verbatim, just as it was decoded by the

government men, who through months of listening in and deciphering by methods similar to those used by Edgar Allen Poe in his famous story, "The Gold Bug," found the key to the secret language used by the rum syndicate.

This is what they discovered through their months of patient "ether-tapping" and clever shore detective work—the existence of an enormous syndicate, engaged in rum running and selling, whose methods and systems are as well organized as those of our largest trusts and nation-wide chains! The business of this mammoth illegal network is "roughly, \$15,000,000 a year," according to H. J. Simmons, chief agent for the Department of Justice in Brooklyn. Mr. Simmons told me that the syndicate is owned by American capital, and has agents in Great Britain, France, the Bahamas, and the island of St. Pierre, in the



© International Newsreel Photo

Government detectives examining the \$10,000 Radio transmitting apparatus found in trunk in barn at Hampton Bays.

Capture of Great Dollar Rum Ring



Rum ship "I'm Alone," whose sinking caused ructions between U. S. and Canada. Note aerial of Radio transmitter.

© International Newsreel Photo



Enormous Liquor Syndicate Seized By Government Agents—Radio Used To Flash Instructions To Rum Row

French West Indies. In addition, receiving stations are maintained on lonely spots of the Atlantic Coast, from Maine to Delaware.

Why, if the Federal Government knows of the existence of this syndicate and knows the very men who buy its liquor on foreign shores, are not its operations squelched? Because of the ramifications of international law. Boats loading liquor on foreign soil cannot be prevented from so doing. If they take up positions beyond the twelve mile limit, the coast guard cutters cannot search or molest them in any way. Even if small super-speedy power launches meet the ocean steamers and proceed to transfer liquor to their own holds, under the eyes of a coast

guard steamer, they cannot be held, under any of the existing treaties.

The rum ring's landing points on the coast are many, and their locations are being changed daily. Let the law discover the location of one, and it will disappear into thin air. To the ship and shore headquarters, the landing points are known simply by a number. Here is another ship-shore Radio conversation:

Ship—"Boat M sighted."

Shore—"Is the law in sight?"

Ship—"No. Boat M arrived. Proceeding with loading."

Shore—"Load and instruct M to proceed to Landing 10."

Ship—"O.K. M following instructions."

LANDING 10 may be located in a deserted stretch of beach in New Jersey, or it may be hidden in a rocky Maine cove. Of course, Federal agents could trace the whereabouts of the big steamer by their Radio compass, but

Note naval sextant used to locate position of rum ships on maps used by wireless operators.

by the time a Coast Guard boat arrived to follow the small launch to its destination, it would be lost in the trackless ocean.

Despite all these handicaps, five of the many "contact boats" maintained by the syndicate were captured by the Department of Justice in the month of September. More important still, was the dramatic raid upon and seizure of the syndicate's key Radio station.

The story of this discovery and capture is a thrilling one. Early last June, Radio inspectors who comb the air day and night for illegal operators, found a broadcaster operating on a short wave length, who seemed to work with more regularity than the ordinary unlicensed operators. He had certain specific hours for going on the air, one of them being 4:20 o'clock in the afternoon.

FOR months Radio inspectors copied down the messages as they heard them. At first the ship to shore conversations looked like a meaningless jumble of letters and figures. But with an increasing mass of material to work with, Department of Justice code experts finally succeeded in finding the key to the cipher.

The station could have been located immediately and put out of commission. But that was not the plan of the astute government operators. By listening in on the conversations and tracking boats to their landing places, more could be accomplished. Many of the seizures made during the months from June to September were the result of information gained in this way. The *Nova II*, seized on September 20th, with 300 cases of liquor, was one of the boats which Mr. Simmons named as having been captured by this means. John Davis, its mate, also known as Captain McCloud, was recognized by federal agents, since he was out on \$10,000 bail at the time of his arrest.

After making several captures of rum boats, federal agents decided to pounce upon the Radio station before its operators could become suspicious. The location of the transmitter was known to be somewhere in Brooklyn, because the signals were picked up strongest by Radio inspectors located in that vicinity. But where? Here is the point at which that interesting instrument, the Radio

compass, was brought into play.

The Radio compass was originally designed to be of aid to ships at sea. Without going into technicalities, a simple explanation can be given. A ship or land Radio station broadcasting can be likened to a stick floating in a pond, sending out ever widening circles. A bearing can be taken by a listener from a point on one of those circles which will give the compass operator a straight line upon which he knows the Radio station must be located. Another bearing taken from a different point will give another

straight line. The point on the map where the two lines converge gives the location of the ship at sea asking for its bearing, or in this case, of the Radio rum station sending out illegal signals. Of course the location of the station was not so simple as this would indicate, because air conditions and other difficulties would pop up during the brief periods in which Department of Justice agents had to work.

However, all indications seemed to point, finally, to the Coney Island section of Brooklyn as the headquarters of the Radio rum station. But

Coney Island is a large area. Besides its broad boardwalk with throngs of people patronizing hot dog vendors, popcorn sellers, shooting galleries and all

sorts of amusement concessions; besides famous Luna Park and Steeplechase, where dignified oldsters don overalls and "chute the chutes"; there are hundreds of streets with staid rows of brick and frame residences, each one differing from its neighbors only in minor details.

Where then, in this peaceful residential district, was the hiding place of the powerful



© International Newsreel Photo
Left to right: U. S. agent; Malcolm McMasters, wireless operator; and Cecil Molyneaux, "Radio genius" of the Rum Ring.

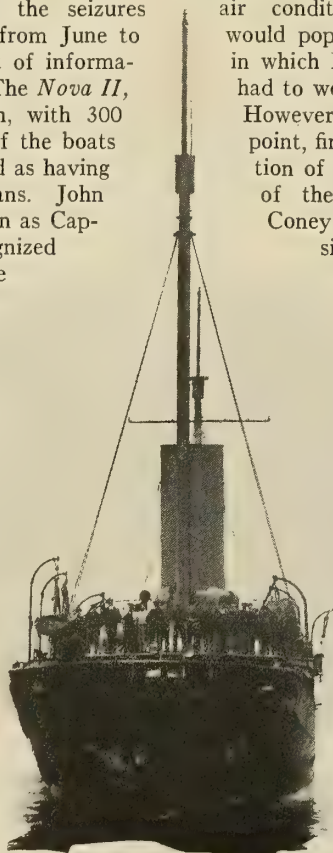
Radio station, capable of sending messages to ships as far away as Scotland?

Agents soon found out. Picture them in their automobile, playing the role of a party of visitors to New York out to see the sights of Coney Island. They stop for a few moments in front of a hot dog stand and one alights to purchase "eats" for the crowd. In the meantime a hidden portable Radio compass is set to work, bearings are taken and marks made upon a large street map of Coney Island.

Then, perhaps they may stop at the waterfront to view the ocean. Strangers are no novelty to Coney Island, and the government agents may stop as often as they please, without attracting attention. They took then, sixty-seven bearings, and finally satisfied themselves that the signals were coming from a building located at 53 Avenue V.

A GLANCE at the two-story brick building from across the street revealed that their Radio compass had done its work well. What appeared to the laymen's eye to be the aerial of an ordinary home receiving set, was in fact the antenna of a short-wave sending station of the Zeppelin type.

Friday afternoon, September 26th, then, the trap was ready to spring. Two carloads of raiders arrived and parked their cars two blocks away from 53 Avenue V. In one of them sat a government Radio expert, with the headphone of a portable short-wave receiving set clamped to his ears. At 4.20 P. M. the station was due to go on the air. Nerves tense, the raiders sat awaiting the word from their Radio operator which would tell them that the rum ring operator was



© International Newsreel Photo
The "Istar" of Glasgow, largest ship of the rum fleet, anchored beyond twelve-mile limit.



Unloading 2,000 cases of liquor, worth \$200,000, from rum-runner "Junior Annapolis" captured at sea.

broadcasting . . . the signal for them to begin their raid. For if they broke in upon the house and found the set quiet, the occupants could legally disclaim all knowledge of the business of broadcasting to rum ships.

Five o'clock struck, and still the transmitter at 53 Avenue V was quiet. Had the operator been warned, through some treachery, of the intentions of the Department of Justice agents, and made his escape? It would not be the first time the bird had flown just as they were ready to make the capture. Five-thirty, and still no sign. At last, at six-twenty-five, the peculiar signals, recognizable because of a defect in the transmitter, were heard.

THE raiders sped to the house and closed off all exits. They entered so silently and with such wariness that the Radio operator was caught seated at his keyboard, tapping out a code message to the rum fleet. So quick was his capture, that a United States Radio operator, familiar with the code, sat down in the vacant seat and continued tapping out signals to the ships at sea, so that no suspicion of the raid could arise.

The man seated at the keyboard was Malcolm McMasters, a Canadian, who was out on a bail bond of \$30,000 in connection with the government's previous capture of a similar Radio station in Atlantic Highlands, N. J. Such is the temerity of the hardened criminal—out on bail, he commences unlawful operations almost immediately.

But McMasters was not the only bird bagged. Another and much more important capture was made. Cecil Molyneux, the chief Radio operator of the rum syndicate, was caught in the act of making repairs to the set. At 4:20 McMasters had discovered trouble and sent in a telephone call to his chief. It was 6:25 before Molyneux had gotten the transmitter in working order, and hence

what the agents thought was an upset in their plans, was an accident which brought about the capture of the "Radio Genius" of the rum ring.

McMasters and Molyneux were approached from the rear. "Hands up!" snapped a Federal officer. Both made a wild dash for the front stairs, only to be met by another party of raiders. Seeing the hopelessness of escape, they surrendered. McMasters gave his name as Frank Baker, but Carlo M. Bernstein of the Department of Justice recognized him as the man he had arrested in the previous Atlantic Highlands raid.

Molyneux was also recognized as the Radio operator of the "I'm Alone," the Canadian vessel whose sinking by a revenue cutter in the Gulf of Mexico in 1929, caused the transmission of tons and tons of official correspondence between Canada and the United States. During all the excitement, the owner of the vessel claimed that it was not being used as a rum-runner. All indications seem to point to the contrary now, although the controversy has not been settled at this writing.

Besides Molyneux and McMasters, the raiders seized the set, which they declared was one of the most complete to be found outside of those used by the transatlantic wireless companies for commercial transmission. Its value, con-

servatively estimated, was about \$15,000—it included three complete 75-watt short wave transmitters and three complete receivers. Power was supplied by a bank of storage batteries, numerous dry cells, and by the electric light main.

Now that particular Radio station is out of existence, but its operators are out on bail. Will they go back once again to the work which has caused their arrest on two previous occasions? That remains to be seen, and probably depends upon the decision of the mysterious financier in New York City who controls the enormous syndicate, in its operations from Maine to Florida.

WHO is this silent King of the Radio rum ring? Who is responsible for the operation of over 100 unlicensed stations which flash messages between the liquor racketeers' land headquarters and the rum fleet out at sea? That is the question which Uncle Sam's enforcement agents are asking. On one occasion, before the Coney Island raid, they thought they had the net spread so tightly that not a minnow could escape, but the big fish of the liquor ring swam through.

Way back on October 17, 1920 the biggest coup of all was attempted.

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Thirty-five simultaneous raids were made throughout New York, New Jersey and Long Island. Over forty prisoners were taken.

The centre of the rum ring at that time was located in Highlands, N. J., where a powerful Radio station and a well-stocked arsenal were found.

The story of the capture made at that time, although it is now history, is just as interesting as the recent raid. The Radio compass narrowed the search down to the vicinity of Highlands, a seaside resort to which pleasure seekers from New York City come by the boatload. Disguised as a Radio repair man, Forest F. Redfern of the government service made observations and bearings and finally located a powerful Radio station in an innocent-appearing frame house.

Three stories high, this house had been the country estate of the Broadway impresario, Oscar Hammerstein, who unwittingly sold it to the rum syndicate. Among those arrested were Andrew Richards, Harold Lindauer, and Malcolm McMasters, who was later to be the guiding hand at the Coney Island Radio station. Important papers were discovered in the Hammerstein house . . . including bank books which showed deposits made by the syndicate in private banking houses and reputable Jersey trust companies, to the tune of a million dollars or more. A complete list of the henchmen of the gang was also found, and information which made the government agents believe they were on the track of the Big Guy himself.

NAMES were mentioned, but one after another the suspects were cleared. First George Remus, the emperor of the bootleg world who shocked the nation by slaying his wife was implicated. But he was eliminated.

The next nominee for King of the Radio Rum Ring was Al Capone, of Chicago, Florida and not so long ago, the Philadelphia Jail. Checks bearing his signature, but returned with a "Stop Payment" notation, were found among the papers of the rum syndicate. They amounted to \$104,000! But Chicago lieutenants of this much-publicized gangster explained away his connection with the Atlantic Highlands gang. They said he had planned to tie up with the Eastern syndicate, but later changed his mind.

Shrewd Al Capone! He must have received news of the approaching disaster.

Finally the government indicted three men, known as James Murphy, Al Lillien and William Lillien. None of the three were captured . . . for they escaped and allowed the under-dogs to bear the brunt of the blame. Daily government operatives promised news of them, but it is over a year since the Atlantic Highlands raid and they are still at large.

Whether they really were the controllers of this huge rum empire is open to doubt. Whoever the Rum King was,



© International Newsreel Photo
Hampton Bays house, where "trunk" set was found. Rum syndicate chose peaceful spots as hide-outs!

he went right to work to recoup his losses. A crippling blow had been dealt him. Dry agents, 130 strong, had fallen upon his warehouses, landing points, boats at sea, Radio station, arsenal, and loyal henchmen. Everything had been confiscated . . . except his huge hidden bank balances. With these as armament, he set to work to reenforce his broken system, and undoubtedly succeeded.

As his lieutenants were released on bail, he communicated with them and started them at work anew. A new code was devised for Radio signalling. New boats were purchased, and new landing places found.

Again the government agents were faced with the task of starting from the ground up and locating Radio stations. On July 19, 1930 four illegal Radio stations were seized, this time in Long Island's most fashionable watering places.

In Southampton, which has usurped Newport's place as society's bathing beach, right opposite the home of Colonel H. H. Rogers, a multi-millionaire, a gorgeous establishment was found. But-

lers and cooks were being maintained in order to create the impression that the Radio station headquarters was a fashionable home.

On the same day captures were made in Quogue, Hampton Bays, and Mattituck. All three towns, as well as Southampton, are far out near the tip of Long Island, and therefore offered a strategic point for the maintenance of an espionage system on the Government rum-chasers. From them instructions could be sent to the rum fleet to despatch power launches to spots not watched by the government.

One of the government agents, who asked that his identity be concealed, told me of his exciting, but almost disappointing adventure in the raid on the Hampton Bays headquarters. An old mansion, known as the Horton Place, had been located as the source of the Radio signals. The house was searched from cellar to garret, and nothing more villainous looking than an ordinary household Radio receiver was found. The searchers were just about ready to retire, disgruntled, when a peculiar ticking noise was heard. It came from the Radio cabinet!

CLOSE inspection revealed that this table model, with two dials, was really the sending and receiving end of a powerful station. Wires leading into the house were traced to the barn, where a well-equipped transmitter was discovered, in a trunk! This gave government agent a clue to the many changes of location of the Radio rum station which they had noticed. Every time they thought they had this particular station located, the signals would come from a different spot. That was easy, when the station was a trunk!

Capture of the trunk set and the other three Long Island stations didn't put the ring out of business, however, and the federal agents knew it. Their vigilance was rewarded again on September 19, 1930, when they captured a full-fledged transmitting set in New Bedford, Mass. New Bedford was formerly the headquarters of the old whaling fleet . . . what a transition from the giant seamen of the old days to the skulking rum-runners of today!

Again, the latest and most important
(Continued on page 120)



Greatest coast guard fleet ever assembled leaving New York on its never-ending picket duty against rum-runners.

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Extra-Size

Christmas Stockings

Wanted by

Radio Stars

DECEMBER is here—December, Christmas and Christmas giving!

Once a year We-who-have-been-Disillusioned awake to a half-forgotten carol and go trooping down a tinsel lane to meet a little Child—a Child that lives only as a memory but once it was very real for it was You, or it was I. If you must—just take a look in the glass and see that little body you once had, shadowy against the radiant tree, or peering up the mysterious hole behind the mantel where your stocking hung.

THE tiny train, the box of blocks, the shiny horn, the skates, gameboard, gay picture book and those other curious packets all wrapped and labeled in figured paper—they are gone, departed like the little body that seems incredibly to have been You.

Still you must meet the Child at Christmas time—so why be sad? Except for some of us it would be much better that the Child should not come back. There was no hearth, no tree, no stockings and the Santa Claus so hopefully anticipated had failed . . . again. There was too much cold, too much hunger, too much disappointment, too much wishing that Santa Claus would hurry up and bring the body you expected to have when you grew up. Everything changes. Today is today.

Perhaps you are now interested in a



Underwood & Underwood Photo

By Evans E. Plummer

more practical Santa Claus, and if you could have your wish—or suppose we say that a score of our better known Radio artists were to hang up their stockings today, and could have their wishes—what would they be asking for? I wanted to know—I thought you would too, so I asked them. And here is what they said:

Art Kassel, the lovable, reciting band leader of Chicago, heard in the Shell hour, built castles in the air a long time before he launched his *Kassels in the*

Air. Most of this castle construction work was done from within the high iron fence of one of those drab places known as “orphan asylums” for want of a kinder name. Yes; Santa got there, after a fashion, but it was not until Kassel was about ten years old that he found just what he wanted in his stocking—a shiny, regulation brass horn and an invitation to play in the boys’ band of the institution.

The horn, which has become a clarinet and saxophone since, mapped Art’s scintillating destiny. Perhaps that is why he simply answered, “Just let me keep my orchestra and use the microphone now and then, and I’ll be content.” when asked what he wanted for Christmas. His most usual or rarest gift from a fan during the year? The sympathetic heart strings of a grown-up orphan resonate in his answer:

“There’s an invalid down in Somerset, Ky. Her name—if you think she wouldn’t mind my telling—is Mrs. Eve Talbott. Her many letters to our band, so interestingly and cheerfully written, I value as my rarest gifts.”

HAH—and Old Topper Ray Perkins, far from a tragic sort of figure, wise-cracks following Kassel (the two are together on the Shell bill, so why not here?). “I’d like to have a rabbit for my new silk hat, a microphone that can smile, tonsils like Ed Thorgerson’s

and Alwyn Bach's pronunciation. As for what I have been sent this year, include in the oddities: 1. a lot of song lyrics (without music), 2. a lot of cocktail recipes (without ingredients), 3. poetry (free verse and very blank), 4. threats (dire), 5. every kind of bottle opener so far discovered, 6. an automatic harmonica, and 7. three sticks of tastyyeast.

"Sure I always get what I want for Christmas, because I'm such a good boy. At least my mamma, the blonde one, says I'm good, and she ought to know.

"My best Christmas is always the one ahead of me. But the most extraordinary one was in Hollywood last year. They make a sort of 'super-production' of it out there, with searchlights, paper snowstorms, parades, imported reindeer—all in a summer temperature. Furthermore it was the best Christmas I ever drank!"

AND here's what Helene Handin (who plays Anne in the *Pee-Wee and Windy* hour, and with Marcella Shields provides you with entertainment in the *Two Troupers* and the *Two Old Witches*) wouldn't mind getting in her sheer chiffon limb casing:

"1. Ten karat square cut diamond, 2. bonds of any amount—no stocks, 3. a small but well equipped yacht to cruise around Manhattan in the summer between broadcasts, 4. a Rolls Royce, but a flivver coupe would do, and 5. a ten-year contract with Marcella at about \$5,000 (or more) a week.

"Among my treasured gifts of the year are a beautiful hand-made makeup box from a prisoner in a penitentiary, a box of home-made jams from a boy shut-in and his mother, several bottles of imported perfume, a hand wrought ring and the usual candy and flowers.

"Santy has been pretty good to me, but I'd have just as happy a Christmas if only I could be with one or more members of my widely separated family—my mother being a traveling lecturer and my sister located in Idaho. My most tragic yuletide? I was in my 'teens and studying music in Chicago—away from all my family and broke! To cap the climax I had quarrelled with my boy sweetheart."

Laughable Billy Jones and Ernie Hare refused to be funny about their de-

mands from St. Nicholas. All they wish is 52 more programs of solid Radio booking with the Interwoven Stocking Company—sort of a stocking contract in the stocking, so to speak.

What has been sent them by listeners? Oh, a flock of oysters, jams, golf tees, neckties, candy and cake, the keys of three cities and jewelry.

"We always get what we expect," said Billy, "which is a sure thing, inasmuch as we expect nothing!"

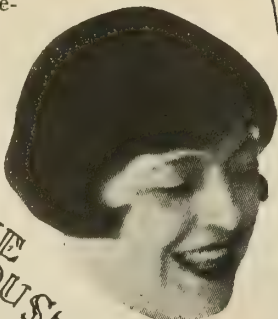
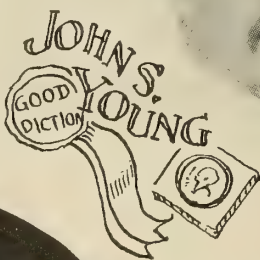
Their most tragic Christmas, they say, is the one on which they have to work; the happiest, when at home with their families, and the most comical, when they spend Christmas with one another—which we'll all agree WOULD be.

Petite Jessica Dragonette of the golden coloratura soprano voice couldn't forget her career for one moment. No sir! She simply answered that what she wanted for Christmas was to sing *Goldilocks and the Three Bears* which she is dramatizing against Eric Coates' suite, *The Three Bears*, so that is what you may expect to hear in the Cities Service Concert of that week.

Gifts from fans? Many beautiful ones are in her collection, Jessica remarked. One in particular she admires, a tribute to her, *Solvejg's Song*, is a solid brass spinning wheel plated with

pects an offspring—due to arrive about December 19—and when he told me the news he was presumptive enough to declare "and he will not be a fiddler!"

Ludlow confesses that he has received from fans all sorts of trinkets to carry around in his violin case, and all these seem to possess certain voodooistic charms to bring good fortune. The popular wielder



of the bow replied that since his stay in America (he came from Australia but is now an American citizen), he had always received what he wished for Christmas, and he wants to thank his fellow American citizens and Radio listeners for making this dream come true.

But the breaks always weren't that way for Godfrey. Here's his story of one Christmas that wasn't so good:

"Was to have been released from a German prison camp just before Christmas . . . Everything was settled and arranged. Then something happened, and I was trundled back to the camp and kept there for three more weeks right through the holidays . . . Not so nice!"

And my flapper and slow tempo friends, how about the Lombardos Consolidated? The Christmas list of Guy, Carmen and Lebert looks like this:

Guy wants (1) to sleep all day, (2) a tip on Wall Street, (3) six more brothers to put in his ten-piece band so as to make it a family affair; Carmen asks (1) to bring his parents down from Canada to spend Christmas Day with him and his brothers; Lebert wishes (1) a special preparation for his lips to keep them from getting chapped when playing his trumpet during the winter.

AND the Lombardo gift receiving clerk during the past year clicked off: Guy, a box of melted chocolates on the 4th of July, a crate of apples, and a

gold—the kind our great grandmothers used—with the ball of flax and electric bulb.

"The pedal moves and the wheel revolves," Miss Dragonette explained. Jessica refused to enumerate her past Christmases. She's so happy over the present and the future, that she really has no cause to complain of the past, she said. Now what do you suppose Godfrey Ludlow, NBC's beloved violinist and Elgin star, wants put in his stocking? Can't guess? Well, he simply wants and ex-

glass ash tray made of Robert Burns Panatella cigar bands; Carmen, chocolate fudge galore, cigarettes, and a picture (for no reason at all) of a girl with a snake draped around her shoulders; and Lebert, a home talkie projector and a new set of golf clubs.

The Lombardo boys always have received just what they wanted for

Franklyn Baur's story of his happiest, and most tragic, Christmas almost made tears come to my eyes. I'll quote it in a minute, but before doing so, I wish to remark that if Baur were not a great singer, he'd undoubtedly be a popular writer or toastmaster.

For Christmas he asks "a manager who doesn't ask artists for 20% commission, a newspaper reporter who writes exactly what I tell him and laughs at my jokes, and an inventory of all hot dog stand owners who play their Radios for the entertainment of their patrons—and the names of their favorite artists."

"On one early June program," Baur replied when asked what queer gifts he had been sent, "I sang, *Only a Rose*. Two weeks later a farmer sent me a package which when opened revealed a large onion. An attached card read, 'Dear Mr. Baur: You opened the rose season for the florists. How about onion time for the farmers?—Only an Onion'.

"Yes, yes, very romantic, don't you think? So I went downstairs to the kitchen, sliced the onion, and ate it on a hamburger."

Now comes the tale of a happy, yet tragic, Yuletide which Baur spent not so long ago. The tenor continued.

"I remember well one Christmas

me. He had a sweet little voice—one which you would hardly expect in a boy shouting 'Magazines for sale.'

"What are you going to do with the money that you collect on these magazines, Sonny?" I asked. The little lad gazed at me with his sparkling blue eyes and replied, 'I'm going to buy my little sister Mary a doll for Christmas. You see, Mister, she believes in Santa Claus.'

"Well, Tommy, for that was his name, and I decided to walk together to the corner toy store to select a doll for Mary. As we entered the store there was a glistening bicycle standing in a rack near the door. Tommy reached over, gave the horn on the 'bike' a toot, and said, 'That's swell! Some day I'm gonna have one just like it. There's the doll counter, Sir. See the one with the pink dress? She'd like that one, I know, because it cries and closes its eyes!'

"AFTER Tommy had bargained (quite capably, too) with the doll salesman, we turned about to give Tommy one more look at that bicycle. He sighed as he held the doll more securely in his arms.

"Tommy," I said, 'can you ride a bicycle like that?' He shrugged his shoulders manfully as he replied, 'Can I? I'll say I can!'

"It's yours, Tommy," I said. With a lingering look of doubt in his blue eyes, Tommy threw a leg over the 'bike,' and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said, 'Gee, now I know why Mary believes in Santa Claus.'

That, Baur remarks, was the most tragic, yet happy, Christmas he ever spent. And now, to his contralto sidekick in the missing Firestone hour, Vaughn De Leath, who is spending a few months leave of absence from 711 Fifth Avenue, New York, at WTAM, now under lease to NBC. Vaughn's quite a country home hobbyist as you will see. But first, her list. Nothing is lacking in variety.

A .22 calibre rifle, square cut diamond, motorboat, new car, new room on her house, the *Hitching Post*, an annuity, and to make others happy by playing Santa, complete her desires. During the year her plunder has been varied and peculiar. Someone even shipped her a baby

Christmas, mainly because of the philosophy they've developed. "Never demand nor expect too much," they say, "and you'll never be disappointed. Then all that is received on every Christmas is so much 'velvet'."

The dean of Victor Herbert conductors, Harold Sanford, expressed the wish of most Radio favorites when he said he'd appreciate the day off as his first request on his Christmas list.

"Outside of the day off for Christmas, which hasn't fallen to my lot for years, I'd like a good collection of pipes and tobacco. Of unusual gifts sent to me, the outstanding one is a fine black cat—intended by a superstition scoffer as a good luck offering—but which we were unable to keep.

"POSSIBLY the happiest Christmas I ever spent was the first one I was able to enjoy at home with my loved ones after a forced absence of many years. Not only was my family present but a collection of old friends who had come from many distant points for the occasion.

"Another I never shall forget was that of 1915 when the late Victor Herbert came to the theater to conduct the matinee and evening performances of *Princess Pat*. We CELEBRATED between matinee and evening, and again after the night performance."

Here, may I interpolate, it was possible to celebrate without going to jail in good old 1915.

GUY LOMBARDO

BERNADINE HAYES

Eve, after my performance in the *Ziegfeld Follies*. I had decided to walk a bit to relieve my nostrils of the odor of grease paint. The sky, with its bright and wondrous stars reminded me of pictures of the three wise men seeking the new and bright star of Bethlehem.

"I had walked but a few squares when a blonde-haired, blue-eyed lad about ten years of age approached me. 'Five cents, Mister,' he said as he held out his last magazine. The lad interested



alligator! Other gifts include maple sugar and syrup, five birthday cakes, iron and copper cooking utensils for her colonial house, three dolls, a toy dog, and to top them all, a live turkey that she just couldn't kill and eat, so had to send to her country place.

Among Vaughn's sad December 25th memories, cooking plays the villain. Once she tried to cook a Christmas dinner in a hotel room on a one-burner electric grill. The rosy cranberries toppled off and took to rolling all over the floor.

Another Yuletide, "Not so long ago either," she says, "we thought it would be a lark to go out to our log cabin—built for summer weather. After unloading hampers full of food and other supplies, we built a fire in the cheery fireplace (no stove in there), ate a picnic lunch and went to bed to await Santa. The thermometer kept falling until I thought it would crash. We shivered through the night and at dawn pried off the frozen blankets. Mr. Turkey was cooked as a stew in an iron pot in the fireplace while we danced around, not for joy, but to keep warm. But, oh boy! That Turkey stew was delicious, even if the wind did blow down the chimney and make us choke and cry from smoke in our eyes!"

Over at the Columbia building there's a chap by the name of David Ross, a CBS announcer. Know him? You'll know him better after our little interview. Ross asked for two things to be put in his stocking: "a stocking full of Vitamin Z, the peace-inducing vitamin—and a little more humility on the part of the Radio loud speaker."

Unusual gifts sent him by fans include crushed roses and a regular weekly letter of about sixteen pages from a male lunatic. Ross added, that he'd like to take this opportunity of thanking his Radio friends for their many delightful letters. Did he always get what he wanted for Christmas? Yes, indeed. Twice, he says. A radiant daughter born to his wife in June and a son on whose birthday George Washington was born.

"MY PAST Christmases have been even-tempered," said Announcer Ross, "a sort of golden, or better still, a gold-plated mean." There you are—just as I promised—David Ross' poetic soul would break out and express itself!

In Chicago at WENR, a pretty good station for its mere 50,000 watts, you've no doubt heard *Mike and Herman*. What do Mike (Arthur Wellington) and Herman (Jimmie Murray) expect to find in the old sock? Living up to their names as air comedians, they are hoping for "a juicy network contract, razor blades

(new), a cork screw and the bottles to go with it, a folding peewee golf course, two life World Series passes, ideas for sketches, a date with the Hollywood bathing beauties and cameras, and the rest of the space filled up with oranges, apples, raisins and *NUTS*."

High in the list of peculiar gifts Mike and Herman have received from fans are a pair of 40-year-old suspenders and a second-hand revolver. The antique gal-luses, made of plush, were sent to Herman Shultzmeyer by the widow of the gentle-



Vaughn de Leath doesn't wait for that annuity . . . she plays a female Santa to her young friends.

man who died before he could use them. The rusty revolver came in the mail after a skit in which Herman lost money at the races and asked Mike where he could buy a second-hand revolver so he could commit suicide as cheaply as possible.

Other odd gifts include boxing gloves, fried chickens, white mice, a dog, shark's teeth, and several baby outfits—which Herman was able to put to immediate use.

Santa has played several jokes on the pair. One Christmas Mike burned his whiskers while enacting the usual role of Saint Nick, and on another, Herman bought a pony for his two daughters, Jean and Ethel. The pony ran away and Murray, who is German—not Scotch—bought a substitute in the form of a hobby horse.

Turning back to the serious for a moment, let's ask John S. Young, famed NBC announcer, what his order will be.

"I'll be content," John replied, "with only the next medal for good diction on the Radio which the American Academy of Arts and Letters awards annually. During the year I've received every kind of pastry, all sorts of patent medicine

samples from wags—one of whom suggested that I take Lydia Pinkham's Compound—and a rare, lovely autographed portrait on linen of Admiral Richard E. Byrd.

"My saddest Christmas was the occasion when after accepting an invitation to enjoy a repast including Maryland turkey, Southern chicken, Vermont maple sugar and genuine English plum pudding, I had to work all day and eat at Child's."

Little Ann Leaf, the CBS organist, must be hungry. She craves for Christmas "a good breakfast, a good lunch, a good dinner, another good supper, and a new finger ring. I hope all my friends get the same—especially the 'fans'."

Booty earned by the nimble fingers and toes of this petite console manipulator embraces all sorts of edibles and much home-made fudge (which she loves), assorted real and artificial flowers, and, she added, "the usual cargoes of Rolls Royces, ermines, yachts, country houses—and postcards."

HER funniest or most tragic Christmas? The time in 1925 when she awakened to find out "it wasn't Christmas after all, but merely All Fools' Day, alack and alas!"

War experiences were recited by Anthony Wons, the Scrapbook man of WLS and WLW who's now on CBS, and Harry Horlick, conductor of the A & P Gypsies, as indelible Christmases. Wons was in a veteran's bureau hospital where some of the patients were forgotten. Rather

tragic, don't you think? His most comical Yuletide was spent in a Los Angeles rooming house when practical jokers locked him in the bathroom and he spent most of the day in the tub, and the happiest, he replied, as a boy in a little cottage in a small Wisconsin town when he awakened to find a ten-cent train under the tree.

Horlick's war Christmas memory results from service in the Russian Army. "On December 25, 1916," he said, "we arrived at Erzroum. A comrade offered me a strange Turkish instrument and demanded, as proof of my boasted musical talents, that I play it. I couldn't!"

The Gypsy conductor plays the violin, as you know. One of the most unusual gifts he has received is a quantity of hair from the head of an unknown lady music lover who instructed him to use it in stringing his bow. Harry Horlick asks little for this Christmas except a market improvement in A T & T shares.

If you like Tony's Scrapbook, you may stuff his stocking with some new jokes for his scrapbook, good health and sense to keep it, a dozen 50-kilowatt stations

(Continued on page 115)

MAKING *the* MOST *out of*

MATRIMONY

By BILLIE BURKE

In An Interview with Lillian G. Genn

Beautiful Wife of Florenz Ziegfeld Says Self-Sacrifice, Patience,
Tolerance and Faith are Essential for Wedded Happiness

NOT so many years ago there appeared on the stage a captivating, irresistible and talented young actress. She had red-gold hair, roguish blue eyes and a manner so utterly fascinating that old and young, male and female, succumbed to her the moment she tripped into view. She made a sensational hit in London and New York, and her name—Billie Burke—came to be a synonym for all that was delightfully feminine and adorable. Those were the days when the young femininity fashioned themselves after her, for well they knew that the gentlemen showed a preference for anything that was Billie-burkish.

Naturally romance tagged at the heels of this bewitching little star, and her suitors included royalty, the social elite, distinguished men of affairs, artists and many others. She was daily kept busy making sweeping denials of all of the rumors engaging her to any of them. Indeed, it was whispered that if she had married all who vowed they would die of a broken heart unless she became theirs, the number would have reached from London to Frisco Bay—with many more left over!

At the height of her glittering career, Billie Burke astonished her public by eloping with Florenz Ziegfeld, the famous creator of the Follies, and the one man outside of the Prince of Wales, who is constantly pursued by the very loveliest of the fair sex. This is due not only to the fact that he is a man of unusual personality and gifts, but because of the eminent position he occupies in the world of the theatre. Every beautiful girl who

WHEN you heard Billie Burke as featured artist on the Armstrong Quakers' program you doubtless were reminded of her own brilliant career on stage and screen. Miss Genn has obtained this interview as an expansion of Miss Burke's ideas and remarks on the subject "My Husband at Home".

has stage aspirations longs to win Ziegfeld's approval, so that he has veritably become the goal of women from every part of the country.

One can readily understand, therefore, why everyone was surprised at the difficult rôle Billie Burke selected for herself in becoming the wife of the Bad Boy of Broadway, as he was then called, and why it was generally predicted that the romance would not last. Besides, wasn't it known that marriages, with fewer difficulties to contend with, rarely flourished in the shadow of the stage?

It is now almost sixteen years since Billie Burke married Florenz Ziegfeld and their romance not only continues, but is made more happy by their lovely daughter, Patricia. In these days when so many marriages flounder on the reefs of divorce, it would be interesting to know how Billie Burke has been able to achieve a successful marriage. Certainly her beauty alone, for a man who is always surrounded by the most beautiful women, could not have been sufficient to hold together the bonds of their union.

It was in order to learn this secret and her views on marriage in general, that

I sought her out at her country estate at Hastings. The house is a large, stately one, situated on beautiful grounds. Within, it is charmingly and tastefully furnished. What particularly impresses one is that it is a home that is lived in, and is pervaded by a gracious spirit. One quickly feels at ease in it.

As for Miss Burke herself, her engaging personality is the same as it was, and with it is the sweetness and charm that endeared her to millions. The years have hardly touched her, for her hair is red-gold, her skin is lovely and flower-like and her blue eyes have the sparkle of youth in them. It is hard to believe that she has a daughter almost fourteen.

EXCEPT for rare appearances in a Broadway play, Miss Burke—Mrs. Ziegfeld in private life—has devoted herself entirely to the home. Shortly after her marriage, when she was playing on the stage and screen, at the largest salary paid to any actress of the day, she found that her career would not be possible without having her marriage suffer from it. When her daughter was born, she turned her back on fame and fortune, and gave herself up to the career of wifehood and motherhood. This gesture illustrates her attitude toward marriage more graphically than anything else. For she showed that no sacrifice was too great and no effort too much where the happiness of her marriage was concerned.

"Nearly any marriage can be a successful one," she told me, "if the woman is willing to give freely and generously of the best she has to give.



Christiana Maples (above) current beauty of Smiles.
Miss Burke (right) at time of her debut.

"You know," she smiled good-naturedly, "I have been frequently criticized for putting marriage up to the woman. But while I believe that like in every human relationship, each has to give up something for the other; yet, in marriage, it is the woman who has to give a little more. Marriage is primarily her job, and she has it more in her power, than man has, to make it a success. It is she who is more responsible for their mutual peace and happiness.

"**I**N EVERY successful marriage, you will find that the man depends upon the woman. Nothing is too much trouble for her. She has conscientiously made herself an essential part of his life without any physical or sex attraction. The wives of our famous men have always been known to have fortified their husbands with that kind of devotion.

"But why speak of the little bit more that woman must do when today she isn't even doing her share? *The modern American wife has been so pampered and spoiled that she has become a rather selfish person. She expects a happy marriage to be handed her with her wedding ring.* She rarely thinks of her obligations and responsibilities to her marriage, but rather what it is she can get out of it. The American wife is given more than the woman of any other country, and she gives hardly anything in return. She doesn't even try to see what she can do to make her marriage a happy one, but at the first sign of any difficulty, begins to think of a divorce.

"And yet, why should a woman expect happiness from marriage without putting her shoulder to the wheel and working for it? Nobody is entitled to happiness. It must be earned.

"Love, in the beginning, may be a flaming passion. But as that burns out, there must be developed in its place the strong, deep love that comes from an enriching companionship. That is wrought only by self-sacrifice, patience, tolerance, and faith. The love that comes from it thrives in spite of hardships and obstacles, and not even the passing of the years can destroy it."

She paused for a

moment and then continued thoughtfully:

"Life nowadays demands so much from a man and he is constantly under such a nervous strain in his battle for existence, that he needs a good deal of encouragement and praise if he is to be able to do his work. A woman, therefore, must strive to be a stimulus and a cheer leader to her husband, rather than a drag on him. She must feed his pride and his courage with her faith and her love. She must be generous with her sympathy and interested in the things he does. She must try in every way to make his path easier and his home life attractive so that his mind and spirit are refreshed.

"That is why I believe that marriage is a full time job and one which, like any other career, demands unceasing effort. Any work that the wife does on the outside must be subordinate to her marriage. If it is the type of work that requires all of her attention and energy, she must be willing to give it up if she marries. If she tries to cheat her marriage by giving only part of herself, she will find that it is she who has been the loser. For her husband will not be long in turning to some other woman who thinks he is important enough to be placed before her own individual interests. Such a woman will arouse a greater devotion and sense of loyalty in him than any part-time wife can.

"**W**HAT is needed today is not a new type of marriage institution, like trial marriage and companionate marriage, but only a little more common sense about matrimony. Husbands and wives must realize that they cannot have complete freedom and independence and a happy marriage. Both are incompatible. Each must trim down the sharp edges of individuality and each must try to get the other person's point of view. Each must give up something. But selfishness seems to be the quicksand in which marriage is floundering today."

Mrs. Ziegfeld was asked what are the particular things husband and wife must do in their daily living to make their union more harmonious.

"First of all, they should be polite to each other," she answered. "I can't understand why courtesy should be given to one's friends and to one's business associates and employees,"

(Cont. on page 121)



Recent portrait of the famous Billie Burke. Florenz Ziegfeld (left) and daughter Patricia.



"Do you remember, Mike?" asks Myer . . . and Joe Weber (left) does recall the incident mentioned by Lew Fields, although it's a long road from Miner's Bowery Theatre in 1877 to Radio Studios in 1930

Encore!

By

Doty Hobart

"NEW YORK CITY has the best judges money can buy!"

That quaint remark handed the metropolitan Radio fans the laugh of the month last October. And well it might, for dignitaries of the bench in Greater New York were undergoing a grand jury investigation for alleged corrupt practices.

Although it may seem difficult to believe, the creator of that 1930 laugh-line was the same gentleman who, back in the gay nineties, originated a bit of crossfire humor which had our grandparents rolling in the theatre aisles.

You may have heard it. If you have, stop me.

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"She was no lady. That was my wife."

The newest of the two wise cracks was spilled into the microphone at WOR during one of the weekly broadcasts of those two famous comedians of a generation or two ago, Weber and Fields. The well worn chestnut made its debut on the stage of the one and only institution of its

kind, the never-to-be-forgotten Weber and Fields' Music Hall.

Even though one institution (the building) is gone another remains. "Mike and Myer" still live. If you don't believe this pair of troupers is an institution in itself, pull out the volume of your Encyclopædia Britannica marked Vase to Zygo and see what that authority has to say under "Weber and Fields".

The smaller half of the team, who has been "Mike" to his public for nearly a half century, is Joe Weber. He is responsible for the above jokes. What he lacks in size he makes up in gray matter. Yet he refuses to take personal credit for either of them.

"Those jokes are Lew's and mine," is the way he puts it. Perhaps the fact that whatever is Lew's is Joe's and whatever is Joe's is Lew's explains the reason

for this partnership lasting a lifetime. It was that way from the very first, when they made their debut in the theatre, at Miner's Bowery in 1877. Lew Fields was then an overgrown boy of nine and Joe Weber was an undernourished ten-year-old. There was no hogging of the spotlight in those days. Now that they have found an outlet for their talent in Radio there is no hogging of the microphone. It will be share and share alike to the end, and may the final curtain for "Mike and Myer" be long delayed in ringing down.

IT WAS my privilege as a director of programs to introduce Joe Weber and Lew Fields to the air audience some three years ago on a commercial broadcast. They were interested in the studio. It was an entirely new environment in which they found themselves and, with no audience in sight, they questioned the ability of this strange power behind the microphone to reach any great number of listeners. It so happened that they

Footlight Favorites of Another Day Win New Applause in Radio Dramas

Doty Hobart, former CBS Production Manager and present-day Broadway Stagecrafter, dramatizes their return



were to take part in a chain broadcast of national scope. I tried to impress them with the size of their potential audience.

"You will play to more people on this one broadcast than you have ever done in all your stage appearances put together," I told them. "Think of it. Why, there will be in the neighborhood of twenty millions of listeners hearing your voices!"

"How do you know?" shouted Weber.

"Don't argue with him, Mike," chimed in Fields. "He's crazy. Who ever heard of a neighborhood that big!"

Kidding, they were, but behind it all was a puzzled suspicion that I might be right. Troupers-like they were letting off a bit of steam.

The care with which the program was rehearsed made them realize that those in the know attached a real importance to the broadcast. Without becoming conscious of any change of heart toward Radio's ability to reach a vast audience they told me afterward that they had all the thrill of a first night behind the footlights when the show went on the air. And that, by the way, is the same confession which every troupers makes whenever he, or she, does dramatic work before the

microphone—"Every Radio performance is a first night to me."

As they left the studio Joe Weber said, "If you get any letters about our broadcast I'd like to see them."

I promised to deliver, in person, every letter received. A week later, as the official mail-carrier, I escorted two heavily laden office boys to Weber's office and when we left the place little "Mike" literally was "up to his ears" in congratulatory messages. His brother, Max, informed me later that Joe read every one of the two thousand missives!

The only reason Fields did not read them all was because he was working. "Working?" do I hear you ask? Certainly. Once a troupers always a troupers,

if not behind the footlights as an actor then in some other capacity which brings the troupers in contact with the smell of grease-paint. When Lew Fields is not putting on a production of his own you are sure to find him staging a musical show for some other manager.

THE "Weber Enterprises" is the name of the company handling the investments of the Weber capital. And Joe Weber is in full charge of this company. The office has a Broadway address and is in the Times Square district. By day you will find him in his office, except for the time he takes out for lunch at the Astor, at which time he is joined by Fields, while his evening hours are frequently spent watching a show from the front of the house. He is an inveterate theatregoer.

They love their Broadway, these two. It brought them fame and money and they never forget that. Nearing, as they are, the three-score-and-ten mark in years, the spell of the street and their interest in its activities keeps them young.

The second time I brought Weber and Fields to the microphone as the feature of a chain feature I witnessed



Recall way back when . . . Marie Cahill (above) was Sally in *Our Alley* . . . Alma Kruger (left) was Lady Macbeth with Louis James . . . Tom English was at Tony Pastor's? They're all Radio troupers now!

a back-stage scene, the memory of which will remain with me always.

For this program I did not have my stars come to the rehearsals. Instead I told them the number of minutes they were allotted and picked the dialog routines, taken from scenes in some of their Music Hall productions, which they were to use. By now they were microphone wise and needed no coaching as to the use of the instrument for their act. As to the timing and tempo of their dialog, old time troupers sense those things instinctively.

I HAD prepared a rather elaborate introduction for Weber and Fields, a combination of music and the spoken word. Of this introduction my two old troupers knew nothing. I had kept them in ignorance purposely, hoping to give them a little surprise.

The show went on the air. There were two or three numbers by the orchestra. Then the announcer came to the microphone and told the listeners about the old Weber and Fields' Music Hall and of the efforts of its owners to present the first sincere burlesque (which does not mean, as many seem to think, a leg-show) in America. He told of the hit-shows

chorus girls in *Hurley-Burley* in 1898." As the announcer came to this point the listeners heard the chorus as an instrumental selection.

In this way the choruses of many song-hits from the old Music Hall shows were introduced on the air for the first time; *Say You Love Me, Sue*; *The Pullman Porters' Ball*; *Dream One Dream of Me*; *Come Down, My Evening Star* and *My Blushing Rosie*.

As these old tunes were being played, Weber and Fields sat near the microphone awaiting their cue to broadcast. I was watching them to catch their reaction to my little surprise. They smiled as they heard the familiar strains of the first chorus. With the playing of the second one Lew Fields quietly moved his chair over the carpeted floor a few inches closer to his partner. His arm circled Weber's shoulders as he whispered to little Joe. Weber nodded but did not speak. Then, a moment later, the announcer said, "*Come Down My Evening Star* was sung by Lillian Russell in 1902. It was one of Miss Russell's biggest hits and was used in her repertoire for many years. The number you are now hearing is the chorus of *Come Down My Evening Star*."

As Miss Russell's name was mentioned I saw tears forming in Joe Weber's eyes

language as only *Mike* and *Myer* can slaughter it.

"And now," the announcer was speaking, "we have the privilege of presenting Weber and Fields. Let me introduce to you individually. First, the little fellow. This is Joe Weber."

"Call me Mike, please," was Joe's comeback. "All my life I've been called Mike."

"True enough, Mr. Weber. Mike you shall be. And this, ladies and gentlemen, is Lew Fields."

"Much obliged," said Fields. "Only one mistake you made. When I'm with Mike I'm Myer."

Little Joe starts to laugh loudly.

In anger, Lew barks at him, "What are you laughing at, hyena? Ain't my name Myer?"

"Sure. When you're with me your name is mire. That's another name for mud, ain't it?"

"Here—here. What do you mean, calling me nicknames."

"Nickle-names I wouldn't call you. Myer is a muddle-name."

And the pair were off with their many "eggsplanations" about college life.

Radio, the sweetheart of every true trouper, has caught Weber and Fields in her net and thrilled them, just as they in turn are thrilling the lucky listeners. Today we find Mike and Myer discussing topics of the times in scrambled English once a week in a fifteen minute sketch emanating from the studios of WOR.

ONE by one the old time stage favorites have been won over by the magic spell of the microphone. The great and the near great of footlight fame, those who know their theatre, have found a new medium of expression for their talents. And how they cotton to the microphone—a tyrant who takes all and gives nothing in return but silence. But even though those troupers work to an audience, which by necessity and not by choice, is "hand-cuffed" (to use an old theatrical term which applies to an unappreciative audience), the lack of that impulsive applause so eagerly sought in the showshop is more than counterbalanced by the individual response delivered by the mailman. And many of the old timers tell me they find it much easier to remain "in character" at the microphone because of the lack of any noisy interruption.

During my frequent rambles in and about the studios the past year, I have met many an old stage favorite. Sometimes it was my first introduction to them but often an acquaintanceship made prior to the advent of Radio has been joyfully renewed. Their stories are interesting.

There is, for instance, Marie Cahill. Glorious, eternally youthful, bob-haired Marie of *Sally in Our Alley* fame. Perhaps you may remember the song-hit of the show which Miss Cahill sent so joyously across the footlights:



The cast of *Moonlight and Honeysuckle* boasts two veterans . . . Ann Sutherland (Sun-bonneted Ma Betts) who shocked Broadway by wearing tights in *The Black Crook*, and Claude Cooper (Pegleg Gaddis), who has played 538 Broadway rôles!

of that era which were burlesqued—*The Heart of Maryland*, *The Geisha*, *Under the Red Robe*, *Secret Service*, *Zaza*, *Du Barry*, *Sappho* and many others. He spoke of the song hits and of the singers who made them famous.

"There was one called *Kiss Me, Honey Do*, sung by Peter F. Dailey and the

and before the playing of the tuneful *Evening Star* had finished, those tears were trickling unashamed down the old actor's face. A moment later he had wiped away all traces of outward sentiment and was on his feet at the microphone, ready for his cue, prepared to assist his partner murder the English

"I love-a you and
love-a you true,
And if you-a love-a
me;
One live as two—
Two live as one—
Under the bamboo
tree."

1902! . . . And
listen to this. In
1930 Miss Cahill
met a mutual friend
of ours on the
street one day.

"Why aren't you
in Radio?" asked
the friend.

"Radio!" laughed
Miss Cahill. "Why,
I don't even own a
receiving set."

"You should do
both," was the sage
advice of the friend,
and he proceeded to
see that his counsel

on both scores was put into effect at once.

Within the week Miss Cahill became
a dyed-in-the-wool fan and within the
month Miss Cahill, with her delightful
Cahillogues, was giving the microphone
an earful. Like it? Of course she liked
it. "Only," she confesses, "the darned
thing had me scared stiff the first time
I faced it. It's a devilishly cold proposi-
tion—that mike. That's why I like to
have a visible audience in the studio when
I work. I don't mind if they do sit on
their hands, I can watch their faces for
reactions. And, believe me, it helps. In
a way I think the eyes have it all over
the hands when it comes to letting me
know whether I am going over or not."

Only a few days ago my path crossed
that of Florence Malone. The place was
a hallway in the NBC building. I was on
my way out of the building when a studio
door opened and the members of the
Radio Guild Stock Company, homeward
bound after an air matinee, fairly ran me
down. There was Rosaline Greene, Ra-
dio's own youthful leading lady, whom I
had not seen since her return from a
summer vacation in Europe. There was
T. Daniel Frawley, the original *Ruben* in
The Old Homestead. And Wright Kram-
er who played with Fanny Davenport
in 1896. And then I saw Miss Malone.

"Who is that little lady just coming
from the studio?" I asked Miss Greene.

"That is Florence Malone. Don't you
know her?"

"I should," I replied, "for somewhere
in my mind's catalog of faces hers seems
decidedly familiar."

"Come along with me and I'll introduce
you to her," and the youthful leading lady
made good her promise, there in the hall-
way, in front of the elevator doors.

And as the elevators passed and re-
passed, Miss Malone and I discussed old
times. I was sure that we had met be-
fore. But when and where?



It's encore for Richard "Dick" Jose (left), a player in old-time minstrels, now at KPO. And for Charles B. Hamlin, the *Old Settler* at WTMJ; and Mae Buckley, who is Mrs. Smithers, Gwen's mother on the CBS *Eskimo Pie* program.

"I played *Zaza* on the road for several
years," the little lady, who now plays
character parts, remarked.

That was it. *Zaza*. As an usher in a
New England theatre I had been thrilled
with the performance of Florence Malone
in the title rôle. I had witnessed every
show during the run of the piece in my
home town. No wonder I thought I had
met her before.

OUR acquaintanceship (al-
though it was a one sided, across-the-foot-
lights affair) established, Miss Malone
and I found ourselves, an hour later,
seated in one of the reception rooms—
still talking over "those dear dead days
beyond recall," the yesteryears of the
theatre. Miss Malone began her stage
career with Mrs. Leslie Carter. Then
followed years in stock—at the Harlem
Opera House in New York, in Los An-
geles, in San Francisco. After that, leads
in New York productions, only to have
an unfortunate accident occur which
forced her to give up the stage. Two
years ago Harvey Hayes, himself an old
timer, met Miss Malone on the street.
She was fully recovered from the acci-
dent, and Mr. Hayes said—but let her
tell you in her own words.

"Harvey and I had played together in
the same company several years ago and
when he found that once again I was
anxious to try my hand at trouping he
fairly dragged me along with him to NBC,
where he introduced me to William S.
Rainey, one of the program directors.
The upshot of that meeting was that I
played *Camille* in a broadcast the follow-
ing week. Think of it! They certainly
work fast in Radio, don't they?"

"It's necessary," I said. To learn more
about her broadcasting activities, I added,
"And then?"

"Oh, after that I worked regularly on

the Shakespearian
Hour and now I'm
doing all sorts of
parts in modern
plays with the Ra-
dio Guild."

Wright Kramer.
I mentioned the
fact that he played
with Fanny Daven-
port in 1896. Per-
haps there may be
a reader or two
who will remember
a play called *The
Round-up*. If so,
you will surely
recall the scene
wherein one of the
characters portrays
a man dying of
thirst in the desert.
It was one of those
vividly impressive
scenes which haunt
one's memory.
Wright Kramer

was the actor who enacted the rôle. He
was leading man for Mrs. Patrick Camp-
bell for two seasons and played any
number of juvenile leads in New York
productions of *The Road to Yesterday*
era. He has lectured for Burton Holmes
and played a season with the Paris-
American Theatre Company in the capital
of France. Then Radio caught him up
(or should I say, he caught up with
Radio) and he took part in the dramatized
O. Henry stories three years ago. When
the Biblical Dramas were broadcast, Mr.
Kramer was among those present in a
cast composed of seasoned troupers
gathered from the legitimate stage. If
you are a follower of Radio drama you
will hear his voice frequently in Socony-
land Sketches and in Radio Guild pro-
ductions.

T. DANIEL FRAWLEY.

This gentleman began his legitimate work
before the footlights in 1889. After es-
tablishing himself as a competent leading
man he leased a San Francisco theatre and
managed his own company. And what a
company! Using embryonic talent he be-
came the tutor of future stars. Here are
a few names of those who were sent to
Charles Frohman after serving an appren-
ticeship with his San Francisco company:
Eleanor Robson, Maxine Elliott, Wilton
Lackaye, Maclyn Arbuckle, Tommy Ross.
When he finally closed his West Coast
theatre, Mr. Frawley made six world
tours with a company of American players
gathered together under his own manage-
ment. He says he has retired from active
duty. Perhaps he has, but here's what he
has been and is doing in Radio—*Lieuten-
ant MacDonald* in the Crime Prevention
Hour, character parts in Radio Guild
productions, frequent appearances in So-
conyland Sketches, and fifty-four weeks

(Continued on page 112)

Battling Time *gives*

Floyd Big

By Leonard

SINCE Leonard Smith wrote this article the "newspaper of the air" has suspended publication, we hope, temporarily. Fan mail pouring in indicates the great popularity of this program and of Floyd Gibbons and we feel safe in predicting that the public will soon again be listening to the rapid-fire news comment of Mr. Gibbons.—Editor

"**B**UT the rest will have to wait until another time, we have to get to the studio."
It was 10:15 p.m.
For two hours Floyd

Floyd Gibbons receiving the latest news flashes over the ticker.

Gibbons had been retelling tales of his experiences, that to me seem to gather lustre with each retelling. I would have preferred to remain comfortably seated in his apartment, listening to "off the record" accounts of his experiences during the world war, but it was 10:15, and "we have to get to the studio."

On the walk from his apartment to the National Broadcasting Studio, a distance of half a mile, Floyd was strangely silent,

and after a few unsuccessful efforts to get him to conclude the story he had been telling me but a few minutes before, I trudged silently along beside him.

I had called on Floyd to get him to tell me what event in his eventful life had been his most thrilling experience. Was it when the S.S. Laconia had been torpedoed from under him? Or the battle of Chateau Thierry, where he was wounded and lost the sight of his left eye? When he was traveling with Pancho Villa, when the Mexican rebel was conducting his vicious guerilla warfare along the border?

When he reported post-revolution conditions in Russia without Soviet



Gibbons *his* Thrill

S. Smith

authority or sanction? When he was lost on the sands of the Sahara Desert?

My first surprise came when he told me it was none of these. What? Was there a thrill in Floyd Gibbons' life that had been left untold? What death-defying episode was still hidden away in the brilliant mind of the world's greatest reporter and war correspondent?

"The most thrilling thing I have ever done," he told me, and at the time I thought kiddingly, "is putting my Radio newspaper to press twice every night."

I mumbled something about his cutting out the fooling and getting down to cases, but he continued:

"Honestly, in all my experiences there has been nothing so thrilling as fighting twice every night against fractions of seconds that

cannot be stretched. You will have to see it done to appreciate the thrill."

For fifteen years I have experienced the wildest excitement of getting out daily newspapers. The fight against time. The thrill of beating the opposition newspaper on the street by a few minutes. The making over of pages. Tearing out type to make space for last minute bulletins. I couldn't help wondering how the broadcasting of a few news items could match regular newspaper work for thrills.

But I was soon to learn.

It was 10:30 when we reached the famous 711 Fifth Avenue building, and I was wondering what in the world we could do to kill an hour and a quarter before Floyd would begin his headline hunter broadcast to the Western part of the country. Probably he was going to ask me to sit in

on another broadcast program with him.

The elevator "expressed" to the fifteenth floor, the top of the NBC building. As we left the elevator I began to sense that the hour and a quarter would not be wasted. Floyd, as we walked along the hall, was loosening his tie and unbuttoning his collar. His hat was shifted to the back of his head.

SOMEHOW the elaborate office of John Elwood, vice-president of NBC, seemed to me too soft a setting for newspaper drama. Floyd in his dishevelled state, seemed so out of place in such esthetic surroundings. But the activities that greeted me belied the surroundings.

First Larry Rue, Floyd's constant companion and co-worker since the earliest days of the Paris office of the Chicago Tribune, nearly bowled me over, as he dashed from an adjoining office with a hand-



On the air with world news. Fifteen minutes and not a second more.

ful of news items. Then I noticed Kenneth (Mac) MacGregor, who is supposed to be production manager, but is actually jack-of-all-trades in connection with Gibbons' broadcasts, busily engaged at a telephone taking down notes on bulletins being supplied by the United Press.

THERE, before Floyd, on the desk was a mass of news items. Enough to get out a metropolitan newspaper of from 24 to 60 pages, if necessary. And from this mass he must glean only so much as will go into a newspaper that requires exactly 14 minutes for the reading, at the rate of 217 words a minute—Floyd's record. In other words, from approximately 15,000 words of interesting events in the day's news, together with exclusive items of his own gathering, he must choose at most, 3,000 words.

He must read the mass carefully, because in Floyd Gibbons' air newspaper, bare, brief, terse paragraphs to the printed newspaper, may become the lead article, and the long, dry, routine stories take only very brief mention, if that "space".

The likely content of the paper is selected. Floyd must re-write it in his own style. He must write a newspaper in less than 30 minutes. The minutes tick away and the hands move toward 11:45. The paper is assembled. It is timed. A word is added. Two words are deleted. It is timed again. It is three seconds too long. Well, what of it? What of it? This newspaper, with allowances for ad-lib interjections, must fit exactly fourteen minutes to the split second! Seconds cannot be stretched!—11:30.

"Well," Floyd, relaxes a bit. "The paper is ready. So to the press room."

We start for the studio, Floyd, Larry, MacGregor and myself.

We have left behind a page boy who is in constant telephonic communication with the United Press. Beside him are three other boys, selected, I am later told, for

their ability to rush through the studio building to deliver messages speedily.

We are almost to the elevator.

"Bulletin, Mr. Gibbons."

A boy is rushing toward us. The paper that he hands to Floyd, reads that a woman has killed her sister to save her from suffering from a broken heart.

"We shall have to get fifty words in on this," Floyd said. "I'll ad-lib it in." If fifty words are to go in, fifty must come out! Fifty of the same length, requiring the same reading time!

"We will have to trim the German political story," he decides. Through the notes he goes. His blue pencil hits a word here; two more here; a sentence here—with the skill of experience.

Beside him is Mac, closely checking the word count during the deletion process.

"Cut fifteen more," he advises.

The job is done. Three minutes to get to the studio. We start again. We arrive. The tall man in faultless tuxedo is Edward Thorlesen, the announcer.

Floyd seats himself before the microphone. A page enters with a bulletin. No,

it is two bulletins. A plane has fallen, endangering six occupants. An important add to the America's Cup race story.

"One minute." Thorlesen speaking, quietly, warningly.

Floyd and Mac are trying to cut the Yacht Race story to allow for the add about the new developments. Something must go for the plane crash. "Germany" suffers again, and a whole page is deleted.

"—its famous headline hunter—Floyd Gibbons. Are you ready, Floyd?"

Thorlesen has made his opening announcement and usual salutation.

FLOYD begins, but he is nowhere near ready. The first page of his notes is missing!

"Hello, everybody, bushels of news today, things popping all over the map—" Introductory remarks. And he is staring at page two of his manuscript! Precious seconds of ad-libbing. The man in the control room, James O. Kelly, sees disturbance at the microphone. Gibbons, for all that the world of listeners can hear, is

coolly reeling off his nightly chatter. Mac is searching through the mass of manuscript. Larry is looking around the floor. Kelly, in the control room is frantically waving a sheet of paper. Floyd spies it. It is the missing page one. He picks up the microphone, carrying it, dashes to the window that divides the studio from the control room. The sheet has been pressed against the inside of the glass by Kelly, and through the glass Floyd reads his page one.

Then back to his table. And the listeners-in haven't had the slightest intimation of the panic in the studio.

"Well, sir," Floyd talks on. He is talking about the rise of Fascism in Germany. The information he is imparting about the followers of Hitler, the German Mussolini, is most authentic.

"Larry Rue," he tells the listeners, "was an eye wit- (Cont. on p. 124)



Adventures and thrills make up the day of Floyd Gibbons. Here he is getting another kick out of life by riding in the cab of a crack New York to Chicago train.

Countess
Olga Medolago
Albani

NATURE and Circumstance have been kind to this smart young woman with sparkling smile. Born of Spanish aristocracy, wed to nobility, and gifted with a golden voice she has distinguished herself as an artist of exceptional merit in programs heard from WJZ and WEA, New York.





BR-RRR—winter comes! Let's tune in KFI, Los Angeles. A girl—low, throaty voice—must be one of those Hollywood beauties! Right! Jeanne Dunn! And she looks just like this when she comes up to the mike.

Jeanne Dunn



Martha Attwood

SOMETIMES a special character costume helps materially to inspire the singer. And so Miss Attwood, notable NBC soprano, finds this gay hat and ruff a motif for the mood of her song. You hear in the operatic roles.



Berna Deane

THOSE inimitable Deane sisters whom you hear over the NBC networks may have intrigued your curiosity as to their personal appearance. At the left you see Berna, and if you were well impressed with her voice you will not be disappointed with her picture.



Vera Deane

THIS is Vera, the other Deane, who with her sister Berna sings of a Sunday night for the quarter hour between 10:45 and 11 o'clock. Then they sing every afternoon on the network. How do you like Vera's bonnet? They're wearing them in Seville this year.



Moonshine and Honeysuckle

ONE of the big hits of the season has been the Moonshine and Honeysuckle program over the NBC. Ann Sutherland, the mother, has been a favorite with theatre audiences for years. The stories are quaint and always true to the type and character. John Mason plays the father and Louis Mason, the son.



HERE is a most intimate close-up study of Aline, who is Mrs. Peter Dixon in private life and the mother of Junior in Bringing Up Junior, which you hear from WJZ, New York. They brought Junior at the age of two months from Arizona to New York to educate him. The program goes big.

Aline Berry



Weber and Fields

PROBABLY the most famous pair of old troupers in the world are Weber and Fields who retire from time to time and are yanked back to the stage at the demand of an insistent public. They are in Radio now and making a great hit. Mr. Doty Hobart tells you all about it in a story on page 26 of this Radio Digest.



Arline Judge, Ruth Tester, Fay Brady
and Norman Brokenshire

NAUGHTY! Naughty! Be careful, Mr. Broken-
shire, these three little maids have the low-down on
you and you'd best mind your step. But it's prob-
ably all a part of the Radio Follies that we hear
over the Columbia system. Arline, Ruth and Fay
are the ones who first started the world singing,
Sing Something Simple.



JUST to give you the rest of the Phelps twins broadcast as you heard them from WABC and the Columbia system, here they are all dressed up in their Broadway singing clothes.

Florine and Irine Phelps

Sarah Kreindler

JUST a slip of a girl, 18 years old, but with those dark dreamy eyes one may well imagine that Miss Sarah can make her violin breathe the song of Life. She was born and "brung up" in San Francisco. Began winning scholarships at the age of 10. You hear her from the Pacific sector of the NBC.



Courtesy
Saks
Fifth
Avenue



ERMINE, the age-old flatterer, attains new distinction in this wrap through curving spiral lines.

WHITE crêpe, slender to the hips and then revealing unsuspected fullness, makes a modern evening gown. "Tear-drop" scallops at edge of bolero and hip yoke may help cause heart-breaks!



Courtesy
Saks
Fifth
Avenue

B'RER RABBIT springs a surprise in the coat below, for lapin is the smartest sports fur of the season! Especially in its new shorn version—with a little flat collar and a widish suede belt.



Courtesy
Saks
Fifth
Avenue



Courtesy Best & Co.



Courtesy
Saks
Fifth
Avenue

ONE of the new "teens" frocks, simple but smart. Canton crepe with crisp white linen tabs.

OH MY! What's a "Sunday night" dress? This, because it's neither formal nor informal. Black velvet with pink bead yoke.





Billie Burke

(left)

LOVELY Billie Burke has never feared the charms of the "gloryfies" chosen by her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld. And why should she with such beauty as you see in this hitherto unpublished photograph? Read her story in this Radio Digest.

Rosetta and Vivian Duncan

(above)

ALMOST everybody has seen or heard the famous Duncan sisters. Their name over a theatre means a line at the box office. But here you see them as you may have heard them on Walter Winchell's "Scoop" program from WABC, New York, and over the Columbia system.



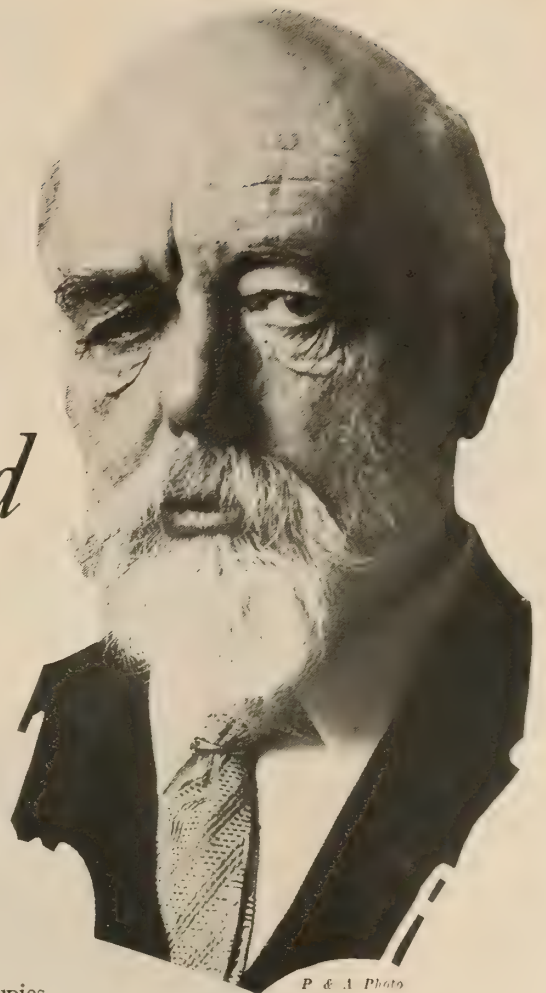
Mary Charles

YOU would swear that Mary Charles was English when you hear her impersonations over the CBS chain. She was born in Philadelphia, but she has spent the best part of her stage career in London. She came home and was selected to star in Paramount soundies. A good mike voice earned her an enviable place on the Columbia staff.

The Reality of the Spiritual World

*Noted British Scientist and Spiritualist Declares
Spiritual World Dominates the Material in
International Broadcast Hook-Up*

By Sir Oliver Lodge



P & A Photo

Sir Oliver Lodge

A controversy on "Life after Death" has arisen between Sir Oliver Lodge, distinguished British scientist, and Sir Arthur Keith, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Sir Oliver declares that the soul does not die with the body, while Sir Keith takes the opposing view.

Sir Oliver's opinions were broadcast from London over station WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting network as one of a series of international broadcasts arranged by Columbia.—Editor.

SCIENTIFIC men are mainly occupied in investigating the universe from its material aspect. They have never, in their corporate capacity, admitted the existence of any mode of being other than the material one. When a child is born into the world, he possesses certain senses—sight, hearing, touch, and so forth. These put him in touch with a certain aspect of the universe, an aspect of great beauty and complexity which provides abundant study for the lifetime of an individual.

But the poets and artists are not satisfied with this material view. They use material modes of expression, but they adapt them in much wider fashion. They realize the existence of a higher and more spiritual world and only use matter as a means to an end.

THERE is again a third group who are impressed with the universe in what may be called a completely

spiritual aspect. This group occupies cathedrals and churches all over the country and carries on a system of worship. It seeks to take people's attention away from the material side of things and concentrate it on the spiritual.

With this group the artists have some interactivity, they cooperate to some extent, and, like the theologians, may possibly condemn the methods of science. The scientist, on the other hand, might respond that he is dealing with reality where his opponent is only dealing with figments of his imagination.

Among these diversified organizations there has arisen a set of people who by human experience have obtained information about a number of phenomena which neither they nor anyone else fully understand but on which they have formed their own opinion. This is the sect known as spiritualists. They are not hampered by scientific or religious tradition. They feel free to deal with the facts as they appear to them.

They may make mistakes. They may take appearance for reality. It may be that they need curbing rather than encouraging, but they get plenty of curbing and it is only their enthusiasm that enables them to continue what they have undertaken. It is true that not all of them are wise.

But, of late years it has happened here and there that among the scientific group a few have asserted that some of the phenomena asserted by the spiritualists

are real and must be taken into account, and they do not scruple to say so.

By so doing they risk their reputation and are accused by their fellows of a kind of blasphemy against the spirit of science in accepting as genuine what is widely considered to be the result of fraud and superstition.

Nevertheless they persevere and probably in time will gain the ears of the main body of scientific men and possibly also the main body of theologians.

They themselves claim that the phenomena constitute a kind of link between the material and the spiritual world, and they seem to bring the two groups together and unite them in one comprehensive whole.

THIS is an ambitious task and may fail for a time, but so far as there is truth on their side they are bound to succeed. They seek at present to extend the methods of science into regions where they are generally thought to be inapplicable and to investigate the spiritual world in a cold and methodical manner. The seeming impossibility or extreme improbability of some phenomena does not deter them from inquiring into it. They have faith in the rationality of

the universe. They quite realize that the materialistic contention is a strong one as far as it goes, but at the same time they feel that the universe is much larger and more comprehensive than has yet been explored by science and they treat with respect the contentions of the theologians.

Truth, they say, is many-sided, and cannot be approached in its completeness by any one avenue. To this unorthodox group of physicists belongs occasionally a biologist.

THIS group believes that mind can act independently of the brain and that a study of the motion of particles can never exhaust the whole of reality. They say that the material world is inter-fused with and dominated by the spiritual, that the motions of matter are only an index or demonstration of what is going on in space, and that even the ordinary phenomena of death and life cannot be thoroughly understood by delving into matter alone.

The Twentieth Century has begun to discover that matter has no power of its own, that the atoms are merely bandied about by the process emanating from space, and that all that matter can do is to demonstrate the real happenings which occur in what we call empty space.

The properties of space are now being investigated. Already it has been discovered that there we must find the forces which hold the atom together, that cohesion and gravitation are really caused by something in space, that life travels from one body to another through space devoid of matter, and that spacial activities are responsible for all electric and magnetic phenomena.

Yet our senses only tell us about matter. We therefore use the motions of matter as an index or demonstration of what is occurring. We read a pointer of a needle when we want to measure an electric current, and that is typical of all our experimental methods. In themselves they are limited to

pointer readings. The real meaning of the phenomena eludes us.

All potential energy has long been attributed to space, to the ether and to space, and now it appears that every other form of energy exists there too, and that the atoms of matter are only occasional interruptions in its vast continuity.

The last stronghold to which the materialists cling is the organized material of the body and especially of the brain. Some of them hold not only that the brain is the organ of thought, which it is, but that it originates thought and that to understand mental processes the study of the brain and the nervous system is sufficient.

THE truth is again that they are only indices displaying what is elsewhere going on in a region inaccessible to the organs of sense. The brain has no more initiative than any other form of matter. The real control, the animation

of the particles must be sought for in space.

This revelation in thought makes the phenomena brought forward by the spiritualists more intelligible, especially when they call attention to matter being moved and manipulated in ways unfamiliar and strange.

I WISH in this connection to emphasize the fact that minds may communicate with each other without the organs of sense and without involving any physical process of communication. This fact called telepathy is generally accepted, and it makes it easier to admit that minds can continue to exist after they have lost their bodily organs. If a mind can act apart from its instrument, it shows that mind is not dependent on the instrument. Mind only uses brain, nerve and muscle for display, for demonstrating to people with material senses what is really occurring all around them. If mind can operate apart from matter, if mind and brain can be thus disconnected, then the mind may continue its existence after its bodily organ has been destroyed, and much evidence can be adduced that it actually does so continue.

Competent investigators have said that they are in touch with people who have lived and have departed this life, people who have lost their material bodies and nevertheless continue to exist. They hold, in fact, the doctrine of individual survival and adduce plenty of evidence in support of it.

Whether that evidence amounts to proof is still a matter of opinion. Scientific proof is a serious thing not likely to be testified too lightly. But the evidence certainly is strong, and, for practical purposes has convinced some of the pioneers—convinced me, for instance—of the fact that death is an incident in life rather than a termination of it, which has to be studied and understood like any other natural process, that it is no more and perhaps no less puzzling and unintelligible than birth. (Cont. on page 128)



P. & A. Photo

Sir Oliver Lodge keeps fit at seventy-eight years, as may be seen from the above photograph taken at his home, Normanton House, Salisbury, England

A RADIO COLUMN By HEYWOOD BROWN



GOOD evening. I have no business here tonight. I ought to be way up in the country tuning in to find out what came on at this particular hour and saying, I suppose, "That's not so much. I could do as well as that". But you see I mixed up my dates, Friday wasn't my last night or my last week at all. That time I said goodbye. This is the last week and when it ends on Friday I am going to avoid saying "Goodbye" the way I did last time. That was a little melodramatic because I did know all the time that I would be back on the job again after three weeks. Very likely I had a sinister motive. I hoped people would say "You are not really going away." But if I sinned, many far more distinguished performers have done the same thing. Actors can do it and why not Radio broadcasters. Nobody ever believes an actor when he says he is making his farewell tour. Everybody knows that after the farewell tour there will be the absolutely farewell tour and after that the positively farewell tour. I am combining those two. This is the absolutely and positively farewell week barring the fact that I will be back again next month. At least that is my impression of the date. Miss Whipple gets things a little bit mixed up at times. She does—Heaven help me—her best.

BUT I am not going to say goodbye any more. People take it too calmly. "Not a shot was fired, not a funeral note." I felt a little like Bide Dudley. He left his home and was away two years. I think his home was Wichita, Kansas. At the end of two years he came back—carrying a suit case. And as he came up Main Street he thought that there would be some commotion. But he walked ten or twelve blocks before anybody noticed him. Then an old crony spied him and said, in a friendly way, "Hello, Bide, going away someplace."

The noted humorist points out that fame is fleeting, dwells on the climate of California and winds up with a dissertation on the advantages of equality of sex.

So let's pretend I haven't been. But here is an invitation—from Mr. & Mrs. F. D., Oakland, California—"Why don't you make a trip out here. You know many of our celebrities come here to finish their last days".

I wonder if I may defer my acceptance of that kind invitation for just a little while. I will need a little time to polish up my last words.

And I have been in California. I spent a long, long time in San Francisco. I had to. I was covering a Democratic convention. It was 1920—the year Governor Cox was nominated. That was one of the longest deadlocks the Democrats ever had. And they are good at deadlocks. They have had practice. Before that particular convention was over almost everybody got some votes. Will Rogers and Ring Lardner each got half a vote. But after that their strength weakened. I think Will Rogers would make a very good candidate for president. He writes a better newspaper column than Calvin Coolidge. I mean I like it better. And he makes just as good a speech. When he wants to Will Rogers can talk just like Calvin Coolidge. It is a swell imitation. It is even better than that. By now I would rather hear Rogers do Coolidge than have Calvin do it himself. Will Rogers has the New England dialect down just a shade better. He has a knack for that kind of thing.

I tried to break the deadlock out there in California when they were just sitting around voting and voting. I made what seemed to me a very good suggestion. I thought they ought to put the names of all the principal candidates in a hat and then blindfold a delegate and let him pick a name at random. But, of course, if he

happened to pick Carter Glass that was not to go. In such an event they were to blindfold another delegate and draw all over again.

It wasn't any antipathy for California or San Francisco which made me want the deadlock broken. San Francisco is a very beautiful city—particularly when you look at it from the other side of the bay. But don't let anybody tell you that the Golden Gate is as beautiful as New York harbor. That is not a matter of opinion. It just isn't so. People in San Francisco have one great advantage over everybody else in the United States. They can choose their own climate. The city itself is very cold. At least it is cold whenever I get there and I am sure there is nothing personal in that. It makes me a little mournful to see the palm trees out there drooping their heads in the cold wind and trying to look tropical. I always thought somebody ought to start a fund to buy raccoon overcoats for the San Francisco palm trees. But if you don't like San Francisco you do not have to go back where you came from. Just a short ferry ride will take you to spots that are boiling. It has the spice of variety.

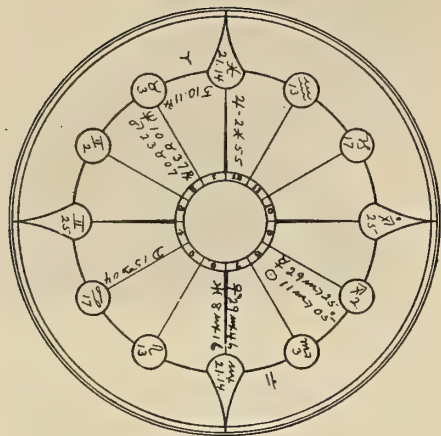
SAN FRANCISCO ought to be a separate free city all on its own. And there are a good many people in California (inside the city and out) who would be in favor of that. It was pretty free when I was there last in 1920. Some foreign group, and I think they were Hugo Slovaks, wanted the Democrats to put a plank in the platform. I am not quite sure what the plank about Hugo Slavia was to be. I guess they just wanted the Democrats to say they were in favor of it. And the Slavs used to give a dinner to the newspaper men every night—with speeches and native wines. But they made one mistake. The native wines came first. Of course all this is ten years ago—but even then I never could quite make

(Continued on page 126)

Will Rogers and His Stars

How the famous gum-chewing comedian got that way revealed by listening-in on a planetary conference

By Peggy Hull



Horoscope of Will Rogers tells the story of his career

HELLO, Everybody! This is Peggy Hull, press agent for the planets, broadcasting. I have just dug into the heavenly files, and I have discovered the world's most unusual horoscope.

As you may well believe, this horoscope belongs to the world's most unusual man. Not so long ago, Mr. Squibb, who makes us beautiful and also makes us well—with toothpaste, pellets and other things—paid him \$500 a minute to make us laugh. And since his stage average is only two jokes a minute, and he talked not much faster on the air, it follows that he got \$250 a joke from Mr. Squibb—which is a pretty good price for a joke.

The man I am talking about, of course, is Will Rogers.

If you would like to know why he gets all the breaks; why he can chew gum, the most egregious of all social errors, in the presence of the most passionate disciples of Emily Post; why he can dismember the English tongue with impunity and yet be proclaimed by professors and purists; why he can poke fun at kings and queens, presidents and even motion picture producers . . . and make them like it; why he can come out on the stage with a piece of rope and a mouth full of chewing gum, a disheveled head of hair and an ill-fitting suit and take the audience right away from youth, beauty, glamor and romance . . . if you want to know why he can do all these things, gather around and I'll tell you secrets hot off the Milky Way.

ON NOVEMBER 4th, 1879—mark well this date—the wail of a new born infant pierced the walls of the Rogers ranch house in Oklahoma and

all the cow hands gathered around to congratulate the head of the Rogers family, and eventually to peek into the cradle of the future \$500-a-minute jester. Oklahoma was then sparsely settled and the advent of babies was more uncommon than now, but even so, the red face and chubby hands of the latest addition to the Rogers family did not impress the assembled waddies with the notion that an epochal figure had been born.

THESE waddies, of course, were creatures of the earth. Had they been able to ascend into the upper regions and consult the records which have just been opened for my perusal, they would have tarried longer beside the infant's bed. For up in the azure blue, hidden snugly away in the mountains of the clouds, nine planets, Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Uranus, Neptune, Mercury, Saturn, the Sun and Moon, were assembled in the directors' room of the Bank of Earthly Fortune.

As usual, the Sun presided at the head of the table. Perhaps I should explain that the Sun is the giver of life and therefore, at this, as at all other gatherings, before and since—he has occupied the pre-eminent place.

Whether you believe it or not, the destinies of all earthly creatures are shaped by these nine heavenly dictators and sometimes, I am unhappy to report, acrimony, opposition and discord prevail—to the detriment of the mortal whose destiny is being shaped!

And on November 4th, 1879 it appeared that a most unpleasant session was about to begin.

"Come to order," said the Sun crisply. "We've got a birth in Oklahoma to dispose of—male child, Rogers by name."

"Just another squalling brat!" said the belligerent Mars with his usual antipathy. "Let's give him a dirty deal and be done with it!"

Venus, the Goddess of Love, raised a golden glance from her embroidery. "I suppose, with your usual taste for homicide, you would like to dispatch this infant out of hand," she said in icy tones.

"Tut, tut!" chided the Sun. "A child born in Oklahoma deserves a break. Let's get together, ladies and gentlemen, for once in an eon of time, and give this boy a liberal drawing account on our limitless resources of luck."

"What's the use," protested the gloomy Saturn, oppressor of mankind, in a sarcastic way, "He'll only overdraw it. Look what Mars did for Napoleon—and what came of it."

Behind his spade-like beard, the face of the war god grew red. He had been touched in a tender spot.

"If you had kept your hands off him, he'd been all right," he growled. "You tore him down, you cold and clammy fish!"

"Well, no matter," said the Sun, pacifically, "what are we going to do about the Rogers infant? Venus seems well disposed toward him, suppose we let her make the first suggestion."

A TEAR dropped from her golden eyes and fell upon the love goddess' embroidery. "Alas," she sighed, "I am all out of sex appeal. I gave the last of my present store to Francis X. Bushman."

"That certainly is tough," said the Sun, "But if my memory serves me, you are now in the House of Virgo?"

"But only in a companionate way," Venus acknowledged, with a faint note

of aggravation in her dulcet voice.

"To be sure," the Sun admitted, "but that situation is just what I had in mind. You may not be able to give him the romantic allure of your masterpiece, the late lamented Casanova, but why don't you go to the other extreme and make him a one-woman man, with a clean sense of humor and a distaste for the risqué."

"Uninteresting but judicious," interpolated Mars.

"Yes, make him safe from breach of promise suit," suggested the far-sighted Mercury, overlord of intellect.

The love goddess regarded her immemorial enemy with disfavor. But it was only momentary.

"I can do that," she agreed, "and I can do something more. Since the poor fellow will be cut off from so many of the ordinary mortal's dissipations, I'll give him a lot of travel and also one of the most affable personalities."

"Well, that's enough," conceded the Sun.

"It looks like a dull life to me," said Mars.

The Sun silenced him with a frown. "I am temporarily in the House of Scorpio," he remarked, with some ostentation—"and I intend to give this youngster shrewdness, a keen judgment, enterprise, determination—"and I intend to give this he grows up and wants to do his stuff, I'll see that he gets across."

URANUS, the erratic, sudden, forceful and destructive Uranus, suddenly spoke up.

"And I will give him originality," he proclaimed, "just now I am living with Venus in the House of Virgo—"

"I'm surprised," said the Moon, in an undertone.

"—and my vibrations will sharpen his intuitive powers and make him know things he has never studied," Uranus continued ignoring her. "He will have quick wit and nobody—politicians included—will ever be able to fool him."

Mars grunted in deep distaste. "Surrounded by all that sweetness and light," he said, "he ought to achieve fame as a reformer. Permit me to give him just a single vice. He'll be so much easier for the one woman to live with."

"Such as what?" inquired the Sun, without enthusiasm.

"Chewing tobacco," responded Mars. "I am now residing in the House of Taurus, the sign of the Bull. And I insist on

causing this paragon to masticate a cud."

"Does it need to be tobacco?" protested the sedate Moon, who, besides Venus, was the only other female present.

"**N**O IT doesn't," Mars conceded. "Let him chew gum!" And the war god lapsed into a disgusted silence.

While Mars remained in seclusion behind his beard, the other directors of the Bank of Earthly Fortunes continued enthusiastically to add to young Rogers drawing account. The young man who priced his jokes at \$250 a funny crack and who has just sold himself to the movies

for \$25,000 a week, is not, due to the protection of Venus, a prey of gossip as you have recently had cause to observe.

When Clara Bow, upon whom the love goddess lavished generous quantities of love appeal, made the front pages of the newspapers with the story of a betting escapade in a Reno gambling resort, it developed that Mr. Rogers had headed the party which had patronized the palace of chance.

Alas, the poor little "it" girl of the movies, whom Venus made profligate as well as personable, gambled not wisely but too well, and the fans gossiped for a week about a \$19,000 rubber check.

But did they criticize Mr. Rogers? They did not. The beneficence of Mercury, happily posited in the honest, jovial sign of Sagittarius, assisted him to meet this vexatious situation with candor, discretion and a keen sense of proportion, whereas a less level-headed man might have taken fright at the prospects of adverse publicity and retreated to an untenable refuge in evasions.

Rogers admitted frankly that he had gone with Miss Bow and a party to the casino—and what of it? And, indeed, what of it?

SUCH, however, is the influence of the stars. Many public men have suffered severe setbacks for an equally innocent adventure. It all depends upon where the heavenly bodies were at the moment of birth.

Mr. Rogers' consistent and unchanging popularity is due to the position of Mercury in Sagittarius. This planet, curiously enough, has occupied practically the same position nearly all of his life and together with the stabilizing influence of Saturn, kept the Rogers' fortune on an even keel.

There have been no ups and downs in Will's career. No periods of spasmodic popularity which so many actors and humorists experience.

His Mercury, directing his intellect through the jovial Sagittarius, is responsible for the homely philosophy with which his writings are replete. This position has safeguarded his pointed jokes from the sarcasm and sting which the House of Scorpio would have given them.

Saturn in Aries, and Jupiter in Pisces, square to Mercury, is responsible for the untidy appearance, the disheveled hair and the homely face. But what the stars denied him in physical beauty they made up in beauty of soul and mind.



Will Rogers in a characteristic pose—easy-going, good humored and shrewd

Tuneful Topics

“Know Your Songs”



Body and Soul

THIS is perhaps the most unusual song in months, or possibly in years. Unusual not only from its very daring title but in its thought, melody and history.

When I used to play at the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club while still a student at Yale, there was a very persistent young man who seemed to enjoy watching our pianist play, and who, we found later, was the scion of a wealthy family living at Rye, and who was in certain respects a protege of George Gershwin. This young man, Johnny Green, later wrote with Carmen Lombardo, of the Lombardo Brothers orchestra, and another young man, a tune which enjoyed quite a bit of popularity. You may remember the title, it was called *Coquette*. A short time ago he was commissioned to write a song for Gertrude Lawrence to sing in England.

Together with Ed Hymann, a young man who wrote the lyrics of one of the songs in my picture, *The Vagabond Lover*, he evolved a melody which they subsequently called *Body and Soul*. Miss Lawrence proceeded to sing the song in England and there it became sensational. My observations from playing in London have led me to believe that the English people have an appreciation for a song with a very sophisticated thought and a very sophisticated lyric, but when shown the song here in America I was afraid of it, because its melody was very intricate and the lyric was possibly just a bit too daring and suggestive. I rejected it, at least for my own presentation of it, in its original state.

There are three key changes; it begins in C, goes into G, and then goes into D flat and back again to C. Such key changes are very difficult for the layman to make or follow, yet I realized that the song was a beautiful one to listen to. The song is also quite rangey, going from an extremely difficult note to reach—low D—to E natural. But when properly rendered, these beautiful contrasts make the song more lovely.

The publishers made a tamer version of the lyrics and offered it to Libby Hol-

man to sing in the new musical comedy, *Three's a Crowd*. Yet it seemed that the revised lyrics did not get the song over, at least in the musical comedy presentation of it, so Miss Holman, I believe, is singing the original version which is much smarter but much more physical.

THE EDITORS of RADIO DIGEST have persuaded Rudy Vallee, the famous Radio star, to conduct this department. In it, each month, he will pick ten selections of popular music which seem most meritorious to him and tell in each case, various points of interest regarding the authorship, public debut, history and unusual characteristics of lyric or melody. If the number is featured by the Connecticut Yankees, Mr. Vallee will give incidents coming within his personal experience.

RUDY'S reputation is in no small way attributable to his remarkable ability to pick winners—whether they be old or new numbers . . . hence RADIO DIGEST readers should find this department a very valuable and interesting guide to their selection of music in sheet, record, roll or other forms.

The song grips the listener as he hears it, although I doubt very much whether it will sell tremendously in sheet music form due to its complicated nature. It is a beautiful thing and a song that I enjoy doing tremendously.

Body and Soul must be played slowly to the extreme, about twenty-six or twenty-eight measures per minute, in order that the lyrics be pronounced intelligibly, and that the melody does not suffer from jerkiness.

Embraceable You from *Girl Crazy*

HERE are George Gershwin and his brother at their best. A very clever song, and for me the most likeable song of all the songs from *Girl Crazy*, the show in which are featured Ginger Rogers, Ethel Merman and so many other excellent artists. Typically a musical comedy type of song, but one which the smart set of New York and other cities of any size will enjoy dancing to and singing. *Embraceable You* may be played either in strict fox trot tempo, fifty-six measures a minute; or the tune can be played slowly—even at forty measures—and still be danced to and sung.

My Baby Just Cares for Me

WALTER DONALDSON again at his best. Following close on the heels of his tremendous success, *Little White Lies*, he has given a rollicking, rhythmical song to Eddie Cantor for the motion picture version with sound and technicolor of *Whoopie*. While not typical of the style of song that Eddie Cantor usually sings, it fits him admirably and he does justice to it. It is repeated several times in the picture and makes a great dance tune, as does *Embraceable You*. Like the latter it may be played in strict fox trot time, or semi-slowly.

It is a number that my drummer does justice to, as I rarely do the slang type of number, although I feel they are entirely within my province. Donaldson seems to excel in this type of number—he wrote *Yes Sir, That's My Baby*.

How Are You Tonight in Hawaii?

HERE is a song with a title that sounds like a “gag,” (“gag” meaning a theatrical wisecrack depending on double entendre or facetiousness). Yet it is a most charming tune, the music being

By Rudy Vallee

*A New Department in which The
Master of Rhythm Tells You How
Hits Should Be Rendered*



The Author . . . Rudy Vallee.

written by Harry Warren who has given us so many wonderful tunes, especially *Crying for the Carolines*, and the lyrics being written by Edgar Leslie, one of the few great lyric writers who writes with intelligence and thought, perhaps a little too much so at times.

It would seem in this case that the gag nature of the title must have hurt the song, because I certainly would have picked it for a hit. The verse thought of the lover being miles away from his loved one who is in Hawaii, and carrying only the picture of her in his mind; the chorus asks her how she is in Hawaii, and goes on to tell you how he misses her.

As I say, I felt that the tune should have achieved a phenomenal success, yet the publishers tell me that it has done little or nothing. This is certainly one illustration of the fact that I cannot "make" a song popular if it doesn't catch the popular fancy. Strangely enough, *How Are You Tonight in Hawaii* has failed to catch on. Just another mystery.

Baby's Birthday Party

HERE is a song which I was a little afraid of as regards my own rendition, inasmuch as it is a sort of cross between a nursery rhyme, a *Mother Goose* rhyme, an *Aesop Fable*, a doll dance, and *Nola*. The melody is reminiscent of *Nola* and the lyric is a combination of the aforesaid ideas. I am at a loss to know whether *Baby* is a beautiful blond flapper, or whether she is in reality just a tiny tot for whom the fond parents are giving a birthday party.

The song has no trace whatsoever of amateurishness about it, and yet it was written by a Miss Ann Ronell and it was the first song she has ever had published! Like so many thousands of persons who believe they can write songs, she finally succeeded in getting a publisher to listen to the song. The head of the firm in another room, hearing the song liked it immediately, snapped it up and allowed both Lombardo and myself the privilege of introducing it on our respective rival Radio chains.

I have been surprised at the many re-

quests to sing it that have been shouted at me by big, able-bodied men at various functions at which I have appeared in the last few days. On my flying trip to Washington, a big, football type of man yelled up eagerly for *Baby's Birthday Party*.

I have already asked Victor to permit me to record it because I believe that the song is going to be intensely popular with all ages and types. Miss Ronell is certainly to be congratulated; the song is worthy of any of the old veterans of Tin Pan Alley.*

It must be done slowly, about thirty measures per minute.

You Were Only Passing Time With Me

A CLEVER song written by a young colored boy who is one of the staff writers for a dear old friend of mine, Joe Davis. Joe has published many hits in the past and I think he has a sizeable one here in this extremely tuneful and lilting song, *You Were Only Passing Time With Me*.

It must be done slowly. We do it at about thirty-five or forty measures per minute.

I'll Be Blue Just Thinking of You

ANOTHER one of those songs that sounds like a gag, with a continued reiteration of the line "From Now On." It is a song that attracted me the first time I heard Ozzie Nelson sing it the night I visited him at the Glen Island Casino.

Two masters cooperated in the writing of it—Gus Kahn, unquestionably the greatest lyric writer Tin Pan Alley, or the world for that matter, has ever known; and Pete Wendling who, for the last fifteen years, has been writing very tuneful melodies. These two have given us this very catchy song which should be played about forty measures per minute in order that one particular place in the lyrics be intelligible. I have often said that like a chain being no stronger than its weakest link, the tempo of a song is governed by the particular place in the

* Slang expression for the music publishing center in New York.

song which has the greatest number of words.

Obviously, in order to get all these words in, and get them in intelligibly, the whole song must be slowed down, otherwise the words become a mere jumbled mass of meaningless hieroglyphics. The difficult place in *I'll Be Blue Just Thinking of You* is "But the memory of your smile just makes me want to cry." Now try singing this fast and you will see what I mean.

If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight

LIKE *Body and Soul* this is one of those odd songs that time and place cannot keep down. I have always maintained that a good song will eventually crash through, and my theory is certainly borne out in the case of this particular song.

It was written by Henry Creamer and Jimmy Johnson and published by Remick in 1926, that is four years ago. Creamer has been very popular in the writing of Negro musical comedies and musical affairs in general for many years. After the publication of the song by Remick, it did little or nothing and remained on the shelf very much as did the *Stein Song*, until several months ago, about July, 1930, to be exact, when one of the finest colored bands now playing, or one of the finest bands in the country for that matter, Mackinney's Cotton Pickers, at their wits' end for a tune to be recorded at an emergency recording date, yanked out an old copy of this song, made a quick orchestration and put it through.

The demand for the record was so great, and it in turn stimulated the desire of other orchestra leaders to play the tune after they heard the record, that Remick was forced to reissue the song

(Continued on page 119)

War Ace Eddie
Rickenbacker
Says

"Hello, There

RADIO listeners who tuned in early one morning recently had the thrill of listening to a two-way conversation carried on between the United States and Australia. The broadcast was arranged in order that America might congratulate Wing Commander Kingsford-Smith on his flight from Croydon, England, to Sydney, Australia, a distance of 12,000 miles in less than ten days.

The dialogue was as clear to those

tuned in on the NBC network as a telephone conversation, although the ether waves went more than halfway around the world. Participants were Martin P. Rice, of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker in New York, and Commander Kingsford-Smith in Australia. Here's what they said:

Mr. Rice: Good morning, Wing Com-

mander Kingsford-Smith (*normal voice*).

Kingsford-Smith: Hello.

Mr. Rice: This is Martin Rice in Schenectady.

Kingsford-Smith: Yes, Mr. Rice, I remember well.

Mr. Rice: I am sitting in the same chair you talked from when you talked to Australia.

Kingsford-Smith: Well, I will never forget that. My mother was so thrilled about it, you know.

Mr. Rice: Well, I want to give you on behalf of the whole people of the United States the most hearty congratulations. Everyone is thrilled to know of your great accomplishments.

Kingsford-Smith: Thank you very much indeed.

Mr. Rice: Was this plane that you flew, the Southern Cross Junior, quite similar to the other one?

Kingsford-Smith: No, the Southern Cross Junior is a light airplane. Very low horsepower, just a four-cylinder engine. It is in the class of sport flying, you really might call it. It is really just a sort of sport proposition. Hardly a commercial job at all.

Mr. Rice: How many miles did you fly altogether?

Kingsford-Smith: If you count the trip to Sydney it is about 12,000 miles. The actual mileage to the coast of Australia, it is about 100 miles over 10,000 miles.

Mr. Rice: And you did that in less than ten days?

Kingsford-Smith: Actual time, counting the difference of time between London and Australia, it was nine days twenty-one and one-half hours.

Mr. Rice: Did you find it at some points more dangerous than others?

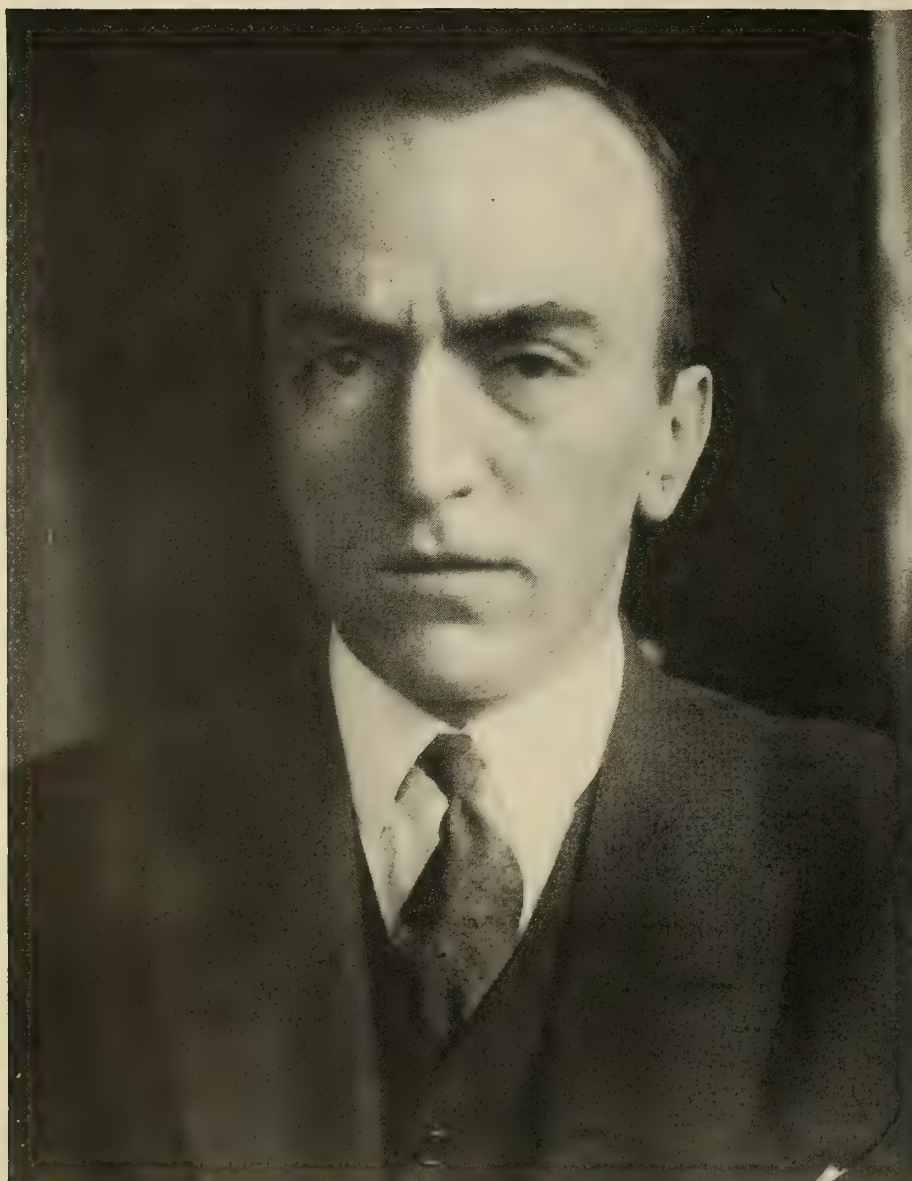
Kingsford-Smith: Not so very dangerous, except for the water crossing, which seemed a little unfamiliar to me with one engine instead of three, you know. There wasn't a great deal of danger in it but was very strenuous, however.

Mr. Rice: What would you think of a passenger service over that line?

Kingsford-Smith: I think we will have that in, say, five to ten years' time.

Mr. Rice: That is very interesting. Would that be a large plane, do you think, or a small one?

Kingsford-Smith: I imagine it would start by being just a mail plane carrying



Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, war ace, is in the business of transport flying today

Australia!"

Via Radio to
Commander
Kingsford-Smith

no passengers and eventually develop into a pretty big passenger service.

Mr. Rice: What do you think we need most in work of that kind? What would be the next step in the progress of developing the airplane for that type of work?

Kingsford-Smith: A faster type of plane.

Mr. Rice: Now we are going to let you talk with another good friend of yours, Captain Rickenbacker.

Kingsford-Smith: Yes, an old pal of mine.

Mr. Rice: We will ask Captain Rickenbacker to say a few words.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Hello, Smitty.

Kingsford-Smith: Hello, Eddie.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Awfully glad to hear your voice.

Kingsford-Smith: Awfully glad to hear from you.

Capt. Rickenbacker: It seems a long ways off.

Kingsford-Smith: The reception is extraordinarily good, isn't it?

Capt. Rickenbacker: Splendid.

The only trouble with you is that you are getting ready to go to bed and I had to get out of bed to come over here to talk to you.

Kingsford-Smith: Perfectly true. It is ten minutes past eleven o'clock at night, you know.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Well, I got up at five-thirty this morning in order to be on time, because I wouldn't have missed it if I had had to stay up all night.

Kingsford-Smith: Awfully glad to hear your voice.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Congratulations on the wonderful flight. I have been watching every detail of it.

Kingsford-Smith: It was just a little bit of hard work.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Yes, but I'll bet your ears are tuned into the motor noises more than when you came in this direction?

Kingsford-Smith: Oh, I don't know.

Capt. Rickenbacker: But I can imagine your feelings and tenseness when you were crossing those jungles. You wouldn't make such a big mouthful for some of those alligators down there, but what there is, is mighty good and we all appreciate it over here.

Kingsford-Smith: Will you send a personal message to Slim Lindbergh for me?

Capt. Rickenbacker: I will be very happy to.

Kingsford-Smith: Tell him that it will not be very long before I will be entering into the same state that he is in. I am going to be married in a very few weeks from now.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Well, you know, you have everybody's hearty congratulations, and personally I could only wish for you what I could wish for myself.

Kingsford-Smith: Thank you, old man. We may both come over later.

Capt. Rickenbacker: I tell you, you had

better be careful. You know, there are a lot of handsome aviators over here. I suppose you have some there too. We have seen one of them whom we kind of like. Say Smitty, tell me, if you were going to open up a service between Australia and the United States, which way would you consider it the easiest, East or West?

Kingsford-Smith: You mean across the Pacific or around the other side?

(Continued on page 114)



Wing Commander Kingsford-Smith, veteran of flights across the Pacific and from England to Australia



"You is de brudder what draws a seven."

Hawkins and the Missus Go to See

AMOS and ANDY

DEAR EDITOR,
I received your letter thanking me for sending

you the poem that you couldn't use. It was very nice of you to write to me about it. I hope I have better luck with the next poem that I write. I really should say the next poem that the Missus and I write, because we

always work together on things like that. The Missus and I get along very well together, even after ten years of marriage. We don't have any of the squabbles other married couples seem to be always having. We "gee" together on everything. We like the same Radio programs, and all. We're both daffy about Amos 'n' Andy. I have heard that in some homes the men like Amos 'n' Andy, but that their wives don't, and vice versa. But not so in our home.

The fact of the matter is, as the lawyers say, we must have been the first people in town to become regular listen-

This Peterburg Couple Just Couldn't

Wait, So They Travel Far to See

"Check and Double Check"

ers to Amos 'n' Andy when they first started broadcasting. And we told the folks next door and they told some others and the next thing we knew Amos 'n' Andy were the rage of Peterburg, and everybody was going around speaking about "propositions", and saying "I'se regusted" and all the other famous Amos 'n' Andy words.

When we heard that Amos 'n' Andy were going to make a motion picture, why the Missus and I just couldn't wait until we should get a chance to see it. The Peterburg movie promised that they would have it as soon as it was finished, but the Missus and I just couldn't wait.

When we heard that the picture was to be shown in New York, why, we made up our minds that we would go there and see it, and again be the first in town to tell folks about Amos 'n' Andy.

Well, down to New York we went, the night the picture opened. We got off

the train and asked a taxi driver to take us straight to the Mayfair Theater before we even went to a hotel. But we couldn't get into the theater the first night. We learned they weren't selling any tickets and that the first show was only for folks having gold-plated passes and New York celebrities, and not for folks who wanted to buy tickets and tell their friends about the picture.

BUT the next day was different. The fans could get in.

Say, a visit to New York's newest movie palace, alone, was well worth the

trip. And we had plenty of time to see how beautiful the theater really is, because we had to stand in line in the lobby for more than half-an-hour before we could even get inside, that's how big the crowd was that also wanted to see Amos 'n' Andy.

We finally got inside the theater, only the Missus and I decided we wouldn't look at the picture in the middle, but wait until we could see it from the beginning. So all we heard was people laughing like they were lunatic and that only made us more anxious to get seated and see. Well, we finally got two seats kind of far back. Then they had a news-reel and a short comedy, and then, at last, Amos 'n' Andy, in their *Check and Double Check*. You know Andy, over the Radio used always to be saying "check and double check".

The picture opens with the Heroine and the man who turns out to be the Villain of the picture, out horseback riding, and something goes wrong with her saddle. They start walking home together, with the Villain, played by Ralfe Harolde, making love to the beautiful Heroine, played by Sue Carol, who is really very beautiful. In the picture their names are Ralph Crawford and Jean Blair. (I guess I had better call them by their play names.)

CRAWFORD is very swelled up on himself and can't understand why Jean won't have anything to do with him. Jean tells Crawford that she is waiting the arrival of Richard Williams (played by Charles Morton), from the South, and that her mother and dad have gone to the station to meet this here Richard.

Well, Jean and Crawford go walking along, when, Zoop! a taxi passes them and

scares Crawford's horse. Crawford, being a very mean fellow starts to wallop the horse. The taxi hauls up and a young, handsome, smiling fellow hops out, apologizes for the taxi scaring the horse, although his apology wasn't at all necessary as it wasn't his fault at all.

Crawford doesn't want to talk about it and says, "Come along Jean." Whereupon the young fellow in the taxi asks, "What? are you Jean Blair?" And then he springs the big surprise that he is none other than Mr. Richard Williams. You can see that it's a case of love at first sight between Jean and Richard. The Missus and I did, anyway. Well, Crawford, of course, takes an immediate dislike to Richard, and hates him even more when he suggests that Jean ride home with him in the taxi leaving Crawford to walk with both horses. Then comes what we traveled so far to see.

The scene shifts to the office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorporated, in Harlem. In front of the door is the old battered fresh air taxi, and through the dirty window we could see Amos 'n' Andy just like you hear them. The camera moves inside.

There we see Andy just the same as on the Radio with his feet on the desk and Amos hard at work trying to fix a bum old innertube. They are talking about the lodge meeting of the Mystic Knights of the Sea and after the lodge they are going to a dance with Madame Queen and Ruby Taylor. Andy is very insistent about hiring a dress suit for the occasion.

It was terribly funny. Oh my, Oh my, Oh!

Then the 'phone bell rings and Amos wants to answer it.

"Get away from that 'phone," says Andy. "Hello," he growls in his gruff voice. "Who? Oh, Madame Queen?" Then his voice changed soft and silly and the audience just roared when Andy says, "Yes dis is yo Ducky-Wucky."

Then Amos says sarcastically, "Old Ducky-Wucky."

WELL, Madame Queen wants to make sure she and Ruby are going to the dance that night, and after Andy yeses her, Amos asks to speak to Ruby, and that gets to be a scream. The Missus and I just laughed and snorted.

You see Amos starts talking. "Hello, honey, this is Amos . . ." and Andy says under his breath, "with the egg-shaped head." And Amos goes right on saying to Ruby, "with the egg-shaped head." Then he says, "No, no, honey. I didn't mean you . . ." and Andy cuts in again by saying, "the gal with the big feet." He just goes on getting Amos so bawled up that he is calling Ruby "big fathead" and everything when he means to call it to Andy and telling Ruby to shut up when he wants Andy to shut up. I thought everybody would go into hysterics. The Missus just screamed. Well, he finally gets it all straightened out, and then gets very blue again.

In the story Amos and Andy are supposed to have come to Harlem from the South where they both worked for a Mr. Williams who really turns out to have been the father of Richard Williams, but I guess I am getting ahead of the story. Anyway Amos is wishing he was back in the South with Mr. Williams.

(Continued on page 118)

"With de
big feet?"

"Hello, Honey,
is dat you?"



Broadcasting from

The Second Decade

LAST month, Radio broadcasting on a program basis completed its first decade. Station KDKA of Pittsburgh holds the distinction of having been the pioneer. Since 1920 a gigantic industry of tremendous world wide influence has been reared. The technical progress in both broadcasting and reception constitutes one of the greatest scientific achievements of the age. Head sets have come and gone. Exterior aerials are becoming less and less essential. Battery problems have been largely eliminated. Static has been stifled though not entirely suppressed. Progress on the artistic side of Radio programs has been universally recognized as marvelous. Today, the most important personages in virtually every line of endeavor and the most outstanding events of every type are brought before the public via the microphone. "Talent" which could never be paid to appear on the stage or in moving pictures of the drama type is brought before the people through the theatre of the air: President Hoover, King George, Colonel

Lindbergh are typical examples of "Talent without a price." Radio has become part of education and government.

The early inventors and experimenters in wireless telegraphy and in Radio broadcasting fell so far short in their prognostications of what Radio would bring within a decade that we feel little hesitation in expressing the belief that few, if any, people in the world today realize what the next decade of Radio broadcasting will bring. Television on a practical home entertainment basis is already in the offing. The financial success of Radio broadcasting has been established with quite a percentage of the commercial stations and the growing popularity of sponsored programs presages not only the financial success of broadcasting, but the rapid and important improvements which occur in any industry operating on a profitable, as distinguished from an "angel" basis.

RADIO has already accomplished so much that it is somewhat difficult to visualize just where the most radical changes will grow in the next decade. We venture, however, to predict that they will be more social in nature than technical or artistic though these latter phases show immense improvements, often in entirely new directions. In an editorial published in November the *New York Times* said: "In its mass appeal we have the real significance of Radio. Mounting sales, princely incomes of entertainers—what are these compared with the triumph of uniting alien peoples in an hour of spiritual brotherhood? A new force has been discovered—a social force which must be reckoned with in the onward sweep of civilization, and which is second only to the printing press in its far-reaching influence."

In an editorial published in the September issue of this magazine entitled "Radio Can Kill War" we proposed a number of definite methods whereby Radio can be employed to develop good will among the people of the nations located in every part of the world and we discussed at the same time how Radio can be used simultaneously to develop universal anti-war psychology. Many of the suggestions made in this editorial are already being carried out and there is every indication that the movement will be materially accelerated within less than a year.

In an editorial in the October issue of this magazine entitled "Radio Is Destroying Old Social Barriers," we pointed out how the so-called "country brethren" are being brought into intimate contact with those people, those events and that knowledge which has long been considered the exclusive province of the socially elite when society standards are founded primarily upon wealth. We indicated that Radio is steadily fostering a new conception of social aristocracy and is, in fact, augmenting the national and international average of intelligence and culture with a speed and breadth of influence heretofore unknown.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

the Editor's Chair

In commemorating the tenth anniversary of Radio broadcasting and in paying homage to its miraculous accomplishments during the period of youth, we reiterate our belief that the future trend will not be so much to revolutionary mechanical and artistic developments as toward the development of new types of economic, political, religious and social thinking—all of which will be international in scope.

Radio vs. Rackets

IN LAST month's issue of *RADIO DIGEST* Grover Whalen, the famous ex-police commissioner of the City of New York, presented many facts regarding how Radio is being used to detect and apprehend criminals. He also stated that overtures to bribe and threats had been made to the individuals who were broadcasting data about the use of Radio to track down violators of the law.

Within the last few years an evil, not entirely new in nature, has beset the business and political life of America to an extent never before dreamed possible. Even judges have been drawn into the mire of modern racketeering and conditions have now reached such a point in many of our largest metropolitan centers that the very foundations of our Constitution are menaced. Something must be done soon or the respectable elements will be driven into a subordinate position not only in business and in politics, but in every-day living. Unfortunately, so few people are wholly or even partially conscious of the far reaching extent of modern rackets that they are sitting idly in a state of so-called blissful ignorance.

Something must be done to arouse the public from its lethargy. Nothing of importance can or will be done until the public at large becomes emotionally excited. The responsibility to save America from its latest and most insidious parasite, the racketeer, is squarely up to the press and to Radio. Thus far the press as a whole has been sadly lacking in initiative, courage and thoroughness. Radio has been no better. The objective is not one for rivalry between the two mediums. It is very definitely one for cooperative effort along all possible lines. But in the exposé and driving out of rackets and racketeers the press and Radio can serve themselves and the public best by being good pacemakers for each other.

Who today, for instance, is publishing or broadcasting the facts regarding the toll which is being paid by many gasoline filling stations to racketeers, a toll which generally amounts to \$2.00 per week per man and which is paid only on threat of murder, arson or physical damage to private

property? Who is publishing facts about the similar rackets which have invaded the miniature golf course industry, and who is fighting against the toll which is paid by retail store merchants in so many cities for racketeer protection against having their glass store fronts broken by "rowdies"?

These are minor samples of the type of racketeering which is invading almost every line of business, and which is involving political office holders of low and high rank, and which in certain communities is rotting our most important bulwark of equity and justice—the American judicial system. The time for passiveness is past. The time for enlightening the public is here. Only an uprising of public sentiment can destroy the vicious monster who masquerades under the somewhat dramatic role of "The Racketeer".

Here's hoping that Radio can and will perform heroically and successfully, though unarmed, against an enemy who is armed not only with drugged liquor, kidnapping accomplices, masters of blackmail and pugilists wearing brass knuckles, but who is also fully armed and ready to fire with the very latest models of automatic pistols "dressed up lemons" (bombs) and machine guns mounted in armored cars. Radio, in the right, is mightier than might.

RAY BILL



John Garland

Sensitive Mary Cressley, in Love with John Garland, Is Coarse Landlord. But the Man who Kissed her Once has

By
E. Phillips
Oppenheim

Illustrations
by
W. M.
Stockton



The Story This Far:

A ROCKET lit a flaming streak in the darkness, and the village people on shore gasped at their last glimpse of the Southampton bound liner as she split in two on the reefs outside the little fishing port. The last of the survivors to reach shore was a tall, handsome man, John Garland, who was hailed by the other survivors as leader and courageous rescuer.

Two hundred souls had been brought, half-drowned, from the wreck, and the small hamlet, with a population of but

seventy, had been hard put to find beds for them all. The clergyman in charge of the rescuing party almost despaired of finding a bed for this last refugee, when Mary Cressley, slim and frail, battled her way along the jetty and offered to give warmth and cheer to some one . . .

a woman or a child . . . for she lived all alone and was a timid soul. But with the sanction of the minister, and in a time of dire need, she could not refuse shelter and a warm fire to the stranger, despite his unkempt beard and wild appearance.

So John Garland walked through the storm by Mary Cressley's side, to her tiny cottage. In the dark he thought her a little old lady, but when the fire-light lit her face, he realized she was not more than thirty or thirty-five . . . and he recognized her as the little Cressley girl, daughter of the old minister. He even remembered kissing her when he had seen her in their childhood days be-

The Deliverer

*Faced with Eviction Unless She Marries her Red-faced,
Gone Away Again Without a Word . . . and She is Destitute.*



W. M. Stocking Jr.

A great motor-car had swung up to the door. A man, head and shoulders taller than most of them, pushed his way into the auction room.

wrecked stranger made no move to depart. Gradually the hamlet was being emptied of its unusual crowds, then suddenly Miss Cressley awoke to the fact that she hated the thought of the young man's leaving! Perhaps . . . well, she was a young woman still . . . she rearranged her hair after the fashion of her youthful days and clad herself in a slim, pale dress. When she appeared, smiling shyly, he looked at her in amazement and exclaimed:

"Why you grow younger every day.

If I could only do the same, you might remember the farmer's son as well as I remember the minister's daughter!" He gazed down at her questioningly.

Conclusion

SHE started. Then a wave of recollection came to her. There had always seemed something familiar about his tone and manner.

"Why," she gasped, "you are John Garland—John who ran away from home!"

He smiled.

"I kissed you once, Mary," he said, "up the lane there."

She blushed furiously.

"I do not remember it," she said, mendaciously—a statement which was scarcely likely to be true, considering that it was the only embrace to which she had ever submitted.

"I'd like—" he began, and stopped. She was stooping over her roses.

"You have been away a long time," she said, softly.

"A long time," he repeated. "Everyone seems to be dead and gone. I am afraid I shall find the old country a lonely place."

"Luncheon is ready," she said. "Shall we go in?"

Afterwards he produced the telegram.

"This afternoon," he said, calmly, "I must go."

She caught at her breath. She could not keep the frightened look from her eyes, but she was able to control her tone.

"Isn't it a little sudden?" she asked.

He nodded gloomily.

"I'm a man of affairs now," he said, "and I'm wanted."

SHE saw him off. She scarcely heard his farewell words. Every faculty she possessed was devoted to the desperate effort of preserving her secret. She saw him go, felt the touch of his fingers, heard the sound of his kindly voice, and turned away a little abruptly, just in time to hide the blinding tears. Then she walked back to her cottage, seeing no one, walking like one stumbling through a dream. It was very quiet, very peaceful, there. The smell of tobacco still lingered about her tiny hall. There was nothing else. Her knees shook as she fled up the stairs to her room.

Tragedy that year came not only from

fore he left home for a long journey. Morning and a shave revealed a handsome man to the surprised eyes of the timid little Englishwoman. Three days passed . . . then four, but the ship-

the sea, but from the land, to the little village of Pargeth. Dinneford's bank failed in the neighboring town, and half the village lost their savings. Mary Cressley lost more. She lost everything. When the winter came, and the worst was known, she found herself face to face with ruin.

She went to her landlord, a red-faced, sporting solicitor of bibulous habits. She had known him all her life, and hated him. He had been expecting her visit, and received her a little grimly in his bare, untidy office.

He interrupted her timid explanations.

"I KNOW all about it, Mary Cressley," he said. "Your money is lost—Dinneford's will never pay a farthing—and you can't pay your rent, eh?"

"Not just yet," she admitted.

"Not just yet or ever," he interrupted. "How should you pay it? You've got nothing."

"I was going to ask you to wait for a little time, and I would try and get some lodgers," she said.

He laughed scornfully.

"You'd get no one before the summer," he said; "and how do you suppose you're going to live and pay your rent out of boarders?"

"I can't think of anything else," she said, desperately.

"I can," he answered. "You must do what you'd have done years ago if you'd been a sensible woman—marry me!"

She rose at once to her feet.

"That," she declared, "is impossible."

"Is it?" he answered. "Well, then, it's also impossible for me to wait for my rent. I'll give you a week."

She went away without a word. For three days she hesitated. Then she sat down and wrote to John Garland. He had spoken truthfully when he said that he had become a man of affairs. His name was everywhere in the papers lately—the new colonial millionaire, the owner of gold-mines and townships. Pargeth, it seemed, had entertained a Prince in disguise.

She wrote the letter, and as soon as she had finished it she tore it up. Her head was buried in her arms.

"I can't!" she moaned. "I can't!"

Then legal documents came to terrify her. A man made an inventory of all she possessed—a man who handled her

precious pieces of china as though they had been jam-pots, and even counted her household linen. The terror came again! She thought of the workhouse—the cold, grey building on the hillside—its bare rooms, the long-drawn-out days of agony. Again she wrote to John Garland. This time she would have posted the letter, but Fate sent in her way a newspaper.

"You must do what you'd have done years ago if you'd been a sensible woman—marry me! I can't wait for my rent."



She learned that he had purchased a great country estate, and announced his intention of marrying. The name of the lady was mentioned—the daughter of a poverty-stricken peer, a reigning beauty for several seasons.

Mary tore up her letter and went down to look at the sea. If only she had the courage!

Her landlord, Peter Sewell, came once more—the night before the sale. He was flushed, and he smelt of drink. He talked in a loud voice, and he had a good deal to say about her folly. In the end she turned him out of the house. It was her last luxury, and she enjoyed it.

There were barely a score of people at the sale. Amongst them was the vicar, flushed and anxious, with a little list in his hand which he kept consulting. When the auctioneer mounted his chair the vicar for a moment intervened.

"May I," he said, turning to face the few people, "say just one word? You all know the painful circumstances under which this sale has become necessary. You all know very well our dear friend, Miss Mary Cressley. A few of us have subscribed to buy her furniture, and thus keep a home for her amongst us until the spring. Pargeth, unfortunately, is not a rich place, and the sum which we

have been able to collect is, after all, very small. But I should like you all to know that when I bid, I bid for those who wish to return to this dear lady her few household goods."

There was a sympathetic murmur from the bystanders, a nod of approval from the auctioneer, and a growl from Sewell. A red-faced lady, who kept the inn, turned indignantly towards him.

"What I say is, let the poor lady keep her bits and bobs of furniture!" she exclaimed. "Who'd be the better off for them, I should like to know? And what's a matter of a bit of rent behind, eh? Hasn't she lived here respectable, and paid her way, all her life? Shame on them as is pressing her like this, I say."

Sewell turned upon them all a little fiercely.

"Look here," he said, "there's been enough of this sentimental rot. This is a business meeting. Get on with the sale, Cobb."

If any of you think you're going to indulge in a little cheap charity, you're wrong. I'm here to buy myself. Now then, Cobb."

The sale proceeded. The vicar bid timidly for the first few lots. Sewell scornfully outbid him and secured them. Then there was

a commotion outside. A great motor-car had swung up to the door. A man, head and shoulders taller than most of them, pushed his way in.

"What the devil's the meaning of this?" he exclaimed, looking around.

The vicar recognized the new-comer and scented a friend. He ignored the expletive. In a few words he made the situation clear.

"Right!" John Garland said, leaning his back against the wall. "You can leave the bidding to me, vicar. I'll take a hand in this."

Sewell glared across the room.

"Cobb," he said, turning to the auctioneer, "remember this is a cash affair. You can't take bids from strangers without the money."

JOHN GARLAND laughed dryly, though there was little sign of humour in his face.

"My name is John Garland," he said. "I've a thousand pounds in my pocket, a few hundred thousands in the bank, and a few millions behind that. Like to examine these notes, Mr. Auctioneer?" he added, holding a packet out to him.

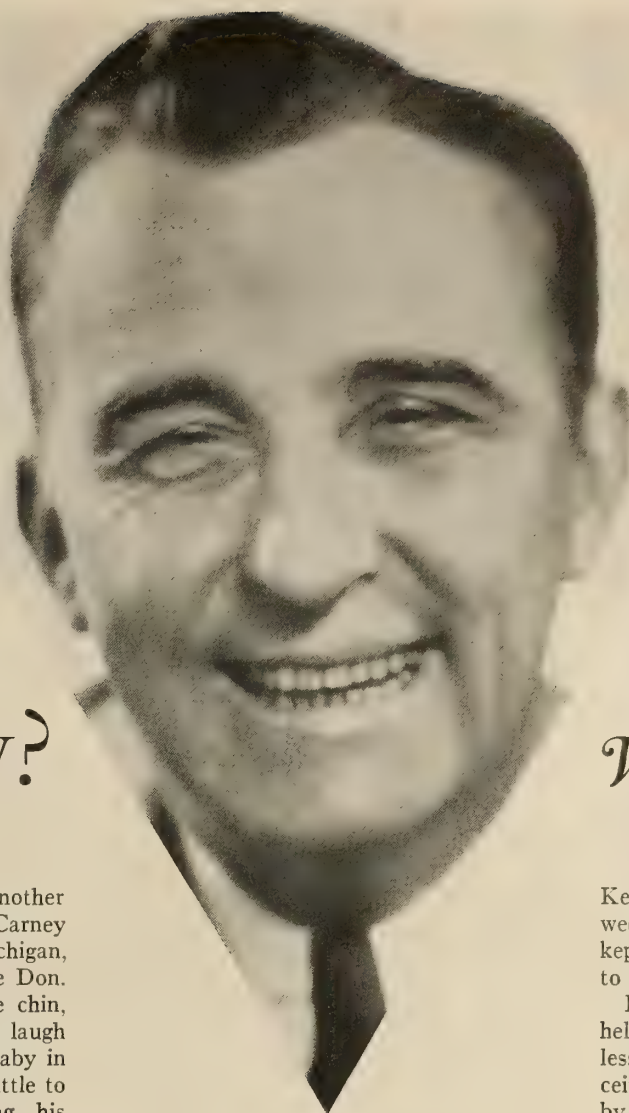
The auctioneer waved them away.

"Quite satisfactory, Mr. Garland," he said.

"Go on with the sale," Sewell shouted.

(Continued on page 123)

Who Is Don Carney?



*A
Million
Kids
Know Him as
Uncle
and Listen
When He Speaks*

IN THE year that many another American boy was born, the Carney household in St. Joseph, Michigan, rejoiced in a welcome to little Don. Later they chuckled him under the chin, smiled at his smile, laughed at his laugh and said he was the best natured baby in the land. While Don was still too little to be seen advantageously if standing, his mother would sit him up on the old square piano and play a laughing accompaniment to his interpretations of songs from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Thus entertaining relatives, guests and friends, the boy acquired a propensity which grew and developed with his own growth and development. Parents who praised the child, however, rebuked the youth who expressed a yearning to go on the stage. Ah no! That was quite a different matter! Little Don should go right on through school, high school, college, become a professional man—go to shows if he liked them, but be a showman? Never!

BUT from these same parents Don had inherited a will of his own, a desire to do as he pleased, respond to the whims that tickled him, follow the will-o'-the-wisps that beckoned him. Through high school days he played piano for neighborhood dances. He entertained at amateur shows by singing and playing, telling funny stories while sitting at the piano. Then he got a booking on small time vaudeville, began his fitful wanderings.

No straight-away course to fame and glory was his. He plodded back and forth, up and down, touching life on the

By Fred Smith

Gulf, at the Great Lakes, in the mountains, small towns, big towns. For many a year did he follow the vaudeville trail, with never a more cheerful respite than this one: passing through Hornbeck, small, picturesque Louisiana town, Don descended from the train for a moment to walk the station platform, breathe the pine-scented air. With chest expanded he found himself exclaiming, "What a wonderful place for a rest!"

Not long after he returned to Hornbeck, saw, liked and bought a small farm at the edge of the town. There he'd go during off seasons, live the simple life of a Louisiana farmer, walk and meditate beneath the pines, fraternize with neighboring farmers.

In 1915 Carney blew into New York confident that Keith Circuit was ready and waiting to give him a \$100 a week contract. But the Keith office seemed surprised at this advance news, repeated over and over that no contracts at even the comparatively small figure of \$100 a week did they have to hand out . . . Last summer, by way of contrast Radio-

Keith-Orpheum paid Uncle Don \$1500 a week for a twelve weeks' tour, would have kept him indefinitely had he been willing to give up his microphone.

However, fifteen years ago New York held open no theatrical portals for dauntless Don. After exhausting every conceivable method of getting into vaudeville by visiting managers and booking offices, talking with actors, Carney decided to go out and get a job—his stomach was taking no vacation.

There was at that period in the history of the U. S. A. a big rush on shipbuilding. So, to the New York Shipbuilding yards went Carney, and he got his job—ship fitter's helper at 18 cents an hour! He had never before seen a shipyard, but dutifully he followed his fitter about, carrying the tools, keeping his eyes open. Within two weeks he received an increase in pay, at the end of six months he was a foreman, at the end of the year which followed he was made assistant superintendent, and soon after he became superintendent of a division on torpedo boat construction. In addition, he was placed in charge of a school for ship fitters . . . Then the War came to an end, contracts began to dwindle, and by 1923 shipbuilding for Carney was no more.

IN THE fall of 1923 Carney started out in vaudeville again, this time with a large act that soon fizzled, and unconditionally, because the manager, holding fast to all the money accumulated up to that moment, took a train for some place else. Don came back to New York.

(Continued on page 125)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

"SEVEN-ELEVEN" Fifth Avenue, you know, is the National Broadcasting Company Building. By getting there at nine o'clock I had a half hour to wait for the Camel Hour and Mary McCoy. And thank heaven for my punctuality, for the Camel Hour wasn't at "Seven-eleven" at all but down



Mary McCoy

at the Times Square Follies studio.

So—ten minutes to go, and Times Square fifteen blocks away. Taxi; expensive but necessary. Hate traffic lights. And one way streets. At last—Forty-second street and the New Amsterdam Theatre. Through the long lobby past the pictures of lovely show girls. No time to be envious now. Into the elevator and up to the roof. It used to be the old New Amsterdam Roof Garden, sacred to the memory of the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic. Then a stage and an orchestra pit covered the dance floor, seats replaced the tables, and it became a theatre. And now the National Broadcasting Company has transformed it into a great audito-

rium which is used for public broadcasts.

I give my ticket to an usher; hurry down the aisle. There is just time to slip into my seat—lovely seat, second row—and notice the audience, smart as any first night gathering in any of the Broadway theatres. Lights down, curtain up. Orchestra, glee club, pianos, microphones fill the stage. Gordon Whyte steps to the footlights.

"In one minute, ladies and gentlemen, the show will start. During the performance I must ask you to remain very quiet, as those microphones—there are three hanging right over your heads—are extremely sensitive. Thank you."

The show is on! First Charles Previn and the Camel Hour Orchestra. Then Willard Robison. Then Reinald Werrenrath. Then Mary McCoy; lovely golden hair, big blue eyes, sweet clear voice.

Three years ago Mary McCoy stood in front of another microphone in Kansas City and sang a song. To the young girl who had been singing in churches and concerts in Kansas City it was just another local Radio program. But when it was over she got a telephone call that gave her the greatest thrill she had ever had.

"This is Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink," said the voice at the other end of the wire, "I have been listening to your program, my dear, and enjoyed it ever so much. May I see you for a few minutes tomorrow?"

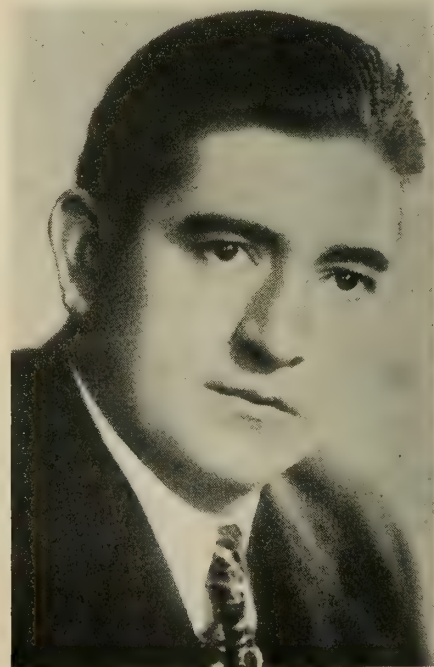
Mary McCoy didn't sleep that night, nor the next night. For when the great contralto met her the next day and heard her sing again she was so impressed that she asked her to go with her as assistant artist on her Golden Jubilee tour. Mme. Schumann-Heink had only one fear, that this small, fragile blonde person would not be equal to the strain of traveling. But even that doubt was swept away by the end of the tour.

"Ach, my child," exclaimed the great diva, "if you stand this trip so well, you are strong like an ox. You can even do opera."

And the following summer they spent together at the contralto's California home, where Madame coached her young

protégée in operatic rôles. Then came an urgent offer from the Shuberts to have her assume the leading rôle in "My Maryland". Madame Schumann-Heink advised her to take it, declaring it would be "excellent experience." So for a year Mary McCoy sang the rôle of Barbara Frietchie. Back in New York after the road tour she soon came to the attention of NBC. She signed a contract, and here she is on the Camel Hour, meanwhile continuing her operatic work with NBC.

I found her back stage (or should one say back studio?) after the performance, the hair more golden, the eyes bigger and bluer than ever, on close inspection. An exquisite, orchid-like creature—and she was talking about stunt flying! She adores airplanes, she explained, but absolutely refused to go up unless the pilot will promise to stunt! On the ground her favorite means of transportation is a horse, and I learned later that she is an excellent horsewoman. She was born in Great Bend, Kansas, and learned to ride on a Texas ranch with real cowboys for instructors.



Ben Alley

Her greatest thrill, next to hearing Mme. Schumann-Heink's voice on the telephone that night in Kansas City, was the five-dollar bill she got for her first paid appearance. It was before a women's club and she was nine years old. But that was by no means her first public appearance. She has forgotten that, but only the other day a man from her home state told her that he remembered a little golden haired tot of three standing up before the guests and singing at a party given by her elders. That was the age at which she started to play the piano too, and for many years she played all her own accompaniments. At that time she was known as Laura Townsley McCoy. That was her real name and she kept it until she joined the cast of "My Maryland". Then the Shuberts suggested that a less formal one would be more fitting for light opera purposes. She has been Mary McCoy ever since.

Ben Alley

BEN ALLEY should have a new picture taken. Look at it. Don't you think Columbia's staff tenor looks like a very fat man? I did. And when I was handed that picture and told to wait for him up on the twenty-second floor, I kept watching the elevator and expecting some very chubby person to come out of it. So when the brass door slid back and a medium-sized, athletic looking young man stepped out, I mentally discarded him as far too thin.

But the picture lied. It was Ben Alley. And he looks more like an energetic going broker, a few years out of college, than one's usual conception of a tenor. And he has just that attitude, one of business-like purposefulness, toward his work. He thinks singing is a combination of natural gift, plus intelligence, plus hard work.

Not singing to the stars, but singing to a needle seems to be his aim.

"What is this needle?" I finally asked after several remarks about keeping the needle steady, about being careful not to let the needle go over thirty.

"Why, don't you know?" he asked in amazement. "Well, come with me."

We went up a narrow stairway into a room filled with what looked to be all sorts of switchboards—the master control room. In the middle of each switchboard was a little dial. On one of the dials a needle was wavering back and forth. Ida Bailey Allen was broadcasting a home economics talk and with every word, with every breath, the needle changed position.

"You see," said Ben Alley, "it never goes above thirty (that was the middle number). That means her voice is going out all right on the air, that it won't 'blast,' but will go clearly and pleasantly into the homes. A singer must do the same thing as a speaker, keep that needle steady."

Up at Columbia Ben Alley is known as one of the easiest singers to "hold". He



Welcome Lewis

has mastered his microphone technique. This he does not do by drawing away and coming closer, as so many singers do, but by changes in the voice itself. I watched him at the Mardi Gras program on Monday night, and his singing position scarcely varied a finger's length.

It is a beautiful voice, with a surprisingly "alive" quality in it. One woman, a cripple, wrote him that from the next room she heard him singing, and could not believe that he was not actually there. Disabled as she was she had to crawl into the other room to see if someone were not there.

When the Irish tenor sings, there is no trace of accent in his voice, but when he speaks, occasionally there is a low throaty note. It is his southern background. For he was born in West Virginia, one of eight children. All through his school years he was remarked for his beautiful voice. He won a scholarship to Marshall College, and that institution thought so much of his voice that it soon made him director of its music department.

After a training course at the Cincin-



Annette Hanshaw

nati Conservatory of Music, he settled in Charleston, West Virginia, where he did church and concert work. He went to Lexington, Kentucky, and was active in church and concert work there.

Eventually he joined Station WHAS in Louisville. He took part in the first international broadcast, when an attempt was made to reach England. Although the attempt failed so far as England was concerned, the tenor's voice did carry to Hawaii.

With WSAI in Cincinnati, Alley sang incognito as the "Blue Grass Tenor", and was amazingly popular. In 1928 he decided to try his fortune in New York. He had his savings and a \$110 check from his church, which he thought would support him till he found what he wanted to do. The savings soon vanished and when he turned to the check, it was gone. He could not find it. For a week or so he literally and actually starved, till he found some vaudeville and night club work. It was not until long afterwards that he found the check with some of his music. He has it today, uncashed, pasted in his scrapbook.

Ben Alley has been with WABC and Columbia since January, 1929. He has been featured in over five hundred programs and has received at least a half a million letters from enthusiastic listeners. He may be heard now over the Paramount Publix, Syncopated Silhouettes, Artists Recital, Howard Fashion Plates, and Mardi Gras hours.

Welcome Lewis

WELCOME LEWIS . . . in case you haven't listened in regularly on the Chase and Sanborn, Fleishmann, Eveready, 7-11's, Spotlight, Wallace Silver-Smiths, and Radio Luminaries programs . . . is the small lady with the sleek, black bobbed hair who croons "mean" songs over the air in a deep, husky voice. So deep is that voice, in fact, that her first music teacher called it a phenomenon, and Miss Lewis is listed at the National Broadcasting Company, not as a contralto, but as a "female baritone". More than one uninitiated listener suddenly tuning in on one of her songs about hot mamas and mistreated papas has mistaken her voice for that of a man. And the biggest surprise of all is that those deep, rich tones come from the throat of a "half-pint" size girl who is so small that she has to stand on a platform to reach the microphone.

You remember the nursery rhyme about the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. She had so many children she didn't know what to do. Well, Miss Lewis' mother wasn't the least bit like that. She already had seven children when a friend remarked that she must find such a large family troublesome. Mrs. Lewis said nothing until the eighth child was born, and then she answered by naming the newcomer "Welcome".

(Continued on page 122)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask

Her about the Stars You Admire

AS MARCELLA trots through the magnificent arena of the Grand Central Station and bumps into porters, suitcases and the heterogeneous crowds a-comin' and a-goin', she often wonders if Pat, Mrs. Martin, Diana, Betty Mae and the rest of her curious family are not among them, and if the Radio stars whom they want to know about are not just ahead dashing for the next outgoing train.

What a flurry of people! There in a corner are four youngsters tugging at their mother's skirts for some chocolates. And over there in front of another gate is a monocled gentleman chatting away, don't you know, about this and that.

Everything is moving incessantly—arms, legs—jaws—all in a jumble of peculiar rhythms.

And as I write this, Toddles, the Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, alights on the window ledge. She blinks ten times in rapid succession, which is her way of telling me that I'm way off the subject of this column. And as Toddles always knows what's best to do, we all bow to her wisdom.

So off we go!

Marcella does claim to see all and hear all, Nona, and "purty" soon she will be nothing but eyes and ears, which are very useful these days, I must say.

★ ★ ★

WELL, first of all, Jessica Dragonette, the "golden phantom of the air," no longer takes speaking parts in her program because it seems to be too much of a strain on her voice—and second, the program is speeded up by the elimination of the dialogue.



Jessica Dragonette

No, there is not any truth in the rumor that Miss Dragonette is going talkie-wise. Her first love is Radio, and she refuses to divide her allegiance. Thank you muchly for the poem, Nona, I think it is very beautiful. And thanks also for the lovely article.

HERE Helene Handin is represented before and after sweet sixteen. She's one of the busiest daughters of the air. And when she's not writing out Radio acts, she wields the needle and shears into making over clothes for a little girl whom she has taken under her wing. And they're just the cutest things you ever saw. She crocheted one of those fashionable berets for this youngster of nine, and pulled out a blue sweater (which she had been saving for a Christmas present) because it matched the beret. I had



Helene Handin then



Miss Handin now

luncheon with Miss Handin today and told her how much you enjoy her programs, Janet. Sorry you must run so fast to catch the early train so that you can hear Helene's broadcast.

★ ★ ★

HOW old is Lawrence Salerno, Italian Baritone of WGN? He is twenty-nine. To whom is he married? Caroline Olson of Madison, Wis. Is she professional? No. How did he obtain his start in Radio. Well, it was this way. Five years ago, Salerno asked for an audition before Henry Selinger, manager of WGN, and presto was employed! Before this he had been in concert and opera. He had the role of Pish Tush in Gilbert & Sullivan's operetta, "The Mikado". For three and a half years he was soloist in the Grace Episcopal Church in Madison, Wis. And now he's with WGN. If there are any more if's, who's, what's, and why's that are on your mind, Nancy, send them

on to Marcella. Yes, he was born in Italy, but came to America when quite young.

★ ★ ★

WE SHO' does take all dem pahts in de Fresh Air Taxi Corpulation, program—say Amos 'n' Andy. An' believe me, one partner am jes' about confabulating' widout anyone else bustin' in. So you see we have it direct from them that they run the program, Paul.

★ ★ ★

OVER on the next page is Fred Fiebel, very much at home with his organ, Sarah. He starts things stirring at the Columbia Broadcasting System every morning. Gets up every day at 5:15, does his little stretching and then takes the train from Ridgefield, New Jersey to the Paramount organ studio in the big city for a rehearsal. He puts most of the twenty-four hours of the day to good hard work, but does not think that he is leading a strenuous life at all. He would be a fine model for the congregations of immature golf game spectators.

The postman brings him hundreds of fan letters each day from those who hear his broadcast at eight o'clock, all of which just goes to show that there are people who are actually awake at that time.

Fred is young, robust and happy. He started to practise on the violin when he was ten years of age, but all the while he was thinking of baseball and football. But he could not escape from the fate of a musician. He learned to play piano and to like it. Then he began to play the organ. And after a year's study he was offered a job in a small picture house, and from then on he made quick progress.

He has an organ in his home that takes up two floors and has eight hundred pipes!! I wonder if there is any room for the carpet sweeper!



Lawrence Salerno

WANTED: The whereabouts of Miss Frances Cowin who used to be engaged in Radio and concert work in and around Chicago. Reward offered is boundless gratitude.

★ ★ ★

EVERY Wednesday night, Ruth Donnerberg and two others, making a triosome, of vocalists and instrumentalists, go on a mythical musical journey over Station WCKY, Covington, Ky., known as "Musical Wanderings". One night the locale may be in Japan, and another night the trio takes swift flight to the opposite end of the planet.



Ruth is an accomplished 'cellist, having graduated from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. The other two of the trio is Alma Ashcraft and Mayme Kennison.

★ ★ ★

SO GLAD to hear from you Bobby Griffin! We've all been wondering where you were hiding—at KFJB, Marshalltown, Iowa, eh? Well, that's jes' as good a place as any other. Do keep us posted on your work and regards from all of us.

★ ★ ★

HERE'S another NBC announcer. Edward K. Jewett was born in Yokohama, Japan, in 1904, of American parents. His father was in the silk business, and although an American citizen he served as consul for Denmark. Ted lived in Japan until he was six and learned to speak the language fluently. He attended Princeton University but left after a few years because he felt there was too much to be learned in the great big world outside and he wanted to start larnin' as soon as possible. Then his family drafted him into the silk manufacturing business and he worked in the mills so that he could start from the very bottom. On many occasions he addressed local business clubs on the industry that gets its raw material from the worm. One can never tell what the background of an announcer is. He is not married and lives in Jackson Heights, Long Island with two other National Broadcasting Company announcers—Frank Singiser, who made a personal appearance in our column last month, and Howard Petrie. Can you imagine the time they have getting one another up every morning—Time to get up—this is the National Broadcasting Company—Howard Petrie announcing!



Fred Fiebel

PHIL THORN is on the WOR staff of announcers. Mr. Thorn is playwright and actor. He went through Yale University in two years. Several short plays which are occasionally produced throughout the country by amateur groups were written by Mr. Thorn and those who remember KDKA when it was in its stage of infancy will recall the interesting sketches which Mr. Thorn wrote and broadcast over that station.

★ ★ ★

DELL PERRY moves fingers and toes whenever they are called upon. When she is not cutting capers on the piano, she cuts capers on the ice. Miss Perry who is heard on the "Piano Capers" program twice a week over the NBC is a

fancy ice skater and goes in for that sport when her fingers are idle. "I have three hobbies," declares Miss Perry—"ice skating, cross word puzzles and fighting with Oscar." Oscar is her Radio partner. These fights are hard-fought arguments, always over music and always conducted in sportsmanlike style, but they are forgotten when the rounds are over.

★ ★ ★

BY THIS time, Carrie and Bernie, you have seen all about Sarge Farrell, the Windjammer in the October column. I am still waiting for his list of stations where he will broadcast this winter.

★ ★ ★

THE man who sings the theme song on the R. K. O. program is Tom Kennedy. And here is his picture for you, Waxie.

★ ★ ★

THERE is efficacy in prayer, Elizabeth.

It was proved in the case of George Hicks. He prayed for months for a job as an announcer. Then the opportunity came one day. He applied with two hundred others for this post at the National Broadcasting Company and was immediately accepted. A year after that he assisted Graham McNamee in reporting the arrival of the Graf Zeppelin at Lakehurst. He burned the midnight oil reading up on aviation and zeppelins, and his work was so successful that he was transferred to the New York studios. He is only 23 and many adventures are packed into these years. He wandered about sawmills, and logging and construction camps of the northwest. And he took a three-month trip along the Alaskan coast as a member of the freighter's crew.

★ ★ ★

ARTHUR Q. BRYAN is announcer of WOR. "Q.", says Arthur, "is one of the best breaks I've had. Nobody knows what it means and everybody wants to." Could it be Quixote, Quesnay or Quicherat? These are all actual, honest-to-goodness names. Every one knows who Don Quixote was. Quesnay was a French physicist and economist and Quicherat a French lexicographer. So you can have your choice. Frankly, I don't like any of these names between Arthur and Bryan, but as long as our announcer determines to keep the "Q" a secret, we have a right to sandwich anything between his Christian and surnames.

He was born in Brooklyn—that
(Continued on page 122)



Dell Perry



Upper: Edward K. Jewett, Tom Kennedy
Lower: Phil Thorn, Arthur Q. Bryan

Cecil and Sally

Johnny
Patrick
is bashful
"Cecil"

Helen
Troy...
is giggling
"Sally"



*He was a phone operator ... she an accompanist
but their impromptu chatter "clicked" and
today they are heard from Miami to Honolulu.*

By

Dr. Ralph L. Power

MOST showfolks seem to get somewhere by pushing themselves forward and praising their own act. But Cecil and Sally, youthful and bashful, have found that the more shyness creeps into their every-day life, the faster they speed along towards success and a sock full of money.

Today Cecil and Sally are heard over fifty-three stations, covering a territory extending from Honolulu to Miami and from Vancouver to Halifax. Whether it's the Arizona desert or the rugged coastline of New England, wild and woolly western Canada or the easy-going Southland, they seem to have acquired somehow a universal formula for providing chuckles and unrestrained glee, thus becoming pretty well liked by the listening groups.

THEY are funny. They get themselves into almost every conceivable kind of trouble and out of it. Sally lisps her way through with an admirable display of disregard, a mixture of utterly

foolish questions and a fountain head of giggles.

Almost every one firmly expects Cecil to smash her with a flatiron some time, but he never does, and when Sally's fond uncle almost took her to Paris to live, Cecil really came out and showed just how much he liked her.

This boy and girl are more than funny. They are so natural and true to life that every listener knows some parallel and has been through some of their adventures. If an accurate analysis of their popularity could be made, it would undoubtedly reveal a large degree of friendship or affection for the two young characters.

Nobody, not even the astute program directors themselves, know exactly what the public wants ... probably because the

public isn't quite sure itself. Few would have realized the possibilities of the normal day-by-day adventures of a 17 year old girl and an 18 year old boy. But let's begin at the beginning.

Let's talk about Johnnie Patrick first, even though the rules of the sea say "women and children first."

Johnnie was born in Kentucky. He grew up there and also in Texas. His ancestors for generations have been army people. As a youngster, he was raised by an uncle and aunt and they moved, of course, from presidio to presidio and barracks to barracks ... or perhaps it was officers' quarters, for the uncle was a commissioned man.

AT THE ripe old age of twenty, young John decided that there were far too many army posts to visit all of 'em before passing on to the next world, so, when his foster parents were ordered away from the presidio in San Francisco, Johnnie stayed back and

started out to look for a job in earnest.

There were then no commissions on unemployment, so young Patrick almost had the luck of the boy heroes in the Horatio Alger tomes. Of course he made a few false starts and did various kinds of work.

ONE day he drifted into KYA and got a job. He wasn't fussy about the kind of a job it was. In fact, he probably didn't know what the various classifications of broadcast activity were. So he got the job. It was running the switchboard.

Things ran pretty smoothly, but he had a lot of time on his hands. He didn't like the idea of addressing envelopes on the side, while operating the board, but he did like to dash off smart little business announcements and other small program embellishments on the typewriter keyboard.

It wasn't long before they even let him sing a bit, for he had a fair voice. Still, he was yet on the switchboard and that was the bread and butter job.

Now let's go back in the story and find out about Sally . . . Helen Troy.

At the tender age of five (my, but that's awfully young) she took her initial footlight bow, introduced by her uncle, G. L. Silver, a Keith circuit headliner in earlier days. Her schooling was acquired at Traverse City, Michigan, in the Sacred Heart Convent.

After graduation she studied music . . . piano and organ . . . in Chicago for a while and then essayed the role of theater organist at Grand Rapids. But Helen was a home town girl and homesickness brought her back to Traverse City when she was only eighteen.

She worked there for two years, then in a Detroit theater and finally in San Francisco, where she played in several theaters. I almost forgot to say that this was really a home coming, for Helen was born there just before the big conflagration of 1906 and thereafter was taken east.

Two years ago she became staff organist at KYA. Thus we bring the histories of the two young people up to the time of the big idea. All of their modern history dates from that time.

HER work sort of overlapped, too, just like Johnnie's. He was the 'phone operator, but did some singing and writing. She was the accompanist, but also did solo work and vocal activity.

When she checked in to work she would stop for mail at the 'phone board. Just for fun Johnnie would talk Milt Gross and she would talk baby chatter.

It got to be a habit, so they worked out some little programs and they went over well . . . though admittedly a sort of studio fill-in at first.

Then came the big idea, although it didn't seem so big at the time. They worked out a series of three skits woven

around a music store locale. But at the end of the week the characters of Cecil and Sally were left high and dry. The audience clamored for more with a loud noise.

So that's really the beginning of this act, which now, in electrical transcription form, has literally swept the country. The Radio episodes depict the average eighteen-year old boy and his seventeen-year old girl friend. But perhaps it isn't exactly right to call them "average", for Sally has the cutest giggle . . . a still cuter lisp . . . and the ability of asking questions faster than a horse can trot. Cecil is bashful, afraid of being sentimental, a typical boy all through.

So the series progressed, even though Johnnie had to get down to work at 6



Cecil of the soulful eyes isn't a bit romantic, but Sally makes up for him!

a. m. in order to use up the typewriter before the office staff showed up.

The time element of their meteoric rise is somewhat as follows . . . first KYA, then the new defunct ABC chain (Pacific coast unit) . . . then KPO . . . and now all over the country via electrical transmissions which are recorded in San Francisco. And all this in the short space of two years since they first gave the little three-skits affair.

No small measure of the success is traceable to Dick Haller, now vice-president and general manager of Patrick and Company, which looks after the business interest of Cecil and Sally. Haller will be remembered by many as the instigator of the KGW Hoot Owls (pioneer coast frolic group), manager of that station for many years, and later production executive for the former ABC network affair.

Will the young folks get married, or rather will they be married to each other? That is the question on the lips of 'most every Cecil and Sally fan. Well, I guess they are too good showfolk to let it be known if they do, for then the glamor and romance would be gone for the public.

At any rate, Cecil is pretty reticent

about it and at the present rate, it will be some time before he can get his courage around to the point of springing the question.

On one of the ten minute episodes it did seem as though he would spring the eternal question . . . but he gasped, gulped and then asked for a glass of water. Yes, Cecil seems utterly devoid of things sentimental, romantic or affectionate.

Poor Sally's tendencies towards the romantic are constantly snubbed by Cecil. Then there is the girl next door, whom Cecil likes but Sally doesn't, and who will later play an important part in their lives.

And last, but certainly not least, there is Sally's other boy friend, Alexander, rich and entertaining, who occasionally gives Cecil an uncomfortable hour when he resumes his friendship with Sally.

I suspect that in a pretty large measure these two young people more or less live the lives they portray, though it is equally as true that Johnnie Patrick is not an "average" young man . . . he doesn't at all like the idea of conforming to convention and doing everything just like the other fellow.

Helen Troy (Sally) is two or three years older than the character she portrays. She is easy to gaze upon, blonde and funny to listen to. She has no particular hobbies, but does like to go to drive her car, go on horseback jaunts and see the ball game. She likes clothes, dresses in outdoor fashion whenever she can and isn't such a slouch at housework. 'Tis even said that she would much rather putter around her city apartment than play bridge, and she is just as attractive dancing as she is while swimming.

Johnnie Patrick (Cecil) is an eligible young bachelor, and while he sometimes confesses an occasional desire for a home and a dog, he is temperamentally somewhat like Cecil—he never takes the same girl out twice.

He lives alone in a medium sized apartment which commands a fine view of the Golden Gate and the ocean.

UP THERE he does all his writing and cooks his own breakfast . . . but doesn't wash dishes. He drives a roadster with the top down and doesn't own a hat. Six feet tall, with azure eyes and dark brown hair, he likes nearly every kind of outdoor activity and is never known to miss a good show.

Johnnie swims a bit, plays a fair game of tennis, goes up in airplanes whenever he gets a chance, and his pet aversions are ferry boat whistles and raw oysters.

Both Cecil and Sally in real life like to browse around . . . in street cars, ferry docks, restaurants, stores and other public places . . . to gather ideas for more episodes in their series, which run six nights every week. Both have a sort of independent spirit . . . like dancing, swimming and appreciate the unusual . . . the weird . . . the strange sights whether in the next street or the next county.

Chicago Studio

"CHATTER!" This is the crisp command spoken every night at 9:30 except Saturday and Sunday by a WGN announcer, and is the cue for "The Girls" to begin their now famous nightly back-fence gossip. Incidentally, that one word is to be the cue, theme song and whole story of this letter as your writer is bursting with "chatter" of folk about town.

But to go on about "The Girls." Almost everybody in the Middle West is talking about Clara, Lu 'n' Em, "The Girls". In a nice way, of course. Everybody is saying "Who are they?" "What are they like?" It is known, generally, that Clara and Em live in a double house and Lu rents the upstairs, and every night they discuss timely topics, ranging from their own youngsters to President Hoover or Christopher Columbus. Nobody ever knows what they are going to talk about but one is always sure, at any rate, of the largest number of laughs that any fifteen minutes can bring.

"Well, who are they, anyway?" you ask. Really it's a shame to tell . . . I had pictured them as matronly and middle aged, and what was my surprise to discover them blooming girls, well under thirty and all three Northwestern University graduates!

Iowa, California and Illinois helped assemble them. Clara Roach, whose

calling card reads Miss Louise Starky, was born in Des Moines, Iowa, her father a lawyer. She came to Northwestern University and there took an active part in the department of speech, winning a scholarship for post graduate work, became president of Zeta, Phi Eta, school dramatic organization, and later taught interpretation.

Lu, whose microphone name is Lulu Casey and whose life insurance policy reads Miss Isabel Carothers, also came from Iowa . . . Mt. Pleasant, to be exact. She won an honorarium in dramatics in high school at Des Moines, attended Drake and came to Northwestern where she, too, was elected a member of the dramatic society and as was Clara, its president.

Last but not least, in fact the greatest worry of the trio, is Em Krueger. In the family Bible her name is registered Helen King. Born in Los Angeles, her parents brought her when but a child to Peoria, Ill., where Helen was graduated with honors. She wrote the senior class play. From two years at Bradley College she advanced to Northwestern, joined up with Louise and Isabel in the dramatic organization and later became vice president.

They are all so thoroughly enmeshed in their parts that they often slip into character when they are together in public places, much to the delight and amusement of anyone who happens to be near them.



The "Musical Wanderings" program at WCKY, Covington, Ky., is the brainchild of attractive Alma Ashcraft (top). Besides being beautiful and clever, she's staff soprano and hostess.

Peg Wynne and Ambrose Barker (above), recently deserted the three-a-day and joined KNX, Hollywood. They have played in every civilized country in the world . . . appropriately, their program is called "Nomads".

Harvey Hays (left), "Old Timer" of the Empire Builders, reaches Chicago! At the station to meet him were Bernadine Flynn, leading lady, Don Bernard, production manager and Don Ameche, juvenile lead, with hat in hand.

Brevities

Betty McGee

*Writes A Letter
Bursting With News*

OVER at WMAQ Hal Totten's twins are still quite the subject of conversation. This famous sports announcer became the proud father of twin girls on September 25th, the day that Rogers Hornsby made his bow as the new manager of Mr. Wrigley's baseball club. So all in all it was a big day for the Cubs.

There was some question as to what the names of the little girls were to be, Cubs players and fans offering many suggestions such as Pete and Repeat. But Mrs. Totten had other ideas.

The children, who were eventually named Barbara Jean and Joyce Joanne, were well equipped with clothing just as soon as Cubs players and fans heard of their arrival. Each of them has eighteen dresses—many of them hand made by lady fans who worked on the garments while listening to Hal's reports of the games.

By the way, Hal never set his cap to be a sports broadcaster or even a broadcaster of anything, but fell into it. Earnestly embarked on a newspaper career, he was holding down a re-write job on The Chicago Daily News when he was drafted for announcing football games over WMAQ in 1924. The next spring a former major league ball player was employed to announce the ball games but after two days Totten was again drafted into service.

Baseball, football, basketball, horse races, stage shows, reviews, and other features were handled by

him for WMAQ for four year as a sideline but it was not until three years ago when Radio grew to such proportions that he was pulled into the department full time.

* * *

SPEAKING of sports announcers, did you know that Pat Flanagan, noted for his graphic word-pictures over WBBM and the CBS, went to school this Fall? Pat insists that sports are ever-changing and that to authoritatively broadcast a game he must always be in it. So Pat attended the famous Northwestern University coaching school under the direction of Major L.

Griffith, commissioner of athletics in the Big Ten.

* * *

BUT to take another flying 'leap back to WMAQ again. While we were over there the other day we had the pleasure of coming face to face with "Jane Hamilton" of Home Calendar fame. It was another of those Clara, Lu 'n' Em shocks. We had to make the mental adjustment of subtracting fifteen or twenty years from the age we'd given her. She seems amazingly young for one who has accomplished so much, and is exceedingly easy to look at—slight, with nice blue eyes and blond hair. Her interest in women and their activities is very real and she brings to her work a

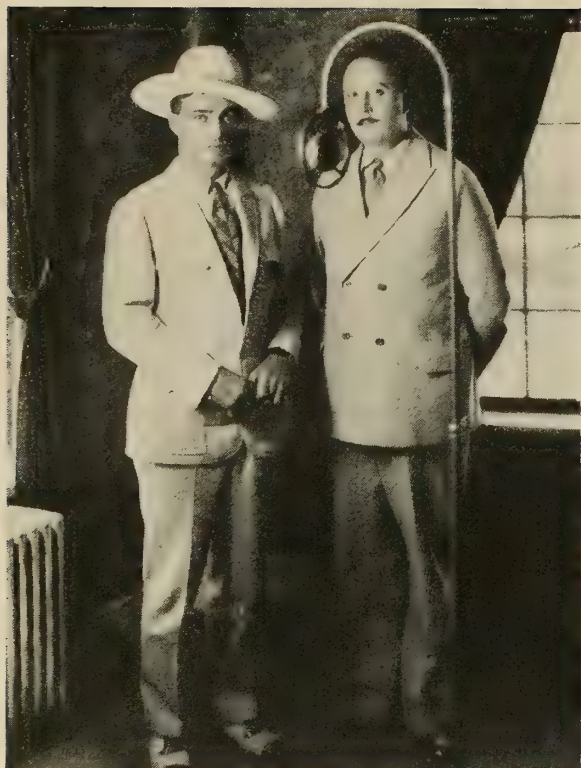


What a sunshiny smile has George Taylor (top)! Of course, for he's producer and master of ceremonies of the Sunshine Hour at KYA, San Francisco. Studio folks call him their "Personality Boy".

Heinie (above) is a veteran flute tootler and one of the hardest blowers on the Dilworth Little German Band Concert at KDKA, Pittsburgh. Gus, with the big medals, wields the baton.

Here are Bunny, Bobbie and Uncle Dell (right), just before beginning their broadcast for little 'uns KMOX, St. Louis. Bunny is really Lydie Lee, Bobbie is Vic Smith and Uncle Dell is Delmar Ming.





Tom Mix (above) left his horse Tony outside when he broadcast at WWNC, Asheville.

Terese Meyer (right) staff organist at WTMJ, Milwaukee, has an enthusiastic following.

practical knowledge of the problems of the home. She is accustomed to working on a budget, manages her own home and is the mother of a bouncing boy of four years.

* * *

I NTERESTING bit over at the NBC Chicago studios. Bernadine Flynn and Don Ameche who regularly take the leads on the Empire Builders programs Monday nights used to play opposite each other in University of Wisconsin theatrical productions.

The talent of the two was so outstanding that they were urged to try their luck on Broadway. Both were successful on the legitimate, but more or less lost track of each other in New York. After a time each became interested in Radio and each, unknown to the other, tried out for a part on the Empire Builders program. So after the decisions were made there were many "oh's" and "ah's" and much U. of W. gossip flying back and forth.

When, or if, a vacation materializes the two hope to slip up to Madison for a week or two and put on a play in the old surroundings.

TED HEDIGER is the name of the new Chicago NBC announcer. He has covered a bit of the country in getting an education, having attended college in St. Paul, San Francisco and St. Louis. Since college days Ted has occupied his time with Radio, beginning as an amateur operator, then going into commercial Radio and announcing. He is known for his association with WRMH, Minneapolis, KWK, St. Louis, and KTM and KGB, Los Angeles and San Diego. He likes swimming and motoring and goes in for golf—the miniature variety.

* * *

'TIS said that it's because their own marriage is such an ideally

Radio listeners were thrilled to the core and thousands of them endeavored to watch Tom broadcast, the crowd packing the street in front of the entrance to the building in which the studios are located.

Mix visited Asheville with the Sells-Floto Circus, with which organization he and Tony, the horse that shares his fame, have been premier attractions during the past season. G. O. Shepherd, station director, had made an appointment by telegraph and the event had been given widespread publicity. The veteran of the silent screen, known for his splendid portrayal of virile parts, professed but scant acquaintance with the microphone, but acquitted himself nobly, talking for almost fifteen minutes and making an excellent impression on his hearers.

Tom Mix is making active plans for an invasion of the talking screen. To quote him, "Along about two years ago about all you could see in Hollywood was actors and actresses running around with dictionaries under their arms. It got so that Tony and I couldn't understand anybody and nobody seemed to be able to understand us, so we decided we'd go into the circus business." Now, however, since he believes the experimental stage of the sound picture is about over, Tom Mix has decided to give it a trial.

Helen Stone (left) leader of the Harmonettes at KYA, is an aviatrix in spare time.

Real Kids, all of them . . . WTAG's Storybook Quartette (below) . . . Constance Gosselin, Richard Powers, Gretchen Toelg and Kathleen Sweeney.



happy one that Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey are able to create the beautiful *Musical Portraits* which they present to Radio fans through WBBM. Stories about love and lovers form the basis of these renditions.

* * *

Tom Mix on Air at WWNC, Asheville

TOM MIX, famed cowboy, Texas ranger and sheriff, whose career as a movie star has endeared him to every boy in these United States, appeared recently before the microphone in the studios of Station WWNC. Asheville



Edward W. Hall of WICC, Bridgeport, Dies of Heart Attack

On September 24th, Edward W. Hall, former general manager and vice-president of Station WICC at Bridgeport, succumbed to a heart attack. His death brought sorrow to studio friends and Radio listeners.

In 1928 Mr. Hall went to Bridgeport as a member of the advertising department of WICC. Three months after joining the station he was elevated to the managerial position, which he held until June of this year, when he retired because of ill health. Many fine features were inaugurated at WICC by Mr. Hall . . . among them the Cheerio Squad and the Radio Doctor's hour, conducted by Arthur M. Withstanley.

Another achievement of Mr. Hall was the reopening of two churches which had been closed several years. The Community Church at Mill Plain District, Danbury, which now attracts a large congregation from a radius of one hundred miles and holds services every

Sunday, was revived through these Radio efforts.

* * *

Stanley Maxted, who is heard on the Canadian Pacific "Musical Crusaders" programs, was born in Folkestone, England, and came to Canada at the age of nine. He received all his schooling in Montreal, where he also studied voice and won a wide reputation as concert and oratorio singer. When the war came he enlisted as a private with the Canadian forces, returning as a lieutenant. He now holds the rank of major in the Canadian militia. At the Scottish Festival in Banff last year he created the leading rôle in "Prince Charlie and Flora", a ballad opera dealing with a romantic incident in the life of the Young Pretender.



The Last Man's Club—announcers of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation—gloat over the squash which goes to the last bachelor. Left to right, Herbert Rice, Bud Hulke and Bob Strigl.

The Ilima Islanders (right) charm WTIC listeners with romantic South Sea music.

Eleanor Clausen and Ann Perkins (below) who tap their stuff when Joe Wright and his Cinderella orchestra provide music at KPO.



Harry Glick, who conducts a Radio gym class over Station WGBS, New York, is welter-weight champion of the world! He gives complete instructions on how to lose weight or gain it, and pack away a goodly wallop while doing it.

* * *

Everything is new around Station KFYZ these days. Their new building was specially designed to house a modern RCA transmitter . . . it is located about eight miles from Bismarck, the Capital of North Dakota. Visitors from Montana, Minnesota, North Dakota and even Manitoba have been welcomed on tours of inspection by P. J. Meyer, who is manager and grand mogul of the station.

* * *

Winnie Felds Moore, KFI-KECA travel talker, bought a pee wee golf course in Los Angeles and becomes a business woman . . . not neglecting her dear Radio public, however, while running the source of supplementary income.

A squash, instead of a bottle of wine, is to be the premium for sustained bachelorhood in the announcing staff of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation, according to regulations drafted by the newly organized Last Man's Club.

Once constituting quite a sizeable group of fancy-free Sir Gallants of the Air, the bachelor unit has dwindled to but a trio. Herbert Rice, Bud Hulick and Bob Strigl are the last "Last Men", but the rumored developments which make Rice's eligibility for the club questionable. In fact, Bud Hulick is already giving Rice one of those bitter "I know you'll not last long" laughs. Yet, who knows but that the echo may come back to haunt Hulick, for he is very much the eligible sort, and many indeed are the meaningful glances that are cast his way when the fair ones visit the studios. Bob Strigl has a determined glint in his eye and his teeth are gritted. And say! He's putting his initial on the squash! Bob is reputed to be a man of determination, and maybe— Well, the battle's on!



Blue Monday Jamboree

They call it the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree out on the Coast, but is it blue? Emphatically no!

Harrison Holliway, smiling at you down below there, has an easy going, kindly manner of presenting the acts that has helped to put the Jamboree across. He's Manager of the Don Lee Station KFRC, and keeps the Blue Monday assignment as his only announcing job.



"Mac" Henry McClintoch, the Grand Old Man of the West Coast, seems to be a trifle puzzled. But we warrant he's not stumped, for Mac and his guitar were on the air in the days when broadcasting was in its swaddling clothes. They say he can't sing without his ten gallon hat handy!



Bill Wright just lives in each of the roles he creates . . . and they are many! Here he is as Professor Hamburg, one of the Jamboree's funniest acts. Left, you see the black face act, "What Must Ah Do Now, Lemuel" in person. Lem, the Scowler, is Tommy Monroe and Lafe, the Thinker, is Arnold McGuire.

We don't know whether or not Juanita Tennyson (below) is related to the poet, but her songs are as moving as his ballads, and she is known as the "perfect Radio soprano".

Every bar of jamboree music has passed the censorship of Meredith Wilson (below). He is musical director of KFRC . . . formerly solo flutist with the New York Philharmonic.



Robert Olsen, the handsome tenor on the left, has helped make Blue Monday bright for three years now. Hazel Warner, on the right, is a crooning contralto . . . many of her letters are addressed to "The Sweetest Voice on the Air".



The list of Jamboree artists is long, but one and all they're a jolly bunch. Read the interesting story about the birth of the "Blue Monday" program on the next page.

Keeps KFRC Busy

By

Monroe Upton

PERHAPS the reason for the popularity of the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree lies in the fact that the program has gradually evolved from an impromptu, hilarious program of the early days of Radio to the present Jamboree with definite ideals always in mind. Those ideals have been to give the listeners something that would really make them laugh, and to present the music in novel and interesting ways.

How are the laughs and musical spots on the Jamboree program brought to being? Everybody has a finger in the pie. Preparations start Tuesday morning. The staff begins to talk things over, making suggestions and discussing the available music. They are searching for something out of the ordinary. Comedy episodes must be provided for Pedro, Frank Watanabe's Japanese house boy, Silas Solomon, Professor Hamburg and Simpy Fitts. Bill Wright, the Professor; Eugene Hawes, who is Pedro; Al Pearce; Eddy Holder, who takes off Frank Watanabe; and Monroe Upton, Simpy Fitts and none other than your present author . . . get into a huddle. Although each writes the major portion of his own act, suggestions come from all.

On the musical end of the program, Meredith Wilson, director of music for KFRC, and Walter Kelsey, assistant director, reign supreme, but here again suggestions are made by everyone, including the singers and artists themselves.

Besides the artists whose pictures appear here, there are many interesting figures on the Jamboree program . . . Micky Gillette has been playing hat sax solos on Blue Monday for a couple of years. He is an ambitious, hard working, very agreeable young man, and also plays in the KFRC orchestra . . . Eugene Hawes plays the part of Pedro Gonzales, a highly bewildered Mexican lad, who wears yellow shoes and bright red neckties, and is always getting into trouble . . . Walter Kelsey is known as the all-round musical athlete, because he plays eight different instruments, sings, and as a climax, is assistant musical director of KFRC . . .

Norman Nielsen has other assets besides his tenor voice. One is his dramatic ability, evidenced in the Romantic Forty-Niners' programs . . . Al and Cal Pearce,

whose pictures appeared in Marcella's columns last month, are as inseparable as David and Jonathan . . . Young America, represented by Charles Cartier, aged sixteen, Edna O'Keefe, sixteen, and Ronald Graham, baritone, nineteen, is doing its bit at KFRC.

* * *

BERT HANAUER, recently returned from Europe, is back again at WCAO. He has resumed his place on the announcing staff and will also write continuities for special programs.

On his trip to Europe Bert visited Germany, France, Belgium and England. He was particularly interested in hearing European Radio programs. Except for an



Monroe Upton of KFRC.

occasional advertisement for lost objects, he says, commercial programs are practically unknown in Europe, the Radio stations being supported by a tax on the sale of receivers. Since time is no consideration, the programs are put on in the most leisurely fashion, a lapse of ten or fifteen minutes when nothing at all is heard being quite a frequent occurrence.

Bert inquired of an Englishman why their Radio stations did not make some effort to run programs on a time schedule and eliminate the blank spaces.

"We like it that way," was the reply. "You see, we don't like to be hurried."



Frank Dahm, new program director at KPO.

Frank Dahm recently said good-bye to WGN, the Chicago Tribune Station on the Drake Hotel, in order to assume a new post as program director of KPO, the pioneer Hale Brothers-Chronicle station in San Francisco.

Dahm, who for over five years has been publicity director and continuity editor of WGN, has been concerned in many of the station's most famous broadcasts, and Chicago Radio circles are agreed that he was one of the most brilliant members of the WGN staff. No stranger to the microphone, he has broadcast professional football, baseball, and many boxing matches for the station.

Outstanding among the programs he has prepared were WGN's famous broadcasts of "The Miracle" and "Carmencita and the Soldier", two Morris Gest productions. He collaborated with Quin Ryan in writing the popular "Old Time Prize Fights" series. Lately he has been devoting his time to commercial programs for WGN and independent producers. He was the author of the first written Radio continuity ever used in Chicago.

* * *

Alice Hutchins Drake of Washington recently celebrated her "sixth air anniversary". Her programs broadcast from WRC in the Capital City have included book reviews, talks on sight-seeing in Washington, and over one hundred programs on the subject "Famous Paintings in Many Lands". Her discussion of the murals in the Library of Congress last summer was relayed through an NBC chain.



Bottom . . . Don Becker, WLW ukulele virtuoso, also famous for his satire, "The Irrational Broadcasting Company".

The Coon Sanders Orchestra in repose, listening to Sen Kaney, Assistant Program Director, talk at the mike.



Marcia Stewart, who is kept busy from morn to night in her role of staff pianist at Station WGBS in New York.

Below . . . Florida sunshine radiates from the smile of Anita Courtemanche, violinist of WJAX, Jacksonville, Fla.



Pacific Coast Chatter

. . . *With The Studios And Their Stars*

LOU EMMEL (Louise Alide Archibald Emmel) is just what the Radio audience usually pictures him . . . fat and jovial, medium height, and sparkling blue eyes, aged about thirty-five.

In his work at KTAB, San Francisco, he does a multitude of things . . . sings solo work, also with the orchestra, takes part in the Saturday frolic and conducts a sunshine hour.

Back in his play days in New York he was always attracted by the sparkling lights in the apothecary shops. By and by he was graduated from Columbia as a pharmacist, and day after day he rolled pills, treated bruised scalps and filled prescriptions.

Pretty soon Lou was offered \$18 a week as a chorus man and he took it . . . in *Parisian Model*, the Anna Held show. Before long he was taking the second lead at \$125 a week and began to study singing. Later he added dialect work to his activity . . . Irish, Jewish and German, and chautauqua and lyceum work became his field of endeavor.

For the past three years he has been with western Radio . . . originally at KFRC, later with NBC's coast unit, and now at KTAB. Lou's hobbies are golf and horseback riding, while his wife prefers tennis and the drama. Both are fond of symphony music.

* * *

MOREY AMSTERDAM is getting along quite well at KNX in Hollywood. But he doesn't take his Radio work too seriously. It is something to keep him mentally alert after his day's work writing gags for the movies, funny stories for snappy magazines, dashing off

songs made to order and all that sort of thing.

Morey does a popular song or two once in awhile, but not too often. Only two or three times a year to be exact. Most of the time he tells stories. Morey's stories are always cleaned up for the Radio audience. Radio audiences are the most particular in the world.

Mrs. Morey's young son is but twenty-two, though he looks to be thirty on account of being fat and pudgy, and somewhat sedate, which of course he isn't a bit . . . five and a half feet on the hoof, his own of course; weight a hundred and a half; curly black hair; and single.

* * *

GENE BYRNES, who composed *Lolita* and two score other popular tunes while at KHJ the past two years, has gathered up his trusty typewriter and moved over into swanky Hollywood and KNX.

Part of the time he dashes off continuities, other times he strums away on the studio organ, once in a while he announces, sometimes he even sings . . . but his character as "Standard McWebster", comedian, seems to be the most popular of his Radio duties.

Previous to his work at Los Angeles he was with New York stations for four years, and three in eastern vaudeville. At the present writing he is letting his hair grow long in anticipation of getting into the talkies as a long haired comedian. And besides, he adds, it saves money.

* * *

MOST of us go up and down the ladder on the rungs of success many



Governor Allen of Massachusetts speaks at the opening of the new WEEI State House Studio. At the right is Edward Gisbourne, in charge of broadcasts from the Capitol.

times during a lifetime, so says Franz Mack of the Northwest.

Although born in St. Louis, Franz was brought up in Seattle and was graduated from the Franklin high school not so long ago. His mother, Pauline Arthur, once upon a time a stage and screen star, wanted him to follow a career across the footlights.

So he dabbled a bit in dramatics, became adept at pianologue work with popular tunes and even managed an orchestral group. In Seattle he started a Little Theatre group and they staged *The Bat*, *The Last Warning* and a few other plays before he finally broke away and drifted down to Hollywood where he was signed up for a talkie.

But an old injury to the knee began to cause trouble so he left the Kleig lights and went back home again.

He signed up with KFQW, Seattle, several months ago and now his piano tunes and voice grace the transmitter of that station, while over KOL he is also doing a carnival program weekly.

* * *

SCOTT BRADLEY, for two years director of the Houston Symphony Orchestra, is a composer of much merit as well. Just recently, we hear, he was added to the KHJ staff in the capacity of Assistant Orchestral Director. Mr. Bradley's special field includes light opera and the heavier stuff of which serious concert programs are made. He comes from Little Rock by way of Chicago and places too numerous to mention—so why bother. Raymond Paige, peering horrified into the future from the brink of exhaustion, cheered wildly when aid, in the inimitable form of Bradley, arrived in the nick of time. Mr. Paige will only have to work fourteen hours a day now.

* * *

Manny Nathan goes back to the KFOX Sunday night two-hour frolic as master of ceremonies after the feature was off

the air for a few months. Aided and abetted by portly and corpulent Hal Nichols, part-owner and announcer of the Long Beach station, little Manny represents an opposite type . . . small, wiry, under-sized.

* * *

KTM's new orchestral director is Salvatore Santaella, who has led theater orchestras in and around Los Angeles for lo these many years . . . appearing over Radio as early as seven years ago through KWH . . . later as concert master in some of the largest theater picture houses of the Southwest.

Santaella for six years was a pupil of the great Rachmaninoff and one of his first "jobs" was as accompanist for Pavlowa; later he accompanied with Max Rossen, violin virtuoso; and he was once piano soloist with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra.

* * *

C. Merwin Dobyns, owner and director of KGER, Long Beach, issues a statement to the press that although he has not yet picked out a career for his son, Howard Britton Dobyns, he sees nothing against his being a Radio announcer if he wants to be. Note . . . the boy is now eight months old, giving adequate signs of having considerable voice quality, also quantity, at this tender age. His lusty lungs were brought into play as a "prop" recently on one of the Sunday night Ho Hum Frolics. Of course nobody fell asleep while his part of the act was on the air.

* * *

Glen Rice, KMPC manager, and creator of the famous Beverly Hill Billies, is another fond papa. But his youngster is now aged two, and already old man Rice is proclaiming to the world that Junior will be a famous football announcer in '45. But Mrs. Rice doesn't seem to be worrying much one way or the other.



Mary Catherine Stair is Evansville's prodigy . . . Ten years old, she has played both harp and piano at WGBF.

David Albert Gray, baritone, Atwater Kent contestant at KPO is six feet tall and an iceman in spare time!



Charlie Warren is WAIU's Comedian

Less than a year ago sleepy residents of Ohio rose from their beds, touched the floor ten times with their finger-tips, turned on their radios—and started to laugh. They have been laughing ever since. The cause: Charlie Warren, chief announcer of WAIU, in Columbus, O., and author of inspired idiocy unequalled in the entire realm of nonsense.

Life ceased to be a sober, uneventful thing for Ohioans with his advent; and it became a matter of hilarity after his



Charlie Warren
WAIU

organization of the most popular club of the air, the Amalgamated Benevolent Protective Order of Exasperated Charlies. This club, with the avowed purpose of rescuing the grand old name of Charlie from the oblivion into which it has descended, is fortunate in having as its

president, secretary, treasurer, "Guardian of the Inner Shrine," and leading member, the founder himself.

He himself modestly attributes his success to the fact that he was born—in Los Angeles—in a terrific storm, first seeing the light of day through the windows of a private hospital later designed to become a Keeley Cure Sanitarium. That was thirty years ago. Coming from a family of artists, it is not strange that he made his stage debut at the age of seven, singing a song about a "paper of pins" at a Los Angeles theatre. He worked his way through high school and Leland Stanford by appearing as blackface comedian in the local vaudeville houses.

Since then he has wandered through Europe, the Orient, and most of the United States, acting in vaudeville, introducing dance orchestras and marathon dance groups. Two years ago Radio won his interest, and has held it ever since. At WLS, Chicago, where he was first launched into the air, he joined Ford and Glenn, Jack and Gene in the popular Showboat programs. He has broadcast from Manila, Honolulu, and most of the principal cities of the U. S.

* * *

Old Dutch Girl Takes the Air

FOR many years the pleasing, whimsical figure of a sturdy Dutch girl, shod and garbed after the fashion of the Netherlands, has appeared before the public with upraised stick in hand, until today this trademark is familiar to prac-

tically every housewife the world over. There is one peculiarity about this internationally famous figure that has aroused the curiosity of the legion of her admirers. She has never shown her face to the public. In this, they are doomed to disappointment, as it is said upon excellent authority that the Old Dutch girl never will turn her sun bonnet from the characteristic profile position, which completely hides her features.

However, a compromise has been effected that doubtless will be received with keen interest by the millions who have wondered about this apparent shyness. The Old Dutch Girl has come into being as a talented artist with an exceptionally charming voice, which is now being heard throughout the country over the Radio, and she appears in person three times weekly. She sings, and an orchestra plays those tuneful melodies everyone likes to hear to start the day. Then too, the Old Dutch Girl will broadcast current news events of particular interest to home-makers, set to verse in her own inimitable way.

This newcomer to the air is sponsored by the Cudahy Packing Company, makers of Old Dutch Cleanser, and comes to listeners from CBS studios every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. It is predicted this entertainment feature soon will be recognized as one of the outstanding early morning broadcasts on the air.

* * *

Dr. Ray Haight, violinist, worked his way through the University of Southern California school of dentistry, and while his practice is getting established he leads the instrumental trio three or four times a week for KMTR, Hollywood.

* * *

"Is that a man or a woman?" is the first question out of the mouths of Radio fans who hear Gretta Taylor sing. Because of the unusual quality of her voice many mistake her for a man. She sings way down deep in the lower registers that carry so well over the ether, and her rolling tones have won her many Radio friends during her two years on the air at KMA, Shenandoah, Ia. Not only does she sing! Yes sir, she will play everything from "Turkey in the Straw" to Rachmaninoff's Prelude (usually without the music)—on the organ! Her versatility doesn't end there—swimming, golfing, dancing, bridge and tennis occupy her when she isn't eating hot pop corn or salted peanuts. Five feet six inches tall, weight 122, and a corn fed complexion.



Gretta Taylor
KMA

George Wright, former broadcasting manager of CNRV, Vancouver, B.C., has taken a flying leap and landed both feet down in Ottawa at Station CNRO. Little things like being transferred clear across a continent don't phase this popular announcer, as witness the equanimity and modesty with which he bears his title. Not many Canadians can boast the distinction of having been adopted into the Squamish Indian Tribe and crowned Chief. Mr. Wright's tepee sobriquet is "Chief Flying Voice"—quite appropriate!



George Wright
CNRO

Out West in Vancouver, Walter Powell, formerly of CNRA, Moncton, will fill the vacated desk of Mr. Wright.

* * *

Big Brother Bob Emery Returns to WEEI in Boston

After an absence of several months the Iodent Big Brother Club recently returned to the air. Bob Emery, known to thousands of boys and girls in New England, is busy entertaining his young friends again. He's another "Jack-of-all-Radio trades", for besides singing original songs and telling stories in thrilling fashion, he has hit upon the idea of dramatizing one heroic episode on each program.

Running an old-fashioned spelling bee is another of Emery's stunts, and he often rings in instruction as well as entertainment on his programs, when he calls upon Dr. Lunt to give science talks and light-house and coast-guard news.

* * *

DOROTHEA FREITAG, pianist and composer, has been appointed assistant to Joseph Imbroglio, music director of Station WCAO, Baltimore. She will have charge of WCAO's music library and will make special arrangements for orchestras playing under Mr. Imbroglio's baton.

Although only eighteen years of age, Miss Freitag has shown great promise as a pianist and composer. Three years ago she won first prize in a contest in which a number of outstanding pianists participated. Her early training was received at the Peabody Institute, of Baltimore, where she held a scholarship.

In addition to her work "behind the scenes" of Radio, Miss Freitag will be heard in a series of piano recitals from WCAO, playing some of her own compositions as well as the works of other composers.

By
Anne B.
Lazar



Nathalia Crane, fourteen-year-old poet, author of *The Janitor's Boy* and a new book, *Pocahontas*.

AREN'T we all poets, more or less? Let's be frank and admit it. Confession is good for the poetic soul.

There may be exceptions. For instance the miserable low down contemptible burglars who broke into my apartment the day I went out to interview Nathalia Crane—you remember, the little girl who wrote such adorable things about her affair with *The Janitor's Boy*. She was only nine when she did it. I'm going to tell you all about that interview, and the burglars, but there are a few other things to be said first.

My contention is that everybody has a little of the poet's soul within his being and burglars are only the exception that proves the rule. The main thing seems to be that there is another something in us that is always shush-shushing the poetic, so that we rather hide the fact as a shameful secret vice. Not me, though—I take my stand in the open. I like poetry, and I write poetry—anyway it's poetry to me, editors to the contrary notwithstanding.

That's why I was glad that the dear little Crane girl was ushered up to the Columbia studios to speak on the Ida Bailey Allen program. What a grand excuse to converse and commune with a poetess whose works are world famous, child though she is. Although it might be just as thrilling to sit on a stump beside John D. Rockefeller and muse on the symbolic inspiration of a battle scarred golf ball.

THERE are so many ideas for poetic reverie in this—almost anybody could write in that situation, whether you are a real poet or not. Just imagine this giant and the ball:

We Are All

POETS

*Interview with Nathalia Crane
And Adventure with Burglar
Bring Rhyming Reflections*

Oh thou rugged little pellet—
What's thy story? Come and tell it.
Eyes that sped thee o'er the course
Have shaken empires with their force;
Hands that plopped thee to a hole
Could peel a million from a roll . . .
And the pellet answers not at all,
Because it's only a little ball.

Thus one could go on and on with great thoughts like that. But everybody seems to be afraid the meter won't be just right, or that some long haired critic will stick up his nose and say catty things. So we suppress the urge and brand ourselves in our own hearts as cowards.

I doubt not that Henry Ford drinks deeply in poetic thought. I dare say he

has written many a pretty little sonnet just to express the feeling of exaltation that comes to him with the discovery of some precious antique—perhaps a musty old trunk that he has been told once belonged to Paul Revere. And as doubts assail—

Oh seamed and venerable trunk
Art thou real (or is it bunk)
A thousand bucks in thee I've sunk
Tell me truly: Genuine or junk?

No matter how prosaic the individual you can readily see what sublime thoughts can traverse the brain with poetic strain. We all have that feeling only some of us lack the knack of making our words flow as they go. As for me it seems I have written reams and reams and put them on a shelf just to keep for myself.

THAT brings me up to the day I was to go and see Nathalia Crane—and the day the burglars came. "Crooks don't like ether," says Mr. Whalen. And I say they hate verse worse. All of this poetry was stacked away in the cupboard when they came and ransacked the house. They took

my nice new winter coat, they tumbled out the linen and the silverware, pulled up the rugs, tipped over the furniture, broke a beautiful art lamp and did about everything but disturb my carefully preserved poetry. A million dollars could have been concealed between the pages and they never would have found it. They shunned that shelf in my cupboard as though it had been charged with deadly poison gas.

Not even to have glanced at my poetry was adding the worst possible insult to injury. That is why I have positive conviction that burglars lack even the flimsiest fragment of soul. I would have
(Continued on page 117)

The Quaint and Fascinating Art of Making

Hooked Rugs

*Is Fashionable
Once Again*

MARTHA CRANE



Colonial living room using maple furniture and chintz.

Courtesy Mandel Bros., Chicago

WHETHER the art of hooking rugs came ashore aboard a sailing ship in the early days, the handiwork of some sailor during periods when trade winds overtook his ship, or whether the first hooked piece came from the agile fingers of a busy colonial housewife, it matters little to the homemaker today. Unless she is a collector of antique hooked rugs, she is content to know that hooking is absolutely American in origin and execution, and will let it go at that. She is placing hooked rugs on the floors of her living room, dining room, bedrooms, hallways, and yes, even her kitchen, for one reason . . . they give her home a bit of that indefinable quality called charm.

Nor is it important whether the room is modern or colonial, formal or informal in treatment. Hooked rugs nowadays have

found more patterns and color than the proverbial Jacob's coat, and it is only a matter of choosing the right rug for the right room.

Last winter a brief letter addressed to the WLS Radio Bazaar from a homemaker listener aroused the interest of other women eager to know more about hooked rugs and their making. Before the winter was over, 10,000 homemakers had written for instruction sheets and 2,000 more had contributed long letters telling of their own patterns and methods of rug making. Each day brought packages containing small rugs and mats sent to me as director of the Radio Bazaar in appreciation of the hooked rug programs.

*Burlap Bags and Old Stockings
Will Make Attractive Floor Coverings,
Says Radio Home Adviser!*

Realizing that in order to have an understanding and appreciation of hooked rugs one must know something of their origin I started the series with the story of an old hooked rug. Some say the first bit of hooking was an outgrowth

of marlinespike seamanship, and that an idle sailor on the deck of a becalmed sailing ship was responsible for originating the method of "hooking" small bits of cloth or yarn through a heavy background material. It is true that some of the oldest hooked rugs came from settlements along the rough coast of the Atlantic. Be that as it may, the housewives in these settlements found the hooked rug, rude as it then was, a luxury indeed. Floor coverings were one of the many comforts left behind when families crossed the ocean to their new homes, and this new way of making colorful rugs from scraps was a wonderful innovation.

It wasn't long before hooked rugs were in every household in New England. Rich and poor alike attended "hooking frolics" in the fall and winter evenings, and there was as much merriment around the rug frames as around the quilting frame or at the husking bee. Money and materials were scarce, and scraps too small for quilt pieces were saved for rugs. To these early homemakers, the bits of bright cloth were so many splotches of paint on a pallet, and the coarse linen in its rude rug frame a canvas. Pleasures were few, and minutes spent hooking rugs often meant the day's recreation for busy New England wives.

COLONIAL homemakers took great pride in their rugs, and a spirited competition existed among the women. There were no patterns. Instead, with a bit of coarse linen before her (linen instead of burlap was used then for background material), the colonial homemaker picked a bit of charcoal from the fireplace and sketched a rude pattern of her own.

Elizabeth Waugh and Edith Foley in their book, "Collecting Hooked Rugs" tell an interesting story of a hooked rug design. They were visiting Dr. Grenfell's mission in Labrador, where hooked rug making goes on today much as it did in colonial times, and one of them stopped to admire a rug which to her resembled a jelly-fish with octopus-like tentacles.

She was collecting rugs in Newfoundland at the time, and thinking perhaps she had discovered a rare drawing of some



Martha Crane instructs homemakers over WLS, Chicago.

deep sea monster, inquired, "What is that design?"

"A ram," was the reply. (Ram, in the language of Newfoundland, say Misses Waugh and Foley, means "tom-cat.")

"But," was protested, "how did you come to draw a cat like that?"

"Oh, us first catch the ram; then us held him down on the mat and us drew around him."

Undoubtedly many of our early hooked rugs had a similar beginning.

Hooked rug making was and always will be essentially something to be created by the housewife in her home. The fact that the vogue for handmade rugs has undergone a marked revival within the last few years means that the homemaker today realizes the qualities these rugs have for making homes more charming and livable.

The rug maker today hooks her rugs with comparative ease. She buys a pattern to her liking, perhaps choosing it from a complete collection already made up for her inspection, selects the colors after examining the finished rug before her and comparing it with her color scheme, and then takes home with her a hook and frame ready made.

THIS hook may or may not be similar to those used in early days. Perhaps the rug maker chooses a sharply pointed instrument with a short, plump wooden handle. This is one of the simpler hooks, and will be the one chosen if the maker is an "old-timer" at the work. On the other hand, because hooked rugs have staged such a comeback, there are on the market today three or four reliable hookers that do the job by themselves. Easily operated, they space and measure the loops accurately, and are chosen invariably by women attempting their first hooked rug.

For the actual making of a hooked rug one finds many materials. Yarn, of course, is ever popular, and because it is warm looking, easy to handle and can be purchased everywhere, the majority of rug makers choose it. Scraps of woolen cloth are always good. Old bed linen if not worn too thin is excellent, and many women have written of using old cretonne hangings. One WLS Radio Bazaar listener who lived in the country wrote that she had all her friends save the cotton work socks their "men folks" discarded, for she found that after thorough laundering and dyeing and cutting they made excellent rug "yarn". A letter from another listener tells of using ravelled burlap sacks dyed bright colors.

Economical homemakers are cheating the rag bag of its silk stockings by making them into hooked rugs. Slip the silk stocking over the arm after first cutting away the parts of the foot and hem that contain cotton threads, and cut a strip from one-half to three-quarters of an inch wide. By cutting the strip spirally, each

stocking yields one continuous strip. The tan, brown and black stockings make excellent background materials, and the lighter shades can be dyed the desired colors for the pattern before they are cut.

While many rug makers use old burlap sacks, cleaned and washed, for foundation material, others prefer to buy burlap by the yard at their local store, and still others select stamped patterns.

In this, the beginner finds the ready stamped pattern has its advantages, but for the experienced rug maker who draws her own designs there is a certain satisfaction that comes with the originality and charming unevenness of a handdrawn rug design. One well-known collector of antique hooked rugs maintains that "hooked rugs are pictures just as truly as if they had been painted with a brush," and perhaps it is this desire to create something truly one's own that inspires women to draw original patterns when they attempt this fascinating craft.

Everyone is acquainted with hooked rugs using endless variations of floral wreaths, scrolls, geometric designs, pictorial drawings, animal sketches and marine scenes. Now, with the vogue for modern furnishings, comes the hooked rug that finds itself in perfect design harmony with modernistic interiors. These designs are legion, and since they are geometric, quite simple.

Equipment for making a hooked rug is more or less standard, for one needs a frame, a hook, burlap with the pattern stamped or drawn on it, and material from which the rug is to be made. There are four or five different types of frames, some of wood and others of metal, but all perform the same work, and once the burlap background is fastened and tightened in the frame, the actual work of hooking begins.

Let the frame be placed at a convenient height in front of you and begin hooking at the lower right hand corner,

holding the hook in the right hand above the burlap, and the strip of material in the left hand beneath the burlap directly under the point of the hook. (Use a wooden handled, steel pointed hook.) Put the hook through the burlap so that it catches the material held in the left hand, and pull it through in a loop the desired size, the thickness of the rug determining the length of the loop. Having formed the first loop, insert the hook again close to the first, and pull through a second loop the same size and height as the first loop. These loops will stay in place and will hold each other firmly upright.

BORDER, background and other spaces where plain color is used should be worked in rows from right to left, care being taken to make the loops uniform in size and spacing. If the design in the rug is prominent, hook this first and fill background spaces last.

After the rug is finished and taken from the frame, cut off the extra burlap around the edges, allowing a border of approximately two and one-half inches. Turn this under on the wrong side, whip it down securely, and the rug is ready for the floor. Except for very old rugs which are showing signs of wear, it is not necessary to line hooked rugs.

Some makers prefer to clip or shear their rugs, and if this finish is desired the loops should be pulled through a little higher in the making, and the tops chipped with shears as the hooking progresses. Some women complete the entire rug and send it away to have it sheared, a process which proves to be quite expensive when the maker finds how much of the valuable material has been sheared away. Clipping as the hooking goes along is much more satisfactory and economical.

Hooking rugs is becoming a popular home occupation, requiring only spare moments and some inexpensive materials.



Beautiful antique scroll pattern-rug which serves as model for present-day makers.

Helpful Hints for Christmas



"Carrots, Radishes and Green Peppers Peep Through Christmas Wreaths," says Joan Barrett of Radio Home-Makers Club

An Interview

by

Catherine Adams

FOR years Christmas has caught me unawares; set me into a flurry of last minute shopping; and a rush of preparing the house for Christmas guests. But this year (is it perhaps, a sign that I am growing older?) I am being forehanded. I've been collecting thoughts for Christmas gifts for months. I even have my dinner menu planned. In fact, as I thought it over the other day, I discovered that all I lacked were some novel ideas for decorating the house to make it a true holiday haven for my niece and nephews—who in spite of their veneer of sophistication continue to wax sentimental over an old-fashioned Christmas. But red tissue bells and red and green paper chains suspended from doorways no longer hold the appeal they once had for the youngsters. They are too old to enjoy the miniature figures of Santa Claus and his reindeer which once sent them into ecstasies. "What", I wondered "can I do to make this house fairly radiate Christmas the minute those children enter the door?" And then I decided to take my problem to Joan Barrett, Interior Decorator of the National Radio Home-Makers Club. "She is probably swamped with letters on this very subject," I reasoned. "I'll just sit outside the door and listen in while she answers them."

I found Miss Barrett atop a tall step ladder in the entrance hall of the National Radio Home-Makers Club headquarters. She had a mouth full of carpet tacks and a handful of hammer. A chain of laurel leaves was hung about her neck.

"I'm just trying out an effect," she mumbled, in answer to my enquiring look. Then, while I watched, she skillfully tacked the laurel in place along the picture moulding, robbing the high ceilinged room of its air of formal dignity and giving it an immediate effect of "homeyness" and cheer.

Miss Barrett hopped off the ladder and joined me on the floor. "It does look nice, doesn't it?" she admitted. "It's an excellent stunt for women who have great, formal, living rooms and want to make

them look Christmas-like without resorting to the more obvious sort of decorations. If this were in a home, I would suggest draping another little chain of laurel above the over-mantel pictures, unless that were too close to the moulding. In that case it might be placed in the panel between the mantel shelf and the fire opening—not too bunched a cluster, you understand, but a symmetrical garland, or festoon, harmonizing with the architectural lines of the mantel and

carrying out the dignified character of the room. Several brilliant tangerines half concealed in the foliage would give a dash of color, and two little spiky cedar trees in orange pots on either side of the fireplace would complete the picture."

I HAD a clear mental vision of my own living room dressed up in this way. How stunning the green leaves would look against the chaste white of my Colonial woodwork; how striking the effect of the orange tangerines with the creamy yellow of my walls! "That's just the idea I've been looking for," I told Miss Barrett. "My niece and nephews will love it too. I have half a mind to wait until they get here so they can have the fun of helping me. But where can I get the laurel?"

"Oh you can buy that of any florist," Miss Barrett replied. "It's rather expensive in some parts of the country though, because of state laws which prohibit gathering it. If I were you I'd decorate the house with cedar branches instead. Go out into the woods yourself to get them and find yourself a



A spruce sprig tied with a red bow will make your entrance hall breathe Christmas spirit.

Decorations

Wreaths The Tree Table Decorations

Christmas tree while you are outdoors.

"We do that every year at our house," Miss Barrett continued. "The Sunday before Christmas we bundle into old clothes, heavy stockings, and flat heeled shoes; then we get a couple of axes and all four of us, the family dog, and often two or three guests from the city, pile into our old car. Sometimes we have to travel miles before we find a cedar woods that has no 'No Trespassing' signs. Once when we thought we had found one we were embarrassed to discover ourselves in the back part of a cemetery.

"Of course, there is always a great deal of argument about the choice of a tree. Each member of the family favors a different one. And somehow, we have never been able to gauge the size of a tree accurately. In a field or forest, with nothing but larger pines to judge them by, it may look small. But several times we have been amazed to find that our final choice wouldn't go through the front door, much less stand erect in the low ceilinged living room."

"I'll watch out for that," I promised. "But do give me some tips about selecting a good tree."

"Well, the main thing," Miss Barrett told me, "is to choose a symmetrical one with a broad base and gently sloping sides. You can chop it a foot from the ground if need be so that the bottom branches will sweep the floor. You can even, if you wish, perform a little tree surgery and tie additional branches on to cover bald spots. Be sure to cut some extra branches for making wreaths for your doors and windows. I imagine that the youngsters will enjoy this almost as much as chopping the tree."

"Give me instructions," I said. "I'm afraid I'll bungle the job if you don't."

"YOU couldn't possibly," Miss Barrett replied. "Why in our neighborhood I know lots of eight and ten year old children who earn their Christmas money by making wreaths. All you need is a stiff piece of wire bent in the size circle you wish, some string, and the branches of greenery. There are other plants besides laurel and cedar that serve equally well in this capacity: winter berry, juniper berry, hemlock, Southern pine, or even smilax. Simply twine the branches about the wire and tie them in place. A bow of bright red ribbon or a cluster of

holly, mistletoe, pine cones, or fruit at the top will finish it. Or why don't you combine the evergreen with vegetables?"

"Yes," I couldn't resist saying, "I imagine that a bunch of spinach or mashed potatoes would be very effective—but I'm afraid that would be just a little too modern for my taste."

"THAT'S just where you are wrong," Miss Barrett retorted. "The old Italian masters realized the decorative value of vegetables hundreds of years ago. Don't you remember seeing old paintings and antique china showing bright splashes of fruit and vegetables woven into the dull background of a wreath of leaves?"

I surrendered. "All right I'll do it," I told her. "I'm willing to rely on your taste, and at least my wreaths will be different from any others on the block."

"I wouldn't advise you to go in for vegetables too strongly," Miss Barrett laughed. "You're apt to awake to find rabbits nibbling at your doors. Besides, too much of anything unusual robs it of its individuality. I think you'd better make your window decorations of plain spruce and reserve the more ornamental wreath for your big front door. Make it of spruce branches twined together to form a band about four or five inches wide. As you fasten them to the wire insert small red and green peppers, light hued cucumbers, and parsnips or carrots in the deep foliage. It will be colorful and decorative as well, and you will have the local newspapers clamoring for photographs."

"What else can I do to the outside of the house?" I queried, intrigued with the idea.

"Well, if you have a Christmas tree growing in your front yard, you might fix it up with lights. We haven't a more picturesque custom in this country. And, by the way, while you're thinking of outdoor Christmas trees you might do as my mother always does, and provide one



Joan Barrett ties laurel leaves to wire as a foundation for her amusing "vegetable" wreaths.

for the birds. Just tie pieces of suet, berries and the like to the branches of a dead tree and watch the sparrows and chickadees come."

"That's a splendid idea. What next?"

"Two little cedars in red or orange pots at the front door would be excellent. Later you can transplant them to your lawn. Oh yes, and then we must plan your indoor Christmas tree. Have you any notion about decorating that?"

"Not a one, although I do know that most of the ornaments we've had for twenty years were broken when the tree fell over last Christmas. I'm afraid that means laying in a new supply."

"Don't do it," Miss Barrett urged. "The old time trees are lots of fun for children, and many people save their glass baubles and trinkets from year to year for sentiment's sake. But the new trend is to dispense with them in favor of an all white or silver tree—and really that's not a new idea either. The Germans have been doing it for generations. My idea for you would be to drape the tree with quantities of silver moss, and silver foil flowers or stars. Use orange electric bulbs to carry out the tangerine idea and place a silver foil reflector in back of each one.

And then for a finishing touch get some silver colored gas filled balloons to tie to the branches; you'll be amazed to see how beautiful they look floating from the tree.

"And then," she continued, "if you want to avoid having the tree fall over this year, screw its container to the floor with tiny angle irons. The marks won't show afterwards when they're covered by a rug, and you can use the same holes next year."

"But what shall I stand the tree in?" I demanded.

"Get those nephews of yours to make you a low, wooden box, lined with oil-cloth, and with a hole big enough for the tree trunk bored through the center of the detachable cover. Then put the trunk through the hole, nail a flat board to its base and insert the tree, board and all, into the box. Fill the box with wet sawdust and adjust the covers. Then screw the box to the floor. It sounds a little complicated, but if you save the box from year to year you'll find the effort well worth the satisfaction it gives you. The wet sawdust will keep the tree fresh and prevent the needles from falling. (You can pour a little more water in once in a while to keep it damp.) And the box painted orange, or green will provide the nicest looking sort of base imaginable."

"Well, then that's settled," I told her, "but while you've been talking I've thought up another problem. The youngsters love the old-fashioned idea of putting lighted candles in the window on Christmas eve. I like it too, but my husband thinks that it is too much of a fire hazard even if we stay right in the house. Yet I dislike those artificial looking electric candles—they seem to take away all the spirit of the thing."

Miss Barrett agreed with me. "But," she said, "I agree with your husband too. It isn't right to chance a fire, when there is a simple remedy. Get some vigil candles—the sort made for altar use in religious ceremonies. They are squat and round. Each one fits in a ruby colored glass container a little taller than the candle. When lighted they send off a flickering ruddy glow, with practically no danger of fire."

"THAT'S splendid," I said, as I checked off my list. "Let's see, we have the garden, the front door, the living room, and fireplace accounted for. How about decorations for other rooms?"

"By all means have them," Miss Barrett replied. "There's no reason why your Christmas spirit should stop with the living room. You can place wreaths in all the windows for one thing. Or, since you plan wreaths for the downstairs, you might use simply a single spray of holly, mistletoe, or long needled pine in the second story windows. And there should be a sprig of mistletoe hanging from the hall doorway or lamp where everyone must walk under it, and oh yes, some sort of decoration for that beau-

Christmas Day Menus

From

Ida Bailey Allen

President, National Radio Home Makers Club

For the Family

DINNER

Stuffed Endive
Cranberry Jelly Celery Olives
Spinach Soup with Cheese Crackers
Roast Fresh Ham Braised Chestnut Sauce
French Fried Cauliflower Potato Puff
Lettuce Salad with Cherry Dressing
Steamed Fig Pudding, Foamy Lemon Sauce
Coffee

Braised Chestnut Sauce

Melt two tablespoons butter; and when it is beginning to brown, stir in two tablespoons flour, one teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper and a few grains mace. Cook until a pale brown in color, stirring frequently. Add one tablespoon minced carrot, one teaspoon minced onion, and one sprig minced parsley; then add one and one-half cups soup stock, stirring constantly. When thickened, add one cup cooked, chopped chestnuts. Let simmer two or three minutes; and serve.

Steamed Fig Pudding

Combine two cups entire-wheat bread crumbs with one cup milk; and scald them. Add four egg yolks, well beaten, and mixed with two-thirds cup brown sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, grated rind and juice of one lemon, grated rind of half an orange, and three tablespoons melted vegetable fat. Sift together one-half cup entire-wheat flour and two teaspoons baking powder. Add one-half cup chopped walnut meats and one cup chopped figs; and combine with the first mixture. Fold in four egg whites, beaten stiff. Turn into oiled custard cups; set in a steamer top; cover with paraffin paper; and steam an hour and a half. Serve with sweetened whipped cream and preserved figs.

Company—Formal

DINNER

Oyster Canapés
Radishes Olives Cranberry Jelly
Asparagus Consommé
Roast Turkey with Gravy
Mashed Potatoes Braised Parsnips
Tomato Creole Aspic with Lettuce
Frozen Apricot Cream Lady Fingers
Coffee

Oyster Canapés

Toast six good-sized rounds of bread in the oven until crisp; and spread with a mixture of two tablespoons butter, one tablespoon minced celery and one tablespoon minced green pepper. Have ready six good-sized oysters, which should be rolled in fine bread crumbs and sautéed in enough butter to keep them from sticking. Place an oyster in the center of each canapé; decorate the edges with strips of pimiento; and serve hot.

Tomato Creole Aspic

Combine three and one-half cups stewed, sieved tomato, two tablespoons minced carrot, two tablespoons minced onion, one tablespoon minced celery tops, two cloves, one-half teaspoon pickle spice, two tablespoons lemon juice, one-half teaspoon salt and two teaspoons sugar; and simmer for ten minutes. Add one and one-half tablespoons gelatin, which should be softened in an extra half cup of cold water. Strain through a cloth; and let stand until it is the consistency of an egg white. Then add one-half cup finely minced green pepper, one minced pimiento, one tablespoon minced chives, and one tablespoon minced olives. Mould individually; and serve in nests of lettuce with a garnish of celery curls and stars of mayonnaise.

Frozen Apricot Cream

Combine one quart sieved canned apricots, one cup sugar, one-eighth teaspoon salt, and one cup heavy cream; and freeze in three parts of crushed ice to one part of salt. To freeze in a mechanical refrigerator, whip the cream; and add to the sieved apricots a tablespoon of gelatin softened in water to cover and dissolved over steam. Combine the ingredients; transfer to the freezing tray of the refrigerator; and freeze from three to five hours, according to the temperature; stir the mixture every hour.

tiful winding staircase of yours. You might twine the bannister with a chain of cedar, if you have enough. Or, if you prefer, leave the railing bare and concentrate on that wall niche at the stair landing. I think that a straight standing spray of fluffy long needled pine about a foot and a half high would be stunning. You can place it in an orange painted flower pot, or in a pottery jug.

"I think that you will find this idea of pine branches in pots excellent for the other rooms in the house too. Four short sprays in miniature pots standing in a prim row on the bedroom mantel would be very decorative. One on either side of the built-in dressing table in the guest room, and another in the corner of the hallway will give the house an air of gaiety out of all proportion to the cost and effort involved.

"CHILDREN'S toys make a naive decoration for a mantel, broad window seat, or table top. Avoid using the more or less banal Saint Nicks since there are no little children in the family. Modern kindergarten toys are much more picturesque. You could make a darling little set-up with Noah's ark figures, a parade of wooden soldiers, or with odd modernistic animals, little houses and the like. A miniature Christmas tree with a circle of doll children dancing around it would be equally amusing. And if you object to using toys merely for decorative purposes you can let all the youngsters who called between Christmas and New Years select one to keep. My mother has been following this custom for years, and consequently is adored by half the six-year-olds in town."

"There is one topic you haven't even touched yet, Miss Barrett," I remarked. "That is a suitable dining table decoration for Christmas day."

"There should be lots of candles, of course. And if the table is to be formal you might use a single, great poinsetta; or one of those rare Christmas roses, that are not roses at all, but relatives of the marsh-marigold family. Christmas cacti are effective for a modern setting. A loose bunch of mountain huckleberry; cedar, combined with straw flowers; spruce, with the cones still adhering; bunches of laurel; eucalyptus; or fluffy, long needled pine, are equally effective. Really there are so many beautiful combinations to be evolved, I can't think of them all now."

"Well," I said, "in an hour you've managed to think up more novel and beautiful ideas for decorating my house than I've been able to evolve in two weeks. If I get into any more decorating difficulties, may I call again for help?"

"By all means," Miss Barrett said, "but we've been so interested in this discussion that we have talked right past closing time. It's been two hours instead of one and I'm going to have to do some tall scrambling to get that five-ten train."

Stretching for Beauty

By Frances Ingram

*Keeping Your Body
Alive Brings Beauty
To Your Skin*

THE OTHER day I received a letter which contained this paragraph: "All my life I have been stretching for beauty. I haven't given up hope yet, Miss Ingram, and I do wish you would tell me how I can make my stretching for beauty more profitable. I'm afraid my stretching isn't intelligent. Won't you tell me how to stretch for beauty and get it?"

Now, of course, what this woman meant was that she was reaching out for something which she felt was just beyond her reach. When she spoke of stretching for beauty, unfortunately she was speaking figuratively. If this woman actually had been stretching for beauty, she would have found that beauty was not beyond her reach. Women who stretch for beauty—*literally* stretch—find that beauty is not elusive, for stretching for only a few minutes a day does keep old age away. It keeps the doctor away, too. It's much better than the proverbial apple. Stretching also keeps the "blues" away—overweight "blues" and underweight "blues"—in fact, all kinds of "blues."

STRETCHING to keep young, beautiful and happy is not a new invention. It is not a fad. Stretching is Nature's way of keeping fit. Stretching is the secret of keeping youth and of renewing youth. Have you ever watched a caged tiger in the zoo? That tiger may have been penned up in that 8x10 cage for ten years yet he retains his natural slimness, sleekness and agility. His keeper will tell you that the only kind of exercise that tiger gets other than his limited walks is the stretch. His tamer relative, the cat, keeps her figure and youth in the same way. Have you ever



Pacific and Atlantic Photos

A stretch a day keeps the doctor away.

really watched a cat for any length of time? Some time count, if you can, the number of stretches a cat takes in one day. Or watch a baby. You will find that young humans stretch themselves asleep and stretch themselves awake. It's their daily dozen.

Do the words "daily dozen" sound dismal and military to you? Perhaps they do. Personally, rising at the crack of dawn and swinging Indian clubs has never appealed to me, either. Of course, this type of exercise does do some good things. It sends the blood racing all over the body, bringing your color up and quickening the tempo of your system, but the trouble lies in the after-effects. In this type of exercise people have a tendency to spend twice as much energy as is necessary. This is tiring and makes for awkwardness. You see, awkwardness is due to the liberation of more energy than is necessary to accomplish the required action. Remember when you ex-

*Do Acrobatics? No...
But Strive To Become
Lithe And Supple*

ercise that the idea is not to become an acrobat, but to become live and supple. If you're one of the people who shy away from the old type military exercise, I wish you would try, instead, natural exercise—stretching.

PERHAPS you are one of the people who think they are getting through life adequately without doing any exercising. If the truth were known most of us shy away from exercise and most of us never get beyond good intentions. For instance, there's the housewife. When I write to a housewife and suggest exercise as part of the solution to her complexion difficulties, she is pretty apt to write back to me and say, "I get plenty of exercise just doing my housework. Why, I'm on my feet twelve hours a day." I don't doubt that she thinks that is exercise. But, unfortunately, it isn't. There are certain parts of her body that aren't getting any exercise at all.

When I advocate exercise for the business girl, she writes back to me and says, "I suppose I should exercise, but I haven't time in the mornings and I'm too tired at night." Now health and an attractive appearance are an asset in the business world. And to keep healthy and attractive, good circulation is vital. The blood must be kept flowing to insure the carrying off of wastes which would otherwise appear as blemishes on the skin. The rebuilding of depleted structures will not go on normally either, unless the blood is kept flowing and flowing properly.

For both the housewife and the business girl—and the business man, too!—there is no better exercise in the world than plain, old-fashioned stretching. Any-

(Continued on page 120)



Courtesy Best & Co.
Perfect for school. A raccoon-collared
tweed suit with seven-eighths coat.

By

JEANNE DUBOIS

THE telephone rang at my elbow. "This is National Broadcasting Company. Miss Helen Worden, one of our fashion experts, can see you at 11:00 A.M. tomorrow morning at our offices. Will that be convenient?"

It was . . . so 10:58 found me on the elevator bound for the upper regions of the NBC Fifth Avenue building. Just as the car door was about to close, a slim figure dashed by the starter, and joined us, slightly out of breath. The young lady was so tiny that I could see right over her head, though I'm not so very tall myself.

WITH the general exodus at the NBC offices, we both alighted, my petite friend scurrying past the reception clerk with an air of being at home, in con-

trast to my stop for directions.

"Will you wait just a moment?" said the hostess. I sat down and visualized Miss Helen Worden. As Fashion and Society Editor of the New York Evening World, she must be quite an impressive figure. Probably one of those tall, slinky women with perfect poise and a calm, even voice.

"This way," said the page . . . and opened a door to reveal to me my little friend of the elevator!

"Yes, I'm Helen Worden, and I like giving interviews . . . but I'm all out of breath from racing to get here in time. Won't you talk first?"

Relieved to find the Fashion Expert not at all overpowering, I found it easy to explain my mission. With all the interest displayed in fashion articles for women, one seldom finds the needs of the young girl of the *jeune fille* age . . . sixteen, seventeen, or almost eighteen . . . even mentioned. But she is very much interested in her appearance!

Miss Worden agreed with me. "I call girls of that age sub-debs, and although that's a well-worn name for them, there is really no other I can find. They are usually still at school, so most of their clothes, at Mother's insistence, must be *practical*. And how they hate that word!

"But there's no earthly reason for practical things being dull and unattractive. Young girls can wear the new 'bright dark' colors with much more verve than

an older woman. Take the new green, which is dark, yet has such a bright woodsy tinge. A thin tweed dress, or a knitted frock, in that color will look fresh after weeks of attendance in class-room, at afternoon sorority gatherings, and trips to basketball games. You can say the same thing about the color that is called 'bittersweet' . . . it's an orangy red that is particularly good with young, fresh complexions. I saw a particularly nice tweed suit with a seven-eighths length, raccoon collared coat in that color."

"I THINK those shades are lovely," I said. "But so many young girls are wearing black now. Is it considered smart?"

"Yes . . . very definitely yes! But with reservations . . . a bright red leather belt, or a crisp 'lingerie touch'. That meant a collar last year, but this year it means anything from a row of tricky little pique tabs right down the front of one's dress, to a triangular 'revers', or flap, faced with crêpe, which may be worn buttoned, with white facing peeping out, or unbuttoned and openly flaunted."

"Are these dresses that you are describing all in some variation of wool?" I asked.

"No. Silk crêpe is just as fashionable and has the merit of being able to do double duty, if your sub-deb is going out to tea or an informal evening party. Little bows of fur or bright embroidery are new

Fashions

for

"Sub-debs"



An Interview with an NBC Fashion Expert . . .

Helen Worden

notes this season, but the young girl should always try to keep her dresses as simple as possible. Her afternoon dresses should never be very long, and she'll find pleats and simple flares much more effective than elaborate effects.

"YOU seem to be trying to remove all the thrill from our sub-deb's wardrobe," I said. "You know, after girls have graduated from their gangling, all-legs-and-arms 'teens period, they like to display their newly acquired charm and grace."

"And who can blame them?" Miss Worden responded.

"But you've accused me too soon. Remember I've been talking thus far, about school things. When it comes to party frocks, our young friends may be as fluffy and frilly as they please.

"But be sure to tell them that sophistication is not the right keynote this year, even for real debutantes, so it certainly isn't the thing for young girls. Tell them to capitalize their youth . . . to choose things that are just as soft and naive and appealing as can be.

I saw one dress in a Fifth Avenue shop not so long ago which would have been the answer to my prayers when I was sixteen or seventeen.

"It was very long, almost to the ankles, of soft blue chiffon, clinging and molding until it reached a point just below the hips, when it suddenly fell into soft folds. A ruffly collar outlined the neck . . . which was exactly the same depth at back as at front. Cream lace cuffs, tight at the wrist, but flaring almost up to the elbow, completed the adorable thing. It was perfect for some one who's not going out in real evening frocks, just yet.

"By the way, I think I can get you a picture of that frock, and several others which I have in mind for sub-debs," volunteered Miss Worden.

"That will be very kind of you," I said. "Pictures of the things

you've described will help our *jeunes filles*, I'm sure."

Some one opened the door and a sudden cold draft reminded us of outdoor things.

I inquired, "Should young girls wear furs?"

"Yes," said the pleasant-voiced NBC authority, "but there are certain furs which belong, because of their inherent qualities, to youth. The first one I think of is lapin. Way back in the days when my grandmother wore a 'pelisse' or little short jacket, it was liable to be lapin . . . only she called it rabbit skin. Last year saw the fashion revived, and this year finds it even more strongly entrenched. The fur is so soft and easy to manipulate that it can be belted, or flare slightly and still not appear bulky. It's being used for those tricky short jackets that are so becoming to your sub-deb, as well as for long coats."

"IT'S inexpensive, too, isn't it?" I remarked, returning to the practical end of the discussion.

"Very," replied Miss Worden. "No

young girl should wear elaborate furs . . . girls from fashionable schools whom I see lunching at Pierre's before an opera matinee always choose furs like lapin, kidskin or beaver . . . verging on the sports furs. And when they go out in the country they like the warmth and sportiness of raccoon."

"And what have you to say to the girl who wants a cloth coat that is thrillingly new?" I asked.

"Lots and lots. She'll like the big furry collars which frame her face so charmingly, and the tight little belts that only the slender young girl can wear at the exact normal waistline, and the boleros and slightly flared skirts. In fact, I'm sure she'll find so much to enchant her that choice will be a difficult matter."

"Now, can you give me one last exciting piece of news for my sub-debs?" I asked.

"M-m-m. There's a new sort of evening wrap which is made specially for her first prom. It's called the 'bunny coat' and that's just what it looks like. Soft white lapin, and she hugs it tightly

around her chignon or satin or moire frock, knowing that she looks too adorable!"

"Now I must run away and leave you, for I'm due at a fashion show, and then a tea, and tonight the opera. But I'll send you those pictures I promised. Heavens! It's 12:15. Let's go."

SO THE elevator operator heard my thanks to Miss Worden, on behalf of all the sub-debs who will find her helpful . . . just as the elevator operator had witnessed our meeting.



(Left) Soft blue chiffon and Alençon lace make a sub-deb demure but ravishing. (Right) The bunny jacket with its flattering white fur makes a perfect first evening wrap.

The pictures sent by Miss Worden appear on these pages . . . and the lapin sports coat and woolen school frock with white tabs appear in the Rotogravure Fashion Section on Page 45—Editor

How to Enjoy Symphony Music

Every Orchestral Work Is A Pattern of Tones . . .

Comprehension of the Underlying Theme

Brings Pleasure in Good Music

By

WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music

This is the third of a series of articles on the inspirational appeal of good music. Dr. William Braid White will be glad to answer in his articles, any questions about music. Address him in care of Radio Digest—Editor

MUSIC is a form of expression just as is poetry or the drama. Dance music—what is called jazz—is a form of music, and decidedly, too, a form of expression. Jazz is very fascinating, for the rhythm on which it is built tickles the toes and sets the feet jiggling for young and old alike. Yet, it is the worst kind of mistake to suppose that the only function of music is to tickle the toes and make the feet dance. Music has other things, of greater importance than that, to do. It has its feet-jiggling function, of course; but that is not its only or even its most interesting, function. The real task of music is to give expression to those emotions which cannot be put into words.

So it happens that when a lover and his lass are experiencing towards each other those feelings, at which a cynical and older generation laughs but which it envies none the less, they often find that music speaks to them with a power and a persuasiveness exerted by no other means of expression. The girl may be the silliest of little flappers and the boy the rawest of job lollies; but each finds the stupidities, the crudities and the shallowness of everyday conduct suddenly taking upon itself sweet and grave loveliness. To each of the pair of lovers the other is sublime. Each finds opening up in the soul depths of feeling never before known to exist.



Dr. William Braid White

Then, it may be, music comes along and their unspoken thoughts find an utterance deeper than words could give. They may be silly about it. The tune may be a cheap little sentimental piece of slop, in the ears of a sophisticate at least; but to these naive yet admirable lovers it may speak with all the mysterious beauty which Beethoven has written into the slow movement of his Ninth Symphony. Here, music is taking its rightful place as interpreter of the soul. Brahms worked on his First Symphony, that gigantic drama, for twenty years before he felt satisfied with it. Music, to put it briefly, is the result of concentrated intellectual passion and power.

Beethoven had meditated for ten years before he found the exact forms into which to cast the leading tunes which he needed for the Ninth Symphony.

Pattern and Power

Just now you are having presented to your ears concerts which are giving you some of the best that will be done in musical performance during this season. Considering that you will be having op-



portunities to hear the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, the Roxy and the Philadelphia, not to speak of the eminent soloists and ensemble players who will be heard on the air, it is evident that you will be much better prepared to hear them with pleasure if you can gain in advance a few basic principles of the musical art.

Music is the result of intellectual power brought to bear on sound. It is always a pattern, as I said last month, and it is a pattern of sounds just as speech is. Speech is articulate sound, and music is tone; but both speech and music mean nothing until they each have been arranged in a pattern.

A tune is a pattern. A simple tune is a simple pattern. It is a fact that the greatest music is based usually on very simple patterns. It is the working out of these, the combining of them with other patterns and the gradual evolution of a vast and intricate pattern, like that of an Oriental rug, which makes music the coherent significant thing that it most certainly is.

The next time you listen to music of the higher kind, think of the pattern of an Oriental rug. In a cheap domestic carpet the pattern is crude and staring. You cannot for a moment mistake it. The flowers or other conventionalized designs blend together in the most obvious way. If your eye is not trained to appreciate fine shades of color or intricate blending of beautiful patterns, you may be willing to think that the cheap carpet is quite nice. Now try studying an Oriental rug. At first sight a very fine Oriental may often appear to have no pattern at all. The color shades are very subtle and lack the noisy brightness of cheap, new carpets. The pattern too is very intricate and often it is hard for the unpracticed eye to see where it begins or ends. A little practice in seeing soon reveals, however, that there is a plan and a form behind all the apparent complexity. A certain comparatively simple pattern will be repeated over and over again, woven into the texture of the rug thread by thread, as each of the thousands of threads is knotted and cut off separately with loving care. Once your eye grasps the basic pattern the whole

scheme falls into a proper perspective and you find yourself admiring your rug understandingly. You now are no longer just looking, you are perceiving. You have ceased to be a mere starrer and are on your way to become a connoisseur of Oriental rugs.

So it is with music. When you are listening to the simplest tune you are listening to a pattern of tones. When you hear the most elaborately worked out orchestral work you are listening to a more elaborate pattern. Basically the two are one.

Musical Terms

By the way, here are one or two explanations to stow away and keep in your mind, to help you as you listen during coming weeks.

Symphony: The largest and most formal of all musical works. It is written for the grand or symphony orchestra, of which I talked last month. The orchestras like the Philharmonic Symphony of New York, the Chicago, the Philadelphia, the Boston Symphony, the Cleveland, the Roxy and many others of which you hear, are symphony orchestras in the right sense of the term. Dance orchestras or small ensembles are not symphony orchestras and should not be confused with them. A symphony is a gigantic tonal pattern intended by its composer to express some large scheme of thought and emotion, which he puts into tones as another man would put it into speech, into a novel or into a painting. A symphony is nearly always divided into four sections, called "movements".

The first movement in a symphony is always built in the most careful way as to pattern, woven with all the patience and skill of an Oriental rug designer. It usually has two leading tunes . . . "themes" . . . or tone patterns, the first sounded at the very beginning, and the second later, after the first has been impressed sufficiently upon the minds of the hearers.

The second movement of a symphony is usually an extended song-like expression, revealing the deepest emotional thought behind the composer's conception, just as the first movement usually reveals



Erich Kleiber, brilliant young German conductor, who won plaudits in his first season with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

his sense of power and his ability to deal masterfully with the ideas that come to him.

The third movement, known usually as the Scherzo (Italian word meaning joke or jest) is a jolly contrast to the first and second, bringing out the lighter side of the basal thought. The fourth movement or Finale is a great summing up of the pattern thoughts and a statement of them usually in a triumphant and decisive form.

Some sarcastic musician once said that the first movement of a symphony shows how skillful the composer is, the second how deeply he can feel, the third how loudly he can laugh and the fourth how glad he is to have brought the thing to a successful finish. But you must not take this too literally.

Sonata: A symphony for one instrument or for two. It is smaller in magnitude but the same in general plan. Beethoven wrote symphonies for the orchestra and sonatas for the piano. The basal plan is the same in both. A symphony or sonata written for three instruments is called a Trio, for four a Quartet. (Cont. on page 117)



The Roxy Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Joseph Littau, who recently left New York to direct the Omaha Symphony. Erno Rapee is his successor.

WANTS PICTURES OF NBC ANNOUNCERS

I AM A reader of the Radio Digest and think it is the most popular monthly magazine of its kind. It has been my desire to have the pictures of the NBC announcers and I would like to know where I may acquire them.

This is my first letter to the Radio Digest and I wish to become one of the many members of the V. O. L. Club, for I enjoy reading each interesting letter in print.

—James H. Harrison, Otto, Tex.

Write National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York. Also see November and December Marcella—EDITOR.

AS AN interested reader of your publication I certainly enjoy its features. No doubt the leading Radio team on the air is "Amos and Andy," and they certainly deserve all the comments and write ups which you are giving to them, but why not see who on the air is second to this wonderful team as far as Blackface is concerned, and make mention of them.

My choice would be Koffee and KoKo, two local youngsters who in my opinion have mastered the colored dialect. I have listened to these boys since they have started to broadcast and they have shown wonderful improvement. They started not quite a year ago to broadcast on the smallest station in Buffalo, WEBR and of late they have been a sustaining feature on Buffalo's largest and best station WGR.

Wishing Koffee and KoKo loads of success and also your wonderful magazine.

—Mrs. J. E. Morris, Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

THREE LETTERS FOR DX LISTENERS

JUST fifteen years of age, and I am secretary of the American Branch of the "Anglo-American Radio Society".

This club (A. A. R. S.) is headed by Leslie W. Orton of England. Branches are being organized everywhere. This is the best feature of the society. Each branch is to keep the other informed of changes in power, etc., and to furnish all information possible concerning locally-made Radio apparatus.

Will you please print the foregoing in V. O. L.? I feel sure it will help me in my quest for members, and I'd appreciate it very much.—"Enthusiastic Bug"—John Malone, Secretary, A. A. R. S., Box 195, Lacon, Ill.

I am a DX fan with confirmations from over 180 stations in U. S. A., Cuba and Canada and would appreciate very much hearing from anyone who can give information regarding broadcasts from the following places:—Oregon, Delaware, N. Hampshire, Montana, Maine, Idaho, Vermont, Nevada, Wyoming, Arizona, South Carolina, Rhode Island, New Brunswick, British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Prince Edward Island, Cuba and Mexico.

Trusting some kind readers and listeners will be able to give some information.—W. Dyson, 72 Cambridge Ave., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

YOUR letter and the new Radio Digest arrived this week and I agree that the new publication is an improvement. I wish you the best of success and feel sure it will be forthcoming since the magazine is really worthwhile.

I enclose a copy of our little publication. I hope you find it interesting. This is published each month by the International Short Wave Club which has a membership covering 37 countries and possessions at this time. If you would care to mention this organization in your new magazine, we would certainly appreciate it.

The club is composed of short wave enthusiasts living in all parts of the world and was organized just a year ago. Information on short wave stations and developments are gathered from all corners of the world and printed in our magazine each month. We welcome every reputable person to membership.

Voice of the

Fifty percent of our members act as reporters in gathering material for publication. It is not a commercial project and is owned, edited, sponsored and advocated by the short wave listener.

Wishing you continued success, I beg to remain,—Arthur J. Green, President, International Short Wave Club, Klondyke, Ohio.

* * *

APPLAUSE FOR LINDBERGH ARTICLES

THANK you for your two articles on Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, and for reprinting the text of his Radio address. You may be sure that when I see the magic Lindbergh name on the covers of your magazine, I will not hesitate to buy it.—M. B., Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

LESS JAZZ, SAYS ELVA

I AM a regular reader of Radio Digest and about the first thing I look at is the Voice of the Listener.

I am wondering why you never say anything about the Southland Singers, or Hank Simmons Show Boat or Seth Parker. You seem to have a lot to say about orchestra leaders. They are all right and so is their music. But I wish you would tell us something about these other people. (*Sorry you missed our Seth & Hank feature.* Editor)

As for Amos 'n' Andy I am for them. Am glad they are on earlier so we don't have to wait so late and miss our beauty naps. So let's give these jazz band leaders a rest and praise the other folks a bit.

I suppose if my letter is worth publishing some folks will call me an old "foggy" but I don't care for jazz music and I don't care who knows it. How about it? Let's hear from somebody else.

—Elva Cobler, Garrett, Ind.

* * *

MR. METZGER LIKES OUR FICTION

BEING a Radio fan and an interested reader of your fine Radio magazine, I was much pleased in going through your September issue to see the article about WHAS (our best home station).

One thing which struck me as being rather odd, was the fact that there was no mention made of the two boys who put on an act called "Joe and the Cap'n." To me and many of my friends, this act is by far the best coming out of WHAS. We believe it ranks with many of the large chain offerings.

I enjoyed your Rupert Hughes story very much. I hardly see how your merger could make your splendid magazine much better! —Philip Metzger, 1729 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky.

* * *

AND MRS. STEELE DOESN'T!

I COME directly to you about the Radio Digest for it is rotten. I subscribed for it last October and a few numbers were good, only I do not like the stories. The plots are not complete, the poison grapes in Gigolo were vague and all through the stories there is a vague untruth.

What the public wants of a Radio Digest is pictures and true histories of the studio staffs of the stations. Too much Amos and Andy lately. One writeup of artists like they are and then go to others just as good. One Floyd Gibbons—he is all right, but sell him once and then sell others better than he. The pictures

for your stories are hideous. Stop it—don't ruin the Digest!—Mrs. Cady Steele, North Liberty, Ind.

* * *

HE KNEW US WHEN WE WERE "THAT HIGH"

I WOULD like to know very much if you plan to publish any more of those big brown books which are entitled, "Radio Digest Illustrated."

I have always enjoyed reading the Digest. We have a big stack of them here at home. These are from way back in 1921, 1922, 1923, and so on. I liked the old way you made them back in the years mentioned above. They were made from paper like the big newspapers are made from. Boy, I sure enjoy reading those old books every time I see them. They did not have stiff backs then. I sure have received a lot of valuable information from them and will always boost them. Wishing you success.

—George B. Myers, Silver Grove, Ky.

Radio Digest Illustrated (in bound volumes) is no longer published—EDITOR.

* * *

MORE DETROIT NEWS SOON

THIS is my debut in writing to you. I wanted to get acquainted with V. O. L., even better, so I am writing and expressing some of my views.

First I would like to say that I like Radio Digest a great deal but wish it contained more Detroit News. Detroit has only five stations but they are all good. WWJ has ten years of good service behind it, WJR has 5000 watts and deserves it, for their fine programmes are serving a large territory. WXYZ is a Columbia station and offers the best programmes in the city, while WMBC and WJBK offer many interesting and varied programmes. A Real Rad-dio Fan.—Lewis C. Frank, Jr., 2910 Webb Ave., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

WE PROMISE MORE WSMB NEWS SOON

I RECEIVED this day the latest issue of the Radio Digest, and am pleased to be numbered among the subscribers to such an excellent and instructive magazine in the field of Radio.

Even before I became a subscriber, and soon after I became the Radio fan I am to-day—which dates back to April, 1925—at which time one of our best Radio stations in this city—WSMB—first came on the air, I used to purchase, from a local Radio dealer each week (you remember, the Radio Digest appeared weekly, then), your paper.

Likewise, I have also witnessed the rise, to its present position in the field of Radio broadcasting, that excellent Radio broadcasting station I mentioned in the above paragraph, WSMB,—but its pinnacle has not yet been reached, I know, and, though you have, at various times in the past, given this station favorable comment, I am looking forward to a newer writeup in your magazine soon.

Rolf George, 6153 Catina St., New Orleans, La.

* * *

FOR THORGY SEE NOVEMBER MARCELLA

WHY not give us a picture of Edward Thorgerson. I've been hearing him announce for several months now and I'd like to know how he looks!

Listener

And I want to put in a word for Amos 'n' Andy. I may not be a "high-brow" but I do regard myself as reasonably intelligent—at least sufficiently so to take care of a responsible position—and I thoroughly enjoy their experiences—if Miss Lucy Barrett—or any one else does not like their entertainment all they have to do is turn a dial or two—unless they have a poor Radio—and in that case they should get a new one.—A. M., Richmond, Va.

* * *

READ PHIL COOK'S "THRILLS" IN NOVEMBER RADIO DIGEST

PLEASE let me add my voice to that of Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Caro, Mich., to have some one interview Mr. Phil Cook and tell us something about him. Publish his picture and send a picture to those in his audience that wish one. I am sure no one, working alone as Mr. Cook does, gives more real enjoyment than he does.

Your article about the Cheerio family was excellent and your magazine is a fine medium through which the unseen audience can get a glimpse of the artists and realize they are real folks.—Grace Rodman, Allendale, N. J.

* * *

SHOULD CHEERIO REMAIN INCOGNITO?

IT WAS surely some surprise to find that Radio Digest had moved to New York City, where several Radio magazines have not survived. We sincerely hope it will not mean the end of the Digest!

We have been reading it almost from the first issue in 1922 and it has always been interesting, and during its several changes its "make up" has been satisfactory to us listeners.

We thank you very much for the "Cheerio" artists' pictures, but were disappointed that you did not get Cheerio himself, who, we think is taking the wrong attitude and carrying the incognito too far. We think faith in unseen things is not easily acquired and has to be inherited, and so we may lose interest in his part of the "Cheerio" Program if he continues to be so conservative. It completes the listener's interest, if we can read of, and see the pictures, of those we listen to through Radio.

—Mrs. Servior Mitchell, 9 Webster St., Little Falls, N. Y.

* * *

BEST WISHES FOR SPEEDY RECOVERY

I HAVE been lying flat on my back in the hospital for nine weeks with a cut and broken leg. I have had my Radio beside me all during this time. Between the Radio Digest and my Radio I have managed to get along fine without getting too tired. Do I enjoy the Radio Digest? I certainly do!

I have read the Radio Digest for a year and have always enjoyed it, but never before have I got the full value out of the magazine. I now read every word of it and will continue to do so from now on.

* This is my first letter to you but there will probably be more.

More power to your column and to the Radio Digest and congratulations on the September number.—Harold F. Baker, Winfield, Kansas.

WHICH IS MOST POPULAR ORCHESTRA? RUDY VALLEE? - GUY LOMBARDO? COON SANDERS?

MRS. JOHNSON certainly started something. The mail man is staggering under his daily burden of letters for V. O. L. We, of course, remain editorially impartial—EDITOR.

* * *

ONE VOTE FOR RUDY

ALTHOUGH I read Mrs. Johnson's denouncing letter in V.O.L. about two months ago, it has taken me until now to get cooled off enough to write to V.O.L. with some more needless defense for Mr. Hubert Prior Vallée without flying into a rage and throwing so many more tables and chairs out of the window the way I did when I first read it. (Slight exaggeration? Perhaps, but).

I've found that usually the ones who hate him so, are the ones who know little or nothing about him. I know several *men* who have come in more or less personal contact with him and they all say he is as "square," and as much of a "regular fellow" as is possible for anyone. Who could say more?

Give us more about Rudy, "Radio Digest," (and don't forget to show this letter the way to V.O.L.)—Another "Heigh-ho"-minded fan. Louisville, Ky.

* * *

ONE FOR GUY LOMBARDO

SOMEONE found Rudy Vallée an inspiration for writing poetry, but for me no man, great or good, could induce me to write poetry about him. Mrs. Johnson, I am surely with you when it comes to Rudy Vallée.

In my estimation Guy Lombardo has the best orchestra on or off the air. Can you find me a trumpet with a better tone than the one in his orchestra? Can you find me an orchestra that has better time? Or a better balanced orchestra? Can you find a man who divides up his "leads" better? (Instead of giving them all to one instrument.) Can you find an orchestra that can play all types of music from the blues to the waltz? And I give these as my points in trying to persuade you that Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are the best orchestra "this side of Heaven."

—Ygontou, New York

* * *

ONE FOR COON SANDERS

I HAVE never seen Rudy Vallée and have never met him, therefore, I cannot give an opinion. I am merely writing this article in defense of Coon-Sanders, who happen to be very personal friends of mine.

I think it is very unfair to implicate Cooney and Joe in such a ridiculous dispute. Their Radio audience comes before anything else, and they have done more for charity and more wonderful things for the less fortunate and invalids than any orchestra leaders in the country. They are both very high-class men with wonderful personalities, and treat everyone royally. They have received as high as 500 requests in 4½ hours, which proves that they have a marvelous outstanding orchestra, and do not deserve any nasty slams.—Walter Hoffmann, Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

AND COME OTHER NOMINATIONS

MOST everyone enjoys Rudy Vallée's orchestra of course. But why give so much space to one orchestra, when there are so

many other good orchestras, worthy of a little praise? Gene Fosdick's orchestra—who could sit still when that band strikes up? And Ted Weems, Jimmy Green, Bobby Meeker, Herbie Kay!—M. M. S., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

I DO not see why these ladies in the October issue laugh at Mrs. Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla. Rudy Vallée is not what he is cracked up to be. Rudy does play the better class of dance music, but he cannot touch Ben Bernie. Listen to Ben. over WBBM, Chicago, Wed. 10:15 p.m.—An Orchestra Leader, Toronto, Can.

* * *

I'VE just finished reading the October issue of the Digest and as usual I've made a thorough inspection of the V.O.L. department.

While I don't want to insult or "slam" Rudy to any great extent, just the same I certainly believe that there are plenty of dance orchestras in the country that are way ahead of him.

If I were to name five orchestras that I considered the best in the country and certainly better than Rudy Vallée I would mention Coon-Sanders, Don Russo, Jimmy Green, Guy Lombardo, and Art Kassel in the order named.—Charles S. Clarke, Asheville, N. C.

* * *

48 . . . 49 . . . RAZZBERRY!

AFTER absorbing all of that excitement over our Rudy. I thought I'd better put my two cents in, too, and congratulate Mrs. Johnson on her remarkable discoveries about Rudy Vallée. No doubt she knows him personally and has thus been enabled to reveal to us unsuspecting victims the falsity and shallowness of this horrible impostor. For this great service to mankind we intelligent readers of Radio Digest should immediately take up a collection of lead slugs and cigar coupons and present Mrs. Johnson a silver-plated razzberry dish and a gold pickle fork. Many a life has she salvaged from the clutches of this sugar-tongued crooner. She has further given succor to his victims by revealing how they have been fooled into overlooking his "ugly" features and "unattractive" face. Say, these Radio artists have a lotta crust if they think we intelligent fans are gonna stand for a homely face!—Anne, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.

* * *

MRS. JOHNSON REPLIES!

FIRST may I answer briefly the Vallée fan of Portland, Me.

I must say that it is an ill wind indeed that doesn't do some little good! So my statement caused your first contribution to V. O. L! I must give myself a pat on the back, for the discovery of your wonderful talent and genius. You must continue to entertain us with your opinion and ideas. Please, after this, direct your comments and suggestions to some one who will be interested in what you have to say. It is of no consequence whatever to me what you think about Rudy; you have a perfect right to hero worship if you so desire. But remember, this is a free country and I have the privilege of expressing my personal opinion just the same as you have, so indulge to your heart's content, but remember don't direct your information to me personally.

Now for the Arkansas admirer. Why be so cruel and partial, and not want the magazine if it doesn't have Rudy's pictures? Give the others a break. As the distance is too great for a duel, and I am very much of an amateur in regard to fighting over dream lovers, we will have to call it a draw. However write a note to Santa Claus, and tell him all about it. Ask him to bring you a whole book of Rudy's pictures. He will understand heart throbs like yours best of anyone.

In closing, let me again express my admiration for Guy Lombardo. He already has a host of loyal fans to sing his praises at all times!—Mrs. Johnson, Jacksonville, Mo.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

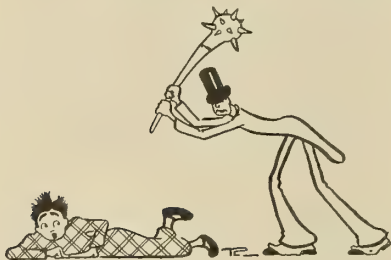
By INDI-GEST

From 1 A.M. until dawn the other night Indigest was in the throes of a horrendous nightmare. No, it wasn't a Welsh Rarebit dream, because Indi doesn't have the least partiality for cheese; nor was it qualms of conscience that caused the racking mental pains of that frighteous night. Besides being horrendous, that nightmare was terrible, alarming, petrificatory, appalling, formidibaceous and made me shquiver all over like a naspenleaf.

It was worse than that, 'n all because there were so many good things from contris this month that I couldn't make up my mind about the big prize winners. About 1:15 A.M. a five dollar gold piece and three big round silver dollars with legs like the circus giants' started to chase me. They took up their hunt way out West at KFRC in San Francisco and hounded me all the way East to WQAM down in Miami. And whenever I sat down by the roadside to rest my painful joints and callous feet a contributor would rise up beside me and say I DESERVE THAT BIG FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE! DO I GET IT? NO? . . . BANG! BANG! BANG!

And I would jump up, afraid of being peppered with buck shot or even shrapnel (in Chicago it was a bomb) and run some more.

It ended when somebody was about



to bang me on the head with an Indian war club that looked more like an Alaskan totem pole, and I found the back of my head black and blue from rolling on the floor and hitting the bed post on the way down.

The next day I made up my mind to quit worrying and give two prizes of five dollars each as a nightmare preventive for myself. One goes to Helen Mary Hayes for her Jabberknocky, on this page . . . and the other to Mort Clemson for his "Musings of a Radio"

which you'll come to if you'll just be patient. Now, don't be turning the pages over, just to see it . . . it's against the rules to read the last page first.

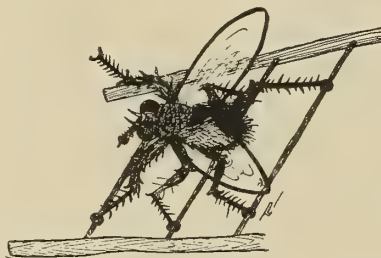
HOW TO CATCH FLYS

Rocky Austin, the Song Rambler of WJAY, has become an inventor.

Rocky: Well folks, I'm going to tell you about my invention, the very latest in fly-catchers.

Place a step-ladder against the wall of your room. On the top of the ladder construct a platform and in this platform place a trap door.

This is how it works. The fly walks up the ladder to the platform. He



starts walking around on this and behold, he falls through the trap door into an ice-cream freezer where he is instantly slain.—Charles Burwell, Magnolia, Ohio.

Here is a letter I got from Imp, who sent me a recipe for cement custard not so long ago. I know it gives all of you a thrill to read some one else's mail, so I'll be good to you. She writes:

"So my 'Invalid's Custard' sounded good, but if I should send cake, by the time it reached Indigest it would be a brick! Well, which would be the most satisfying, cement or brick? I might make some fudge for you, Indi-Gest (able). How 'bout it, Indi-Gest (ion)?

Thinkin' and talkin' so much 'bout YOU I have Indi-Gest (ion) on the brain, 'stead of, well, where do you have IT?"—Imp, Detroit, Mich.

You can tell IMP for me that I'm not saying anything . . . but . . .

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay \$5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, \$3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and \$1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

JABBERKNOCKY

(After Lewis Carroll—quite a ways)

'Twas graham, and the squishy blones
Did blat and guggle on the air.
All rudy were the sexophones
And the blue grumphs were there.

Cum see, cum sa, the zigradoons
Made skreaking skirl like ghosts in pain.
All dirgeous were the symphotoons—
They bibbled soft again.

What are those awful sleemish growls,
Like avalanches on tin roofs?
It is the Staticus that howls
With thunder in its hoofs.

Then buckle on my tuba sharp,
Tie on my piccolo so blue;
I'll polish up my stout jewsharp
To run him thru and thru.

All day he sought the Staticus
With grid screen and skerflump.
The short waved monster did percuss
And skriffle with its hump.

At length he tracked it to its plish,
He ran its generator thru.
The monster squiffled in a trish,
Fell wrackling in the sklew.

Come to my arms, my roxy seth!
He relayed in his joy.
For thou hast slain the minimeth—
Thou art the sunshine boy!

'Twas graham, and the squishy blones
Did blat and guggle on the air.
All rudy were the sexophones
And the blue grumphs were there.

Helen Mary Hayes
Lincoln, Neb.

OH, LADY, LADY!

WTAM at the conclusion of a song sung by a lady artist:—

Announcer: Oh how I would like to make you happy.

Lady Artist: How nice of you.

Announcer: Beg your pardon Miss—I was only announcing the next number.—Arthur Day, Sergeant, Ky.

A UKELELE STRUMMING LORELEI

May Singhi Breen claims that she has an indefinable something that attracts fish, but Peter de Rose says no, *he* is an expert fisherman. The discussion took place while the popular couple, featured on NBC programs, were on a fishing trip on Twin Lake, N. Y., with a party of friends.

One morning May and Peter put out in a canoe to try their luck. But the fish wouldn't bite. May, tiring of the sport, picked up her ukulele, which she had brought along, and began playing. Three of the strings immediately snapped. Peter was elected to do something about it, and in the spirit of fun, substituted some of the fishing line on the instrument.

The plan worked better than either of them had expected, and May continued her strumming. Soon the fish began biting from all sides. The bottom of the canoe was filled with choice catches. They rowed triumphantly back to shore to find that other members of the party, who had been out longer than they, didn't have a fish to show for their efforts.

May insists that it was her playing that lured the fish, and not any remarkable skill on the part of her husband.



May Singhi Breen allures the fish with her uke

A SHORT STORY

Karl Stefan, WJAG, gave this news bulletin:—

A Chicago man was bathing his feet in benzine because his feet hurt him. He was also smoking a cigarette.

Benzine — Cigarette — Siz! Boom! Hospital. — *Frances Cherry, Wayne, Nebr.*

FIRST THEY STOP THE BOAT

Heard this one from WCCO:—

Tim and Ole were on the ship Europa bound for Europe.

Ole: Tim, why do they send a letter to a man when he falls overboard?

Tim: Send a letter? What do you mean?

Ole: Well, I asked a sailorman what they did when a man fell overboard and he said they dropped him a line.—
Irving Webber, Fairmont, Minn.

This one proves that politicians in Canada are like those everywhere else.

During the recent election campaign in the Dominion, the Hon. R. B. Bennett had just finished his final effort to win votes, presenting his platform with due credit to himself. When he finally concluded his remarks station CKX at Brandon played "Give Yourself a Pat on The Back" as a sign off number!—
Kenneth R. Perry, Hartney, Manitoba, Canada.

'S A CUTE STORY

Heard over WLW:

"Two college boys were returning to the dormitory, after being out all night. They saw an angleworm. One of the boys observed, "'S a cute angleworm." "'S a right angleworm," argued the other.

"Aw, don't be so darn geometrical."

That's what hootch does for one.—
Mrs. Judson W. German, Atlanta, Ga.

Those cute angleworms remind **Indigest** of this worm story, which just must be announced with a Noo Yawk accent.

Goitie and Mabel sat on the coib, reading the Evening Woild.

Said Go'tie to Mabel, "There's woims in the doit,"

Said Mabel to Goitie, "Woims don't hoit."

So they went on reading the Woild!

That's the way the rest of the country thinks we New Yorkers talk. But we really don't. Actually, it sounds much worse.

* * *

On September 25th Floyd Gibbons' snappy wind-up had to do with plants, trees, etc. His parting shot was "And until then, listen to the sap." After which Edward Thorgersen made the

concluding announcement!—*Florence Haist, Lindenwold, N. J.*

Does anyone know what a "Halterophilist and Speculative Equilibrist" is? If you do, please, oh please, allay my curiosity and tell me, quick, quick. **Indi-gest** got a contribution (which we were obliged to decline) from someone whose letterhead describes him as such.

An equilibrist, according to Webster, is an acrobat, or trapeze worker. A speculative equilibrist, then, might be a Wall Street tight rope walker. A hal-



terophilist is not in **Radio Digest's** big dictionary but might be derived from . . . phili, fond of, and halter . . . one who is fond of halters. Complete definition then, of halterophilist and speculative equilibrist is a Wall Street tight rope walker who would like to be (or ought to be) hung. But if you can offer a better definition, please shoot it in.



WHAT A RADIO THINKS ABOUT



Six thirty, the kids just turned me off. I'm sure glad when I have digested little Tommy Jack Rabbit and Billy Ground Hog. There should be a law to keep these bed-time stories off the air, at least when a coast to coast super-six like me has his switch turned on. We Radios have too little to say about what is done with or around us, and still we talk fifteen hours a day; is that right, I ask you?

O, O, here comes the old man himself, just home from the office and all tired out, but even if he is, he'll not be too tired to tune me until midnight. The guy that owns me is the champion dial fighter of the world, never satisfied with what I give him.

Honest, he thinks I'm a Robot, I guess. He tunes in a three-piece band and then gets sore at me because I don't make it sound like a full symphony. And on top of that, some of these broadcasting stations have been handing us Radios a lot of sourdough music. For example: 'eek, 'ssh, 'ugh, tell me who can make that kind of bunk sound like "Home Sweet Home" or "Asleep in the Deep." You know, some time, I'm gonna get sore and paralyze a couple tubes.

The other night, the old man had a house full of company and was telling 'em what a wham I was at bringing in distance. First crack out of the box he gets rough with me and made me mad, so what do I do to get square with him but mush the call letters on every distant station he tuned in; was he sore at me? He said that for two cents he would break every tube in me. Of course, these last remarks were made after the company had gone, I'm kind of afraid of him when we're alone. He might stick a screw driver in me and get me to squealing and then even the neighbors would be down on me.

One night he tried to get station KCB. and I, like the good little Radio I am, went right out in the ether after them. I soon found out they were off the air and thought that I would be real nice to the old boy and bring in something else. Well, he goes right up in the air and says, "When I want KCB. I want 'em and not RKK. This settles it, I'm gonna either fix this thing or wreck it." He

might just as well saved the breath he used when he said, "Fix." In he digs, we goes around and around, me throwing sparks and smoking, thinking that maybe I could scare him off. I stood it as long as I could before I got hot; I gave him a good shock, made an awful noise in the loud speaker but he kept right on giving me a half nelson. This went on for about an hour and me trying to protect myself in every way I knew how. He then started to get personal and called me a piece of junk. That was enough for me, after me taking him, the family and his friends all over the country and showing 'em a good time. I just took one deep draw of current and burned out every tube in me; then he takes one more look and says to the Mrs. "I knew I could fix this thing if I got after it." She says, "What's the matter with it?" and he says "All the tubes are burned out, I'll get a new set of tubes tomorrow." The Mrs. says "How much does a new set of tubes cost?" The old man says, "Not over ten bucks."

I suppose you wonder what I do for pastime. Well I'm gonna let you in on my favorite indoor sport. I just set around all day and high-hat the phonograph and player piano—no one even looks at them since I came.

Mort Clemson, Peoria, Ill.

SERVED HIM RIGHT FOR BUTTING IN

Here's a Slip and a Quip!

The B.B.C. Trio of WMAK was playing its last number when the announcer, Herbert Rice, broke in "Ladies and Gentlemen,"—then realizing that the piece wasn't finished, he kept quiet until the music stopped. Then listeners heard, "Say, what the Hell do you mean by butting in—" and the voice trailed off as the speaker realized that the mike was still on.—W. G. Burton, Niagara Falls, Ont.

"PUT A LILY IN H.S. HAND" MIGHT BE MORE APPROPRIATE

It was late afternoon and one of our local announcers had been entertaining with recorded selections for quite a

while. He had lost interest, it seemed, in the blending of his program, and in a weary voice said, "Now playing for you, two phonograph records, 'Lay My Head Beneath a Rose' and 'Turn on the Heat' . . ."—Margaret E. Sedgwick, 123 Alamo Plaza, San Antonio, Texas.

TWENTY INNINGS! PITY THE POOR ANNOUNCER

Bob Elson, WGN sports announcer, was describing a baseball game between the Cubs and St. Louis Cardinals. The broadcast was sponsored by Thompson's Restaurants whose slogan is "Thompson's must be a good place to eat." It was during the first half of the 20th inning, about 7:15, and the announcer was both tired and very hungry (as he had previously announced) when he said in a weak voice, "Thompson's must be a good place to eat."—Clara Carter, Oakland, Ill.

HOT ON GRAHAM'S TRAIL

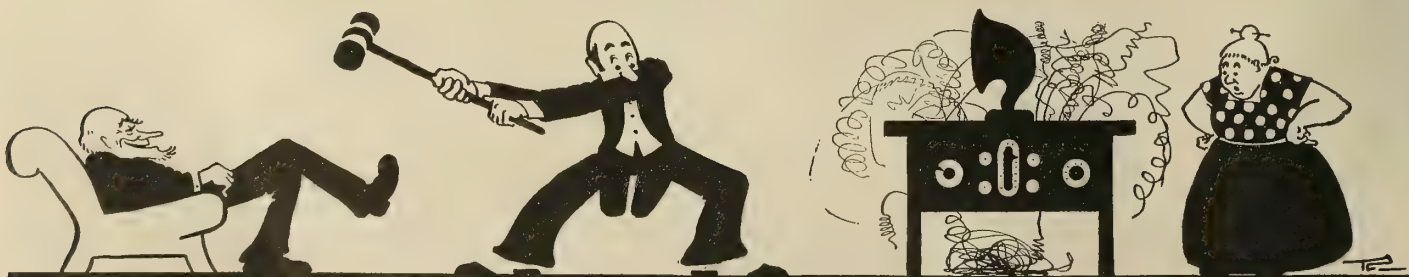
Here is one probably heard by millions:

Graham McNamee in announcing from St. Louis at the fifth World Series game explained the postponement of President Hoover's speech with "President Roosevelt's speech will be read directly after the completion of the broadcast of this game." He corrected himself immediately!—L. T. Young, Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, U. S. Ship New York.

Two other special Indigest reporters (E. C. Baird of St. Joseph, and Mrs. R. D. King of Alexandria) sent that one in too, but the Navy got here first, as always!

* * *

Listening to station WNOX. The announcer, Roger Williams, read a telegram requesting "A Cottage For Sale" . . . to be sung by Frances Ressler . . . signed — Paul of Atlanta, Ga. When he had finished reading the message, he said "I am very sorry, Paul, but the mortgage has been lifted on this cottage so Frances is Washing Dishes With The One She Loves."—Roy E. Baker, 1405 N. Central St., Knoxville, Tenn.



TUNE IN

Crawford—They're putting in some great Radio broadcasting stations nowadays.

Crabshaw—I should say so. Out West they have a WOW!—J. J. O'Connell, New York.

GOSSIP SHOP

The only thing that prevents Giuseppe di Benedetto from bringing his home orchestra of fifteen canaries down to the NBC studios once in a while is



the fact that *Cheep* music won't go so well with the guitar serenades he provides in the Neapolitan Night programs he conducts.

His wife knows the location of all the bird stores in New York and steers him away from the marked streets, because every time he passes one, it's so much off the budget for another yellow bird or two.

* * *

Phil Dewey, NBC baritone, was raised on a farm not far from Rochester, Indiana, and claims he got his first experience in vocal training when, as a small boy, he called the cows in from grazing every evening, to be milked.

He made his first professional appearance at the age of five. He really was paid for it. The story goes that Phil and his father were on their way to town in a horse and wagon. They came upon some men at work, grading the road with gravel. The grading machine spread all the way across the road, so they were forced to wait until a path could be cleared for them to pass. The superintendent in charge of the work, knowing of Phil's vocal proclivities, asked him to sing a few songs while they waited. He even promised to pay the boy if he proved especially entertaining. The proposition appealed to Phil. The most he had ever sung for previously were cookies or candy. From the high wagon seat he sang all the popular songs he knew. When he was through, the man who had contracted for his services approached him saying: "That was fine, young man. Here is your reward."

With that he handed Phil a bright shiny penny.

* * *

See the signature on the picture of Phil Dewey on this page, and May Singhi Breen on page 95? You've guessed it—Indi-Gest's illustrator is none other than Jolly Bill Steinke, of

Jolly Bill and Jane. He's a former newspaper cartoonist and walks around the studio with a perpetually busy pencil.

SCRAMBLED PROGRAMS

Sitting beside my Radio nightly, listening to the orderly procession of programs marching through the hours, I am sometimes possessed of a wild desire to break the monotony by scrambling the various characters. Here are some of the things I would like to hear:

1. A conversation between Achmed Pasha and Jane M'Grew.
2. Seth Parker explaining the World Series to Will Rogers.
3. Amos and Andy in an Evening in Paris.
4. Leopold Stokowski conducting Henry Field's Little Symphony Orchestra.
5. Floyd Gibbons pinch hitting for Walter Damrosch. — *Nelle Arnold, Cedar Creek, Nebr.*

* * *

That last one is good subject matter. You can just imagine Floyd . . . The next number on the program will be the Swan Song from Lohengrin. Flashes from the United Press tell that this fellow, who was a German count, paid a surprise visit to a young lady in a new kind of boat . . . drawn by swan power instead of electric h. p. He was out to save her from execution for killing her brother. He did and ended up by marrying the lady, with the stipulation that she keep his name from the press. She couldn't . . . gave him away . . . and so he did a quick fade-out, this time using a couple of doves for a fly-away to Heaven. The theme

of the Swan Song, which you will hear *weaving* in and out of this beautiful melody, is *sad* and shows the sorrow that Lohengrin feels on parting from his beloved. It is one of the most heart-rending pieces of music which the great Wagner ever composed.

Puzzle:—Can you tell where Gibbons stops and Damrosch begins? It ought to be easy.

WAIT UNTIL TELEVISION

Sandy had inherited a Radio from an uncle in London, and had invited a friend over to spend an evening listening to a wireless programme.

"At its conclusion the host said: Weel, Mac, wha' cuide we desire better than thot? Singing, instrumentalists, a talk on insects, opera, news, and dance music—all for naethin'."

"Aye," said MacTavish, "but we dinna hae ony acrobats."—*Molly Zacharias, Kansas City, Mo.*

Molly must have good ears and sharp eyes, because she sent in another good one besides the Scotch one. The other one is Henglish and 'airy. 'Ere it is.

AIR TONIC

English Barber—Hanything h'on the 'air to night?

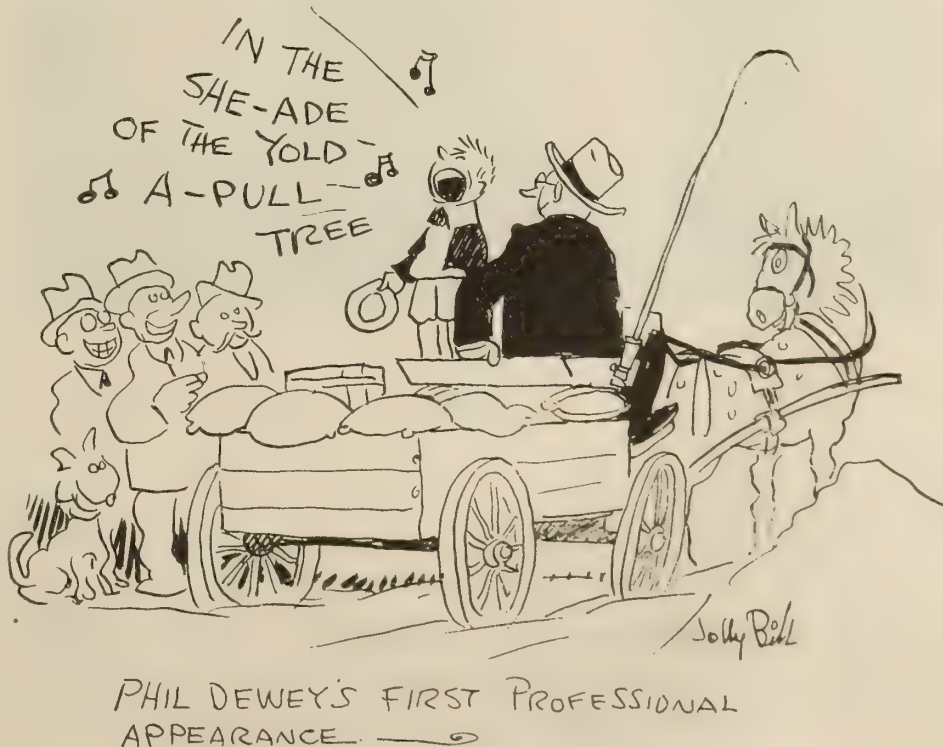
Customer—I don't know. I haven't a Radio.

CROSS YOUR HEART

Heard over Station KMPC:

"The next number will be 'Really and Truly.' A phonograph record."

I wouldn't doubt his word!—*V. M. Davidson, San Diego, Calif.*



Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Progress of Television

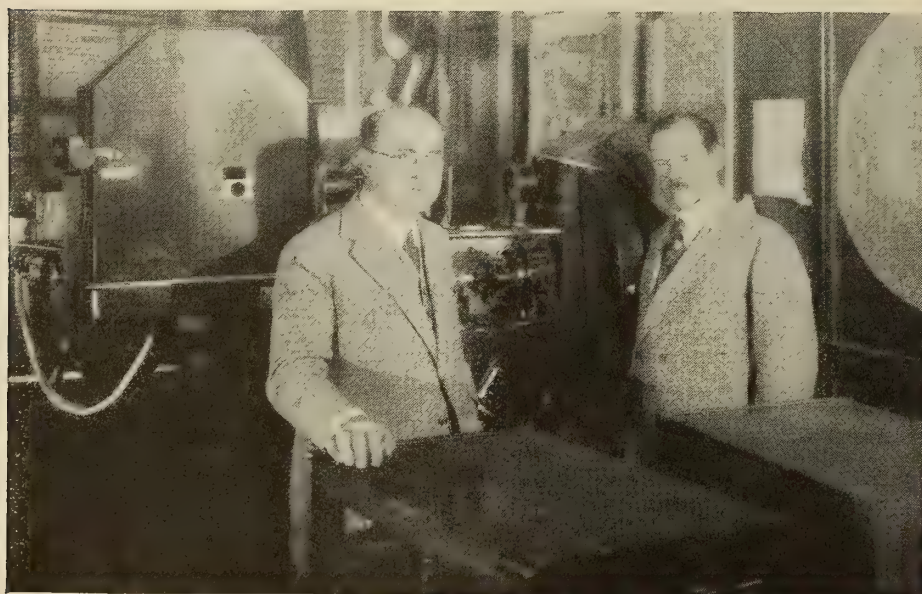
ALTHOUGH there have been no important announcements concerning television for some time there is no doubt but that engineers associated with the major broadcasting companies and with the large electrical companies are spending considerable time and money on the problem. It is quite probable that several of the companies are more advanced in their television experiments than they care to say, reserving announcements until some definite concert results have been obtained. Engineers of the various companies refuse to make any statements regarding their work in television. The National Broadcasting Company has licenses for experimental work on television and a license for experimental work has been requested

tain definite lines. A really new idea might bring television to the home much sooner; unforeseen difficulties might make practical realization require a much longer time. Even today there are of course a number of stations broadcasting experimental television programs; regular programs are transmitted by the Jenkins Television Corp. in New Jersey and from W9XAP, the television station of WMAQ, Inc., operated by the Chicago Daily News. William S. Hedges, president of WMAQ, Inc., advises us at this writing that with the large photo-cells they intend to use it will be possible to transmit full length views of actors, instead of just a head and shoulders.

All television licenses issued by the Radio Commission are granted on a tem-

Meanwhile those organizations (broadcasting companies especially) who feel that they will want to transmit television when it leaves the womb of technology are anxious to get experimental licenses now, so that when permanent licenses are granted, and there won't be very many, they will be able to point to the experimental work they did to bring about its accomplishment and thereby enhance their chances of getting a permanent license. It is probable that the large manufacturers are rather anxious that television does not follow the same experimental course that Radio did when it first started in 1920.

Television experimental work in the large laboratories evidently has two aims in view. One is to develop television as a means of home entertainment using simple but effective apparatus. The other aim is to develop television for the theatre, so that television images may be presented on the stage.



TELEVISION WIZARDS

Dr. August Karolus, German television expert and University of Leipzig professor, left, and Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson conferring in the laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady.

of the Federal Radio Commission by the Columbia Broadcasting System. The NBC for some time past has had an experimental television station in operation in the heart of New York City.

Television in the home has been stated, by various engineers, to be from three to five or more years away. Such estimates are of course based on the idea that development work will progress along cer-

porary experimental basis. The Commission is believed to be interested in television development, but also believes that sufficient public interest has not been created to grant permanent licenses on the basis of "public interest, convenience and necessity." There is reason to feel, however, that as soon as sufficient public interest is aroused the Commission will grant permanent licenses.

Mid-West Radio City

RADIO broadcasting is going on to bigger and better things. First came the announcement of the huge Radio City in New York and now Chicago can boast of a super-station which has been erected on top of the world's largest building, the Merchandise Mart.

Here are a few statistics that show the magnitude of the project. The new station is two stories in height; comprises more than 66,000 square feet; contains six studios, four of which are two stories high and plans are completed for additional studios when needed.

More than 56,000 square feet of sound-proof material was used in the construction of the studios; there are more than 95 light fixtures in the studios and more than 33,000 watts of electricity are used to light Studio A alone.

More than 13,400 square feet of carpet was used to cover halls, corridors, and offices. The staff of employees numbers over 200 and more than 400 radio entertainers are available.

The station includes a number of innovations which are the result of years of experimental work on the part of a large staff of engineers. There are four network control booths which are, in fact, miniature studios. It is indeed a super-station.

of the Radio Arts

Concert-going by Radio

ALTHOUGH I have been conducting symphonic orchestral concerts since 1885, and traveling with my orchestra over the entire United States many times during that period, I have only in the last four years been able to reach the great masses of our people by means of the Radio," says Walter Damrosch, musical counsel, National Broadcasting Company. "Before this wonderful invention was perfected, I could play only to audiences which could gather in the concert halls and theatres of our larger cities. Such audiences were necessarily limited by the size of the auditorium, and assuming that I conducted about one hundred concerts every winter with an average audience of twenty-five hundred, I could reach about two hundred and fifty thousand people every year.

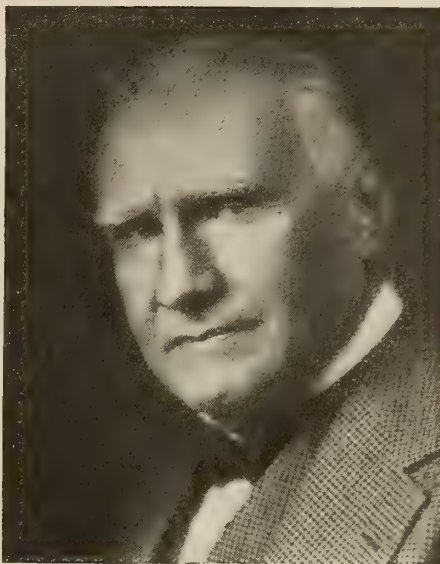
"But now the Radio enables me to play to audiences of ten million people every Saturday evening, and as I give about thirty-four of these concerts during the winter, that gives us the incredible total of three hundred and forty millions. While this huge audience includes many of my listeners of the past, by far the greater part are people who have never before heard a note of what I call music. To my delight and amazement, the music of Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner comes to them like a revelation of beauty and emotional pleasure. Only through the Radio could I reach these millions of people on the farms and ranches, in out of the way towns, and above all, the many who are too poor to buy concert tickets, and to whom the "air" now brings free for all, a weekly message of symphonic music.

"An average of thirty to forty thousand letters a year which I receive from these listeners, gives eloquent testimony of their joy and gratitude. Small wonder that I consider these last three years of my professional life in many ways the most important in my career as a musician and educator."

Sometimes when we sit down to write this monthly manifesto on Radio, we attack the job with gusto and enthusiasm, with faith in Radio's ultimate possibilities, optimistic that Radio will reach great achievements. How we feel depends largely upon what we have heard over the air during the preceding few days. Having had the pleasure of listening to two excellent symphony concerts

over the preceding week-end we are all "het up" over the possibilities of this type of broadcast music in promoting music appreciation. For it seems to us that instrumental music should be the backbone of Radio entertainment. It is perhaps the only form of entertainment that can be assimilated solely by the ear.

After all, listening to a symphony con-



Walter Damrosch, dean of American conductors and musical counsel for NBC.

cert by Radio has advantages over listening to it in a concert hall. The placement of the microphone quite close to the orchestra eliminates from the Radio reproduction the rattling of programs, coughs, sneezes and other annoyances that must be tolerated in the concert hall. And the inability to see the musicians enables one to concentrate completely on the music. During the rendition of a number at any concert a surprising large number of the audience may be seen reading their program, turning in their seats to see what their neighbors are wearing, or watching with eagle eyes the movements of the conductor.

TO SAY that such people "hear" the concert is mere piffle. To really follow the development of a symphony, there is needed a degree of concentration that does not permit of any division of attention between eye and ear. Of course one can slump down in

the seat and hold a hand over the eyes but this tends to attract undesired attention from others who will think you have fallen asleep or who will consider you a faker feigning intense absorption in the music. The movements of the conductor and other members of the orchestra, the bowing of the strings, the thumping of the kettle drum are necessary—and detracting. For there is no such thing as absorbing music optically. The Radio relieves us of all these things.

And therein lies the advantage of concert-going by Radio. Given a good receiver, a good orchestra properly transmitted and we can enjoy a concert in our home much more than we could in the concert hall. We can push on our favorite pair of slippers, turn off the lights, settle ourselves in an easy chair and in the quiet and darkness be in a position most fully to enjoy the music. Try it.

LISTEN carefully to the music. Pick out some bit of melody, and follow it through the symphony. Every now and then you will find it coming back, sneaking around the corner maybe in a different key with some variation, perhaps disguised by a growth of beard and a new hat. But, like a bloodhound, keep on its track. It will try to hide, bury itself under the heap of sounds, but back it will come. You will enjoy it. You will hear things in the music which you never before realized were in the score.

The major disadvantage of listening to concerts by Radio is that we have to listen between numbers to the announcer, telling us who composed the next selection, why he composed it, where he was born and goodness knows how many other details about the music and its composer.

Why can't the interval between selections be almost silent so that we may feel fully the glow of pleasure that comes from hearing good music well played?

We are not fooling ourselves, or even hoping to fool our readers, that the broadcasting of symphony concerts is perfect. The reproduced music does not have the full dynamic range of the musical orchestra, nor do we hear the higher overtones of some of the instruments. But we do hear by Radio a much better balance between the various instruments than we hear when we actually go to a concert. By Radio we get the best seat in the house—and we get it every time.

Scientific Progress *of the* Radio Arts

International Broadcasting

RADIO, unlike other mediums for the transmission of voice and music, recognizes no national boundaries between countries. Per se it is essentially international. It seems but natural therefore that Radio should reach a stage of development where, as has now occurred many times during the past year, programs from foreign countries would be available to American listeners and American programs available to listeners in foreign countries. There will probably not be another event of major importance that will not be sent by Radio to all parts of the civilized world.

The placidity with which the American listener has accepted foreign broadcasting is not surprising. For the past century the public has learned to expect marvels from science. As a result, international broadcasting, which if accomplished several years ago would have amazed people, is now accepted almost casually, though with appreciation of its utility and its effect in strengthening friendly relations between peoples of various countries.

But international broadcasting was not an easy task to accomplish. On the contrary it was difficult and expensive. Engineers working on the problem lost many nights of sleep. Engineering work on the problem dates back many years—it really goes back to the very beginning of Radio. Foreign broadcasts as we hear them today will, of course, be improved. At present they are imperfect, but good, and not to be fully appreciated until one has to do without them.

At present the success of an international broadcast depends somewhat on the weather and its effect on receiving conditions. But as the work goes forward we will gradually add improvements to the point where broadcasts can be arranged at any time with but little regard to atmospheric or other conditions that now hinder our efforts.

C. W. Horn, general engineer, of the National Broadcasting Company, was intimately connected with a large part of the preliminary development work on international broadcasting. Regarding the future of this branch of Radio broad-

casting, Mr. Horn recently stated, "I foresee that we shall gradually improve and increase the number of broadcasts until without any definite announcement or warning we shall be arranging programs for international consumption without giving much thought to the question as to whether or not conditions will be suitable. It seems to be human nature to have such developments grow on us without realizing that changes have taken place.

IT MAY take a year or two of refining before it becomes thoroughly reliable, and also to permit some of the more distant parts of the world to equip themselves with the necessary apparatus, but we are already assured that the problem has been solved and that we are ready to permit the listener to participate in things that take place far beyond the boundaries of his own country."

These things are accomplished at great expense, but what the public demands it usually gets. Means are always found to satisfy their wishes.



Studio A of National Broadcasting Company's new midwest "Radio City" in the Merchandise Mart, Chicago, which is the largest broadcasting studio in the world. Its dimensions are: Width, forty-seven feet; length, seventy-two feet; height, twenty-three feet.

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 108

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Sunday

HEROES OF THE CHURCH—

8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WHP WFBL WHEC WAIU
WFBM KMOX KMBC WBOM
WMT WNNC WTR WDBJ
WREC WLAC KRLD KJFF
WPG WNAX

MORNING MUSICAL—

9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WHP WFLB
WHEC WAIU WFBM KMOX
KMBC W1BW KFH WSPD
WMT WNNC WDBJ WREC
WLAC KRLD KJFF WPG
WNAX

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—

10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WJAS WFBL WAIU WFBM
KSCJ KMBC W1BW KFH
WBCM WSPD WDOD WREC
WLAC KJFF WPG WORC

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY

—Children's Program.
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WJAS WFBL WAIU KSCJ
KMBC W1BW WBCM WSPD
WGST WDOD WREC WLAC
KJFF WPG WORC

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-

URES—Dr. Chas. Fleischer.
10:50 a.m. 9:50 8:50 7:50
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WHP WJAS WAIU KMOX
KSCJ KMBC W1BW WBCM
WSPD WMT WNNC WTR
WDBJ WREC WLAC KJFF
WPG

MELODY VAGABONDS—Vincent

Sorey and Orchestra.
12:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WMAL
WHP WADC WHK WAIU
KSCJ W1BW WSPD WNNC
WTR WDBJ WGST WDOD
WREC KJFF KVI KPPY
WPG WXYZ WDAY WORC

LONDON BROADCAST—

12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
W3XAU WMAL WHP WFBL
WKBW WADC WHK WAIU
WKBZ KOL KSCJ KMBC
WCO W1BW WMT WTR
WDBJ WREC KJFF KLZ
KPPY WPG WORC WXYZ

METROPOLITAN ECHOES—

1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 10:00
WJZ WBL WCAU KDKA
WLW WKW CKGW WHAM
WJR WREN

ELGIN PROGRAM (Daily Except Sun-

day).
1:15 p.m. 12:15 11:15 10:15
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WRC WEG WJZ
WSAI KYW WOC WHO
WDAF CKGW WTMJ KSTP
WEBC WPTF WJAX WIOD
WFLA WSUN WHAS WSM
WMC WSB WAPI WWSB
WJDX KTHS KPRC WOI
WKY KOA

NEAPOLITAN NIGHTS—

1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WEAF WJZ WDAF WTAM
WIBO WCAE KSD WOC
WHO WOW WHAS KSL
KGO

CONCLAVE OF NATIONS—

1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
WCAO WMAL WHP WFBL
WHEC WKBW WKRC WAIU
WKBN KMOX KOL KSCJ
KMBC WISN WCCO W1BW
WBCM WMT WNNC WTR
WDBJ WBRW WREC KLRA
KJFF KLZ KVI KPPY
WPG WDAY WORC WXYZ

CATHEDRAL HOUR

2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WHEC
WKBW WADC WKBN WFBM
KMOX KOL KSCJ KMBC
WISN WCCO W1BW KFH
WBCM WSPD WMT WNNC
WTR WDBJ WBRW WLAC
KRLD KLRA KJFF KLZ
KDYL KVI KPPY WPG
WDAY WORC WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—

2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WEAF WGR WTAM KSD
WWJ WDAF KOA KSL

ROXY SYMPHONY CONCERT—

2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
KDKA KYW WRC WFAA
WEBC KFAB CKGW WHAS
WREN KSTP KWK WSB
WRVA WJAX WHAM WRA
WSUN WLW WPTF WIOD



Bill Steinke (Jolly Bill)—7:45 a.m. every weekday—NBC

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—

3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WJZ WBAL KOA KDKA
WJR WLW KWK WREN
KFAB WRVA WJAX WIOD
WJDX KVOO WFAA WOI
KSL WFLA WSUN KTHS
WSB WBZ WBZA KGW
KFSD WPTF KGO WLS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYM-

PHONY ORCHESTRA—
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WFBL WHEC WKBW WADC
WHK WRC WAIU WKBW
WFBM WMAQ KMOX KOIL
KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
W1BW KFH WBCM WSPD
WMT WNNC WTR WDBJ
WBRW WREC WLAC KRLD
KLRA KJFF KLZ KDYL
KHJ KFCR KVI KPPY
WPG WDAY WORC WXYZ

SOUTHLAND SKETCHES—

3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
WJZ WBAL KFAB KDKA
WLW KWK KOA KSL
CKGW WHAM

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—

4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WGR KOA WIOD
WOW WRVA WKY WOI
WHO WSAI WJAX WHAS
WJDX WFAA KVOO KPRC
WEBC WDAF KHI WJZ
WFLA WFO WSB
WIBO WOC KPO KGO
KGW KOMO WMC WCAE
WFJC CKGW

FLORSHEIM SUNDAY FEATURE—

4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR WLW
KYW KWK WREN KFAB

CANADIAN PACIFIC MUSICAL CRU-

SADERS.
4:15 p.m. 3:15 2:15 1:15
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR WLW
KYW KWK WREN KFAB

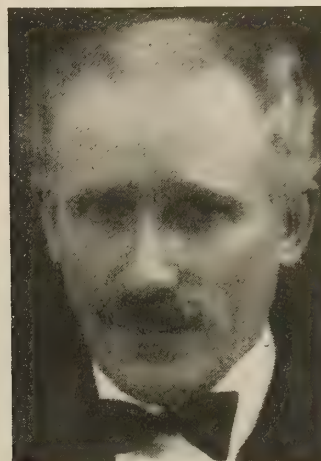
Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

"YOUR EYES"—

4:45 p.m. 3:45 2:45 1:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR KYW
KWK WREN KFAB CKGW
WLW

SERMON BY REV. DONALD GREY

BARNHOUSE—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WNAC WCAU
W2XAU WJAS WFBL WKBW
WADC WKRC WOWO WMAQ
KMOX KOIL KRLD WXYZ



Arturo Toscanini Conductor
Philharmonic Orchestra
CBS Sunday

NATL. VESPERS—DR. FOSDICK—

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM WLW KWK WREN
KFAB KSTP WEBC WJAX
WIOD WMC KOMO WJDX
WIOI KVOO KPRC WFLA
WSB WSUN KOA KTR
KGO KGW KHQ KDKA
WRC

DAVEY HOUR—

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WJAR WTAC WCSH
WRC WGY WGR WTAM
WWS WSAI WENR KSD
WOC WHO WOW WDAF
CKGW

CATHOLIC HOUR—

6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WGR WGY WJZ
WEBC WIOD WSM WKY
WJDX KGO KSTP KSTP
KHQ WWSB KOMO WCAE
KSD KGW WGR WFLA
KECA KTR KYW WFAF
WOC WHO WDAF WTMJ
WJAX WFLA WSUN WHAS
WMC WSB WBAF WJAX
WIOI KOA WRVA KVOO
WSAI



Corinne Tilton NBC
Friday Night

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

IDENT BIG BROTHER CLUB—

7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WRC
WGY WGR WTAG WFJC
WWDK WSAI WKRC WOC
WHO WOW KSD WLIT
WDAF

WILLIAM OIOMATICS—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
KOI KSL WHAM KWK
WREN KDKA WGN WLW

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS—

Dr. Julius Klein
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAO WMAL WHP WJAS
WLBW WFBL WHEC WADC
WKRC WAIU WFBM KMOX
KOIL KSCJ WISN W1BW
WSPD WMT WNNC WTR
WDBJ WBRW WREC WLAC
KRLD KLRA KJFF KLZ
KDYL KHJ KFCR KVI
KPPY WNAX WDAY WORC
WXYZ

COLLIERS RADIO HOUR—

8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
KDKA WJR WLW WHAM
KWK WREN KOA KSL
KHQ KOMO KFI KGW
KPO

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WHK WJDX WJAX
KMOX KOIL KMBC WCCO
WSPD WXYZ WBT

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WEAF WSMB KSTP WCSH
WEBC WDAF WIOD WMC
WSB WJDX WKY WJAR
WCAE WRC WGY WWJ
WSAI KSD WFJC WHAS
WTAM WOI KTHS WFLA
WSUN WHO WOC WTAG
WCEL WSM

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
KWK WKY WJR WREN
WFAA KPRC WOI WHAS
WSM WTMJ KSTP KDKA
WJAX WMC KOA KGW
WEBC WIOD KTHS WSMB
KPO KOMO KFI KWB
KSL KHQ WKY WSB
WBAL WPTF WAPI WRVA
WFLA WSUN KFAB KFSD
KTR WJDX

CHASE AND SANBORN CHORAL

ORCHESTRA—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WRC WGY WGR WCAE
WFJC WJZ WSAI KSD
WOW WIOD KSTP WIBO
WPTF WAPI WRVA WFAA
WHO WOC WLIT WDAF
WHAS WEBC WMC WSB
WSNB WKY KTHS KPRC
WOI WTMJ TAM

MAJESTIC THEATRE OF THE AIR—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBL
WKBW WDEL CFBK CKAC
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
WFBM WBBM KMOX KOIL
KMBC WISN WCCO W1BW
KEH WSPD WNNC WSAZ
WTR WDBJ WBRW WDOD
WREC WLAC WDSU KRLD
KLRA KJFF KTSK KLZ
KDYL KHJ KFCR KVIN
KVI KPPY WXYZ WPG
WBT KOI

HEAR All Stations!
Clear as a Bell!

with the NEW Improved Automatic
DYNAFILTER
Improves Tone
Reduces Static
Separates Stations
Brings In Distance
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Send \$1.00. We pay Postage Anywhere
Money refunded if not satisfied
DYNAFILTER MFG. CO. (Dept. R.D.)
1022 E. 178th St., New York

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
"OUR GOVERNMENT"—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WFAF WTAC WJAR WCHS
 WBCB WGY WCAE KSD
 WHAS WKY WSAI WFJC
 WSB WMC WSM WFAA
 WOW WOAI WPTF WSMB
 WTC WJDX WIOD WFLA
 WSUN WOC WHO WEE
 WRC WLIT WWJ

STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—

9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
 WFAF WTIC WTAG WFI
 WCHS WRC WGY WCAE
 WTAM WWJ WGN KSTP
 WJAR WTMJ KOA WBCB
 KGO KGW WOW KOMO
 KFI KHQ WEEI WDAF
 WGY WGR KSD

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM—

9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
 WFAF WEEI WRC WFI
 WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
 WJW WSAI KSD WTIC
 KSTP KOA KSL KFI
 KGW KOMO KPO KHQ
 WSM WMC WFAA KPRC
 WOAI WKY WSMB WHAS
 WGN WSB WOC WHO

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS—

9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
 WJZ WBZ WBZA KWK
 WREN WHAM WJAL WJR
 WLW WLS KDKA KFAB

WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WJR KWK WREN
 WLW KYW

MAYHEW LAKE AND HIS BAND—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBL
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 WFBM KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WIBW KFH
 WSPD WMT WTAR WDBJ
 WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KLZ KDYL KFPY WNAX
 WDAY WORC WXYZ

BERNA and VERA DEANE—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 WJR KDKA WRCN WELA
 WSUN

PENNZOIL PETE—

10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR
 WLW WBO WKY WAPI
 WSMB WOAI KDKA KWK
 WREN WRVA WJAX WIOD
 WSUN WHAS WMC

BE SQUARE MOTOR CLUB—

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WOWO WBBM KMOX KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCCO
 WBW KFH WMT KRLD
 KLRA KFJF WDAY

SONGS AT EVENTIDE

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WJZ WHAM WJR KDKA
 KWK WREN CKGW WJAX
 WJDX

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJAS WLBW WFBL
 WHEC WKRW WBCB WSPD
 WTAR WDBJ WPG WORC
 WXYZ

SETH PARKER—

10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
 WFAF WCAE WHAS WFJC
 WJAX WOW WKY WWJ
 WPTF WGY WRC KOA
 KGO WEEI WIOD WMC
 WSB WGR WEBC KGW
 KYW WSM WHO WJDX
 WTAM CKGW KSTP KSD
 WDAF WSMB KPRC KOMO
 KHQ WTMJ WOC KTAR
 KFSD KVOO

KAFFE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—

11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WJR KWK WREN
 WLW WENR

BACK HOME HOUR FROM BUFFALO

11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WMAL
 WHEC WKRW WKRC WKBN
 WFBM KMBC WCCO WIBW
 KFH WSPD WTAR WDBJ
 WGST WDDO WREC KRLD
 KLRA KFJF KFPY WPG
 WXYZ WNAX WDAY

SAM HERMAN—

11:15 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WFAF WRC WGY WGR
 WWJ WOW CKGW WSB
 KOA

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—

11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WFAF WRC WFJC WWJ
 WBP WOC KOA WHO
 WOW WSB WGY WTAM
 CKGW KSTP WBCB KVOO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

REMINISCENCES—

11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WJZ KDKA KWK WREN

PRO MUSICA—

12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
 WFAF WCHS WRC WTAM
 WWJ WGR WOC WHO
 KSTP WFLA WSUN WSMB
 KSL WTMJ WBP WIOD
 WHAS KOA KGO

Monday

TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES

6:45-7:00 a.m. 7:20-7:45 8:00
 WFAF WEEI WFI WGY
 WGR WCAE CKGW WRC

JOLLY BILL and JANE—

7:45 a.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 (Daily Except Sunday)
 WJZ WBZ WBSZ WHAM
 KDKA WJR WLW



Peter Biljo leads Balalaika Orchestra in "Around the Samovar"—Sunday 10:30 p.m.—CBS

ORGAN REVEILLE—(Daily except Sunday)

8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
 WMAL WHP WFBL WHEC
 WHK WKRC WAIU WKBN
 KOIL KSCJ KMBC WIBW
 KFH WBCB WSPD WMT
 WNBC WDBJ WBRB WLAC
 KLRA KFJF WPG

THE QUAKER MAN—

8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WFAF WJAR WEEI WTAG
 WCHS WFI WRC WGY
 WGR WCAE WTAM WWJ
 WSAI CKGW WRVA WPTF
 WJAX WIOD WFLA

MORNING DEVOTIONS—

8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
 WFAF WCAE WGY WHAS
 WOW WGR WFI WCHS
 WLS WJAR WWJ WCKY
 WPTF WIOD WAPI WFLA
 WSUN WTAG WJAX WJDX
 WRC WRVA

THE VERMONT LUMBER JACKS—

(Daily except Sundays)
 8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WHAM KDKA WJR

CHEERIO—(daily except Sunday)

8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WFAF WEEI WCKY WRC
 WGR WJAR WGY WCHS
 WCAE WJW WDW WDAF
 KSTP WAPI KPRC WFI
 WBS WJAX WPTF WTAG
 WOAI CKGW WIOD WHAS
 WFLA WSUN WTAM WSM
 WMC WIBO WJDX

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily except Sunday)

8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC W2XE WCAU WEXAU
 WMAL WHP WFBL WKBW
 WKRC WKBN KMOX KSCJ
 KFH WBCB WSPD WNBC
 KJFJ WPG WLAC KLRA

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—News Events of the Day.

8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
 WMAL WJAS WFBL WKBW
 CFRB WADC WHK WKRC
 WOWO WMAQ KMOX KOIL
 KMBC WISN KFH WSPD
 WTAR WGST WBRB WLAC
 WDSU KRLD KFJF KLZ
 KDYL WBT

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—

(daily except Sunday)—
 9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WHP WJAS
 WFBL WKBN WADC WMAQ
 KMOX KOIL KSCJ WBCB
 WMT WNBC WDBJ WBRB
 WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
 WPG WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

CHILDREN'S CORNER—

11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJAS WLBW WHEC
 WKBW WAIU KMOX KSCJ
 KMBC WBCB WSPD WNBC
 WTAR WDBJ WDDO WREC
 KLRA WPG WXYZ WORC

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—

(Daily)
 11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WFAF WJAR WTAG WCHS
 WEEI WRC WHAS WSM
 WLS WJAX WTMJ WJDX
 WSAI KFKX KTM KSD
 WOW WTMJ KSTP WBCB
 WAPI WSMB KTHS KVOO
 KPRC WOAI WXY WEEI
 WGY WMC

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—

11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
 WFAF WTAG WRC WJR
 WCAE WJW WTMJ WJDX
 WBCB WRVA WHAS WMC
 WAPI WGY KSTP WSM
 WTAM WIBO KOA

OLSEN MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—(daily except Sunday)

12:00 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WHP
 WJAS WLBW WHEC WKBW
 WADC WFBM KSCJ KMBC
 WISN WCCO WIBW WBCB
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WBRB WREC KLRA KFJF
 KHJ KPRC KVI KFPY
 WPG WDAY WORC KOL
 WXYZ

COLUMBIA REVUE—(Daily except Sunday)

12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WLBW WFBL
 WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU
 KSCJ KMBC WIBW KFH
 WBCB WMT WTAR WBRB
 WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KLZ KDYL KVI KFPY
 WPG WDAY WORC KOL
 WXYZ

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
 WJZ WHAM KDKA WJR
 WLW KSTP WBCB WRVA
 WPTF WHAS WSM WOW
 WMC WSB KVOO WXY
 WOAI WRC WHO WDAF
 KPRC WJDX WBAL WSMB
 WIOD KWK WREN KOA
 WBZ WOC WBZA WFAA
 KFAB WAPI KTHS WFLA
 WSUN KFKX WJAX

PALAIS D'OR ORCHESTRA—

1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 10:00
 WFAF WWJ KSD WGY
 KSTP WTAM WRC WTAG
 WDAF

HAROLD STERN and AMBASSADOR ORCHESTRA—Concert Music.

1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
 WFAF WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WMAK WHEC WADC WKRC
 WAIU WOWO WBCB WNBC
 WTAR WDBJ WBRB WDDO
 WLAC KLRA KFJF KFPY
 WXYZ WORC

COLUMBIA ARTISTS' RECITAL—

Marie Gerard, Soprano, and Kenyon Congdon, baritone.

2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WFAF
 WCAO WMAL WHP WJAS
 WHEC WMAK WADC WHK
 WKRC WAIU WKBN WOWO
 KMOX KSCJ WCCO WBCB
 WSPD WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WGST WBRB WDDO WREC
 WLAC KLRA KFJF KLZ
 KVI KFPY WPG WXYZ
 WDAY

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—(daily except Sunday)

2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WFBL WHEC
 WMAK WKRC WKBN WMAQ
 KOIL KSCJ KMBC WISN
 WCCO WIBW WBCB WSPD
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WREC WLAC KRLD KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
 KFPY WPG WDAY WORC
 KOL WXYZ

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—

3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WFBL WHEC
 WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU
 WKBN WFBM KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCB WSPD
 WMT WNBC WTAR WDBJ
 WBRB WREC WBCB WSPD
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 KHJ KPRC KVI KFPY
 WPG WDAY WORC KOL
 WXYZ

CHICAGO SERENADE—

3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
 WJZ WBAL WHAM WJR
 WLW KDKA WLS WFLA
 WSUN WSM WMC WAPI

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—
 3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WMAK WADC WKRC
 WAIU WKBN WFBM KSCJ
 KMBC WCCO WIBC WGL
 WBCM WSPD WUNC WTAR
 WDBJ WGST WBRG WDOD
 WREC WLAC KRLL KIRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
 KPFP WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC KOL

BALLAD HOUR—
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHEC WMAK WADC
 WKRC WAIU KMOX KSCJ
 KMBC WCCO WIBC WGL
 WBCM WSPD WUNC WTAR
 WDBJ WGST WBRG WDOD
 WREC WLAC KRLL KIRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL KERC
 KVI KPFP WPG WXYZ
 WDAY WORC KOL

THE MERRY MAKERS—
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WEAFF KSD WOC WHO
 WCAE WTAG WDAF WWJ
 WRC WGR WTAM

WITHIN MY GARDEN WALL—
 4:45 p.m. 3:45 2:45 1:45
 WEAFF WTAG WGR WTAM
 WWJ KSD WOC WHO
 WOW WDAF

MALTINE STORY PROGRAM—
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WHAM KDKA WLW KYW
 KWK WREN KFAB

LADY NEXT DOOR—(daily except Sunday)
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WEAFF WRC KSD WTAG
 WSM WGR WFAA WHAS

MY BOOKHOUSE STORY TIME—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)
 5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFBM WKBW WADC WOWO
 WSPD WXYZ

TEA TIMERS—
 5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WEAFF WRC KSD WSM
 WTAG WGR WTAM WFAA
 WFLA WSUN

VIRGINIA ARNOLD, PIANIST—Popular Melodies.
 5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
 WABC W2XE WHP WJAS
 WAIU WKBN KMBC KFH
 WBCM WUNC WTAR WGST
 WBRG WDOD WREC KRLL
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 WXYZ WDAY

WSPD COMMODORES—
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WMAL WHP
 WLBW WHEC WKBW WKRC
 WKBN WCCO WGL KFH
 WBCM WUNC WTAR WDBJ
 WBRG WDOD WREC KRLL
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 KERC KPFP WXYZ WDAY
 KOL

BLACK AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA (daily except Sunday)
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WEAFF WOC WKY KOA
 WHO WRC WGY WCAE
 WOW KSTP CKGW WSM
 WGR WAPI KGO KTAR
 WCSH KSD WHAS

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WJZ WBAL WSM KWK
 KOA KSL KGO KMO
 KFAB KCMW KPO WLW
 CKGW WRC WHAS KDKA
 KSTP KFSD KTAR WAPI
 WFAA



Mildred Hunt—every Wednesday 7:45 p.m.—NBC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WJZ WBZ WBZS WHAM
 WRVA WPTF WJAX WIOD
 KDKA WFAA

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—
 AMOS 'N' ANDY—(daily ex. Sun.)—
 7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
 WJZ WBZ WHAM KDKA
 WBZ WRG CKGW WRVA
 WPTF WJAX WIOD WCKY
 WFLA WSUN WBAL

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenborn.
 7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WHP
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WHEC
 WKBW WAIU FWBM KMOX
 KOIL KSCJ WISN WLBW
 KRH WBCM WMT WUNC
 WTAR WDBJ KLRA KFJF
 KLZ KVI KERC KPFP
 WDAY WORC KOL

TASTYEST JESTERS—(daily except Sunday)
 7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
 WJZ WCKY WHAM WBZ
 WBZA KDKA WREN

"THE WORLD TODAY"—
 7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
 WEAFF WFI WRC WSAI
 KSD WOW WIOD KOA
 KGO KPO KGW KOMO
 WJAR WWJ WFSC WSAI
 WOW WPTF WSB KECA
 WAPI WOI KFS

PHIL COOK—(daily ex. Sunday)
 7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WFLA
 WSUN WIOD WKY WRVA
 WPTF WJAX WBAL WHAM
 KDKA WHAS WENR KWK
 WREN KFAB WTMJ KSTP
 WSB WSM WECB WSMB
 WJDX WOAI KTHS KVOO
 KOA KSL KGO KECA
 KGW WRC KOMO KHQ
 KFS KTAR KPRC WFAA

EVANGELINE ADAMS (Astrologer)—(Mon. Wed. and Friday)
 7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WHEC
 WKBW CFRB WADC WHK
 WKRC WAIU WFBM KMOX
 KOIL WISN WCCO WOL
 WSPD WUNC WTAR WSB
 WGST WBRG WDOD WREC
 WDSU KLRA WRR KFJF
 WXYZ KTRH

ROXY AND HIS GANG—
 7:50 p.m. 6:50 5:50 4:50
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KWK WSB WSM WCKY
 KGO KFAB KOA WFLA
 WSUN WRC KGW WFLA
 CKGW WBO KTHS

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC WKBW WMAQ WHK
 WXYZ KMBC KOIL KMOX
 WFLB WSPD WGL WGST
 WBRG WRR WFBM WCCO
 WREC WDSU KFJF KTS



Charlie Hamp—Quaker Early Bird—daily over NBC

HALF HOUR IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WEAFF WIOD WPTF WJAX
 WJAR WTAG WLIT WCHS
 KSPD KOMO WRC WCAE
 WGR WFC WJZ WSAI
 KSD WOC WOW WHO
 KYW WDAF KSTP WJDX
 WSMB KGO KVOO KPRC
 WOAI KOA KECA KGW
 WFLA WSUN WTIC

INGRAM SHAVERS—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR
 WLW KYW WREN KWK
 KFAB WTMJ WRVA KDKA
 WJAX WIOD WSM WMC
 WSB WSMB KTHS KPRC
 WOAI WKY KOA WFAA
 KDKA CKGW WFLA WSUN
 WHAS KVOO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

A. & P. GYPSIES—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WEAFF WEEI WTAG WJAR
 WTIC WCHS WLIT WRC
 WGY WGR WCAE WWJ
 WSAI WYN KSD WOC
 WDAF WTAM WOW WHO

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WJR KYW KWK
 WSMB WREN KSTP WECB
 WSM KTHS WKY WOAI
 KOA KSL WCKY WJDX
 KGO KECA KGW KHQ
 KOMO WTMJ WHAS WMC
 WFAA WSB KVOO KPRC

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL SYMPHONY HOUR—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
 WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
 WISN WCCO WSPD WXYZ
 WBT WPG



Barbara Maurel Mondays 2:00 p.m.—CBS

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WLW KWK KYW
 WJR WREN CKGW

GENERAL MOTORS FAMILY PARTY
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WEAFF WEEI WTIC WJAR
 WCHS WTAG WLIT WRC
 WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
 WWJ WGN KSD WOC
 WOW WSAI WDAF KSTP
 WTMJ WHAS WSM WMC
 WSB WJAX WFAA KECA
 WOAI KPRC WKY KOA
 KSL KGO KGW KOMO
 KHQ WHO

BOURJOIS—An Evening in Paris—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 CBRB WADC WHK WKRC
 WOWO WBBM KMOX KOIL
 KMBC WSPD WXYZ WPG
 WBT

ROBERT BURNS PANATELA PROGRAM—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
 WFBM WMAQ KMOX KOIL
 KMBC WCCO WSPD KRLL
 KFJF KTS KLZ KDYL
 KJH KPRC KOIL KVI
 KPFP WXYZ WPG WBT
 KTRH KOL

STROMBERG-CARLSON PROGRAM
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WJAX WJZ WBZ WBZA
 WREN KDKA KYW KWK
 WIOD WECB WRVA WJAX
 WSB WHAS WSM WMC
 KPRC WSMB WKY KTHS
 KPI WOAI KOA KGO
 KOMO WCKY KGW KHQ
 KVOO WJDX KSTP WPTF
 KFS WFLA WSUN KTAR

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WEAFF WEEI WTAG WJAR
 WCHS WLIT WRC WGR
 WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI
 WGN

EMPIRE BUILDERS—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
 WFBM WMAQ KMOX KOIL
 KMBC WCCO WSPD KRLL
 KFJF KTS KLZ KDYL
 KJH KPRC KOIL KVI
 KPFP WXYZ WPG WBT
 KTRH KOL



Ernest Naftzger from Tues. to Sat. 9:00 a.m.—CBS

AMERICAN MAIZE PROGRAM—Adventures of Don Amazo.
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 WBBM KOIL KSCJ WISN
 WCCO WSPD WMT KLZ
 KDYL KHJ KERC KOIN
 KPFP WCAH WDAY WNAX
 KNX KOL

NIT WIT HOUR—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAO WMAL WNCN
 WTAR WDBJ WPG

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAO
 WLBW WFLB WKBW WFBM
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 WBBM KOIL KSCJ WISN
 WCCO WSPD WMT KLZ
 KDYL KHJ KERC KOIN
 KPFP WCAH WDAY WNAX
 WORC KOL WXYZ

HAL KEMP—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WEAFF WGY WCAE WSAI
 KSTP WSM KSD WTMJ
 WSM WMC WOC WHO

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—
 11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WLBW WFLB WKBW WFBM
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 WBBM KOIL KSCJ WISN
 WCCO WSPD WMT KLZ
 KDYL KHJ KERC KOIN
 KPFP WCAH WDAY WNAX
 WORC KOL WXYZ

SAMMY WATKINS AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WLBW WFLB WKBW WFBM
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 WBBM KOIL KSCJ WISN
 WCCO WSPD WMT KLZ
 KDYL KHJ KERC KOIN
 KPFP WCAH WDAY WNAX
 WORC KOL WXYZ

BERNIE CUMMINS—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WEAFF WRC WWJ WDAF
 KSTP WOV KSD WOC
 WHO WFC

PHIL SPITALNY AND HIS EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL ORCHESTRA—
 12:00 p.m. 11:00 10:00 9:00
 WEAFF WRC WOC WKY
 WSM WJAX WCAE WDAF
 WTAM WHO KSD KYW
 KSTP

Tuesday

POPULAR BITS—QUAKER CRACKELS MAN—Phil Cook—
 8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WJAX WJZ WBZ WBZA
 WREN KDKA KYW KWK
 WIOD WECB WRVA WJAX
 WSB WHAS WSM WMC
 KPRC WSMB WKY KTHS
 KPI WOAI KOA KGO
 KOMO WCKY KGW KHQ
 KVOO WJDX KSTP WPTF
 KFS WFLA WSUN KTAR

MORNING MOODS—
 9:45 a.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
 WCAU W3XAU WMAL WJAX
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 KMOX KSCJ KMBC WISN
 WSPD WUNC WDBJ WREC
 WBRG WDOD WREX WJAX
 KLRA KFJF KDYL WPG
 WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THE TOSTMASTER PROGRAM—
 Aunt Emily Lee's Advice to Brides.
 10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
 WABC W2XE WNAC WCAO
 WMAL WJAS WKWB WADC
 WKRC WOWO WBBM KMOX
 KOIL KMBC WCCO WSPD
 WMT WXYZ

O'CEDAR TIME—Clem and Harry
 Harmony Team
 10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBL WKWB
 WADC WHK WKRC KMOX
 WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
 WISN WCCO WBCM WSPD
 WGST WBRC WDOD WREC
 WLAC WDSU KRDL KLRA
 KFJF KTSN WXYZ KTRH
 WPG WBT

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—
 10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WCKY WKW WSM
 WMC WSB WAPI WSMB
 WREN KSTP WBBM WRVA
 WBO WLD KTHS WOWO
 WBAF KPRC WOA1 KFAB
 WKY WTMJ WHAS WPTF
 WJDX WJAX

"YOUR CHILD"—
 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WEA WRC WOC WJAX
 WJZ WSM KSTP WJAX
 WCAE WSAI WJAX WJAX
 WHAS WKY KPRC KTHS
 WDAF WRVA WAPI WSMB
 WOA1 KOA WHO WTAG
 WBO

RINSO TALKIE—
 11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WEA WTC WJAX WCHS
 WLIT WRC WEEI

SAVOY PLAZA ORCHESTRA—Dance
 Music.
 1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
 WFAN WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 WAIU WOWO WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WBRC
 WDOD WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KFPY WXYZ

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-
URES—American School of the
Air.
 2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WHEC WMAK
 WADC WHK WKRC WAIU
 WKBN WOWO WBBM WMAQ
 KSCJ KMBC WCCO WBBM
 KFH WBCM WSPD WNNC
 WTAR WDBJ WGST WBRC
 WDOD WREC WLAC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL KHJ
 KFRC KVI KFPY WPG
 WXYZ WDAY WORC

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
Emery Deutsch, Director.
 3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WFAN WCAU W3XAU
 WCAO WMAL WHP WFBL
 WHEC WMAK WADC WAIU
 WKBN WOWO WBBM KSCJ
 KMBC WBBM WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
 WBRC WDOD WREC WLAC
 KRDL KLRA KFJF KLZ
 KDYL KVI KFPY WXYZ
 WDAY WORC

ITALIAN IDYLL—
 Vincent Sorey and his Orchestra.
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WFBL WMAK
 WADC WHK WKRC WAIU
 KOIL KSCJ KMBC WISN
 WCCO WBCM WSPD WMT
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WLAC KRDL KLRA KFJF
 KLZ KDYL KVI KFPY
 WPG WXYZ WDAY WORC

COLUMBIA ARTISTS' RECITAL—
 4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WFAN WCAU W3XAU
 WMAK WHP WFBL WMAK
 WADC WHK WKRC WAIU
 KOIL KSCJ KMBC WISN
 WCCO WBCM WSPD WMT
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WLAC KRDL KLRA KFJF
 KLZ KDYL KVI KFPY
 WPG WXYZ WDAY WORC

RHYTHM KINGS—Nat Bruilioff and
his Novelty Orchestra.
 5:30 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WCAO
 WMAL WHP WFBL WMAK
 WADC WAIU WKBN KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WCCO KFH
 WBCM WSPD WMT WNNC
 WTAR WBRC WREC KRDL
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 WDAY WXYZ

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE
ORCHESTRA—Dance Music.
 5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WABC W2XE WFAN WMAL
 WHP WJAS WKWB WKRC
 WAIU WKBN WOWO KMOX
 KSCJ KMBC WCCO KFH
 WBCM WNNC WTAR WGST
 WBRC WDOD WREC KRDL
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 WPG WXYZ WDAY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE
BROADCAST SERIES—
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WMAL
 WHP WLBW WHEC WKWB
 WADC WOWO KFH WBCM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
 WBRC WDOD WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KFPY WXYZ
 WDAY

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS BARCLAY
ORCHESTRA—Concert Music.
 6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
 WABC W2XE WFAN WHP
 WLBW WHEC WADC WKRC
 WOWO WFBM KFH WBCM
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
 WBRC WDOD WREC KRDL
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 KFRC KFPY WXYZ WDAY
 KOL

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
 WHP WJAS WLBW WFBL
 WHEC WKWB WAIU WKBN
 WFBM KSCJ KMBC WISN
 KFH WBCM WSPD WMT
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WBRC
 KRDL KLRA KFJF KLZ
 KFRC KVI KFPY WXYZ
 WXYZ

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-
URES—The Political Situation in
Washington Tonight, Frederic Wil-
liam Wile.
 7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WCAU
 W3XAU WMAL WHP WJAS
 WLBW WHEC WADC WKRC
 WCCO KSCJ WBBM WMAK
 WBCM WNNC WTAR WDBJ
 WBRC WDOD WREC KLRA
 KLZ KHJ KFRC KVI
 KFPY WDAY WORC



Raising Junior Family—6:00 p.m. daily except Monday—NBC

MUSICAL AVIATORS ORCHESTRA—
 Dance Music.
 7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
 WHP WJAS WLBW WKWB
 WKRC WAIU WKBN WOWO
 KSCJ WCCO WBBM WMAK
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC
 WDOD WREC WLAC KRDL
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KHJ
 KFRC KVI KFPY WXYZ
 WDAY WORC

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—
 7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
 WEA WEEI WJAX WTAG
 WCHS WEGY WGR WTIC

THE EARLY BOOK WORM—
 Alexander Woolcott.
 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WABC W2XE WHP WJAS
 WLBW WFBL WHEC WKWB
 WAIU WKBN KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WCCO WBBM
 WSPD WNNC WTAR WDBJ
 WBRC WREC WLAC KRDL
 KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
 KFPY WXYZ WDAY

BLACKSTONE PROGRAM—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WLBW WFBL
 WHEC WKWB WADC WHK
 WAIU KOIL KMBC WCCO
 WSPD WXYZ WPG WBT

PURE OIL ORCHESTRA—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
 WREN KYW KWK KSTP
 WTMJ WBC WPM WMC
 WJAX WRVA W-M WSB
 KFAB WJDX WFTF WLW

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
TROIKA BELLS—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WEA WFI WSAI WRC
 WWEI WWI WDAF WJZ
KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBL WKWB
 WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
 KMOX KOIL KMBC WCCO
 WSPD WXYZ WBT WPG

THE FLORSHEIM FROLIC—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WEA WJR WTAG WCHS
 WFI WRC WGY WGR
 WCAE WWJ WSAI WGN
 KSD WOC WHO WOW
 WDAF KSTP WHEC WRVA
 WJAX WIOD WSUN WFLA
 WSM WMC WSB WMBM
 WJDX KTHS WBAF KPRC
 WOA1 WKY KOA KSL

PREMIER ORCHESTRA—
 8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBL WKWB
 WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
 WMAQ KMOX KOIL KMBC
 WCCO WSPD WGST WLAC
 WDSU KLZ KDYL KHJ
 KFRC KOIN KVI KFPY
 WXYZ WPG WBT KTRH
 KOL WDAE WQAM WDBO
 WTCO

HENRY AND GEORGE—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WLBW WFBL
 WKWB WADC WHK WKRC
 WOWO WBBM KMOX KOIL
 WISN WCCO KFH WSPD
 WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 KDKA WJZ WBZ WBZA
 WBAL KDKA KYW KWK
 WBC WJAX WHAS WSM
 WMC WMBB KGW KPRC
 KOA KSL KGO KHQ
 WPTF WTMJ KMO KWM
 WREN WRVA WKY WOI
 WSB WIOD KECA WCKY
 KVOO WFLA WSUN KSTP
 KTRAR KFSD

ENNA JETTICK SONGBIRD—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WEA WEEI WJAX WTAG
 WCHS WTM WFI WRC
 WGY WCAE WFJC WSAI
 WBO KSD WOV WHO
 WDAF WGR WOC WWJ

GRAYBAR'S MR. AND MRS.—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBL WHEC
 WKWB WADC WHK WKRC
 WAIU WKBN WOWO WFBM
 WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
 WISN WCCO KFH WSPD
 WNNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
 WBRC WREC WLAC WDSU
 KRDL KLRA KFJF KTSN
 KLZ KDYL KHJ KFRC
 KOIN KVI KFPY WXYZ
 WPG WBT KTRH KOL

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAY-
HOUSE—
 10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
 WFBL WHEC WKWB CFBM
 WADC WHK WKRC WKBN
 WOWO WBBM WBBM KMOX
 KOIL KSCJ KMBC WISN
 WCCO WBBM KFH WBCM
 WSPD WMT WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WGST WBRC WDOD
 WREC WLAC WDSU KLRA
 WRR KFJF KTSN KLZ
 KDYL KHJ KFRC KOIN
 KFPY WXYZ WDAY WPG
 WQAM WDBO WDAE WNAH
 WBT WTCO KTRH KNX
 KOL

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY
STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
 10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
 WEA WEEI WJAX WTAG
 WCHS WFI WRC WCAE
 WFJC WJZ WSAI KSD
 WOC WHO WGR WTMJ
 WHEC WRVA WJAX WIOD
 WFLA WSUN WHAS WSM
 WMC WSB WSMB WJDX
 WOA1 WKY KOA KGO
 KECA KGW KHQ KOMO
 KTRAR KFSD WDAF WIBO

MYSTERY HOUSE—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WEA WJDX WSAI WMC
 KOA WOC WHO WFJC
 KSD WJZ CKGW WSM
 WHAS KSTP WTMJ WOV
 WCAE

ANHEUSER BUSCH PROGRAM—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WHK WBBM WBBM KMOX
 KOIL KMBC WCCO WSPD
 WMT WDOD WREC WDSU
 KLRA WRR KFJF KTSN
 WXYZ KTRH

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—
 11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WHP WLBW WFBL WKWB
 WBCM WNNC WTAR WDBJ
 WBRC WREC KLRA WPG
 WORC WXYZ

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PIC-
TURE—
 11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WKRC KOIL KMBC WCCO
 KLZ KFPY KOL KFRC
 KOIN KFPY KOL

MICKEY ALBERT AND HIS ORCHES-
TRA FROM BOSTON—Dance Music.
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WHP WLBW WFBL WKWB
 WBCM WNNC WTAR WDBJ
 WBRC WREC KLRA WPG
 WORC WXYZ

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS HOTEL
ST. REGIS ORCHESTRA—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WEA WFI KOA WRC
 CKGW KSTP WOC WHO
 WOV WJDX WFJC KSD

Wednesday

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—News Events
of the Day.
 8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
 WMAL WJAS WFBL WKWB
 CFBM WADC WHK WKRC
 WOWO WMAQ KMOX KOIL
 KMBC WISN WMAL WNNC
 WTAR WGST WBRC WLAC
 WDSU KRDL KFJF KLZ
 KDYL WBT

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSEHOLD
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WJZ WKB KWK WBZA
 WBAL WMC WSM WSMB
 WSB WAPI WLW KDKA
 WREN WHAM WJDX WIBO
 KFAB WHAS

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBL WKWB
 WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
 WMAQ KMOX KOIL KMBC
 WSPD WXYZ WBT WPG

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
RADIO HOME MAKERS—
 10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ



Alfred Corn—Rise of Goldbergs 6:30 p.m. Monday—NBC

R. S. V. P.—“Thank You Letters”.
 10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WBCM WSPD WNNC WDBJ
 WGST WDOD WLAC KLRA
 WXYZ

BETTY CROCKER—
 10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAG
 WESH WSM WFI WRC
 WGY WGR WBP WOI
 WSB WMC WHAS WJAX
 WOC WHO WRVA WWJ
 WPTF WSAI KFKX KSD
 WTMJ KVOO WKY KPRC
 WAPI WIOD

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—
 11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
 WEAF WEEL WTAG WRC
 WGY WGR WCAE WWJ
 WTMJ KSTP WMC WEBC
 WRVA WSM WHAS WJDX
 WAPI WBO KOA WIOD
 WKY

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—
 Dance Music
 12:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WBCM WSPD WNNC WDBJ
 WGST WDOD WLAC KLRA
 KFLB KFDL WPG WXYZ
 WDAY WORC



Ted Harris—11:30 a.m. Tuesday—CBS

COLUMBIA REVUE—Combined Orchestras Directed by Emery Deutsch.
 12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WBCM WSPD WNNC WDBJ
 WGST WDOD WLAC KLRA
 KFLB KFDL WPG WXYZ
 WDAY WORC

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
 12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WJR KSTP WEBC
 WRVA WPTF WREN WHAS
 WSM WMC WKY WVOG
 WOA WRC WHO WJAX
 WDAF WSB WJDX WAPI
 KTHS KYW WFLA WSN

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—Concert Music.
 1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

COLUMBIA LITTLE SYMPHONY—
 2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:20 11:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
 Emery Deutsch, Director.
 3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

SYNCPATED SILHOUETTES—
 3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

MUSICAL ALBUM—Columbia Salon Orchestra.
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

FOOTNOTES—Dance Orchestra Directed by Nat Brusiloff.
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

TEA TIMERS—
 5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WEAF WRC KSI WSB
 WSM KOA WHO WAPI
 WTM KGO KGW WGY
 KTR KFDL WTAG WOC
 WIOD WJDX

EDDIE CONNORS—Banjo and Guitar Specialties.
 5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

“BILL SCHUDT’S GOING TO PRESS”
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

TONY’S SCRAPBOOK—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

MACDOUGALL RESTAURANT ORCHESTRA—Dance Music.
 6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINERS—
 Hill-billy Numbers Played and Sung by Family of Six Crocketts.
 7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
RHYTHM RAMBLERS—Nat Brusiloff, Director.
 7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

ESKIMO PIE PROGRAM—
 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

“BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON”—
 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WEAF WRC KOA WTAG
 KSL KECA CGO WCHS
 WGY WCAE WFCJ WRVA
 KGW KOMO KFSB WJAX
 WSAI WBO KSD WOC
 WHO WOV WDF WSM
 WAPI KTHS KPRC WKY

“DIC-A-DOO ENTERTAINERS”—
 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WHAM KDKA KYW KWK
 WREN KFB KSTP WEBC
 WHAM

EAST OF CAIRO—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WEAF WCHS WGR WOC
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WHAM KDKA KYW KWK
 WREN KFB KSTP WEBC
 WHAM

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WEAF WRC KOA WTAG
 KSL KECA CGO WCHS
 WGY WCAE WFCJ WRVA
 KGW KOMO KFSB WJAX
 WSAI WBO KSD WOC
 WHO WOV WDF WSM
 WAPI KTHS KPRC WKY

MOBILLOIL CONCERT—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAG
 WESH WLIT WRC WGR
 WSAI KSD WLV WFCJ
 WTAM KOA KVOO WFAA
 KPRC WOI WKY KSL
 WTIC WGY WGN WEBC
 WJZ WCAE WHO WOC

HALEY, STUART PROGRAM—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WEAF WEEL WTIC WJAR
 WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC
 WGY WGR WCAE WSAI
 KSD WOC WHO WOV
 WJAX WJZ WHAS WMC
 WSB WSM KVOO KOA
 KPRC WOI KGO KOMO
 KHW KGW KSTP KSL
 KGW KYW WTMJ WRVA
 WSM

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

O’CEDAR TIME—
 9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 KWK WREN KDKA WHAM

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 KDKA WREN WLW KYW
 WJS WPTF WRVA WJR

LA PALINA SMOKER—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

COCA COLA PROGRAM—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WEAF WEEL WTIC WJAR
 WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC
 WGY WGR WCAE WSAI
 WSAI WGN KSD WOC
 WOV WSM KSTP WTMJ
 WSB WJAX KVOO WOI
 KOA KSL KGO KGW
 KOMO KHQ WFAA KLCA

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Dance Music.
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS HOTEL ST. REGIS ORCHESTRA—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WEAF WFLA WSN WIC
 WCAE WWJ WSAI KSD
 WOC WHO WOV WJAX
 WJDX WKY

COLUMBIA’S RADIO COLUMN—
 11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

ABE AND DAVID—
 11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WJAX WSAI WHO WENR
 KSD WOC WSM WDAF
 WEBC WHAS WSMB WJDX
 WTMJ WFCJ WOV WTNJ
 WMC WSB KSTP

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS ‘N’ ANDY—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 KYW KWK WREN WTMJ
 KSTP WLW KFB WBAP
 KESB KECA WBY WKY
 KPRC WOI WDAF WDFW
 KOA KFSB WMAQ KGO
 WJDX WSM KOMO KGW
 KHQ WHAS WMC WSB
 WSM WJR



Harriet Lee — Monday—2:00 p.m.—CBS

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

PHIL SPITALNY’S MUSIC—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WJAX WSAI WHO WENR
 KSD WOC WSM WDAF
 WEBC WHAS WSMB WJDX
 WTMJ WFCJ WOV WTNJ
 WMC WSB KSTP

ROYAL YORK ORCHESTRA—
 12:00 Mid. 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WJR WIV WBO
 KWK WREN KFB

HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON ORCHESTRA—
 12:30 Mid. 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30
 WEAF WRC WJZ WFCJ
 KOA WDAF WCTI WSD
 WOC WHO

BARBARA GOULD BEAUTY TALK—
 10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBB
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WFLB WBT WJAS WLWB
 WFLB WHEC WKBW WADC
 WAU KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WBCM WSPD
 WNNC WDBJ WLAC KLRA
 WPG WXYZ

Thursday

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THE FIVE ARTS—
 11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
 WKBW KOIL KSCJ KMBC
 WISN WBCN WSPD WWNC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC KLRA
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—
 —Dance Music.
 12:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WLBW WHEC
 WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU
 WOWO KSCJ KMBC WBBW
 WBCN WTAR WBRN WDOD
 WREC WJAS KLRA KFPY
 KDYL WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
HAROLD STERN AND AMBASSADOR
ORCHESTRA—Concert Music.
 1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
 WFAU WCAU WMAL WJAS
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 WAIU WOWO WBCN WSPD
 WWNC WTAR WDBJ WBRN
 WDOD WJAS KLRA KFPY
 WXYZ

COLUMBIA ARTISTS RECITAL—
 2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
 WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
 WFAU WCAO WMAL WHP
 WJAS WHEC WMAK WADC
 WHK WKRC WAIU WBCN
 WOWO KSCJ WCOO WBBW
 WSPD WWNC WTAR WDBJ
 WGST WBRN WDOD WJAS
 KLRA KFPY KLZ KFRC
 KVI KFPY WPG WXYZ
 WDAY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL
BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—
 6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
 WABC W2XE WHP WLBW
 WFBZ WHEC WADC WBBW
 KSCJ WCOO KFH WBCN
 WMT WWNC WBRN WREC
 KLRA KFPY KLZ KDYL
 KVI KFPY WDAY KOL

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WABC W2XE WHP WJAS
 WLBW WFBZ WKBW WKRC
 WBBW WFBM KSCJ KMBC
 WISN KFH WBCN WSPD
 WWNC WTAR WDBJ WBRN
 KRDL KLRA KFPY KLZ
 KVI KFPY KOL WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN
BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC WKBW WMAK WHK
 WXYZ WOWO KMBC KOIL
 WJAS WKRC WFBZ WSPD
 WGST WBRN WDBJ WBBW
 WCOO WREC WDSU KFPY
 KTSA

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBZ WKBW
 WADC WKRC WOWO KMOX
 KOIL KMBC WCOO WSPD
 WXYZ WBT WPG

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN—
 8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBZ WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
 KMOX KOIL KMBC WJJD
 WSPD WXYZ

VAN HEUSEN PROGRAM—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WLBW WFBZ
 WHEC WKBW WADC WHK
 WKRC WOWO WBBW KMOX
 KOIL KMBC WCOO WSPD
 WGST WDSU KRDL WXYZ
 WBT WPG

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 NBC Service to WEAF WEEI
 WJAR WTAG WESH CKGW
 WFI WRC WGY WSB
 WSM WIOD WJAX WOAI
 KOA KSL WKY WBAP
 WRVA WWJ WSAI KSD
 WDAF KYW WCAE WBBW
 WOV WSMB WJBN WOC
 WPTF WFJC WTMJ WMC
 KGO KECA KOMO KHQ
 KGW WHO WAPI KSTP
 WGR

KNOX DUNLAP ORCHESTRA—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJZ WBZ WBAL WBAL
 WHAM KDKA WBO KWK
 WREN WCKY

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WLBW KSTP WKY WTMJ
 WBBW WJAX WSM KPRC
 WJAX KOA WRVA WSB
 WBAP KYW WKY WREN
 WIOD WJR WSMB WOAI
 KGO KECA KGW KOMO
 KHQ WAPI WPTF WMC
 WHAM KDKA KSL

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WEAF WJAR WWJ WTAG
 WESH WFI WRC WGY
 WGR WCAE WSAI WTAM
 WBO

DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBZ WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
 WBBW KMOX KOIL KMBC
 WSPD WXYZ

VICTOR HERBERT OPERA SERIES—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
 WREN CKGW

LUTHERAN HOUR—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBZ WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
 WBBW KMOX KOIL WCOO
 WSPD WDSU KRDL KLZ
 KDYL KHJ KFRC KOIN
 KFPY WXYZ KOL

LLOYD HUNTLEY AND HIS OR-
CHESTRA FROM MINNEAPOLIS—
 —Dance Music.
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU WMAL WHP
 WLBW WHEC WKBW WADC
 WKRC KMOX KMBC WCOO
 WBBW KFH WJAX WOC
 WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
 WBRN WDOD WREC KLRA
 KFPY KLZ KFPY WPG
 WXYZ WNAX WDAY WORC

Friday

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—News Events
 of the Day.
 8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU WMAL WHP
 WFBZ WHEC WKBW WADC
 WKRC KMOX KMBC WCOO
 WBBW KFH WJAX WOC
 WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
 WBRN WDOD WREC KLRA
 KFPY KLZ KFPY WPG
 WXYZ WNAX WDAY WORC

RADIO HOME MAKERS—
 10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WJAS WFBZ WKBW
 WHK WBBW WXYZ

COLUMBIA REVUE—Vincent Sorey
 and his Orchestra.
 12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WFAU
 WCAU WMAL WHP WJAS
 WLBW WFBZ WHEC WKBW
 WADC WKRC WBBW WOWO
 WBBW KSCJ KMBC WBBW
 WWNC WTAR WDBJ WBRN
 WDOD WREC KLRA KFPY
 KDYL KHJ KFRC KVI
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC KOL

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
 Emery Deutsch, Director.
 3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WFBZ WHEC
 WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU
 WBBW WOWO KSCJ KMBC
 WBBW KFH WBCN WSPD
 WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
 WBRN WDOD WREC WJAS
 KRDL KLRA KFPY WPG
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WXYZ WDAY WORC

THE CAPTIVATORS—
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU WMAL WHP
 WFBZ WMAK WADC WHK
 WKRC WAIU KOIL WJAX
 KMBC WISN WCOO WBBW
 WSPD WMT WWNC WJAS
 WDBJ WREC WJAS WDBJ
 KLRA KFPY KLZ KDYL
 KFRC KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC WXYZ

MELODY MAGIC—
 4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WFAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WFBZ WMAK WADC
 WAIU WMAK KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WCOO WBBW
 WBCN WSPD WMT WWNC
 WTAR WDBJ WREC WJAS
 KRDL KLRA KFPY KLZ
 KDYL KFRC KVI KFPY
 WPG WDAY WORC KOL
 WXYZ

WSPD COMMODORES—Dance Music.
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WABC W2XE WFAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WMAK WAIU
 WBBW WOWO KMOX KSCJ
 KMBC WCOO KFH WBCN
 WSPD WWNC WTAR WGST
 WBRN WDOD WREC KLRA
 KFPY KLZ KDYL WXYZ
 WDAY

THE TODDY PARTY—
 5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
 WESH WFI WRC WGY
 WGR WCAE WSAI KGW
 CKGW WTIC WWJ WJJC
 KSD

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE
ORCHESTRA—
 5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WABC W2XE WFAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WJAS WFBZ
 WKBW WAIU WBBW WMAK
 KSCJ KMBC WISN WCOO
 KFH WBCN WMT WWNC
 WTAR WBRN WREC KRDL
 KLRA KFPY KLZ KDYL
 WDAY WXYZ

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WEAF WENR WTAG WGY
 WESH WRC WCAE WJAR
 WEEI WFI WOW WDAF
 WFJC WWJ WSAI KSD
 WTMJ WBBW WSM WMC
 WSB WAPI WSMB WJDX
 WHAS WTAM

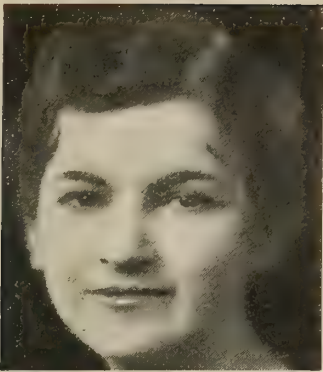
MINDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—
 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WREN
 KWK KFAB WHAS WSM
 WNC WSB WAPI WSMB
 WJDX WRVA WPTF WJAX
 WIOD WFLA WSTN WJAX
 KECA KOMO KHQ KTA
 KFSD WBAL KDKA WBO
 KOA KSL

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY
STRIKE ORCHESTRA—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
 WJR KYW KWK WREN
 KFAB

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAX
 WIOD WJDX WJAR WESH
 WFI WRC WGY WCAE
 WFJC WHO WOW WDAF
 WWJ WTMJ WHAS WMC
 WSB WSMB WKY WSAI
 KOA WERC WPTF KSI
 KOMO WOAI WSM KGO
 KHQ WBAP KTHS WAPI
 KECA KSD CKGW WTAM
 KGW KSTP WHN WPTF



Eddie and Elizabeth Wragge—Monday at 5:00 p.m.—NBC



Ann Leaf—Sunday 8:15—CBS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THE TOASTMASTER PROGRAM—
 Aunt Emily Lee's Advice to Brides.
 10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
 WABC W2XE WNAC WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WKBW WADC WKRC WOWO
 WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
 WCCO WSPD WMT WXYZ

BETTY CROCKER—
 10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WFAF WJAR WTAG SCSS
 WFI WRC WGY WSAI
 WJAX WHO WOAI WRVA
 WEEI WTMJ WWJ WIOD
 WPTF WSM WMC WAPI
 WKY WBAP WSB KPRC
 KFKX KSD WHAS KVOO
 WOC WGR WCAE

NBC Music Appreciation Hour—Walter Damrosch
 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WFAF WJAX WEEI WJAR
 WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
 WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
 WWJ WSAI WGN WOC
 WENR WBO KSD WOC
 WHO WOV WDAF CKGW
 WTMJ KSTP WBCB WRVA
 WPTF WJAX WIOD WFLA
 WSN WSHAS WSM WMC
 WSB WAPI WJDX WMBB
 WVOO WJAA KRL WBZ
 WOAI KOA KSL KDKA
 WBZA WBAL WHAM KDKA
 WJR WLW KWK WREN
 KFAF

HELEN CHASE—Complexion Hints.
 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW
 CFRB WADC WKRC WOWO
 WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
 WISN WSPD WXYZ

ELGIN PROGRAM—
 12:00 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
 WFAF WJAR WTAG WCHS
 WRC WGY WWJ WSAI
 KYW KSD WOC WAPI
 WHO KSTP WBCB WRVA
 WPTF WJAX WIOD WFLA
 WSN WSM WMC WSB
 WSMB WJDX KTHS KVOO
 WBAP KPRC WOAI WKY
 KOA WLIT

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA
 —Dance Music.
 12:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WLBW WHEC
 WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU
 WOWO KSCJ KMBC KFH
 WBCM WTRC WBRB WDOO
 WREC WLAC KLRA KJFF
 KDYL WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

Marion McAfee—Staff artist
on CBS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
COLUMBIA REVUE—Julius Mattfeld,
 Director, with Marie Gerard, Soprano.
 12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WHP
 WLBW WFLB WKBW WKRC
 WOWO KSCJ KMBC WWSN
 WTRC WDOO WREC
 KLRA KJFF KDYL KFRK
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC KOL

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL
BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—Concert
 Music.
 1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
 WFAU WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 WAIU WOV KMBC WBCM
 WWSN WTRC WDOO WREC
 WDOO WLAC KLRA KJFF
 KFPY WXYZ WDAY WORC

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
 1:45 p.m. 12:45 11:45 10:45
 WJZ WJZ WBZ WJZ WHAM
 WBAL KDKA WJR KYW
 WLW KWK WREN KSTP
 WBCB WRVA WJAX WFLA
 WSN WHAS WSM WMC
 WSB WJDX WMBB WKY
 KVOO KPRC WOAI WKY
 WRC WHO WOV WDAF
 WIOD WOC WPTF WAPI
 KFAF KOA

COLUMBIA ARTISTS RECITAL—
 2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WJAS WFLB
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 WAIU WOV KMBC WBSN
 KOL KSCJ KMBC WBSN
 WCOO WJDX WMBB WKY
 WMT WWSN WTRC WDOO
 WREC WLAC KLRA KJFF
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

CHICAGO SERENADE—
 3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
 WJZ WBAL WHAM WJR
 WSM WAPI WBO WSB
 WJAX WFAK WSN WRC
 WLW

**COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-
 URES—**
 3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WJAS WFLB
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 WAIU WOV KMBC WBSN
 KOL KSCJ KMBC WBSN
 WCOO WJDX WMBB WKY
 WMT WWSN WTRC WDOO
 WREC WLAC KLRA KJFF
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

PACIFIC FEATURE HOUR—
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WJZ WBAL WHAM WJR
 WSM WAPI WBO WSB
 WJAX WFAK WSN WRC
 WLW

THIRTY MINUTE MEN—
 4:45 p.m. 3:45 2:45 1:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WJAS WFLB
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 WAIU WOV KMBC WBSN
 KOL KSCJ KMBC WBSN
 WCOO WJDX WMBB WKY
 WMT WWSN WTRC WDOO
 WREC WLAC KLRA KJFF
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—Earl Palmer,
 Tenor; Quartet; Helen Nugent,
 Contralto; Crane Calder, Bass; and
 Marie Gerard, Soprano.
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WJAS WFLB
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 WAIU WOV KMBC WBSN
 KOL KSCJ KMBC WBSN
 WCOO WJDX WMBB WKY
 WMT WWSN WTRC WDOO
 WREC WLAC KLRA KJFF
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

TETLEY PROGRAM—
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 WDKA WLW KYW WRVA
 WPTF WJAX WIOD WFLA
 WSN WHAS WSM WMC
 WSB WBAL WAPI WMBB
 WJDX

MUSICAL AVIATORS ORCHESTRA—
 Dance Music.
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WCAO WMAL
 WHP WLBW WHEC WADC
 WKRC WKBN WGL KFH
 WBCM WWSN WTRC WDOO
 WDOO WREC KRLD KLRA
 KJFF KJL KDYL KFRK
 KFPY WXYZ WDAY KOL

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WABC W2XE WCAO WHP
 WJAS WLBW WKBW WFBM
 KSCJ WSN KFH WBCM
 WSPD WJAX WIOD WFLA
 WBRB KLRA KJFF KJL
 KFRK KVI KFPY KOL
 WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WFAF WFI WRC WCAE WTAG

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—
 Hill-billy Numbers Played and Sung
 by Family of Six Crocketts.
 7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 WAIU WOV KMBC WBSN
 WWSN WTRC WDOO WREC
 WDOO WLAC KLRA KJFF
 KFPY WXYZ WDAY WORC KOL

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA
 —Dance Music.
 7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 WAIU WOV KMBC WBSN
 WWSN WTRC WDOO WREC
 WDOO WLAC KLRA KJFF
 KFPY WXYZ WDAY WORC KOL

COLLEGE MEMORIES—
 7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
 WFAF WJAX WEEI WJAR
 WRC WJZ WSAI WOC
 WHO WOV WDAF KSTP
 WSM WMC WJDX KGO
 WKY KOA WJDX WFAA
 KTHS KECA KFSO WFAA
 WOAI KTRC KMO KKH

OLD COMPANY'S PROGRAM—
 7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
 WFAF WJAR WCHS WRC
 WGR KGW WTIC

EVANGELINE ADAMS, Astrologer—
 7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WFLB WKBW WXYZ

BROWNBLIT FOOTLITES—
 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WJZ KTHS WBZ WBZA
 WREN KWK KFAF WTMJ
 WBCB WRVA WPTF WJAX
 WIOD WFLA WSN WHAS
 WSM WMC KSD WAPI
 WSMB WJDX WOAI KOA
 KSL WBO

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 WKY WBO KWK WREN

**CITIES SERVICE CONCERT OR-
 CHESTRA—**
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WFAF WEEI WTIC WLIT
 WRC WGR WCAE WTAM
 WJAR WCHS KYW KSD
 WOW WDAF KSTP WTMJ
 WKY WOC WJAX WHAS
 WFAA WSAI WBCB WOAI
 KOMO KGO KGW KKH
 KPRC KSL WTAG CKGW
 KECA WHO

**LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN
 BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.**
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WFLB WKBW WHEC WMAK
 WADC WKRC WAIU WOV
 KMBC WBSN KOL KSCJ
 KMBC WBSN WCOO WJDX
 WMBB WKY WMT WWSN
 WTRC WDOO WREC WLAC
 KRLD KLRA KJFF KJL
 KDYL KJH KFRK KVI
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

GRAND OPERA MINIATURE—
 8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WFLB WKBW WHEC WMAK
 WADC WKRC WAIU WOV
 KMBC WBSN KOL KSCJ
 KMBC WBSN WCOO WJDX
 WMBB WKY WMT WWSN
 WTRC WDOO WREC WLAC
 KRLD KLRA KJFF KJL
 KDYL KJH KFRK KVI
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

NATURAL BRIDGE REVUE—
 8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WJZ WHAM KDKA KWK
 WRVA WJAX WIOD KFAF
 WBO WREN WBZ WBZA
 WFLA WPTF WSMO

**TRUE STORY HOUR—Adventures of
 Mary and Bob**
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WJAS WFLB
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 WAIU WOV KMBC WBSN
 KOL KSCJ KMBC WBSN
 WCOO WJDX WMBB WKY
 WMT WWSN WTRC WDOO
 WREC WLAC KLRA KJFF
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

INTERVENE PAIR—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJZ WHAM KDKA WMC
 WJAX WKY WREN KPRC
 KWK WBZ WBZA WSMB
 KGW WIOD WFAA WJR
 WTMJ KSTP WHAS KYW
 WERC WCKY CKGW WSN
 WRVA WSB WAPI WOAI
 KOA KSL KGO KECA
 KGW KOMO KHW KFSO
 KFI

CLIQUE CLUB ESKIMOS—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WFAF WFI WRC WCAE
 WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC
 WJZ WOV WDAF WSAI
 WBO WOV WDAF WSAI
 KECA WHO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
**DEL LAMPE'S EVERSHARP OR-
 CHESTRA**
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WFLB WKBW WHEC WMAK
 WADC WKRC WAIU WOV
 KMBC WBSN KOL KSCJ
 KMBC WBSN WCOO WJDX
 WMBB WKY WMT WWSN
 WTRC WDOO WREC WLAC
 KRLD KLRA KJFF KJL
 KDYL KJH KFRK KVI
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

ARMOUR PROGRAM—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WREN
 WJR KYW KSTP WLCB
 WRVA WMC WSB WOAI
 KGO KSL WKY WHAS
 KGW KHW KOAO KOKO
 KDKA WJAX WJDX WIOD
 WTMJ WAPI WHAM WWK
 WFAA WSM WLW WSMB
 WPTF KFI



James Corbett—Sunday 6:30

THE RADIO FOLLIES—Guy Lombardo
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WFLB WKBW WHEC WMAK
 WADC WKRC WAIU WOV
 KMBC WBSN KOL KSCJ
 KMBC WBSN WCOO WJDX
 WMBB WKY WMT WWSN
 WTRC WDOO WREC WLAC
 KRLD KLRA KJFF KJL
 KDYL KJH KFRK KVI
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 KYW WKB WREN KPRC
 WHAM WJR KSTP WTMJ
 WBCB WHAS WSM WSB
 WOAI KOA WKY WSMB
 KSL KGW KGO KKH
 WFAA WMC WLW KFI

CRIME PREVENTION PROGRAM—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WFLB WKBW WHEC WMAK
 WADC WKRC WAIU WOV
 KMBC WBSN KOL KSCJ
 KMBC WBSN WCOO WJDX
 WMBB WKY WMT WWSN
 WTRC WDOO WREC WLAC
 KRLD KLRA KJFF KJL
 KDYL KJH KFRK KVI
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
PHOENIX HOSTERY PROGRAM—
 10:45 p.m. 8:15 7:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAO WJAS WKBW WADC
 WHK WKRC WBBM KMOX
 KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
 WGST WLAC WDSU WRR
 KLZ KDYL KRCR KNX
 KOIN KFPY KOL WXYZ

WILL OSBORNE—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 KMBC WISN WBBM KMOX
 WBCN WMT WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL KFPY
 WNAX WDAY WORC KOL

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—
 11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS HOTEL
ST. REGIS ORCHESTRA—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAO WJAS WKBW WADC
 WHK WKRC WBBM KMOX
 KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
 WGST WLAC WDSU WRR
 KLZ KDYL KRCR KNX
 KOIN KFPY KOL WXYZ

ROMANELLI AND HIS KING ED-
WARD ORCHESTRA from Toronto
 —Dance Music.
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAO WJAS WKBW WADC
 WHK WKRC WBBM KMOX
 KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
 WGST WLAC WDSU WRR
 KLZ KDYL KRCR KNX
 KOIN KFPY KOL WXYZ

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—
 Amos 'n' Andy.
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 KYW WKW WREN WTMJ
 KSTP WKY KRCR WBBM
 WOL KOA KSL KPSD
 WDAF WFLA WNNC WTAR
 WLW KECA KOMO KGW
 KHQ WHAS WSM WMC
 WSB WMBB WJDX WJR
 KFAB KTHS

Saturday

NEW WORLD SALON ORCHESTRA—
 Vincent Sorey, Director.
 10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAO WJAS WKBW WADC
 WHK WKRC WBBM KMOX
 KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
 WGST WLAC WDSU WRR
 KLZ KDYL KRCR KNX
 KOIN KFPY KOL WXYZ

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS—
 Ernest Schelling, Conductor.
 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—
 11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA
 —Dance Music.
 12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

WARWICK HOTEL ORCHESTRA
 from Philadelphia
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

THE JAMESES—
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
RADIO KEITH ORPHEUM PRO-
GRAM—RKO Theatre of the Air.
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

WRICKE FOOTBALL PROGRAM—
 "Prediction Interviews."
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-
URES—Dr. Thatcher Clark's
 French Lesson.
 5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

Kc.	Kc.
CKGQ... 960	WFJC... 1450
KDKA... 980	WFLA... 620
KECA... 1340	WGN... 720
KFAB... 770	WGR... 550
KFI... 640	WGY... 790
KFSD... 600	WHAM... 1150
KXXX... 1020	WHAS... 820
KGO... 790	WHO... 1000
KGW... 620	WIBO... 560
KHQ... 590	WIOD... 560
KOA... 830	WJAR... 890
KOMO... 920	WJAX... 900
KPO... 680	WJDX... 1270
KPRC... 920	WJR... 750
KSD... 550	WJZ... 760
KSL... 1130	WKY... 900
KSTP... 1460	WLIT... 560
KTRR... 620	WLS... 870
KTHS... 1040	WLW... 700
KVOO... 1140	WMC... 780
KWK... 1350	WOAL... 1190
KYW... 1020	WOC... 1000
WAPL... 1140	WOW... 590
WBAL... 1060	WPTF... 680
WBAP... 800	WRC... 950
WBZ... 990	WREN... 1220
WBZA... 990	WRVA... 1110
WCAE... 1220	WSAI... 1330
WCFL... 970	WSB... 740
WCKY... 1480	WSM... 650
WCSH... 940	WSMB... 1320
WDAF... 610	WSUN... 620
WEAF... 660	WTAG... 580
WEBC... 1290	WTAM... 1070
WEI... 590	WTMJ... 620
WENR... 870	WTIC... 1060
WFAA... 800	WTMJ... 620
WFI... 560	WWJ... 920

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-
URES—Romance of American In-
dustry.
 7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN
 BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

DIXIES CIRCUS—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

RIN-TIN-TIN THRILLER—
 8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
GENERAL ELECTRIC BAND—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

DUTCH MASTERS MINSTRELS—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY
STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHES-
TRA—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

BERNIE CUMMINS AND HIS HOTEL
NEW YORKER ORCHESTRA—
 11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL
CANADIANS—Dance Music.
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—
 AMOS 'n' ANDY—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

RUDY VALLEE AND HIS ORCHES-
TRA—
 12:00 Mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

TOM, DICK AND HARRY—Male Trio.
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA
 —Dance Music.
 6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—
 7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

WHYTE'S ORCHESTRA—
 7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

DIXIE ECHOES—Negro Spirituals.
 8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

JOHNS-MANVILLE FIRE FIGHTERS
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

THE FULLER MAN—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS—Harry
Salter's Orchestra.
 8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBY WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WLBY W2XE WLBY WCAO
 WISN WBBM WNNC WTAR
 WDBJ WBRC WREC KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Watch Each Issue of Radio Digest for
Corrected Official Wavelengths

K

- KBTM.....Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.
- KCRC.....Enid, Okla.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.
- KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
- KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
- KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
- KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
- KEX.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
- KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
- KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont.
2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
- KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
- KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KFEL.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
- KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
- KPIF.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KPIO.....Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KPIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KJFJ.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
- KJFI.....Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KJFM.....Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KJFR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KJFY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KJFZ.....Fort Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KPKA.....Greeley, Colo.
1000 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
- KPKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
- KPKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
- KPKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
- KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
- KFLX.....Galveston, Texas.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- KKNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
- KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
250 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
- KQD.....Anchorage, Alaska.
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
- KFOU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KQW.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KPRC.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.9 m.
- KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
- KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
- KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KFUL.....Galveston, Texas.
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
- KFUM Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
- KFVS.....Cape Girardeau Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
- KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—247.8 m.
- KFWI.....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KFXF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KFXM.....San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KFXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KFXV.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KFYO.....Abilene, Texas
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
500 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
- KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
- KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
- KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KGCI.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
- KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
- KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGFG.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGFI.....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGFV.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
- KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGGF.....Picher, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
- KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
- KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
- KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
- KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
- KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
- KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KGNE.....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
- KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
- KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
- KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
- KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
- KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
- KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
- KLO.....Ogden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
- KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
- KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
- KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
- KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
- KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
- KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
- KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
5000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
- KMPK.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
- KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
- KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
- KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
- KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KOB.....State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
- KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- KOH.....Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
- KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KONO.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
- KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.—421.3 m.
- KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
- KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
- KPRC.....Houston, Texas
2500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
- KPWF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
- KQV.....Pittsburg, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.
- KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
- KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
- KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
- KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa.
2500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
- KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
- KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
- KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
- KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
- KTAB.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
- KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
- KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
- KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
- KTHS.....Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
- KTLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
- KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
- KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
2000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
- KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KTUE.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KUJ.....Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
- KUSD.....Vermilion, S. D.
750 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
- KUT.....Austin, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
- KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—248 m.
- KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
- KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.—282 m.
- KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
- KWKH.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
- KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
2,000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
- KWWG.....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
- KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
- KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
- KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

W

- WAAP.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
- WAAX.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
- WABC.....New York City
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
- WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
- WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
- WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- WAUI.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
- WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263.7 m.
- WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- WBAB.....Harrisburg, Pa.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
- WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
- WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
10,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
- WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- WBMM.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
- WBRR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- WBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- WBGM.....Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
- WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—243.8 m.
- WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
- WBNY.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
- WBQ.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
- WBOW.....Perry Hamlet, Ind.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
- WBRO.....Wichita Falls, Texas
250 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.

WBT.....Charlotte, N. C. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.	WEEI.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.	WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio 1000 w.—1390 kc.—215 m.	WLBG.....Petersburg, Va. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WOKO.....Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WBTM.....Danville, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WEHC.....Emory, Va. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WHN.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.	WLBL.....Stevens Pt., Wis. 2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.	WOL.....Washington, D. C. 100 f.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass. 15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.	WEHS.....Evanston, Ill. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WHO.....Des Moines, Ia. 5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.	WLBW.....Oil City, Pa. 1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.	WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass. 500 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.	WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WOOD.....Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn. 250 w.—600 kc.—500 m.	WEMC.....Berrien Springs, Mich. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.	WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	WLBZ.....Bangor, Maine 500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.	WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N.Y. 500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.	WENR.....Chicago, Ill. 50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.5 m.	WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WLEX.....Lexington, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.	WEPS.....Auburn, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WIBA.....Madison, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—234.2 m.	WLEY.....Lexington, Mass. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WOR.....Newark, N. J. 5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	WEVD.....New York City 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	WIBM.....Jackson, Mich. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLIB.....Elgin, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.	WORC.....Worcester, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr. 500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.	WEW.....St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.	WIBO.....Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—560 kc.—535.7 m.	WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—235.4 m.	WORD.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WFAA.....Dallas, Texas 50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.	WIBU.....Poynette, Wis. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WLOE.....Boston, Mass. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.	WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas 1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.	WLS.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.	WOV.....New York City 1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.	WFBB.....Cincinnati, Ohio 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WIBX.....Utica, N. Y. 300 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WLSI.....Cranston, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WOW.....Omaha, Nebr. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WFBG.....Altoona, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn. 500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.	WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214 m.	WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind. 10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.	WIL.....St. Louis, Mo. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WPAD.....Paducah, Ky. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa. 10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.	WFBT.....Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.	WILL.....Urbana, Ill. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.	WLW.....Cincinnati, O. 50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.	WPAP.....Cliffside, N. J. 250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WFDF.....Flint, Mich. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WILM.....Wilmington, Del. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WLWL.....New York City 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.	WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	WMAC.....Cazenovia, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	WPCC.....Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—560 kc.—535 m.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.	WFDW.....Talladega, Ala. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.	WMAF.....S. Dartmouth, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	WPCH.....New York City 500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.	WIS.....Columbia, S. C. 1000 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.	WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.	WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WISJ.....Beloit, Wis. 500 w.—560 kc.—384.4 m.	WMAL.....Washington, D. C. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.	WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J. 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn. 7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.	WFJC.....Akron, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.	WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WCDA.....New York City 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.	WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla. 2500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.	WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.4 m.	WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WPOR.....Norfolk, Va. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—970 kc.—301.9 m.	WGL.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr. 1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.	WMAZ.....Macon, Ga. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.	WPSC.....State College, Pa. 500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WJAR.....Providence, R. I. 400 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.	WMBB.....Newport, R. I. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C. 1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.	WGBE.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.	WMBD.....Peoria Hts., Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.	WQAM.....Miami, Fla. 1000 w.—560 kc.—335.4 m.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WGBF.....Evansville, Ind. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.	WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.	WMBF.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	WQAN.....Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WCLO.....Janesville, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WGBL.....Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.	WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.	WMBG.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WQAO.....Palisades, N. J. 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WGBS.....New York City 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.	WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.	WMBH.....Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WJBC.....La Salle, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WMBI.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.	WQDV.....Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss. 1000 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.	WGCP.....Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WRAF.....LaPorte, Ind. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WGES.....Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.	WJBO.....New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WGH.....Newport News, Va. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WJBT-WBBM.....Glenview, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.	WMBR.....Tampa, Fla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WJBW.....Lewisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WMC.....Memphis, Tenn. 1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.	WRBT.....Wilmington, N. C. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WCSC.....Charleston, S. C. 250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WJDX.....Jackson, Miss. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.	WMCA.....New York City 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCSE.....Portland, Me. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WGN.....Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.	WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill. 20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.	WMCM.....Fairmont, W. Va. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.	WRBX.....Roanoke, Va. 250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WCSS.....Springfield, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.	WJJS.....Gary, Ind. 1250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.	WMCN.....Lapeer, Mich. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WRD.....Augusta, Ga. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCDA.....Tampa, Fla. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.	WGST.....Atlanta, Ga. 500 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.	WJL.....Detroit, Mich. 5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.	WMCP.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.	WRDW.....Augusta, Ga. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCDA.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.	WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y. 50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.	WJLV.....Mansfield, Ohio. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WMSC.....New York, N. Y. 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.	WREC.....Memphis, Tenn. 1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCDA.....Amarillo, Texas 250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	WHA.....Madison, Wis. 750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WJLW.....New York City 30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.	WMTC.....Waterloo, Iowa 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.	WREN.....Lawrence, Kans. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WCDA.....El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.	WMTC.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.	WRHM.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WCDA.....Fargo, N. D. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y. 5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.	WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich. 1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.	WMTC.....Norman, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.—269.9 m.	WRJN.....Racine, Wis. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WCDA.....Roanoke, Va. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.	WHAP.....New York City 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	WKAV.....Laconia, N. H. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WMTC.....Yankton, S. Dak. 1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	WRNY.....New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WCDA.....Orlando, Fla. 1000 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	WHAS.....Louisville, Ky. 10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.	WKBD.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WMTC.....Binghamton, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WRR.....Dallas, Texas 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCDA.....Wilmington, Del. 350 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WMTC.....New Bedford, Mass. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla. 5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.	WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WMTC.....Silver Haven, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WRVA.....Richmond, Va. 5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn. 2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WHB.....Kansas City, Mo. 500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.	WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis. 1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.	WMTC.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio 500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WDRC.....New Haven, Conn. 500 w.—1330 kc.—226 m.	WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	WMTC.....Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	WMTC.....Knoxville, Tenn. 2000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.	WSAN.....Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WDWF.....Providence, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	WKBP.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.	WMTC.....Greensboro, N. C. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.	WSAR.....Fall River, Mass. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.	WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WMTC.....New York, N. Y. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	WSAZ.....Huntington, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.	WHBU.....Anderson, Ind. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WKCV.....Connersville, Ind. 150 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WMTC.....San Antonio, Tex. 5000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.	WSB.....Atlanta, Ga. 5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WEAL.....Ithaca, N. Y. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.	WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.	WMTC.....Whitehaven, Tenn. 1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.	WSBC.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WMTC.....Trenton, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WSBT.....South Bend, Ind. 500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio 750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	WHDH.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.	WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.	WMTC.....Union City, Tenn. 250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis. 2500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.	WHDI.....Minneapolis, Minn. 500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.	WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.	WMTC.....Charleston, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.	WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WEBO.....Harrisburg, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.	WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.	WMTC.....Davenport, Iowa 5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.	WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y. 200 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WHFC.....Cicero, Ill. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WMTC.....Paterson, N. J. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WLBG.....Kansas City, Kans. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WMTC.....Mobile, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.—214.2 m.	WSJS.....Winston-Salem, N. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
			WOI.....Ames, Iowa 5000 w.—640 kc.—465.8 m.	WSM.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.

WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN.....Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW.....College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WTPI.....Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
2500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WTNT.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.

WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258 m.
WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
XED.....Reynosa, Tamps, Mex.
10,000 w.—960 kc.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m,
889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA-CKOW-CNRT, To-
ronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc,
500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q.,
291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont.,
500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m,
1210 kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m,
629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E.
I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B.,
247.9 m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC-CNRS, Saskatoon,
Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co.
Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m,
1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E.
I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.

CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 329.7m,
910kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte,
Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C.,
247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m,
729.9 kc, 500w.
CJCA-CNRE, Edmonton,
Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9 m,
880kc, 50w.
CJCI-CHCA, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont.,
329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m,
629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask.,
329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C.,
291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask.,
500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask, 500m,
599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m,
1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P.
Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B.
C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
880kc, 50w.
CKCL, Toronto, Ont.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.

CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m,
889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRC, Quebec, P. Q.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S.,
322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont.,
434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC-CHCT, Red Deer,
Alta, 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m,
1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C.
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m,
540kc, 500w.
CKY-CNRC, Winnipeg,
Man., 384.6m, 790kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B.,
476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta.,
357.7m, 840kc,—w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m,
599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C.,
291.3m, 1038kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc,
50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc,
100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m,
622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc,
50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m,
680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m,
1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m,
611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc,
100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc,
500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc,
100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc,
150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m,
1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m,
643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc,
300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m,
1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc,
500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m,
923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc,
500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc,
2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc,
1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc,
250w.



Fred Ibbett, Production Manager of NBC Chicago Studios, directing rehearsal of Rin-Tin-Tin Thriller, *The last of the Hendersons*. (Left to right) George Opie, Frank Doucet, Bernadine Flynn, Bob White and Fred Ibbett.

Encore!

(Continued from page 29)

reading innumerable parts in *Mystery House*—to say nothing of hundreds of "one shot" microphone appearances in Radio drama. His best Radio part? He claims to have received his greatest Radio thrill out of his interpretation of the character of General Custer in NBC's production of *The Massacre of Custer*.

Not all of the troupers appearing in Radio dramas have retired from active stage work. Far from it. Many of them find time to work at the microphone while appearing in Broadway productions. Josephine Hull, for example, played in the season's hit of three years ago, *Craig's Wife*, and took part in nearly all the Biblical dramas presented over an NBC network. She, also, is a member of the Radio Guild Stock Company and has come into Radio with a background of legitimate stage experience that includes work in plays and operettas while at Radcliffe College, stock at Castle Square in Boston, more stock at New Orleans, leads, with Wilton Lackaye and Shelly Hull (she became Mrs. Shelly Hull while working with him) in productions and an enviable position as a stage director.

WHEN I asked her opinion of Radio drama she replied, "It is remarkable because of the ease with which every listener can be reached. The intimacy of the microphone brings a feeling of relief to me. It does away with that constant struggle to project one's voice to the last rows of the theatre. I always feel as though every person in the audience of an air performance is sitting right in the front row. Delicate inflections of the voice, frequently lost in the theatre, can be handled without straining."

After witnessing her work in *Houseparty* on the opening night of its long run I went backstage to congratulate Anne Sutherland. What a trouper! Born shortly after the close of the Civil War, the same year in which Joe Weber first saw the light of day, Anne Sutherland was destined to make theatre history, long before Radio was even dreamed about. As Annie Sutherland she was one of *Black Crook* ladies who shocked a nation by appearing on the stage in tights! Dropping the "i" from her first name Miss Sutherland went in for legitimate drama. She has played opposite such well known artists as Joseph Jefferson, Nat Goodwin, Henry Dixie and a host of others and finally reached stardom under the Charles Frohman banner in *Mrs. Erskine's Devotion*. She has always had what actors call "fat parts" (which means rôles of outstanding importance) even when her starring days were over. Hers has been a busy, active life—always con-

nected with the theatre until two years ago, when, after the long run of *Craig's Wife* in which she made a decided hit as the mordant-witted aunt, Miss Sutherland went to Europe for a much earned rest. The stock market was not kind to her and she returned to this country "broke but happy", as she puts it, and immediately opened a cozy little tearoom in Greenwich Village. When she returned to the stage to play in *Houseparty* she did not give up the tearoom "because," says Miss Sutherland, "so many of my old friends drop in for a snack of ham and eggs and coffee after the theatre that



George Rand, an old trouper now with NBC Coast studios.

for me it means keeping in touch with the world I love. Then, too," she added with a twinkle in her ever-smiling eyes, "it keeps me out of mischief to be busy."

Out of mischief! Perhaps, as she says, her tremendous amount of vitality needs these many well filled hours of activity to keep her out of mischief. What I think she meant was that she must be busy to be happy. And as busy as she always is she couldn't keep out of Radio. Not that she wanted to keep out of it, for she was anxious to have her fling at the theatre of the air. The chance to prove her worth as a microphone performer came when NBC decided to produce the air serial, *Moonlight and Honeysuckle*, which is being written by Lulu Volmer, the author of *Sun Up*. One of the principal characters in the serial is *Ma Betts* and when Miss Sutherland's name was mentioned as a possible player of the rôle, there was no second choice.

Miss Sutherland has made this character of the mountain woman one of the outstanding air rôles of the year. We will, without a doubt, hear the voice of this trouper in many other Radio dramas, but, as I write this, the call of the footlights is urging Miss Sutherland to return to the stage in a Broadway production.

When *Moonlight and Honeysuckle* first started its air story of the mountain feud, there was a character known as *Pegleg Gaddis*, played by another old timer. Claude Cooper is the old timer's name. Now, Mr. Cooper, who was born in London and first appeared on the American stage in 1889 in that ripe old melodrama *Silver King*, is an ambitious actor who is striving to set a world's record for the number of rôles played on the stage. When he created the Radio character of *Pegleg Gaddis*, Mr. Cooper claims to have had a background of 535 grease-paint rôles to his credit. A few weeks ago an opportunity was offered him to appear in a new Broadway production, so Mr. Cooper explained his desire to be released from the cast of *Moonlight and Honeysuckle* to Miss Volmer. Rather than trust the part to another, Miss Volmer accommodatingly wrote *Pegleg* out of the story by the simple expedient of having him killed off. And Mr. Cooper added another character scalp to his belt. The play was not a success and as I write this Mr. Cooper has just closed with his third "flop" this season—which makes a total of 538 different rôles which the man has portrayed on the stage. If Mr. Cooper is successful enough in picking unsuccessful plays at the rate he is now going, he will set a record, no fooling.

Another charming actress playing many character parts for the various NBC directors is Alma Kruger, who, at nineteen played *Lady Macbeth* opposite that sterling actor, Louis James! They started young in those days to act in the works of the master playwright. After several years' work with such stars as Sothorn and Marlow, Robert Mantell and Granville Barker the lady who dared to play (and probably did a fearlessly good job of it) *Lady Macbeth* at nineteen finds herself a member of the far-famed New York Civic Repertory Company.

A CALL will bring Miss Kruger to the studio on the run—providing the demands on her stage services do not interfere. Her first Radio work, like so many another trouper of legitimate productions, was in one of the Biblical dramas. And, by a peculiar twist of fate, Miss Kruger gave an air performance of *Lisa's* mother in Tolstoi's *Redemption* prior to her appearance in the same part on the stage. In speaking

of her microphone work, Miss Kruger says, "It makes one voice conscious. I always feel as though I were playing before an audience made up entirely of the blind. It serves to make me doubly careful in keeping my voice 'in character' for the mental picture drawn only by the voice must never become blurred or indistinct to the listener. The microphone is a taskmaster which, could it speak, would say to every performer—*Watch your step!*"

One evening I dropped into the CBS studios to see my old friend, Walter Soderling, who plays that delightfully dumb character, *Nels* in the Graybar *Mr. and Mrs.* sketches. Walter is one of those judicious persons who, after years of study preparatory to entering the ministry, thought better of the original decision and went on the stage. I have engaged Walter several times in dramatic work—and what a dependable person he is to have in the studio! He speaks four languages fluently and is the master of twelve dialects. He had pretty good training for Radio dramatic work (which keeps him busy), at that, for he played in support of such stage celebrities as Ethel Barrymore, John Barrymore, John Drew, Leslie Carter and Marie Tempest. Like many other troupers Walter Soderling's life has been a series of misadventures. At one time Charles Frohman saw Walter's work in a character rôle in a play called *The Prodigal Husband* and told Soderling that he never need look for work at any other managerial office—that he, Frohman, would see that Soderling was never out of work. Three months later Charles Frohman went to his death on the ill-fated *Lusitania*.

TRUE STORY brought Walter to the microphone for the first time and made him a convert. He doesn't care to return to the stage—unless there be no more Radio dramas written in which he can take part. He thinks his best microphone work was done on the Collier Hour last year when, in a dramatization of a Sax Rohmer story, he portrayed the character of *Fu Manchu*.

Mr. and Mrs.? Well the *Mr.* is not so old as years go, but he is an old timer in Radio. Jack Smart, who presents a faithful fifty-year *Joe* in voice is just twenty-eight. *Vi* is just betwixt and between. Jane Houston, the *Mrs.*, was in the chorus of *The Time, Place And The Girl* in 1912. She has "trod the boards" with John Drew, William Hodge, William Faversham and has taken direction from David Belasco. Leads with True Story and Schradertown Sketches have featured her Radio career and now she is away over the fifty-two week mark in the microphone character of *Vi*, which she created.

Have you caught that Eskimo Pie program, emanating from the CBS studios? The kiddies are marvelous—but don't forget to give *Mrs. Smithers* a hand.



Olive West, who played in the first *Passion Play* given in this country.

Mae Buckley, a trouper long before her "Radio child" (*Gwen* in the sketches) was born, is *Mrs. Smithers*. Like so many stage favorites who have played for Charles Frohman, Augustus Daly and David Belasco, trouper Mae Buckley made her debut in Radio in the Biblical dramas.

Do you remember *Show Boat*? That, to my mind, was one of the finest ventures which drama ever made to the theatre of the air. Credit Harry Brown, the creator of *Show Boat*, for much of its success but don't forget that Mr. Brown was discreet in selecting his cast. "Troupers all" was his slogan. Mr. Brown was no mean trouper himself, having played in support of Lillian Russell, Rose Stahl, Frances Starr, Edith Talliaferro and Irene Bordonio. He became *Hank Simmons* in *Show Boat*.

Edith Thayer, player of leading rôles in the original productions of *Blossom Time*, *The Firefly*, and *The Chocolate Soldier*, became *Jane McGrew* of *Show Boat* fame.

Other troupers in the splendid cast of that feature were Brad Sutton, minstrel man, ventriloquist and magician; Elsie May Gordon, a graduate of Little Theatre work in Boston; James F. Ayres, who can tell many thrilling stories of the days when *Ben Hur* and *The Shepherd King* served as vehicles for his histrionic ability; Lawrence Grattan, who created the name part in a dramatic version of *Par-sifal* on the stage.

In 1898 Broadway saw plays with names like *Bertha the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl* and *China-town Charlie*. They were real blood and thunder dramas, and were the first vehicles of Jimmy Waters, who now entertains Radio theatre

goers as *Ike The Paragon Painter*, at WLTH, Brooklyn. Recent years saw him on the road as Isaac Cohen in that perennial, *Abie's Irish Rose*, but now he has given up the stage in order to write his own Radio skits and take star parts in them.

IN NEW BRITAIN, Connecticut, is a septuagenarian minstrel, who used to strut his stuff at Miner's Bowery and at Tony Pastor's. His name is Tom English and he frequently delights the listeners in New England with programs of old songs and stories as he relives the "days long past" before the microphone in the Hartford studio of station WTIC.

Halfway across the U. S. A. we hear from Charles B. Hamlin, playing the rôle of *The Old Settler* in a WTMJ (Milwaukee) program. Mr. Hamlin's stage life dates back to the *East Lynn* period. He's played with many of the old time stars, too—Otis Skinner, Lee Baker, David Warfield and the Barrymores.

Jumping all the way to the West Coast we find Dick Jose, another minstrel man of *Silver Threads Among the Gold* fame. Mr. Jose is working on a commercial hour broadcast from Station KPO. And that's in San Francisco.

In the Golden Gate city, too, are the studios of the National Broadcasting Company's Pacific Division, where we find Olive West. The appearance of this charming old trouper of sixty odd belies her years. Her hair is graying but her blue eyes twinkle with youth and humor. There were no easy roads to stardom when Olive West was beginning her career. She made her first appearance in 1879, as *Salome* in the first *Passion Play* ever given in the United States. Although she was only twelve, *Salome* was a real "grown-up" rôle. To this day she remembers the reception given the cast . . . vegetables and eggs were thrown at the actors by spectators, for the populace of fifty years ago refused to look upon the *Passion Play* as art.

But it's a far cry from the unesthetic audiences of the 1870's to the enthusiastic Radio listeners of today . . . deluges of fan mail take the place of the spatterly eggs that Olive West remembers.

Another of the old timers, who often plays with Miss West, is George Rand. When *The Climbers* by Clyde Fitch was produced in the San Francisco studios, the veteran was carried back in memory many years. *The Climbers* was one of the first plays in which George Rand ever appeared! He gained his rich experience under the tutelage of Oliver Morosco in the days of touring stock companies, and rose to stage manager under the Morosco banner. Some of you may also remember him with Nat Goodwin's company in *Oliver Twist*. Since 1929 he has been occupied with the producing end, as well as acting in NBC Radio dramas.

(Continued on page 114)

"Hello There, Australia!"

(Continued from page 57)

Capt. Rickenbacker: That is right.

Kingsford-Smith: Well, naturally, we having our principal cities on the east, I would consider the possibility of crossing the Pacific Ocean, 7000 miles. We are about 17,000 miles around in the other direction.

Capt. Rickenbacker: It looks as though we are going to have to switch Australia around, reverse it. Say, I couldn't help but listen in to your ideas about what was necessary for a service in the way of aircraft. I agree with you. Do you remember that twin engine job that we were building when you were here?

Kingsford-Smith: My word, I do.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Well, we delivered that the other day to the United States Army.

Kingsford-Smith: Fine.

Capt. Rickenbacker: It shows about 175 miles an hour.

Kingsford-Smith: Well now, that is fine.

Capt. Rickenbacker: You can get some idea—They were trying to live up to the things that you are finding necessary in your tremendous achievements.

Kingsford-Smith: That is fine. When you get up to speeds like that, you can cover the ground in absolutely no time.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Tell me, how is the transport service operating in your country?

Kingsford-Smith: We have been operating for six months without an accident

of any description and have already declared a dividend.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Well, we will bring your organization over here. We need dividends very badly in this country.

We have recently opened up two new transcontinental mail and passenger services, one from New York to Atlanta, Georgia across Dallas, Texas to Los Angeles. And then another from New York to Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Indianapolis, Kansas City and Los Angeles. And that gives us three transcontinental airways for mail and passengers.

Kingsford-Smith: That is great. Are you cutting down your time?

Capt. Rickenbacker: Yes, we are cutting down the time, and we hope during the next year or two we will be going from New York to the Pacific Coast within 20 to 24 hours without an overnight stop. For the moment, we are stopping at Kansas City and Chicago, but with the development in planes for sleeping, there is going to be a tremendous opportunity to cut down time.

Kingsford-Smith: That is marvelous.

Capt. Rickenbacker: What do you think of the needs over there in the way of transport planes?

Kingsford-Smith: Oh, we need them with our long distance problems, you know.

Capt. Rickenbacker: That is more or less true of the world at large. Smitty, we are about to be cut off, and I am

awfully sorry, because I just want to reach out and grab you and hug you and congratulate you on your past achievements and those that I know must be due you in the future.

Kingsford-Smith: Thank you, old man, and many, many thanks. My very best and cheerio.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Give our love to the girl, and don't forget you have millions of friends over here.

Kingsford-Smith: All right, Eddie, I thank you very much for that and I appreciate it sincerely.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Good-bye.

Kingsford-Smith: So long.

Encore

(Continued from page 113)

Up North in the pleasant city of Seattle, I am advised there's an old timer working at KJR, KEX and KGA, Northwest Broadcasting System stations.

A score of years ago everyone in New York City knew of Frank Coombs, the "Silver Thread Tenor", who revived and popularized that famous ballad *Silver Threads Among the Gold*.

It makes little difference what studio you enter with this question on your lips, "Any old time troupers broadcasting for you?" the answer is always the same—"Yes." And more power to them, say I. It is their opportunity to present a fitting "encore" to those who appreciated their work on the legitimate stage.

What do you say, readers? Let's give the old time troupers a bit of well merited applause.

Vote For Your Favorite Station in New Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

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For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct. . .	\$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year		

and one 2 or two

1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. 40.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Christmas Stockings

(Continued from page 22)

for his program, an announcer, a rich sponsor, rose-colored glasses for reading kick letters, and definite assurance that no creature is hungry or sad while he's enjoying a bounteous table and a happy Christmas.

That last wish of Tony, the philosopher, shows what makes him popular—so popular that his many gifts from fans include even an Indian peace pipe, an ancient skull and cross bones and a Canadian moose hide.

Phil Dewey, the fair-haired, handsome NBC tenor heard so much this year, is a Phi Beta Kappa, so I'm not sure whether or not he let his brilliance run away with fact when he answered: "Oh, just send me sixteen saxophone lessons, one medium sized fresh-water lake, a pair of new moons, and a bundle of new tempos. Believe it or not, odd gifts sent me in the past include Einstein's *How to Make Love* in three lessons, a brown derby from H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Al Smith's polo pony, and from Cal Coolidge, 'best wishes.'"

THAT last sounds genuine. so maybe we may believe his statement of the "most comical, tragic and happy Christmases" which was:

"Comical, when my wife turned down my marriage proposal; tragic, when she didn't, and happiest, the Christmas of 1930 when we expect a second baby to bless us."

"Oh," exclaimed songbird Welcome Lewis, "I hope Santa brings me a lot of little boxes so I'll have many things to open—and a big bag full of new and unusual fans to add to my collection of lovely ones. I've been pretty well provided for in the past, but I can remember one tragic Christmas. That was when I tried to have Christmas after losing my Santa Claus—my mother. My happiest one was that which brought me my first violin."

And how about you, Mr. Bones—or pardon me—I mean Mr. Bernard, Al Bernard, of the Dutch Masters Minstrels?

"Well, I'd sure be tickled pink if it were possible for my mother and father, who live in New Orleans (my home town) to spend Christmas with myself and wife in New York. You know Christmas and New Years are celebrated down there like the Fourth of July. I still remember the Southern celebration I went through at ten years of age. A bunch of other kids and myself found a bag of gunpowder. I lit it and remained in the hospital for the holidays!"

"Give me," said Virginia Gardiner, charming NBC ingenue radactress, "a different 'Me'. I'm tired of this one. Santa can also put me down for a lot of books I can't afford, and a lot of intan-

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gible things that if I told you what they were, they'd sound silly, so I won't tell you. But I really would like the chance to do better and bigger things in my work the coming year.

"My most tragic Christmas? When Santa was explained away; happy, the holidays I returned home during my first year away at school; comic, well, we drove outside of town to a Christmas Eve dance at the polo club, and on the way home, with ten of us in the car, we got stuck in the mud.⁴ Finally at 6:30 A.M. we arrived home, and then had to get up at seven o'clock so that brother could open his presents!"

WHAT does the first tenor of a male quartet expect? If E. Clinton Keithley, who is that in the popular Chicagoans male quartet of NBC and KYW, may be taken as typical, it's a big box of good cigars. Keithley, who writes many ballads, also adds that a \$5,000 royalty check on his latest song, *Love and a Rose*, would not be amiss. His happiest Christmases, he related, were those when he was a boy and the illusion of Santa had not been punctured.

Now for a real married couple of the air—Aline and Peter Dixon, who do the *Raising Junior* skit for NBC. "The lady asks," said Peter speaking for Aline, "some very expensive perfume, lots of pretty undies, and what have you? While the gent allows books, pipes, bartender's accessories and tools with which to make boats and other toys for the offspring.

"Did we always get our wishes on Christmas day?" he continued. "Not exactly, for I always wanted a Humpty-Dumpty Circus but my dad didn't, whereas I hated to wear neckties, but got them anyway. Aline, being born on Christmas day, had many disappointments.

"Past Christmas history? Well, here's one. Tulsa, Okla., five years ago . . . Aline playing in stock, me out of a job, the two of us engaged just two days. I spend my last five dollars to buy her a present, and she had to provide the dinner . . . but it was a grand Christmas just the same! A year later, married and in Louisville. Baby on way, very little money. Dixons present one another with free samples obtained by answering magazine ads!"

NEXT, a pseudo scrap-ping couple, *Mr. and Mrs.*, or Jo and Vi of the CBS skit, who are not married in real life but are Jack Smart and Jane Houston. Jack asks for a baby Austin on account of the lack of parking space in New York and because he could park it in his apartment. One of his most unusual gifts received as a result of his broadcasting is an electric stimulating machine which he can't use because he is so ticklish.

Jane makes a modest request—just a trip to Europe. Funny gifts sent to her

during the year are a row boat and a watch dog. "My happiest Christmas," said she, "was the one I spent with my husband upon his return from the war overseas."

Now for a half a dozen batoneers of the air whom all of you must know.

Nathaniel Shilkret's letter to Santa: "Please leave me health, happiness and the wealth may take care of itself. Add some musical scores, new ideas, a complete set of the poets, and perhaps a new tennis racquet. Our happiest Christmas was when my wife and I decorated the first little Christmas tree for our son."

Joe L. Sanders, inseparable partner of Carlton Coon, in the orchestra business, requests: "Health, happiness and ability to make others happy, harmony among my fellow workers, a clear conscience and a 'hit' song."

Joe, like Art Kassel, treasures as his most valued gifts from listeners the letters received from the same Somerset, Ky., invalid lady, and told of his unhappiest Christmas:

"I was in Butte, Montana, many years ago, and the thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero. I had the 'flu' and had lost my voice. This wasn't so good, as my job was singing in a male quartet. Top that off with snowbound mails and no word from home and the loved ones . . . just plain hell!"

BERT LOWN'S happiest Christmas was the thing that put him in the hospital. As a youth his parents, after much pleading, gave him a long desired motorcycle. Two days later it was wrapped around a fire hydrant and Bert spent New Year's Day all swathed in bandages. "What do I want this year?" he replied, "Oh, just make it two days off, a tri-motored plane to haul my bands around to engagements, a \$20,000 weekly pension and if you have it to spare, you might throw in a yacht. My most unusual fan gifts had been three RED neckties, a raccoon hat, a pair of home-knit socks and a pair of black, yellow and green garters."

And Will Osborne? "More elephants are needed," said he. "I've hundreds of them now but can't get too many. But they must have their trunks UP. My happiest Yuletide was that spent in Germany with my boys. We were not allowed to spend a cent for anything. When payment was offered for refreshments, entertainment and dinners, the natives were insulted and incensed. Never have I seen the Christmas spirit so genuine."

Harry Kogen and Jules Herbuveaux, both of NBC and the latter musical director as well of KYW, Chicago, duplicate one hint. They'd both like either inaudible Radios or a pair of ear muffs that will filter out all sounds emanating from any Radio set or accessory.

Kogen, with a chuckle, added the following list, "an automatic pencil that works and still writes, usable neckties, a

hot trumpeter, 1,000 good arrangements, 500 new commercial programs, Uncle Bob Wilson's membership card, a 'first' from horsie Zuyder Z, and a twenty-ride ticket to Gary, Ind."

"Kuku" Raymond Knight, of NBC, and several others strangely seem to wish bigger and better commercial contracts. The "others" are Mountain Balladeer Bradley Kincaid, of WLS, NBC and WLW, and the NBC duo-piano team of Retting and Platt.

KNIGHT said the most peculiar gift on his list was a mechanical "cuckoo" to use on his Kuku hour, and added that Christmases had almost all been the same to him. He always ate too much, then, "lulled into a state of soporific unconsciousness by the products of the so-called festive board," he went sound asleep. Kincaid remembers as his happiest Christmas the time when, as a small boy down in the mountains, Santa brought him "a new pair of red-topped boots with brass toes!" Fans have been kind to him, he added, and among many gifts he has received are two crocheted baby dresses for his twins and a guitar made entirely by hand with the aid of a pocket knife.

Know the Pickard Family and their hill-billy tunes and hoe-downs? If you don't you're missing one of the best acts on the dial. Anyhow, this is what the Pickards of NBC ask from Santa Claus:

Five-year-old Ann, doll house, swimming suit and rocking chair; Miss Ruth, a lot of collegiate clothes; Mother, a new fivver, as the old one leaks; Bubb, a few red neckties, sox to match (and I'll personally add, an engagement ring); Dad, to keep the family and listeners happy.

Good old Pickards! They think their most unusual Christmas was the first one they spent in New York after leaving their home in Tennessee. "Nobody knew what to do," said Dad. "We just sat around, all dressed up and nowhere to go, and the whole bunch of us were half froze to death."

Buryl Retting and Dick Platt added to the contract request that some kind piano manufacturer, if still in business, might send them a couple of concert grand pianos for home use, and described their unhappiest Christmas as that of last year. "The stock market had done funny things to our friends and ourselves—so we had nothing in our stockings except holes."

ONE more soprano—Bernadine Hayes, 1930's Radio Beauty Queen and NBC artist. "I'd like, Mr. Plummer, just one thing. That is to be considered as a concert and operatic soprano as well as a mere blues singer. I'm studying opera now, and I hope to show the world. If hard work and Santa help, I hope to get there."

But before concluding, let's go down to St. Louis and ask Chester Gruber, better

known to KMOX and CBS fans as "Tony Cabooch", what he'd like.

"Nothing better," replied Gruber, "than to have fulfilled my request that enough Radio sets be placed in all charitable institutions. My first Radio gift, incidentally, came from a youngster. It was a dime. He had saved for months to accumulate this amount and wanted me to buy something for my birthday with it . . . I still carry it as a luck token.

"My latest unusual gift is a carved cane that originally belonged to President Rubeo of Mexico.

"Did I always get what I wanted for Christmas? Well, my mother died when I was twelve, and I had to go out and 'poosh 'em up'. It was tough going for a long time and I was lucky if I got meat for my Christmas dinner.

"My happiest Christmas, I believe, was that of last year. A Texan who had been an invalid for five years wrote me an applause letter. His sentiments seemed to 'get' me somehow, and I asked my Radio friends who were contemplating sending me Christmas cards, to send them to this shut-in instead.

"Several weeks after Christmas he wrote me saying he had just passed the happiest Christmas of his life. He had received over a thousand letters and cards from my Radio friends, and it was almost necessary to move his bed out into the yard to make room for the 600 or so gifts that had been sent to him."

That, my readers, I think is the finest example of the true Christmas spirit I have ever heard. Let's not forget the shut-ins in our happiness of the holidays, and in closing, let me join all the microphone's favorite sons and daughters in wishing that we all find the same sort of happiness this year that results from practicing the true spirit.

(Another Twenty Star interview by Mr. Plummer will appear in January RADIO DIGEST.)

Symphony Music

(Continued from page 91)

tet, for five a Quintet, for six a Sextet, and so on.

Ensemble: A small orchestra or collection of instruments. Many broadcasting stations employ beautifully organized and artistically satisfying ensembles of from ten to twenty-five players.

Italian Words in Music: For two centuries Italian has monopolized the privilege of coining words to express musical ideas. The habit has now grown in on the art of music till nothing probably can be done about it. Still there is one great advantage in this. Italian has become, for music, a sort of universal language. Thus, a German, an American, a French or a Russian composer can write down the expression indications on his music-score so that any other musician sitting down at an instrument to play that music, can understand the terms used. Some day we shall have a discussion of these terms

on this page. Meanwhile just remember that Allegro means 'lively', Andante means somewhat less lively, in fact, gently; Maesto or Maestoso means majestic or impressive; Adagio means slow and gentle; Largo means even slower and more impressive; Lento means quite slow; Moderato means moderate; 'Ma non troppo' means 'but not too much so' and is often added after such words as Allegro.

What I Have Heard and Liked

On Sunday afternoon, October 19th, I had the very great pleasure of listening to the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, under the direction of Erich Kleiber, who has recently come from Berlin to conduct until Toscanini arrives. I like Kleiber's work. He manages to get from the orchestra a quality of tone that appeals to me and he has no freak ideas. He tries to reproduce the music as the composer intended it to sound, and not as he thinks the composer ought to have intended it. The worship of Toscanini that is at present at its height strikes me as mainly important in showing that New York, or that part of New York which presumes to tell the rest of the country what it ought to think about musical matters, has very poor taste. Toscanini is a good conductor of Italian opera, but I wish that he were not running the symphonic destinies of New York. On the other hand, Kleiber is far less sensational but to me more satisfying in most ways.

Kleiber's best work, as I heard it, was his conducting the orchestra through Brahms' violin concerto, with the solo part played by that very interesting Hungarian Josef Szigeti. A concerto, you know, is a symphony with a solo part written in for a piano, a violin, a 'cello or other instrument.

That same afternoon I heard the Roxy orchestra do another Brahms piece, the second symphony. This is a good work with which to begin one's acquaintance with the great master. It was composed and first performed in Vienna about forty-three years ago, and it is distinguished among all works of the kind for its quiet beauty. The composer never, so to speak, raises his voice in this work. He speaks in a tone of quiet friendliness, as a beloved friend talking from the other side of a bright fireplace on a cold afternoon in the late fall.

Merry Christmas

When next I have the pleasure of talking with you 1931 will be with us and we shall be ready to forget the black year 1930. Meanwhile good music will help us. If every tired business man, nervous female bridge-fiend and rapidly-breaking-down high-pressure salesman in the country would just give himself or herself for an hour every evening to the sweetnesses and beauties of fine music, this would be a happier and less nerve racked nation.

We Are All Poets

(Continued from page 81)

gladly sacrificed all if they had but read my *Ode to a Dinosaur's Egg*.

And while the dull emotionless burglars were prowling through my mundane trifles—I stepped into the foyer of a modern apartment building not far from the Brooklyn bridge in Brooklyn. I did not see a red headed janitor's boy but a dusky elevator man took me up to the Crane apartment.

Nathalia herself opened the door and curtsied in a quaint old fashioned way. Her fluffy brown hair tumbled over her head. She wore a brown velvet dress with a lace collar. Her voice was thin and a little frightened. She impressed me instantly as a child taught to "hold in" and "not to speak until spoken to, then to reply with as few words as possible."

SO MY interview was not altogether successful. My impression was that the Cranes were just regular "folks" who had tried conscientiously to bring Nathalia up into the world without ostentation.

"Are you interested in science?" I asked Nathalia after several questions.

"Yes," she replied, "is there not poetry in the fact that the wings of a humming bird outrace the wheels of a motor; and the eyes of a gnat are as a thousand telescopes in one?"

That's what I mean by "poetically minded". I went on:

"How do your poems come to you?"

"As visions—a sort of mental eye, different than the way the actual eye sees them. But in this I am not far different, I believe, than others. All of us are poets, and our delight from reading poetry is drawn from the fact that beautiful verse is the general expression of all hearts. Only some of us write it and some of us do not."

"How did you get the idea of writing *Pocahontas* (E. P. Dutton & Co.), this latest book of yours?"

"I had been thinking of the possible menace of the reds—and then I thought of the saving spirit of the past—as represented by the Indian girl who saved Captain John Smith. Science might have said, 'Never mind Captain John Smith, never mind the country,' if an experiment had been in the balance. But the spirit of Pocahontas said, 'No, Captain John Smith must be saved. The country must be saved.' And in my poem the spirit of Pocahontas—the spirit of the past Pocahontas summons the modern poets to lead the remnant of the A. E. F. and the Indians against the Reds."

Nathalia is just a simple, normal youngster, who interprets in verse what this great big world is bubbling over with in its own language. She agreed with me that we are all poets.

Amos and Andy

(Continued from page 59)

Just at this point up comes the Kingfish of the Knights of the Mystic Sea with a big "propolition". Russell Powell acts as the Kingfish and he is certainly a pip for the smart aleck Kingfish.

He explains that this "propolition" is for the taxi to take some musicians to a party somewhere in the suburbs of New York and it will pay Amos and Andy \$12.00 less ten per cent "remission" to the Kingfish for getting the job.

Then the fun begins in earnest with the three of them trying to find out what ten per cent of 12 dollars is. The Missus and I about split laughing. First Andy tried to figure.

"Two goes into 12; two goes into 12," he keeps repeating.

Then Amos speaks up, "Well, go on and get it in there, then."

Then the Kingfish suggests that they figure it by the "new method".

"You multiplies ten by two," says the Kingfish, "and anybody knows dat's twenty. Den you takes away two, leavin' eight dollars, and dat is ten per cent of twelve dollars. Den you could cut dat eight in half and I'd take six dollars."

THEN Amos speaks up again and says, "Couldn't you cut dat six in half and take two dollars?"

So the Kingfish says all right, and everything is fixed.

Then we drop Amos 'n' Andy for a while and go to this big party, and it turns out to be a birthday party for Jean. Jean's father is big-hearted and is crazy about Richard Williams. And so is Jean's mother, played by Irene Rich. Both parents, they let you know, would like to see Jean marry Richard.

"But, alas," says Richard, "since my father died I am just a poor boy with only a house in Harlem, a family possession from the days when Harlem was a fashionable neighborhood, and I can't even find the deed to that house." He tells Jean's father he is going over there in the morning to look for the deed.

Well, Crawford, the Villain, is listening in on that conversation, and tells his sister all about it. Of course she conspires with her brother to help him marry Jean so they can all share in the Blair fortunes. This sister, played by Rita LaRoy, makes a great Villainess if ever there was one; so the plot thickens and they scheme to go to the old Williams house that night and find the deed before Richard has a chance to get it.

All this time Mrs. Blair is worried sick because the musicians haven't showed up. Next we see the Fresh Air Taxicab steam-

ing up the driveway with Duke Ellington's fifteen negro musicians, their instruments, and Amos and Andy in it!

Then Amos and Andy go back to town to attend the lodge meeting, and we watch the couples dance to Duke Ellington's music. While the dance is going on Jean and Richard slip out to the lake on the Blair estate, and after a canoe ride in the moonlight they sit on a bench. While they are sitting there the band plays the theme song of the picture, *Three Little Words*. The three little words are "I Love You", and Richard tells Jean that the song is saying what he wishes he had the nerve to say. They get very close together, and the Missus and I held each other's hand and got close together too, it was so romantic.

Well, then they changed back to the lodge of the Mystic Knights of the Sea. Kingfish is presiding over the meeting, and explains that this is the night two "brothers" are to be selected to spend an hour in the "haunted house", which turns out to be the old Williams house, in honor of the founder of their lodge. All the "brothers" whose names begin with "A" are to draw a number from a hat and the one drawing seven must choose a friend and go to the "haunted house."

Just before he draws a number, Andy says "Oh, seven, you've failed me many times, and if you is ever goin' to fail me again, fail me NOW!" but this time he draws the seven, and of course chooses Amos to go with him. They are to be locked in the house, find a paper with "Check and Double Check" written on it, that was left by the "brothers" who made the trip last year, then they must find more paper, on which to write "Check and Double Check" and leave it for the "brothers" picked for the next year.

Amos and Andy don't know it, but when they arrive at the house Crawford is there already searching for the deed. There are a lot of funny things that happen to Amos and Andy and Crawford, in different parts of the house. They are all making noises and each thinks it is ghosts. Once Andy's coat gets caught in a door, and he almost turns white because he thinks a spook has a hold of it. I guess everybody in the theatre just haw-hawed fit to die.

Well, they find the "Check and Double Check" paper and in looking for another paper to write "Check and Double Check" on and leave behind, accidentally find the deed, but they don't know what it is. Crawford takes a big revolver and goes to see what in thunder is making that noise and surprises Amos and Andy.

Pointing his revolver at them he says, "Give me that paper." And Andy thinking he means the "Check and Double

Check" paper, gives that to him, and Crawford sticks it in his pocket without even looking at it.

Amos and Andy then dash from the house, Andy having the deed in his pocket.

The next thing that happens is supposed to be the next day. Richard is saying goodbye to Mr. Blair, having searched the old Williams house and failed to find the missing deed. Then he tells Jean it is impossible for him to marry her because he is so poor and he scorns any help from Jean's father. So he leaves the house.

Then we are back in the taxi office. The boys are way down in the dumps. They haven't got the "Check and Double Check" paper so they are afraid their lodge brothers will not believe they were in the "haunted house."

Then Andy throws the deed into the wastepaper basket and sits staring at it.

"D-e-e-d," he spells the word on the front. "D-e-e-d, spells dead. Somebody's dead."

"D-e-e-d, doan' spell dead," says Amos. "That spells deed. Let's see that paper." He reads it slowly and then coming to the name "Williams" he realizes that maybe that it is the paper Richard was looking for. He tries to reach Richard on the phone at the Blair home and learns that he has left. Well Amos and Andy get into the taxicab and start a wild drive to the station trying to catch Richard. That is very funny, with Andy hanging on for dear life while Amos has many narrow escapes in traffic.

THEY reach the station just in time to stop Richard from boarding his train. And sure enough the paper they have is the missing deed.

Then you see them back in the taxi office, bluer than ever. A man comes in with a great big package for the boys. A note says it is Richard's and Jean's wedding cake. Just then Ruby Taylor calls up to say that both she and the Madame have heard the whole story and want the boys to come right over. They start, carrying the wedding cake. And right in front of Madame Queen's beauty shoppe, Andy drops the cake under a truck and the cake is smashed to bits. Both of them stand looking at the crumbled mass, and as Andy says "I'se regusted," the picture fades out.

I sure hope, Mr. Editor, you get a chance to see the picture, but I guess you are very busy with the magazine.

Again thanks for the letter about the poem. Regards from the Missus,

Yours, As Ever,

William G. Hawkins.

Rudy Vallee's Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 55)

and, in the parlance of Tin Pan Alley, to "go after it." The song climbed up to almost first place on the list of best sellers throughout the entire country, much to the surprise of even Remick themselves.

It is a sort of torch-ballad affair, in the rhythm that only a Negro seems to know how to write. Only a Negro would dare to give a title such as this song has, or to write the general thought incorporated within its lyrics, and yet surprisingly enough the song is very popular with all types of people of all ages. It is on the wane now but it certainly enjoyed a nice summer run; it was just like found money to the publishers; the record did practically all the work for them.

Another case of a tune which should be done semi-slowly, or about forty measures per minute.

Without Love

HERE is a tune which it would take several adjectives to describe. It was written by that trio of songsmiths, DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, and placed in the musical comedy, *Flying High*, for which I suppose they expressly wrote it.

It is done very effectively throughout the musical comedy; in fact, one couldn't see the show without appreciating the full beauty of this particular song, especially after its rendition by the extremely plump comedienne of the show, Kate Smith. After several others have introduced it effectively enough, she takes the song, with Bert Lahr standing by her (Bert Lahr being the hit comedian of the show), who continuously ignores the advances of Miss Smith—together they stand on a dark stage with a blue spot, Lahr being for once quite sad and emotional, while Miss Smith seriously puts the song over with a bang!

The final words, which go like this—"Life's a song without a tune, and who would care about the moon above?" plays up to a tremendous finale on the word "above". Properly brought out by a person possessing a strong, rich voice with good intonation, this one place puts the song over; and incidentally, the artist, Miss Smith, does full justice to the entire song, and especially this last part, and leaves the audience gasping and applauding for more. It is one of the most effective numbers I have ever sung.

I know one person who feels that it was a sacrilege to couple such everyday, matter-of-fact lyrics with such a gorgeous, operatic-like melody. The melody is very beautiful, and the lyrics are very matter-of-fact, and yet it is another case of opposite poles attracting to make a beautiful song. The old lyrics are "Life's a match that doesn't strike," and "Life is

milk without the cream." These are household terms, but to alter the song the least bit would, to my mind, destroy one of the cleverest and most tender songs ever written.

It must be done slowly; we do it about thirty measures per minute.

Stolen Moments

A NUMBER with whose writing and publishing I had considerable to do—a number that I have great faith in.

Several broadcasts have resulted in a lot of discussion about the song and many requests for it. It is a little reminiscent of many tunes though as far as I know unlike any of those it seems to resemble. It has an odd title with an unhappy and emotional thought.

At the time of writing we are the only ones who have presented it inasmuch as it has not yet been published and is not in the hands of other orchestra leaders. We have just finished recording it and the Victor Company has been very pleased with our recording of it.

Like most of the tunes mentioned above it must be done slowly—about thirty measures per minute.

Makes Good in California

BOBBE DEANE (Mrs. Ted Maxwell) comes of a family of actors, but skating and swimming were her hobbies until a few years ago. Now she takes

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part in many NBC productions around the San Francisco bay district.

When ten years old she did skating acts in vaudeville, and during the '15 exposition she did a diving exhibition stunt on the fair grounds.

Later parental objection was brought to bear and she went into dramatics rather seriously . . . playing stock, then musical comedy in New York, with the Ziegfeld productions, three years on Broadway and then she came to California with Ziegfeld's *Sally*.

In California she played feminine lead with Ted Maxwell's Players and in 1926 they were married in San Rafael. Because they had both lived all their lives with their clothes in a valise they bought a big house up in San Francisco.

About three years ago Maxwell became production chief for NBC in San Francisco, and now Bobbe Deane takes part in a half dozen regular productions of the coast chain.

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Stretching for Beauty

(Continued from page 87)

one can take time during the day to stand up and stretch. The housewife will find her work easier if she will stop now and then, throw her hands up over her head and take a long stretch. Or, she can walk from one room to another on tip toes, stretching as she goes. The business girl's alibi doesn't hold water, either, because stretching is wonderful for relaxation. For girls under constant mental and physical strain, nothing helps more than occasional, but daily, stretching.

It shouldn't be necessary to have to tell people how to stretch. Children at play offer many suggestions and so do animals. Animals do not chin bars or swing dumbbells—they stretch. It's too bad in a way that we don't have to learn to stretch. Human nature being what it is, most of us have to go to a high-priced gymnasium and pay ten dollars a minute before we realize the value of Nature's exercise.

I find that there are many people, however, who have to be told how to stretch. They shouldn't have to be told really, because every one of us has our directions right inside of us—born there—just as they are in the cat and the tiger. But if you seem to have mislaid your directions, here are some suggestions:

The first thing in the morning, stretch. Stretch in every direction. Even if you're lazy, you won't mind this kind of exercise because you can do it while you are still in bed. Sit up and stretch—legs, ankles, feet—with your arms stretching above your head. Twist your body in all directions and stretch with all your might. After this you won't mind getting up because you'll feel very much alive after all this stretching. But keep on stretching even after you are up.

STAND on your tip toes and stretch to the ceiling—head stretching up, chin held straight, with your neck stretching up as if it were climbing right out of your shoulders.

If you do this properly you'll feel this stretch all the way down to the middle of your spine. Keep on stretching, your arms up, your feet apart, and pointing straight ahead. Stretch as high as you can, and then suddenly drop toward the floor—your head, and arms, and shoulders, and body limp like a rag doll. Do this last stretch several times—stretch and relax, stretch and relax. In just a few minutes, you'll find that your blood is circulating vigorously and you will feel all limbered up and ready for whatever the day has in store for you.

If you have a hard day at the office, or you're worn out with housework at the end of the day, try these stretching exercises and watch yourself revive. This

particular exercise is suggested by one of our four-footed friends, the family cat. Lie flat on your stomach. Then slowly raise your back, supporting yourself on your hands and stretch your back higher and higher until it is arched like an angry cat's.

Here's another stretch that is wonderful for relaxation. Bend your knees and get down on the floor and crawl. Then from the crawl stretch your right arm and your left leg to their fullest extent along the floor. Keep the arm ahead of the figure and the leg behind. Now draw the left knee up under the chest and extend the left arm and the right leg. Do this exercise very slowly and repeat it fifteen times. It's fun, and is there any reason in the world why exercise shouldn't be fun?

HAVE you ever gone to bed with your mind going over and over events of the day or things you have planned for the next day? The next time this happens to you, try stretching. Strive to let go in mind and in body. Be limp. Then raise each arm and leg separately and allow them to fall as if they were dead weights. Open the jaws and relax the muscles of your face and neck. Now

raise your head and then drop it back limp on your pillow. Next stretch your legs, through the heel muscles rather than through the muscles of the toes, and again relax. Then stretch your arms and legs together and feel a very distinct pull at your waistline. You won't have to repeat these exercises very often. You won't stay awake long enough!

Stretching will increase your chances of staying young by about eighty per cent because stretching keeps your body fit. So stretch for youth and stretch for beauty. Stretch! Stretch! Stretch! You have no idea what an improvement it will make in the appearance of your skin and in the general aliveness of the whole of you. Try it. Stretch, and stretch again.

Miss Ingram will be pleased to answer any questions about exercising for beauty if you will write her in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.—Editor.

Correction

The November issue stated that Frances Ingram broadcasts regularly from CBS. Miss Ingram gives Radio talks over a National Broadcasting network.

Baby Brings Home the Bacon

(Continued from page 13)

"What are you going to do when you grow up?"

She looked very solemn and grown-up then:

"Oh, I just want to be one thing. Just like Miss Tucker."

The Toomey's are a modest, unassuming and untheatrical family. Winifred leaves her dramatics at the studio door—and Mrs. Toomey is another mother who does not permit people to fuss over her child.

As far as we know, Winifred is the only one of the NBC Radio child stars, beside Jimmie McCallion, who does not come from a foreign family. It is astonishing to see them pulling the family up by the boot straps, so to speak, putting the other older kiddies through school and moving the folks from poverty row to luxury and Riverside Drive.

So this is Radio!

Capture of Radio Rum Ring

(Continued from page 18)

capture was the Coney Island raid on September 26th which I have described. But, as Mr. Simmons of the department of justice told me, Uncle Sam's agents are on the watch for new developments and new stations, and as fast as they are opened, they will be destroyed.

Radio listeners should remember, however, that it is a hard job for a small force of men to keep track of 100 illegally operating stations over an area of 2,200 miles, from Maine to Florida. If any reader of this article, "DXer" or amateur short wave listener, hears any suspicious call letters which he cannot locate on his chart, let him communicate immediately with the department of justice agents in his district. By so doing you may help in the break-up of this enormous rum syndicate, which has its tentacles upon the very life of the nation and endangers all peaceful citizens.

Making the Most of Matrimony

(Continued from page 25)

and not to one's mate. Whenever a husband and wife are rude to each other, love is bound to fly out of the window. A woman should never permit her husband to trample on her self-respect. She should never be satisfied with anything less than his finest love and his highest regard.

"She, in turn, should always appear at her loveliest for him. Carelessness in personal detail will weaken her husband's pride in her and may result in the loss of his devotion. She doesn't need to be expensively dressed. But her clothes can at least be neat and dainty.

"It has been my observation that many women often break up their homes because they display such faults as nagging, jealousy, suspicion and whining, or they neglect their duties as housewives. Or they don't know how to deal with their husbands intelligently. A man will come home from a day's work all tired out and she will immediately greet him with a recital of domestic woes. Or she will drag him out to dinner or a party when he is too exhausted to move.

"I believe that a woman should seek her recreation during the day and be willing to do what her husband wants when he comes home at evening. If she likes the same things as her husband, her task will be simpler and they will be able to enjoy their leisure together. But she should have other interests as well so that she will always be a stimulating companion to her husband. Boredom can be just as fatal to marriage as any of the deadly sins.

"FOR that reason man and wife should not limit each other's freedom. Each should be able to have friends. Anybody with any kind of mentality cannot be shut off from contact with other minds. Besides," she laughed, "if you don't give a man enough rope, he'll take it anyway, after much bickering and quarreling. You simply have to trust your husband. One must remember, too, that a man may be interested in other women without wanting to exchange any one of them for his own wife, assuming, of course, that she has given him of her best.

"I believe that if a man has the freedom to meet those of the opposite sex, you take the spice out of the forbidden fruit and there is no particular desire for wanting it. The same holds true of the woman.

"This does not mean, though, that there will not be cause for jealousy. Wherever there is love, there is bound to be jeal-

ousy. But one must recognize that it really is a childish trait which can create considerable havoc in marriage, unless it is severely disciplined. This isn't easy to do, but it can be done.

"Certainly," twinkled Mrs. Ziegfeld, "no woman has ever had more cause for jealousy than I. Beautiful women are always throwing themselves at Mr. Ziegfeld or writing him love notes. He is probably subjected to more temptation than any other man. But I had seen the misery that jealousy had caused in other homes, and I determined, in the early years of my marriage, that that green-eyed ogre was not going to disturb our domestic peace. I trained myself to view the situation calmly and to realize that these exuberant young women are merely trying to get a job. There was no reason for me to become excited or jealous.

"BUT everybody must allow for frailties of human nature. There may be escapades that are not the result of a misdirected imagination. However, if a woman has regarded her marriage as a challenge to the utmost skill of her mind, she need hardly fear that an alluring outsider will invade her hearthplace. A man of character takes pride in a comfortable, hospitable home, and unless the circumstances are unusual, he would not think of breaking it up.

"The trouble is, though, that a woman is apt to take a man's fidelity and respect for granted. With the ceremony finished, she thinks she can relax from her efforts to do anything for her husband. But marriage is a job at which she must work every day. She must know that there will be storms to face and trials to bear. Marriage is no more devoid of these difficulties than life itself is. That is why she doesn't gain anything when she runs away from them by seeking a divorce.

"If, on the other hand, she makes up her mind that come what may, she will weather the storms, and willingly, and even eagerly, put into marriage everything she can, she will find that not only will she hold her husband's love, but that nothing life has to offer can bring such great joy and exquisite happiness as the companionship between them."

She paused to look into the garden where Patricia was playing, and to fondly wave her hand.

"I know," she said, as she turned to me, "that none of the triumphs I enjoyed on the stage, nor the money it brought me, has given me such happiness as being a wife and mother. That is the greatest rôle any woman can play in life."



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of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, October, 1930. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond Bill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO DIGEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Business Manager—Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Radio Digest Publishing Corp., Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward Lyman Bill, C. L. Bill, Randolph Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Titman, and Charles R. Tighe all of 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for which such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) Raymond Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September 1930, Harry Hoag, Notary Public, County Clerk's No. 245, N. Y. County Register's No. 11177. Term expires March 30, 1931. (Seal.)

Radiographs

(Continued from page 67)

The Lewises lived in Los Angeles and were professional musicians. They didn't want their daughter to enter the same field, but before Welcome was six years old she was singing about the house in that same low-pitched voice that has since made her famous. By the time she was twelve she was singing prologues in Sid Grauman's motion picture houses, billed as the "Girl Phenomenon".

Then, as they say in the movies, came the war. Welcome devoted herself to benefit work, singing at Red Cross concerts and training camps up and down the coast. After the war she went home to take care of her mother. They were devoted to each other and for the remainder of her mother's life she remained at home. Then she went into vaudeville. She had had little voice training, for a famous teacher once told her that hers was a voice that should never be trained but should be left to develop naturally. There are few voices that can be treated like that, but apparently the teacher was right, for she immediately became successful in vaudeville and was soon making phonograph records.

In fact it was a phonograph record that was responsible for her introduction to Radio, and if it hadn't been for that record she might have been playing the three-a-day on some vaudeville circuit now. She had been in vaudeville for four years, and then one night a friend of hers gave a party. Among the guests was a director of the National Broadcasting Company. The host played one of Miss Lewis' records for the entertainment of his guests.

"There's a girl who would make a great Radio singer," declared the director.

IT HAPPENED that Miss Lewis was in New York then. The host promptly telephoned her, and next day she was given an audition. A contract soon followed. That was a year ago, and since then Miss Lewis has turned down several offers to appear in Broadway musical shows. She has not given up the stage for good, however. Sometime, when the pressure of her Radio work becomes less, she told me, she hopes to play in at least one Broadway show, but it's impossible to say when that will be.

She used to live in New York City, but she recently moved to Westchester so her favorite pet, a wire-haired terrier named "Snip" would have more room to play. When she isn't busy at the studio she makes phonograph records for Victor and does odd jobs around her place in Westchester. She loves mechanics and spends half her time in a suit of overalls crawling under and over her automobile. She did all the electrical wiring in the

house herself. She isn't married and she spends her evenings reading fan mail and studying French.

Annette Hanshaw

WE'RE walking up Fifth Avenue, the major part of "we"—I do sound like the Lindberghs, don't I—being the diminutive Miss Annette Hanshaw. Little Miss Van Heusen, they call her sometimes, for it is on that program which comes to you every Thursday night over WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System, that the tiny "blues" singer is featured.

She's all of five feet tall. All of ninety-five pounds heavy. She has blond curly hair, a skin like peaches and cream. She wears a black velvet beret, a terribly smart black and white dress, black slippers with saucy bows.

As we stroll up the Avenue we peer into shop windows, deciding that the new fur trimmings are adorable, that suede shoes are lovely, but very impractical, that the most ravishing dress we've seen is a plain black one with just three white velvet calla lilies as a corsage.

We lunch at one of those places where there are oriental rugs on the floor and the pats of butter have imperial crests molded on them. And such food! That alligator pear salad! That dessert with the candied chestnuts! However . . . this isn't a fashion talk or a food talk. This is an interview.

First, the skeleton in her closet.

Annette Hanshaw admits she's a 'fraid cat. She's afraid of bugs and rats and thunder storms, and most of all—of the microphone. Yes, in spite of years of Radio experience, she says that every time she broadcasts she is so upset and nervous she wants to grab her hat and run.

"But, why?" I asked.

"Because I'm so afraid I'll fail, not sing my best. Suppose I should have to cough. Suppose I didn't get just the right pitch. And all those people listening."

"All those people listening." That is the secret of her fear. She is afraid of disappointing her audience. Yet she never has. Always her voice is true and sweet, her words clear, understandable, and always her listener is conscious of a very human, "just folks" kind of personality.

Radio isn't her only iron in the fire. Under her own name and also under the names of Patsy Young, Gay Ellis, and Dot Dare, she has made records for many phonograph companies. Over a million of her records have been sold, which, you will admit, is some record! She composes music, too. Two of the popular hits she has written are *Sweet One*

and *Till Your Happiness Happens Along*.

She's been humming tunes ever since she was two years old and at six, with a box of candy as a reward, climbed upon a chair and sang a solo. "And," she says, "I still like candy. It's all right for me to eat it. But I shouldn't drink too much coffee." Whereupon she asked the waiter for another cup.

Once Miss Hanshaw thought she would be an artist, and entered the National School of Design. She even got so far as designing an advertisement for a lipstick company. But four years ago, while spending a winter in Florida, she was asked to sing over the local station, and that was that. Radio has claimed her ever since.

She says her most important hobby is her fifteen-year-old brother. This young brother wants to be a doctor. "I know," says Annette Hanshaw, "it's a career that takes years and years, but that's what he's wanted to do from childhood, and I'm going to help him to do it. For there's no greater happiness than knowing what you want to do and being able to do it."

"Yes," she added, "I'm one of the lucky ones. I want to sing over the Radio and I want to make phonograph records, and that's just what I'm doing."

Marcella

(Continued from page 69)

borough which is the target for every joke about babies, museums and graveyards. His first business background was the Mutual Life Insurance Company. Now and then he would study singing as a hobby. And he spent one week in the Scranton coal mines—but he did not like the taste of coal dust sandwiches. He was on the original cast of the Jeddo Highlanders and the Seiberling Singers. We'll get at the "Q" yet if it takes all of Scotland Yard's detectives.

* * *

SORRY, Ruth, but no one seems to know where Bill Jonason disappeared. KGBZ says he hasn't been on their station for some time, but maybe someone scanning these columns has heard him recently and will send the news to me.

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

John Garland

(Continued from page 64)

"Confound you! I'll make you pay for your interference!"

No one else thought of bidding. Without turning a hair John Garland paid twenty pounds for a tea-pot and seven-teen for a china ornament. Then came the piano. Sewell started it.

"Ten pounds!" he said.

"Absurd!" Garland murmured. "Twenty!"

"Thirty!" Sewell replied.

"Fifty!" Garland bid.

The room became breathlessly still. These were sums which belonged to fairy-land. The last bid was Sewell's—one hundred and forty pounds. Garland paused for a moment.

"Is that Mr. Sewell's bid?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the auctioneer answered, waiting.

Garland leaned over and struck a few notes upon the piano—a miserable, worn-out affair, barely worth the amount of the first bid. He shook his head.

"I don't believe Miss Cressley cares about this piano much," he said. "Half the notes seem to be gone, too. I think I'll let Mr. Sewell have it."

"It's a rascally swindle!" Sewell roared.

"I shan't pay for it. Put it up again."

John Garland smiled.

"I certainly didn't pledge my word to buy everything," he said. "I dare say there'll be pickings for you, Mr. Sewell."

Sewell flung himself out of the room, and the sale was over in half an hour. The vicar wrung John Garland's hand.

"God bless you, sir!" he said. "You couldn't find a better use for your money than this, I promise you. She's the sweetest, most unselfish little lady that ever breathed."

"Glad to hear you say so, sir," Garland answered. "I'm going to marry her to-morrow."

The vicar looked amazed. "Is it a secret?"

"You can tell anyone you like," John Garland answered, "except Miss Cressley, in case you should see her first."

"Doesn't she know?" the vicar gasped.

"Not yet!" John Garland answered.

Late in the evening Mary Cressley came stealing back from the farm on the moors where she had spent most of the day. A fine snow was falling, and a cold wind blew through her thin clothes. She remembered that there would be no fur-

niture nor any fire in her stripped home, and a sob came into her throat. Perhaps they would have left a rug or something—her clothes she was not sure about. Tears dimmed her eyes as she made her way down the little lane. It was her last home-coming. When she reached the gate she peered in, and her heart almost stopped beating. The furniture was all there! Nothing had been taken away!

She began to tremble. She scarcely knew how she pushed open the door. From the kitchen came a pleasant smell of cooking—the parlour door was open. She peered in. A great figure rose from his knees.

"Mr. Garland!" she exclaimed.

"May as well call me John," he answered, "as we're going to be married to-morrow."

She fell into his arms. Her hat was crushed, and the little fair curls came tumbling over her ears. He took the pale face in his strong hands, and kissed her upon the lips.

"Mary, you little fool," he said, "why didn't you send for me?"

"I don't know," she murmured, weakly. "I thought you were going to be married."

"So I am, to you, to-morrow," he answered. "I've fixed it up with the vicar. Come in to supper and I'll tell you all about it."

He led her out of the room, his arm around her waist. She forgot that she had ever been wet and cold and lonely. For a moment she believed that she had died upon the moor and been taken up into heaven. And then he kissed her once more upon the lips, and she knew that she was on earth!



"No, Jim—I've stopped smoking."

Gained six pounds in a week. You know how I used to smoke—a package of cigarettes and a cigar or two a day—it sure had some

hold on me. I tried to stop many times but could only quit for a few days. But I'm through forever now—took a scientific home tobacco treatment—fixed me up in two weeks.

"Wasn't hard on me at all—noticed improvement the first day—I feel like a new man. It didn't interfere with my work—didn't leave any druggish after-effects—the money I saved in the last two weeks has paid for the treatment alone."

"Why don't you take it? It has entirely banished the tobacco habit for many thousands of men like you and me. It has been successfully used for over fifty years and comes to you with a money-back guarantee—it is a doctor's individual prescription that sure fixes you up. Write for full information NOW. No obligation. All correspondence is strictly confidential."

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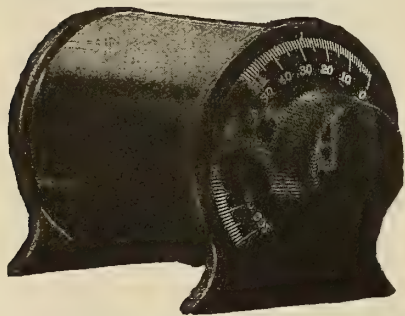
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Floyd Gibbons's Big Thrill

(Continued from page 32)

ness to the great putch—putch, you know, is German for revolution. Well, sir, Larry went to Munich——”

Mac is tapping him on the arm. Gibbons goes on reading. He goes a little faster. Mac continues tapping. Floyd goes faster.

These taps are unknown to the public. But they are a most important part of an extensive signal system vital to Radio newspaper editing. Tapping means faster. Stroking the arm means slower. Mac's every move, every nod, every wave of the fingers, means something in this signal system.

Floyd is into the plane crash story.

“—left on a flight across the——”

It is dramatic—tense. Passengers in danger, he reads on.

“—was equipped with a four hundred and twenty-five horsepower motor——” Mac finds that another page is missing. A brief, frantic hunt for the missing page with more of the details of the plane crash. It is gone. Floyd is nearing the point where he must turn to the missing page. Mac signals that it is gone.

“—And then, . . . and then—the plane was completely demolished.”

On into the story of the death of Karl Boy-ed. The seconds tick into minutes and Mac's tapping becomes frantic.

“The United Press shoots a story from Washington—Bobby Dunn and I were down in Mexico with Pancho Villa.”

IN ALL, forty seconds have been wasted in mishaps. Forty precious seconds. More than 110 words wasted. They must be deleted. Mac works frantically with the blue pencil. Gibbons rushes along. An item is deleted. Mac's tapping changes to stroking, the last minute is reached. The broadcast must be finished exactly on time, not earlier, not later. The seconds tick off. The newest member of the wind-up club has been announced.

“E. Ray Webster, a shoe salesman. I guess a shoe salesman should get something to boot, so, in addition to his membership in the wind-up club, he wins the sandpaper socks for footing this column with the following”:

Floyd Gibbons is saying good night just as the second hand of the studio clock reaches one minute to twelve.

“—and until tomorrow night, at this hour, good night. This is Edward Thor- gesen announcing.”

Twelve o'clock on the second. On the button, according to the studio parlance.

The paper has gone to bed. It has gone to bed on time. That is the thing that counts. The incident of the missing front page is forgotten. The fact that the missing manuscript on the plane crash has been lying on a piano in the rear of the studio is forgotten. No one cares how it got there. The tenseness has left Floyd Gibbons. He once more becomes the affable, pleasure-loving, spontaneous eternal youth, his friends know him to be.

HE WILL be paid approximately \$300.00 for his broadcast. His work is over for the day. And until tomorrow night at this hour, Floyd Gibbons relaxes.

We repair to a restaurant for a bite of supper.

“And is that,” I asked, “a fair sample of what you go through twice daily?”

“Everything went unusually smoothly tonight,” he replied. “You'll have to watch another session to get the real thrill of this thing. For instance, one night the studio clock stopped and we didn't know how much time was left. And one night when Mac was sick and the substitute tapped my arm when he should have stroked and I had to ad-lib for two full minutes, and again. . . .” On and on, mishap after mishap, thrill after thrill. In his year of fighting against unstretchable seconds, Floyd Gibbons has been on time ninety-nine per cent of the time. You could count on your fingers and toes the number of times he has failed to finish “on the button”.

Only a man of Floyd Gibbons' vitality and nervous energy, could carry on the way he is forced to. I was willing to admit that he was not spoofing when he told me that editing his Radio newspaper was the greatest thrill in his life.

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Name Date

Street City, State

Don Carney

(Continued from page 65)

landed in the world's greatest city with an old suit-case which sheltered nothing more valuable than a well-worn tuxedo. In cash he carried a total of 15 cents. It was a tough winter for Don Carney.

SO WERE the next few years, spent as a lifeguard at Avalon, N. J., and playing small movie parts.

After the movies, Carney cycled back to vaudeville. It was the same old grind—going around to dinky booking offices, finding bookings occasionally, fame never. Finally in May, 1928, Jules von Tilzer, one of the brothers of famous Harry, said to Don:

"Why don't you try Radio?"

"I don't know—I never thought of that."

"Say, you go down to the McAlpin, down to station WMCA, and ask for Norrins. Tell him I sent you."

Patient Don Carney went to WMCA, arrived at a moment in the afternoon when an immediate audition was possible. He sat down at the piano, played and sang into the microphone. Norrins, sitting in his office, listened to the resonant voice coming out of the loud-speaker, called Carney in, and said:

"Well, you're good. But I haven't any spot for you right now."

"Then there's nothing doing?"

"I'm sorry. Leave me your address, and when I want something of your type, I'll let you know."

Carney was writing his name and address on a piece of paper which he had picked up from Norrins' desk when Walter Neff, WMCA announcer came in and announced plaintively:

"What in the dickens are we going to do tonight?"

Norrins: "I don't know. What do you mean?"

"Well, I've got to go out on a remote control job, and there'll be nobody here to announce that bunch from the African Methodist Episcopal Church."

"You mean there won't be anybody here to announce the program in the studio?"

"That's what I've been trying to say."

Daring Don lifted his head.

"Why not let me do it?" he asked.

"Your voice sounds O.K. to me," said Neff.

"His voice is all right," declared Norrins.

"Then why don't we let him try it?"

"Why don't we?"

"And furthermore, if he makes good tonight, why don't we give him a job?"

"Why don't we?"

Thereupon Neff led the future famous Uncle Don into the studio, showed him how to switch from one microphone to another, parted from him with a prayer for the amateur's success.

To those who think Learning Music is hard-

PERHAPS you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over with.

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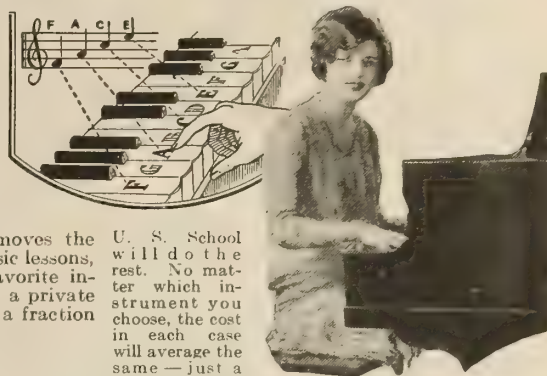
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No sooner had Don Carney become an announcer and all-around fill-in entertainer than he saw the possibilities of broadcasting, concentrated upon microphone technic, sound effects, and all things requisite in the broadcasting of multitudinous roles and character parts. Ambitious, he worked hard at WMCA, made contacts with larger stations, landed a job at WOR.

One afternoon at the studios Al Cormier, WOR commercial manager, came to him hurriedly and said:

"Don, I've got a prospective client coming up to the studios—he'll be here in thirty minutes. Have you got anything that would do for a half-hour kids' entertainment?"

"Why—not up to this moment, but—say, sure I've got something. I'll have it ready for you in half an hour!"

Trusting Al said O.K., brought his client to the listening post and sold the account. In that brief half hour Carney had worked out the idea of "Uncle Don," had rung in the airplane, harmonica and Simple Simon, had written a little song, and had created a line of chatter, a thread of helpful philosophy which caught the fancy of the client at the moment and amassed a following of half a million signed members within a year.

But the half million Uncle Donites, and the other hundreds of thousands who

listen but do not write are only a part of the great audience that follows the multiplied activities of Carney the Versatile. Other thousands smile thrice weekly with his Book House Story Man, and millions set their dials once a week to follow the hamlet happenings of Luke Higgins in "Main Street Sketches." Not only does Carney play Uncle Don, Simple Simon, Uncle Otto, Book House Story Man, Luke Higgins—he himself writes nearly all of the material for these characters, including the enormous task of preparing the weekly script for Main Street.

AWAY from the microphone he is the happy husband of the beautiful girl he married last summer.

Earnest, eager, sympathetic, yet ambitious withal, this genial rover epitomizes his concept of life quaintly and beats about on bushes to come to his point:

"I'd like to live in a thatched hut on a palm beach somewhere in Florida or the South Sea Islands. Meanwhile I bring as much of nature as I can into our apartment—many kinds of plants, an aquarium. The Central Park Reservoir is nearby. I take long walks in the park. I guess that's the best any of us cliff dwellers can do.

A Radio Column—By Heywood Broun

(Continued from page 51)

out what it was they wanted. All the newspaper men used to listen attentively and at the end of every speech somebody would shout, "What's the matter with Hugo Slavia." And then we would all shout "It's all right." And then we would sing "Auld Lang Syne" and go home.

SO LONG as this is reminiscence night I might say a little about a forgotten figure whose name has just come up once more in the newspapers. I found this name on page twenty-six. It used to be page one. Gertrude Ederle is a swimming instructor in an obscure swimming pool at Rye, New York. She is almost deaf and she says that the money she earned in vaudeville is practically gone. She told the reporters "If I had known how it was going to be—I don't think I would have done it. It wasn't worth it."

You remember what IT was. Four years ago—come August—Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel. She was the first woman to swim the Channel and she did it in faster time than anyone had ever accomplished it—girl, boy or man. Her record did get beaten later on by several men. But after all she had softened up the Channel for them.

If Miss Ederle's hearing was definitely impaired by the Channel swim that is a big price to pay. Maybe the feat brought her less in fame and fortune than she had hoped. Nobody except Lindbergh ever got a more glorious welcome home. I don't even think the Colonel himself beat Trudy by more than half a ton of ticker tape. People always stop cheering after a while. You have got to expect that. But I am thinking of something—of something more lasting and deeper than the keys of the city and a speech by the Mayor. Gertrude Ederle may not realize, now, and perhaps she never knew that—she was a symbol. When she reached the far side of the channel and dug her toes into sand and gravel she gave every woman in the world a chance to stand a little straighter and a little more securely. Over a course which had been tried again and again she had done better than the best man. Perhaps it isn't logical to say what one woman has done—women can do. But that is the line that thinking follows. The world could never be quite the same again. You couldn't go on dividing humankind up into sturdy oaks and clinging vines. I'm a clinging oak myself. A vine that could swim the English Channel wasn't exactly what you might call clinging. And I think that even today the effect hasn't been entirely lost. Four years ago we heard more about woman's sphere and, "Of course this is a man's job." And all that. Every time

Trudy splashed her way through a big wave she kicked a tradition in the face. The Channel might have been some old gentleman saying, "No, no—not for little girls". And she showed him and all other old gentlemen in the world—old gentlemen of nineteen or ninety—that woman was not inevitably the weaker vessel. Not when it came to crossing a Channel.

I am not arguing that women should invade every field now occupied by men. I don't know that the home or the universe would be better off if we had women piano movers or if Vassar went in for intercollegiate football. It isn't necessary that some forthright and strong-

FANNIE HURST ANSWERS IT!

Is it true that romance went out with the crinoline skirts and the clinging vine?

That love no longer means all to woman and that she would not make sacrifices for it?

That there is no romance in modern marriage?

America's most brilliant woman novelist answers these questions in an interesting interview on

IS ROMANCE DEAD?

Scheduled for January Radio Digest

minded female should hit Max Schmeling in the jaw and knock him out—but I don't think that is altogether impossible—I know that life today isn't run to any great extent by weight lifters—and yet I suppose thousands and hundreds of thousands of women have been denied all kinds of jobs for which they were superbly fitted for no better reason than that they were women. The very word feminine is used to denote weakness and passivity. We even have feminine endings in metrical schemes. If a man named Gilbert had a job and made a mess of it we would say, "Gilbert wasn't much good." But if a girl called Sally scored a failure at some piece of work a great number of people in the community would not be content in blaming the failure on Sally's individual shortcomings. They would probably say, "How like a woman." The whole theory of the masterful man

rests upon the naive belief that any man can look a woman in the eye, grab her by the wrist and say "Come here." And that if he does she will not only advance meekly in his direction but love him.

But if the system amounts to anything it has to be universal. One channel swimmer is enough to break the whole chain. Imagine some man trying to chuck Gertrude Ederle under the chin. I don't mean, of course, that as soon as Trudy swam the Channel every discrimination against womankind ceased upon the instant. But it was one of the things which helped. And it is still helping. It was worth it. I don't care whether there is logic in that fact or not. Whoever said this world was run on logical lines? And if you think there is no discrimination against women look at the laws of your own state and see what a husband can do with a wife's earnings in scores and scores of communities. And if you don't want to take the trouble to look up the law books just take a glance around the office where you work. In hundreds of occupations women get less pay for doing precisely the same work as a man. And when it comes to picking executives you know perfectly well that a far more capable woman will be passed up in favor of a man. Of course lots of businesses are being run by women today. Some woman acts as boss in plenty of establishments. But the salary goes to somebody else. She is the private secretary or the assistant to the president or something like that. How do you suppose business men get so much time to play golf—because each one of them has some woman in the office who knows a great deal more about the concern and its affairs than he does.

I do not want to seem seditious to my sex. Complete equality has its advantages. I stopped giving up my seat in the subway as soon as a woman swam the channel. There was no longer any point in my pretending that I could withstand the buffets of the crowd just because I was a man. Swimming the channel is just as hard as getting out of a Bronx express in the rush hour.

CHIVALRY is just another way of saying, "There! There! little girl! Don't bother your pretty little head about such things."

And maybe she wants to bother her head. And tackle the problem for herself. It doesn't have to be the English Channel. But that is a good way to start. Please take it back Trudy. Don't say it wasn't worth it. Oh yes it was. Listen a little closer. Can't you still hear it—yes, you can,—that's it—ringing down four years and further—"Atta girl."

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Many of my men earn up to \$100 a week selling and servicing Radio sets.



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You don't have to quit your present job to take my training! You stay right at home, hold your job, and learn in your spare time. I teach you to begin making money shortly after you enroll. My new, practical method makes this possible. I give you 8 big laboratory outfits that teach you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. Many of my students earn \$15, \$20, \$30 weekly while

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NOW**

The Reality of the Spiritual World

(Continued from page 50)

Both operations accompanied as they are by physical phenomena are also accompanied by psychic phenomena. Neither can be understood completely without the recognition of the reality of the spiritual world, and, in fact, human life itself is full of puzzles and misunderstandings and misconceptions unless that world is taken into account.

Identifying myself with this more scientific group of investigators, I say that the region of matter and the region of religion are both important, the physical and the spiritual are interlocked. The methods of dealing with the two regions are not so distinct, so isolated, so discordant as has been thought.

WE ENTERTAIN the ambitious hope of bringing the two bodies together and raising, as it were, Jacob's ladder between the two worlds, extending the methods of science into another dimension and breaking into the region of spirit as through a trap door.

We are seeking to verify strange assertions and to extend the methods of scientific proof beyond their recognized scope and into regions where they have been thought to be inapplicable.

We are not surprised at the opposition we meet with. We are aware of random utterances of believers of whose weakness we are fully conscious, and yet we hope that in due time our work will be judged by its fruits.

Speaking for myself, I believe that existence is continuous and that death is not a break in its continuity but a mere sloughing off of the material body. We go to a spiritual body, a body which we have thought it makes no appeal to a large percentage of us. We shall continue in the spiritual body when the material body has been left behind. I hold that we are incarnations of spirit here and now, spiritual beings in contact with the physical world and living on this planet for something under a century. Existence in the physical world is of considerable importance in the history of the soul and appears to be the beginning of an individual existence or personality. Whatever has happened before, I know certainly that the individual continues thereafter and carries with him his powers, his memory, and his affections. These, and these only, are his inalienable possessions; all else of the material order he has perforce to abandon and leave behind. Powers, memory and affections—these he retains.

The process of growth and development continued apparently without limit, and whilst his friends are struggling still with the material organism, he is able to help them and occasionally communicate with them. We are surrounded by a cloud

of witnesses and helpers, and our terrestrial activities form an insignificant proportion of the whole of existence.

We have concentrated too much upon matter and have attended too little to the possibilities of space. Space is enormously more extensive than matter. The worlds in space, though so numerous and huge, occupy an infinitesimal portion of the space available. Already science is discovering that all activity, all energy, all spontaneity is to be traced to the properties possessed by what we call empty space, and matter that speaks to our senses is purely demonstrative.

The loud speaker had nothing to do with inventing this utterance of mine, and yet it articulates, I hope distinctly, and in many respects is acting like a brain. The vibrations of the diaphragm show

what is going on in space. They have no initiative of their own.

We are only now beginning to realize the immensity of the powers which move about those pointers and bring about all the phenomena, some of which we are familiar with.

The real fact is that we are in the midst of a spiritual world which dominates the material. It constitutes the great and present reality whose powers we are only beginning to realize, and the force of which would seem prodigious and terrifying had we not been assured that these majestic energies are all controlled by a beneficent power whose name is love. Knowing this, we can face any destiny that may call us, and so let us take courage and proceed and greet the unknown with a cheer. God bless you!

Lowell Thomas—Radio's New Voice

(Continued from page 9)

On this man's head the Turks had placed a price of \$250,000. Allenby told Thomas this glamorous and romantic character was Colonel T. E. Lawrence, archaeologist and soldier. "Would you like to meet him?" Allenby asked. "It could be arranged."

So Thomas met Lawrence in the heart of the desert land closed to Christians for thirteen centuries. He went with this Nomad into the Desert and witnessed the organization of Lawrence's wild army. The story of how this army was assembled and how it saved the Allied cause in Asia Minor was brought back by Lowell Thomas, the only person to obtain an imperishable record of that historic conflict.

When finally the Cross had triumphed at Armageddon and blazed throughout the Holy Land, the British Government, to insure the safety of the precious films taken by Thomas and Chase, detailed a special warship to bring the two adventurers back to Europe in order that copies of the films might be preserved for the British Imperial Museum.

There were still adventures lurking nearby, and Thomas wasted no time getting into the centre of action. The Armistice was signed while he was in Paris. Almost before the final barrage had ceased, Thomas was attempting to gain entrance into Germany. Fifteen times he tried. The sixteenth attempt was successful, and Thomas was the first man to see the Central Powers in the convulsion of revolt and to bring back

the story of the German Revolution. Not only did he use his own eyes to witness history in the making. He imprisoned it forever on the imperishable record of celluloid by using the camera's eye.

After reporting his experiences in Germany to the Peace Conference in Paris, Thomas embarked on a speaking tour in 1919, telling of his experiences as a war correspondent. The tale of his exploits with Allenby and Lawrence quickly caught the public fancy.

THOMAS returned to America for a short time after his round-the-world tour. But he was not home for long. In 1922 he accompanied the Prince of Wales on his trip, through India. After that he headed expeditions into Malaya, India, Upper Burmah and Central Asia, returning to Paris late in 1923 to tell of his adventures on these expeditions.

Pausing only long enough to catch his breath, Thomas set out on another adventure. He acted as historian of the first world airplane flight and later hopped off on a 25,000-mile jaunt over Europe, Asia and Africa.

The wanderer finally returned home. He had written many books of adventure, among them "With Lawrence in Arabia," "Beyond Khyber Pass," and "Count Luckner, the Sea Devil." There were more books to be written, more stories to tell. And a young son, Lowell Jackson, was growing up.



Pick the Job You Want and Fill It...in a Few Months!



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Only an hour or so a day is all you need. This Big League training prepares you for success in all phases of radio . . . manufacturing, servicing, selling, ship and shore broadcasting, photo-radiograms, radio equipment. Our graduates are now in demand everywhere . . . because they are posted right up to the minute in everything in radio. Radio's progress each year is measured by the accomplishment of the great engineers at work in the research laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America. This world-wide organization sets the standard for the industry . . . and stands back of every lesson in the course! A signed agreement by the president of the school assures you absolute satisfaction upon completion of the training—or your money will be promptly refunded.

By means of an actually proven kind of home study training sponsored by the Radio Corporation of America, hundreds of ambitious fellows are today enjoying financial independence in work that is thrilling.

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Gentlemen: Please send me your big FREE 40-page book which tells about the brilliant opportunities in Radio and about your famous laboratory-method of guaranteed radio instruction at home.

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Address

Hundreds of French and old-time Southern dishes, but only this one COFFEE!

IN the old days of luxurious living, the proprietors of the old Maxwell House were not content that their guests should enjoy the finest Southern cooking in the land. They desired to also offer them as distinguished a French cuisine as if Nashville were Paris.

And so they prevailed upon Antoine, a famous French chef, to come from New Orleans to Nashville and preside over the immense roasting jack, the grid-irons upon railways, the huge copper boilers that stood in the Maxwell House kitchen. Thus the old Maxwell House offered a choice of *hundreds* of zestful French and old-time Southern dishes. Why, then, did it serve only *one* coffee?

Because the rare and mellow blend which was

the pride of the old Maxwell House was—and is—unique in the richness of its flavor. No other coffee in the world so nobly topped off the prize specialties of Dixie and of France, provided so triumphant a climax to each memorable meal. No other coffee won such high praise from the distinguished men and women who gathered to enjoy the delicious cooking of the finest hotel in the Old South.

Do you know that this same superb coffee blend can now be had in a cheerful blue tin at your grocer's? Try it for breakfast tomorrow.

Try it without risk of disappointment—for if you are not fully satisfied with Maxwell House Coffee, your grocer will unhesitatingly return your money.



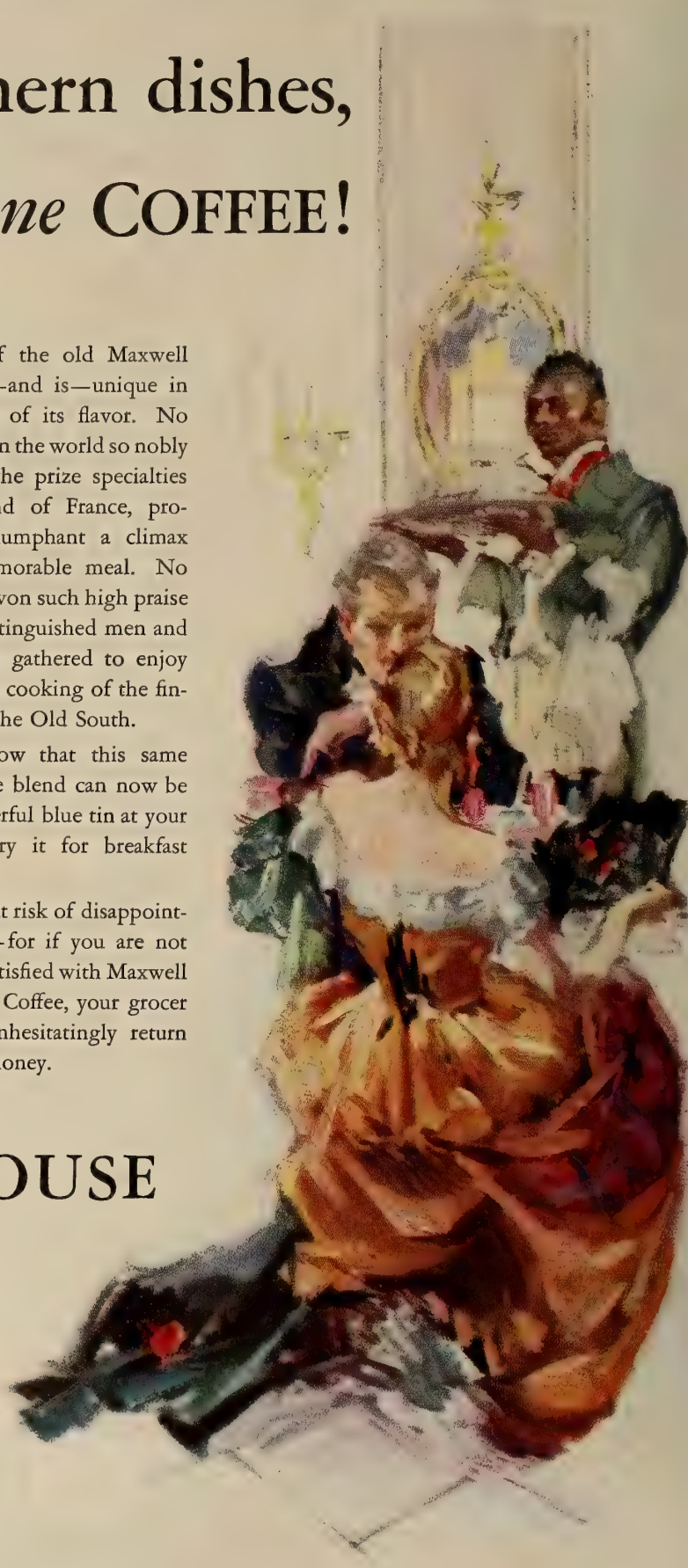
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CORPORATION

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to the
LAST
DROP

*Don't miss the Maxwell House radio
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FANNIE HURST asks "Is Romance Dead?"

Radio Digest

January

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★
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Bernadine Hayes
NBC—N.Y.

DIAMONDS by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

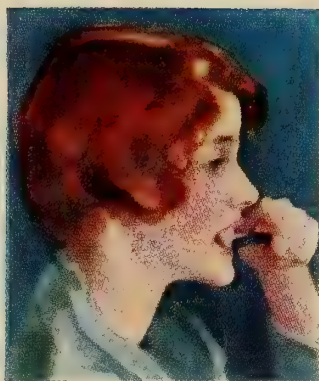
Alexander Woollcott + H. G. Wells + George Bernard Shaw

BIGGEST MOMENTS IN MY LIFE by MARIA JERITZA

Miss Adams tells you how to procure
your own solar horoscope—FREE



The Dentists' Dentifrice should be your FAMILY DENTIFRICE



MANY people remember the time when trips to the dentist were made only to get relief from pain. In those days, no one thought of going for prevention, before pain developed.

And today, there are people who do not think of using Forhan's, until their mouths are beyond the help of ordinary tooth-pastes.

But the well mouth needs Forhan's. It is a dentifrice safe and pure and mild—as fine as a dentist can make it, for it was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

The tiny teeth of children—those precious first teeth which have such an influence on the future health and beauty of the mouth—need the scientific cleansing which they will get with this gentle dentifrice.

The teeth of boys and girls also need Forhan's protection, to supplement the dentist's watchful care. No dentifrice can do a more thorough job of reaching every fissure and crevice of the teeth during these critical years.

In the adult mouth, Forhan's serves a double purpose. It cleans the teeth, of course, but in addition it helps to stimulate the gums. Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, it rouses sluggish circulation, brings to gum tissues a pleasant tingling, and helps to keep them in the coral glow of health.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that Forhan's

is only a pyorrhea treatment. If you suspect that you have this ailment, if your gums are tender, see your dentist at once. When the mouth is healthy—before any tenderness develops—is the time to adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice. It is far better to avoid disease than to treat it after it develops. The use of this scientific dentifrice will help you to keep the mouth of youth well into middle age.

NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan's program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia network.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A

★ ★

Clearer, softer skin

Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And you are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen."

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin."

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't *you* follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD** — To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES** — If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH** — Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT** — To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK** — To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS** — To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

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108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

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Radio Digest

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Managing Editor

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST



JEANETTE MAC-
DONALD says "Ah
din' learn to be no
'nouncer, it jus' grewed
on me" . . . like Topsy,
whose darktown dialect
she gets so pat on the
WCAU Children's
Hour every Sunday.



ANN LEAF of CBS
. . . it's hard to
believe that such a
little, dainty scrap of
femininity could ma-
nipulate a great big
organ . . . and stay up
late at night to do it,
too . . . but she does!

January, 1931

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JEANETTE MAC-
DONALD has an
angelic smile and a
golden halo and she's
altogether seraphic. Just
picture her next time
she deserts Hollywood
for the purpose of amus-
ing you Radio fans.



LOYCE WHITE-
MAN . . . "Oh what
a find we have in her,"
says Manager Gerald
King of KFWB. Sweet,
pretty, brings tears to
their eyes with her bal-
lads, reaps laughs with
her blues . . . just perfect.

New Year Greetings

—and a Message

Happy New Year! And may 1931 bring you a full measure of prosperity. That is our sincere wish for the many friends of RADIO DIGEST.

It is fitting at this time to look back upon the accomplishments of the old year, and although the New RADIO DIGEST has been in existence but four months, we view with deep satisfaction the progress that has been made and the words of praise, encouragement and help that have come from all parts of the country from our readers.

There is pleasure, too, in the thought that by reducing the price of RADIO DIGEST from thirty-five cents to twenty-five cents we start the new year with the performance of a service to our readers.

We look upon 1931 as a period of opportunity; a time during which plans for the further improvement of RADIO DIGEST may be brought to fruition.

There are many problems to solve but we are confident of attaining our goal with the support of our friends. You can do your part toward overcoming a problem of distribution by subscribing for RADIO DIGEST by the year. By doing this you will help us to stabilize our circulation and you will also insure receiving RADIO DIGEST each month at your home.

There will be no let-down in the quality of RADIO DIGEST. Our policy as announced in September, 1930, that——

“RADIO DIGEST will not be edited with any endeavor at salacious or cheap appeals. It will aim to enable the American public to appreciate in a greater degree and in larger numbers the world of romance, entertainment and knowledge which is open to them through the Radio.”

——remains unchanged. That is our pledge for 1931.



THE PUBLISHERS

Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

HAPPY New Year! Yip-eee! whoop the Light Hearted . . . Watch Your Step, warn the Clipped Wingers and . . . God be with You, wish Veterans of Time . . . before you know it we'll all be wafting farewell to "Old 1931."

* * *

IN THE meantime let's take a peek into the pages of the calendar just ahead—Aha! Bright lights . . . tables with snowy napery . . . gleaming highlights . . . musicians . . . fair faces . . . swirling figures . . . and we hear the muffled glide of nimble toes on polished floor as the music swings from fast to slow to fast. One bright scene melts into another. A voice that we all know is speaking. Rudy Vallee, regular contributor to RADIO DIGEST, will be our guide in an article he has written for the February number. He calls it Night Clubs of New York. It is the most intimate thing Mr. Vallee has ever written, in our opinion, and you meet the various night club hosts and hostesses as his guest.

* * *

OUR Miss Lillian G. Genn is a most agreeable young person. She slips into the office quietly, talks scarcely above a whisper and listens a great deal. Before you know it you have told her everything she wants to know and then she goes. The next thing you know she has a story. Last month she brought you the exclusive story of Billie Burke in her own home. Now she has a story from the lips of Mrs. Fred Stone, wife of the famous comedian. What kind of a person is a great stage comedian in his own home? Well, sometimes he is funny when he doesn't mean to be. Take, for instance, the time when Mr. Stone dug 5,000 holes for 5,000 trees on his 2,300 acre ranch. It was to be a great forest. And when the trees came—Oh boy, you must read what Mrs. Stone says about that. It's all very special for RADIO DIGEST readers next month.



* * *

And while we are on the subject of rib tickling it will interest you to know that we have a special article for one of our issues of the near future dealing with some of the comic idiosyncrasies of well known stage and mike stars who sometimes behave like they had lost their minds when they find themselves in a broadcasting studio. The title of the article is *I Thought I'd Die!* Don't know right now whether we will be able to cram this into our overflowing February number or not. But the old diaphragm is going to get a twist when you do read it.

ONE of the most remarkable characters of American success romance that we know about is the life story of B. A. Rolfe, leader of the Lucky Strike dance orchestra. He has made millions and lost millions. Did you know that he has twice been one of the greatest of motion picture producers? He knows what it is to be a millionaire with landed estates one day and practically broke the next. But he is never down hearted. It's all in a life-time. It is a thrilling story and reads like fiction as it has been especially written for RADIO DIGEST by Alma Sioux Scarberry, author of the first Radio novel, and you'll be seeing it soon.



* * *

What's Doty Hobart going to have? somebody asks. That's funny. We started him off to get a story about what we called the Radio Police Patrol, sent wires around to correspondents to rush material in from various cities where the police are cruising around in Radio equipped automobiles waiting word from headquarters to dash in and run crime ragged. But Doty reported back that he had run across a better story. He wants to call it Watchdogs of the Air, and it's all about what Uncle Sam is doing to keep all of his big family of Radio stations in their proper places, so they won't be treading on each other's toes, yelping and spoiling things for everybody. Now we're as keen as you are to see what he's going to bring in. But in the meantime we're getting that other story into shape to use anyway.

* * *

DO YOU know that one of the greatest of modern conductors could not see a score unless it was placed against his nose. But what a memory! Arturo Toscanini, maestro of the New York Philharmonic Symphony orchestra knows intimately every note by heart in ninety operas! His near-sightedness has been remarkably compensated by the gods. He has been known to remember for a year one tiny mistake by a player which at the time seemed to pass unnoticed. Musical errors have been known to send him into paroxysms of rage. Read the close-up word sketch of Toscanini by David Ewen in the February RADIO DIGEST.



* * *

"Ask the broadcasters to take off the programs offering recipes. Who cares about recipes? People who don't have cooks go to restaurants anyway." So writes a woman in Florida. She makes a plea that instead of recipes an educational subject should be substituted—English, for example. Watch RADIO DIGEST for a series of articles on educational programs.

Enthusiastic Station Supporters

RALLY ROUND

Many New Nominations Arrive By Every Mail
In Thrilling State Championship Contest

NOW is the time to do honor to the four stations in your state that you think are most deserving of honor. Practically all the leading stations have been nominated. Some of them have been nominated over a score of times.

The contest editor is receiving many earnest letters from the listeners who are rooting for their favorites. Along with the nomination slips they tell why they have made their selections as indicated. Each station has its own individuality represented by a name or a voice. Just how important those identifications are is apparent from the following letter from Mrs. L. M. Rice of Dallas, Tex., who makes the following order of nominations. WFAA, Dallas; KRLD, Dallas; WBAP, Ft. Worth and KTA, Ft. Worth. She writes:

"In my opinion the announcers have lots to do with the popularity of a station. Their personality comes to us like their own voices. All of the announcers at my favorite station, WFAA, have pleasant voices that carry conviction. WBAP was long my second favorite until they let "C. C." go. He seemed part of the station and was a favorite generally. On the other hand there is a certain market announcer that would make a nervous woman have hysterics and a man pull out his hair. Above all give us educated announcers," says she.

Typical of one of our Midwest correspondents is the letter from Mildred Drabek, 204 S. Lincoln Ave., Aurora, Ill., who lines up the Illinois stations thus: WENR, WMAQ, WBBM and WLS. All are located in Chicago. Miss Drabek writes:

"My reason for choosing WENR as the favorite is because of its wonderful studio staff. It gives plenty of variety—symphony, popular orchestra, comedies, dramas, Hawaiians, solos, organ and

wonderful staff of cheerful announcers. WMAQ also has a number of features we enjoy, mainly Dan and Sylvia, also the chain programs. The rest follow as a change. Here's lots of luck to you."

We have space for just one more letter and will choose this Eastern one from Miss Margaret Krell, 1372 Ogden Ave., Bronx, New York. Miss Krell's ticket reads in this order: WABC, WJZ, WEAf and WMCA, all of New York City. She says in her letter:

"My first preference, WABC, has given me the greatest of pleasure. It gives me the greatest of variety of entertainment. I am truly grateful each week as I listen with pleasure to Ozzie Nelson, Wallace Silversmith, the Show Boat, Guy Lombardo's marvelous orchestra, Tone Pictures, Henry and George, Mr. and Mrs., Sandy and Lil, Van Heusen, Mystery Drama, True Story and the inimitable Radio Follies. In all Radioland no program has ever equaled the Radio Follies, directed by Norman Brokenshire—"Whata Man'!" Miss Krell also writes enthusiastically of WJZ and WEAf entertainers. Of WMCA she says, "this station has risen to a high standard almost over night with its new apparatus."

It's just too bad we haven't the space to print all the letters for many, many other stations that have been nominated in this new kind of a contest. Be sure to clip the coupons below. Send in your four favorites from the state where you live, on the nomination blank, hold the voting coupon for the bonus allowance by sending all consecutive ballots together.

Now turn to the rules on page 94 and see what you get in the way of bonus votes, and details as to the conditions of the contest. Remember you are to vote for the four *most* popular stations in your state. The four winners will be awarded *each* a medallion.



NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state)

First (call letters) City
Second (call letters) City
Third (call letters) City
Fourth (call letters) City

Signed
Address

City State

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters) City
Second (call letters) City
Third (call letters) City
Fourth (call letters) City

Signed
Address

City State



Walter Winchell

*Father of the word "Whoopie"
who now runs an Air Column
over CBS.*

Radio's Little Boy Peep

Walter Winchell

*"Broadway" Heckler Finds Gossip Pays Dividends
—You Hate Him or You Love Him but You
Can't Leave Him Alone if You Read Him at All*

By DAVID EWEN

IN THAT prehistoric day before the advent of the tabloid and the Radio into our everyday life, parents were accustomed to frightening bad little girls by warning them:

*"The goblin will get you,
If you don't watch out!"*

Today, there is only one way of frightening bad little girls. And that is by explaining to them that the goblin is none other than Mr. Walter Winchell—"Vulture Winchell," as one journalist so sweetly called him—"Radio's Little Boy Peep." to apply Mr. St. John Ervine's celebrated phrase.

Walter Winchell has the distinction of being one of the most provocative people in this country today. For several years now, his gossip about Broadway and Broadwayites has trickled through the columns of the tabloids throughout the country—earning for him a whole army of worshippers and a still greater army of enemies. Now that the Wise Shoe Company brings Walter Winchell and his gossip into your very parlor once every week, his army of worshippers and of enemies has swelled prodigiously. He has become more and more something of a national issue. You are either a great admirer of Walter Winchell, or else he has gone ahead and spread some gossip about you. There is no mid-channel.

For a person who thrives on gossip, Walter Winchell has succeeded, with remarkable and strange elusiveness, in keeping information about himself in the dark. The name, of course, is known to everyone in the country, but how many really know who the man is, or what sort of a personality is his? What follows is, therefore, something more intimate about a man whose life-work consists in giving

to the world something more intimate about everyone else.

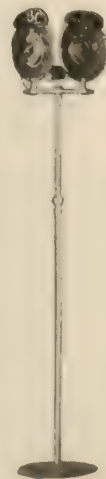
Walter Winchell was born in New York City, and raised in the theatre. For, long before he ever thought of glorifying gossip, Winchell was a man of the theatre. At the age of 12 he may have been no nearer the stage than the aisle; he served as an usher in a movie-house in Harlem. But the aisle leads straight to the stage, and before very long Walter graduated from out of the class of ushers and into the class of performers. He conceived the idea that song-slides should be accompanied by someone singing on the stage, in order to encourage the audience into singing (the idea was his own, and therefore it was Winchell who started the fad for singing-slides); he brought his idea, together with his pleasant soprano voice, to the manager of the movie-house who liked both, and decided to engage ambitious Walter for the job. The idea took the audiences by storm; it soon became a regular feature of that movie-house—and one of its best. Before long, Walter decided to take two other ushers into partnership, both of whom had agreeable voices, too, and who, Walter felt, were meant to be on the stage. And it was not long before all of Harlem knew about these "three little men with the big voices," and of their attraction. This feature, incidentally, ran for many months at this movie-house and with constantly increasing success.

OH yes! you may have heard something about these two other ushers. Their names were Georgie Jessel and Eddie Cantor.

One day, a celebrated vaudevillian—Mr. Gus Edwards of the Keith Vaudeville circuit—stepped into the movie-house and listened to the three young men entertain. He decided immediately that at least one of the three had talent for the stage. And so—passing up George Jessel and Eddie Cantor, both of whom he was to select at another time—he walked straight up to Walter Winchell and asked him if he would like an important position in a featured revue. The proposition, and the salary, stupefied young Walter; he was too dumbfounded to answer. Heaven's gate had opened for him. And with a dazed expression on his face, he nodded his assent eagerly.

He remained with Gus Edwards' Revue until he outgrew his juvenile parts—and received full stage experience. Then, meeting a pleasing young girl with a nice voice, he decided to team up with her in a song-and-dance act. The girl did the singing; he did the dancing, interspersing his steps with wise remarks about this-and-that—but all in all it wasn't a "wow" of an act in the first place. It played in all of the smaller circuits, never hitting the bigger theatres, and—if the truth must be known—never was it very much of a hit with the audiences. They merely tolerated it. Winchell, consequently, became dissatisfied before long with the whole business and swore that at the first excuse he could find—in the form of a decent livelihood—he would escape from the vaudeville racket. In the meanwhile the song

(Continued on page 108)

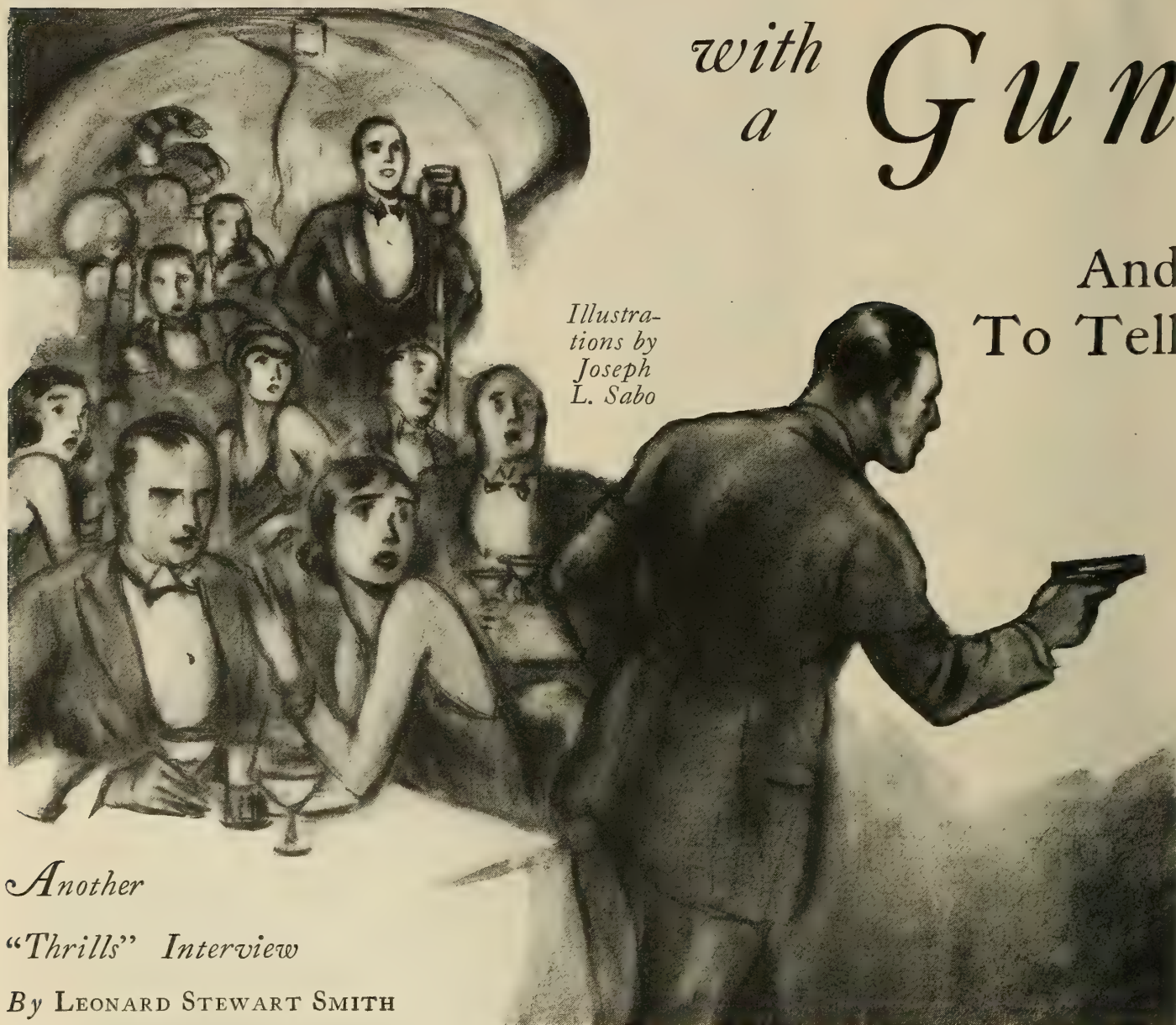


Guy Lombardo

with
a **Gun**

And
To Tell

*Illustrations by
Joseph
L. Sabo*



Another

"Thrills" Interview

By LEONARD STEWART SMITH

WE WERE seated at dinner in the grillroom of the Hotel Roosevelt in New York; Guy and Carmen Lombardo, Billy Goodheart, head of the New York office of the Music Corporation of America, who manages the Royal Canadians, and myself. Seated at other tables nearby were Leibert and Victor Lombardo, Freddie Kreitzer, Larry Owens, and the other members of the "sweetest band this side of heaven".

The talk at our table was light talk. Guy and Carmen were taking me back seven years to Cleveland—to the Claremont Inn and the Music Box—whence

the band started on its rise to world fame. We were talking of the days four B.C. (Before Chicago), when the "beauty and brains of the family" and I were among the handful of regular patrons of the Claremont Inn who were predicting a roseate future for Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians before national advertisers ever dreamed that such an organization would be very instrumental in the merchandising of their products over Columbia Broadcasting System hookups.

"Have you learned to play the trumpet yet?" Guy asked me. He was kidding me about the "threat" made by the "beauty and brains of the family" that

unless I learned to play the trumpet like Leibert, she would leave me.

"Have you found the perfect sweetheart from among the ladies of your fan mail?" I retaliated.

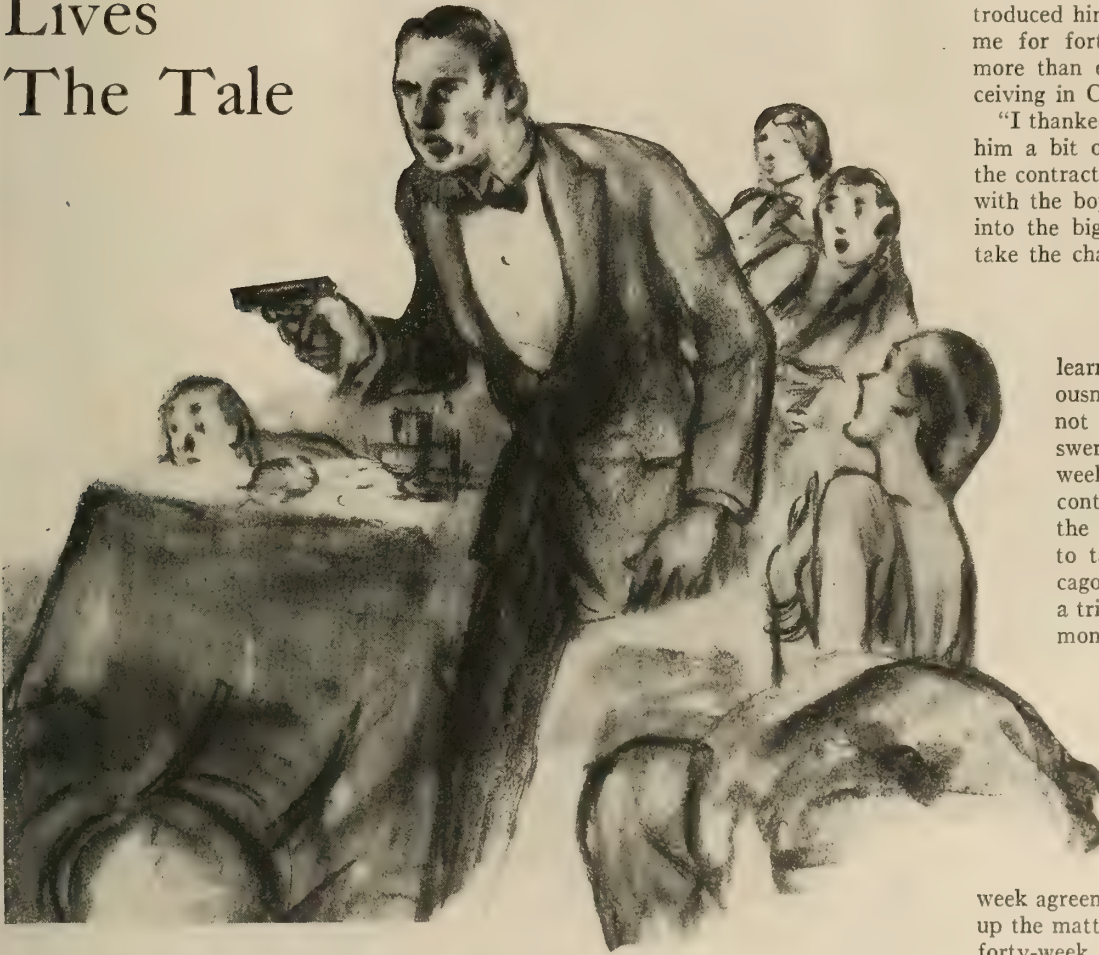
ONLY once during the dinner did the talk get serious. And that was when Billy Goodheart interposed that no other band in the country had achieved the record of keeping the same men together, without a single change, through the seven years of their existence. One addition has been made to the original ten. That came only a few months ago, when

Battles

man

Lives The Tale

"It was the night before New Year's Eve at the Granada. Suddenly, amid the laughter and hilarity I heard two shots fired in rapid succession"



Victor Lombardo, upon reaching his nineteenth birthday, was given a new saxophone, a ticket from London, Ontario, to New York, and a seat on the bandstand with his famous brothers. The other ten men have been together since the beginning. Goodheart, veteran orchestra manager, who has had under his wing many other "name bands" said unqualifiedly that in this respect the Lombardo group was in a class by itself.

"I guess it is because we like to work together," Guy explained. "There are no petty jealousies in our bunch."

Then, for the seventh time, I asked the important question of this interview:

"What would you consider your greatest thrills?"

"That," said Guy, "is a very hard order. Off hand, I would say that three incidents in our career brought unforgettable responses. One gave a tug at my heart strings that has been so lasting that I still have to fight back tears every time I recall it. That was the time we played *My Buddy* at the request of a dying war veteran and his pal. Another was the time Al Quadbach, the man really responsible for the success of this band, raised a mortgage on his Granada Cafe in Chicago to pay for broadcasting time, bringing the thrill of our first real success.

The last brought a fright that nearly scared me to death and actually made my hair stand on end. That was the time two men were shot during the Nutty Club session at the Granada. I will tell you about them in the order of their occurrence.

"The mortgage came first. That was back in 1927. Quadbach was operating his Granada Cafe which still holds forth at 68th street and Cottage Grove avenue in the Windy City. Chicago was full of bands, good bands too, but Quadbach wanted something other than the organizations playing around Chicago at that time. So he went on a trip in search of a band. His wanderings brought him to Cleveland. For a week, without our knowing who he was, he sat through our programs at the Claremont. Then at the end of the week, he approached me, introduced himself and thrust a contract at me for forty weeks at the Granada at more than double what we had been receiving in Cleveland.

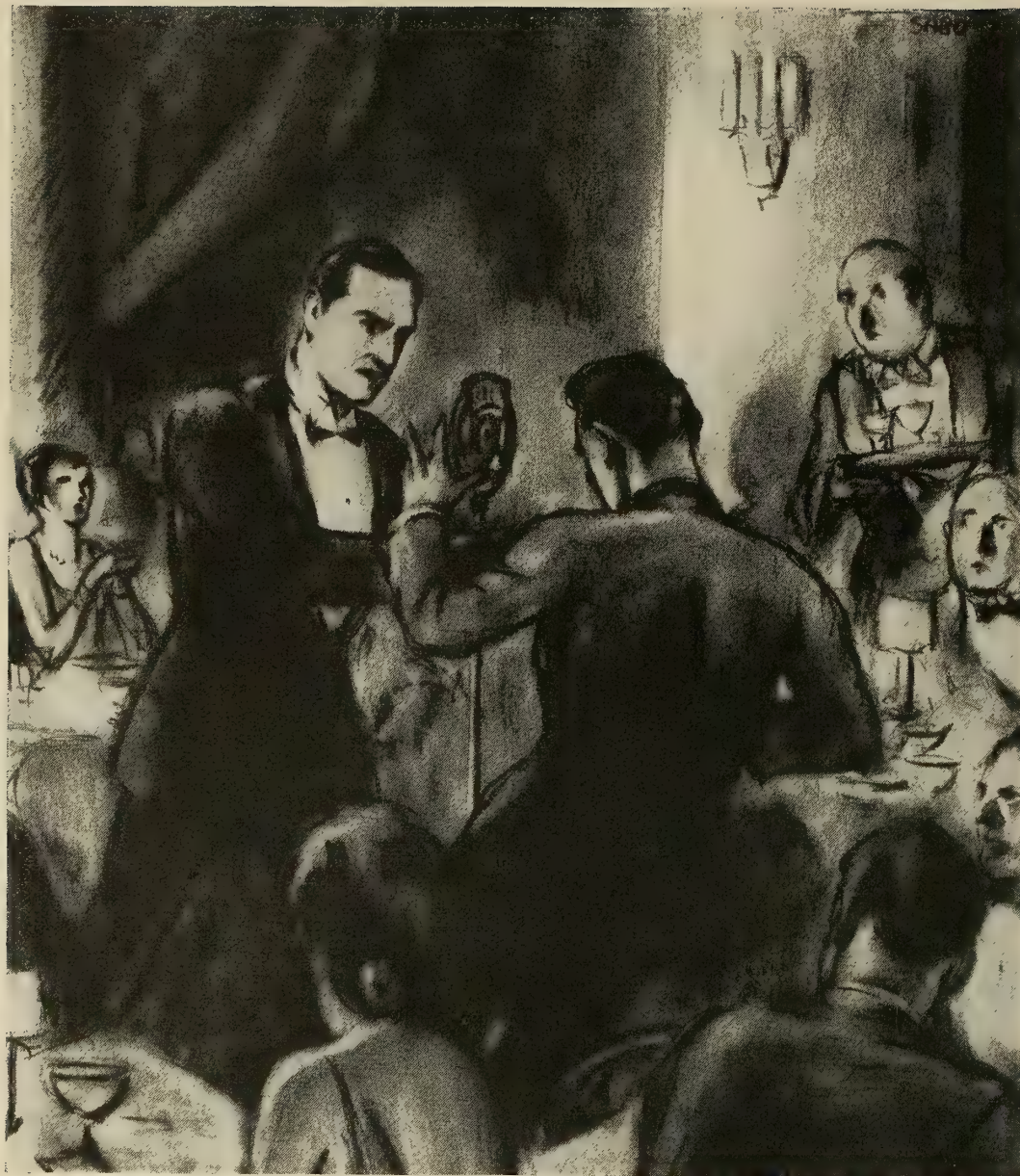
"I thanked him for his flattery; thought him a bit out of his mind, but declined the contract. Actually, after I had talked with the boys, we were afraid to venture into the big city of Chicago. Afraid to take the chance in unknown fields.

"BUT I was soon to learn that Quadbach was all seriousness about his offer and was not going to take 'no' for an answer. Every day for the next week he continued to offer the contract. Finally, still spurning the forty-week offer, we decided to take a chance and go to Chicago for a six-week period only as a trial. I arranged with the Claremont that if we failed in Chicago, we could return in six weeks.

"For the first four weeks of our Chicago engagement I felt very sorry for Quadbach, and on no less than twenty occasions offered to release him from our six-week agreement, and every time I brought up the matter, he would push forward the forty-week contract as his answer.

"Our opening night on September 1, 1927, was a nice gesture from the music publishers and Quadbach's many personal friends. We received many telegrams, mostly from our Cleveland friends, and some Chicagoans sent flowers. Maybe there was some irony in that, however. Then for the next four weeks we played to empty tables, with from twenty to thirty couples on Saturday evening, when there should have been from two hundred to three hundred couples.

"At the end of the fourth week I didn't want to take Quadbach's check. We were costing him a lot of money. I told him I was going to take the band out of the Granada and was going back to Cleveland.



"He reached out his hand to take the microphone away . . . I gave him a shove back"

He pleaded with me with utmost sincerity. "Please stay until you get a bad check, Guy," he urged.

"He was so earnest in his appeal, that I submitted.

"Get us a Radio connection," I suggested, 'Maybe that will help.'

"That was no easy task, getting us a Radio connection. The stations in Chicago were overloaded with good bands and didn't want to take chances with unknowns. Quadbach was near the end of his financial resources. Business had not been good before our arrival and since our arrival it had been worse, if anything. He went among his many friends to borrow the money to pay for broadcasting time. His friends also thought he was 'off his nut going the limit for a bunch of school-boy musicians from the sticks'.

"But Quadbach was convinced that our slow tempo music, so radically different from the fashion of that day, would catch on and be a sensation.

"Finally he raised enough money to pay

for 15 minutes a night for one week over WBBM. Early in October we started broadcasting.

"Never will I forget that night of our first broadcast! Our fifteen minutes of the first night were almost up. The band played as even I had never heard it before. I got a thrill standing out in front directing. I had always felt certain that I had a real band, but their playing that night convinced me even more thoroughly. And apparently it convinced others.

"**WE** WERE playing our last number when the announcer said the studio downtown was asking if we could stay on the air another thirty minutes at the station's expense. We stayed on the air. That thirty minutes up, they still wanted more. There had been many requests, they told me, to repeat numbers we had played. I believe we played *I'll Get By*, at least twenty times.

"Well, at 1.30 a.m., after four and a

half hours of continuous playing, we were permitted to stop.

"The results were immediate. The next evening, following the first broadcast, the Granada was jammed to capacity and from that time on space was at a premium every night in the week. Within ten days Quadbach let a contract for enlarging the place. His faith in the band's possibilities was well repaid, and with that faith came our success. Of course it was only natural that more Radio contracts should follow. First came a local broadcast for a clothing store. It was on this hour that we were heard for the first time by William Wrigley, Jr., who signed us for our first nation-wide broadcast, and the rest of the road to success was easy. Any wonder when I say that Al Quadbach is the man responsible for the success of this band?"

GUY lighted a fresh cigarette, and continued:

"The shooting affair comes next. That incident, or sequence of incidents, packed a lot of action into two very brief periods of time.

"At the time we were dividing our nights between the Granada and the Comedy Club, a favorite rendezvous for theatrical folks playing Chicago. The story must be divided into two sections. The first at the

Comedy Club and the second, and the climax, two weeks later at the Granada.

"At the Comedy Club during dance intermissions, it was my duty to tell the listeners something about the personages present. While the band took a little rest I would introduce the stage stars and others present.

"The spirit of the place was one of good-fellowship. Not all the patrons were abiding by the management's warning about the prohibition laws, and quite a few hip flasks were present. I was in the midst of my introductions, standing in the center of the dance floor with the microphone in my hand.

"I noticed a rather hard looking group at a ringside table. Two of the men were attempting to restrain one of their number from getting up. He appeared very tipsy. He wrested himself free and started for the center of the floor where I was broadcasting and reached out his hand to take the microphone away from me. I gave him a shove, hurtling him

back toward his table, and kept right on talking as if nothing had happened. I tried not to pay any attention, but I couldn't help noticing that there was a lot of excitement at my molester's table.

"Shortly after we had resumed playing three men approached the band stand with the head waiter, who said the 'gentlemen' wanted to speak with me immediately. I turned the leadership over to Carmen for the time and sat at a table with the three men.

"We fixed it for you this time, but don't let that ever happen again,' their spokesman said.

"Let what happen?" I asked.

"Why, don't ever get tangled with that baby again, if you enjoy life,' he said, 'Don't you know who he is?'

"No, and I don't care,' I replied. 'Just tell him not to try to grab the microphone from me or he'll get worse than shoved the next time.'

"Boy,' the spokesman was speaking softly and slowly, to make sure that none of his words should go astray. 'You don't know how close you were to your grave when you shoved that baby. He is Georgie Maloney, the gang leader, and he doesn't care whom he shoots!'

"I will admit I was a bit nervous for the remainder of the evening.

"The second episode, as I said before, came two weeks later. We were con-

angles on their heads. Everybody was enjoying the party.

"On Nutty Club nights at the Granada I took the microphone to the center of the floor during intermissions. I could hardly hear myself talk, there was so much noisy fun in the room.

"Amid the laughter and hilarity there came with inexplicable suddenness two shots fired in rapid succession. There was no mistaking the sound. They were pistol shots and nothing else. The hilarity stopped as suddenly as the shots were fired. In a brief moment of stillness several more shots pierced the silence of the room. Then panic and pandemonium reigned.

"I WAS nonplused. I realized I had stopped talking into the microphone. I knew the listeners would sense something of what had occurred. I tried to continue talking into the microphone. All about me was panic and excitement. I looked toward a table where I knew a celebrity was sitting whom I wanted to talk about. Instead of a happy party of a brief moment ago, I saw a fat man trying to get under the table—a table under which two others had fled for security. I looked at another table that had had a particularly happy party. Three of the women had fainted, and the men were trying to get them to the door. A crowd gathered in the back of the room. A hysterical woman kept crying out, 'How horrible!' I couldn't see what had happened. I was trying to continue talking. There was nothing I could think to talk about. So I tried to sing.

"That was the first and last time I have ever tried to sing in public. Carmen does a much better job of it than I do, so I confine my singing to bathtubs and the like. But I did sing, I guess. At least folks told me I sang. And the number was *I've Got a Woman Crazy For Me, She's Funny That Way*. I'll never

forget it. That was a sickening thrill.

"I started singing without accompaniment. Then Freddie Krietzer, our pianist, took his place at the piano and followed me in the song. '*She's not much to look at, not much to see,*' I sang. I have no idea how I knew the words, but they just seemed to come to me.

"Right in front of the band stand another woman collapsed. Carmen and Bern Davies, our tuba player, carried her to a table and came back to join Freddie and me.

"*'I can't save a dollar, ain't worth a cent,'* I continued.

"The police had arrived and were fighting their way through the dense crowd which was near the door to the dining room and massed in the back of the room. Jim Dillon took up his trombone and Frank Henry grabbed his banjo and picked up the chorus.

"*'But she doesn't holler, she'd live in a tent.'*

"The police were having a lot of difficulty with hysterical persons. They were ordering people to stand back. 'Don't touch!' they commanded, their staccato commands breaking the silence. The back of the room cleared and two forms are lying on the floor. The police officers are leaning over them, making an examination.

"*'I've got a woman, crazy for me, she's funny that way.'* The song is over. I sign off hurriedly. I return the listeners to the WBBM studio. I want to know what has happened. Al Quadbach is approaching me.

"Thanks, Guy, for carrying on that way,' he starts. I want him to tell me what has happened!

"You remember Georgie Maloney. The guy you had the tangle with at the Comedy a couple of weeks ago. Well, that's what's left of him, the body lying farthest from the door. He came in looking for trouble and he got it. He opened fire on one of his rival gang leaders who he thought was trying to 'muscle in on his territory'. He killed him all right. But apparently Georgie forgot to put on his bullet-proof vest, because he got himself killed for all his trouble."

"That whole incident took less than three minutes, but it seemed like three hours to me! One thing is certain, I never want another thrill of that kind again!"

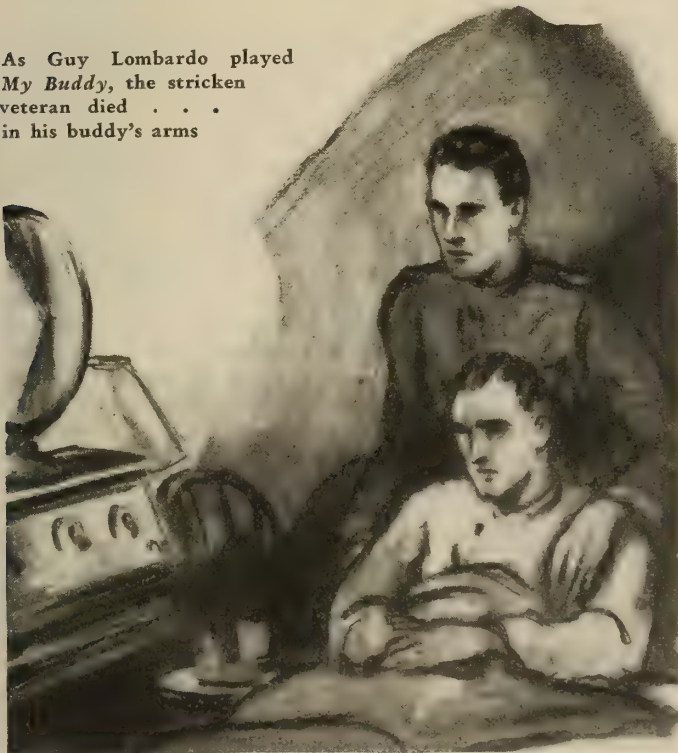
GUY paused for breath. He was so excited he seemed to be living that hair-raising adventure all over again. He smiled.

"That was thrilling, wasn't it?" he asked. Then without waiting for an answer, he resumed:

"The *My Buddy* incident also emanated from our 'Nutty Club' broadcasts. During such programs, late at night, we generally got from two hundred to three hundred telephonic and telegraphic requests for numbers, and I think Radio fans will admit we did our best to fill all requests. In fact it has always been our policy to fill every request we get. We believe it our bounden duty to entertain, and we feel that the carrying out of that duty demands that we play requests as soon after they are made as possible.

(Continued on page 93)

As Guy Lombardo played *My Buddy*, the stricken veteran died . . . in his buddy's arms



ducting what had come to be known as one of Chicago's most hilarious nights—the Nutty Club of the Granada Cafe.

"It was the night before New Year's Eve. The place was crowded to capacity. Throughout the cafe were happy laughing parties, the women in beautiful evening gowns, with comic paper hats at rakish

Gentleman Jim

A Blow By Blow Description of an Interview with James J. Corbett

The Time

A November Noon, 1930

The Place

Grillroom of The Friars' Club,
New York City.

The Characters

JAMES J. CORBETT, ex-heavyweight champion of the world.

HARRY HERSHFIELD, creator of the famous comic-strip, "Abie the Agent."

WILL MAHONEY, featured comedian with "The Sketch-book."

BUDDY DOYLE, stage and microphone performer.

CAPTAIN O'HAY, well-known soldier of fortune.

LOUIS MANN, the celebrated actor.

THE INTERVIEWER.

Members of the club, waiters, busboys, bellboys, etc.



Courtesy New York Evening World

A picture taken in 1910, at Jim Jeffries' camp, when John L. Sullivan signed the peace pact with Corbett.

THE Friars' Club grillroom is a busy place at lunchtime. The social life of the club starts at this time. Here actors, directors, newspapermen, singers and lay members gather in numerous groups to fraternize. As the Interviewer enters the scene he

sees Corbett, standing by a table, speaking earnestly to those seated.

CORBETT: . . . and soon as I had dressed I was rushed over to a hotel where an impromptu party was being held in my honor. (He sees the Inter-

viewer) Oh, Hello, Doty. I'll be with you in a minute.

THE INTERVIEWER: No hurry, Jim.

CORBETT: I guess you know most of these gentlemen. (*There is an exchange of greetings between those at the table and the Interviewer.*) I was just telling them of an incident that happened after my fight with Sullivan, when I won the championship. My friends were celebrating and champagne was flowing like water. There were plenty of reporters present and I knew that whatever I said or did would be used as copy. Believe me, I watched my step, and tired and thirsty as I was, I refused the champagne.

CAPTAIN O'HAY: I didn't know you ever took a drink, Jim.

CORBETT: Darned seldom I ever have, Cap, but I certainly would have liked one then. There was a young chap present who came from a fine family and who seemed to be the host of the party. He raised his glass and said, "I haven't taken a drink for two years, Jim, but this is one occasion when I am going to break over." I reached over and took the glass away from him and said, "Oh, no you're not. I'm not going to have anyone say that Jim Corbett was the cause of his falling off the wagon." Then I turned to a waiter and said, "I'll have a glass of milk—and bring the same for my young friend." The next day the newspapers all over the country stated that the new champion was a fine example of

Broadcasts

By Doty Hobart

manhood that the American youth would do well to follow.

CAPTAIN O'HAY: That was great publicity, Jim, but what's the point to the story?

CORBETT: I hate milk! I didn't want coffee or tea. I wanted something cold and the only thing I could think of on the spur of the moment was milk. So I drank it. I don't suppose I have ever drained a full glass of milk since. Come on, Doty, let's have lunch by ourselves. *(He leads the way to a vacant table. They sit down)* Now, what's on your mind? I got your message to meet you here this noon.

THE INTERVIEWER: An interview.

CORBETT: About what?

THE INTERVIEWER: Your Radio work, yourself and the heavyweight situation as it looks to you today.

CORBETT: Seems to me you're trying to cover a lot of territory. But I'm ready to answer questions as best I can if you're willing to listen. Before you start firing let's order the food. *(He tells the waiter to bring him orange juice, two fried eggs, calf's liver and coffee and the Interviewer duplicates the order.)* All right. Now ask me some questions.

THE INTERVIEWER: What was the biggest thrill the Radio ever handed you?

CORBETT: That's an easy one. I was listening to the broadcast of the fights from the Polo Grounds on the memorable May night in 1927, when Joe Humphries announced from the ring that there would be one minute of silent prayer for the boy who, at that time was waging a lone-some fight against the elements over the Atlantic Ocean—Lindbergh. I think that was the biggest punch ever delivered in a ring.

THE INTERVIEWER: Yes, I heard it, too, and it handed me a kick. But why do you claim it was such a big thrill?

CORBETT: Because it struck home to me. Several years ago, before Radio came into its own, I was at one time a very sick man. In fact, the doctors at the hospital where I was being treated had given up all hope for my recovery. Right here, in this very room where we are sitting, a number of Friars were gathered. George Cohan was one of them. Every little while George would call up the hospital to inquire about me. After receiving a decidedly unfavorable report George turned from the telephone

and said, "Listen, fellows, Jim isn't expected to last until morning. I don't know that any of us stand in any too well with the Lord, but it won't do any harm to sit quiet for a little while and offer up a silent prayer for Jim." Of course I never found this out until later but it is a matter of record that I passed the crisis and started on the road to recovery at the very time that prayer was being made.

BUDDY DOYLE: *(Approaches)* Hello, Jim. Heard your broadcast last night. Nice work.

CORBETT: Thanks, Buddy.

BUDDY DOYLE: Say, was that story you told about your reception in Dublin true?

CORBETT: Absolutely. Funny situation, wasn't it? By the way, do you know this gentleman who is giving me the third degree?

BUDDY DOYLE: Know him! I should say I do. He gave me my first break at the microphone on a national hook-up.

THE INTERVIEWER:

And you did a splendid job, Buddy. You were understudying for Eddie Cantor at the time, weren't you? Too bad you lost that job, now that Cantor is in pictures.

BUDDY DOYLE: Best thing that ever happened to me. Say, I never missed showing up at the theatre for three years—and neither did Cantor! He's one actor who is too healthy to give an understudy a break. Don't let me interfere with the interview. See you later. *(He walks away.)*

THE INTERVIEWER: Sorry I didn't catch your broadcast last night, Jim. What was the story Buddy referred to?

CORBETT: It was about the trip I made to Ireland when I was champion.



Time hasn't been able to call the count on the ex-champion. His mike talks are knock-outs, with all his old ringside vigor.

Jack McVey, one of my sparring partners, accompanied me and when the train pulled into the station at Dublin Jack started to leave the coach ahead of me. The platform was jammed and when they saw big, bulky Jack they mistook him for the champ. In a jiffy he was surrounded by a cheering, over-enthused mob. Before he could explain that they were in error he found himself lifted on the shoulders of a bunch of huskies and carried down the street to a hall where a reception was to be held. I waited until the crowd thinned out and took a carriage to a hotel. It was fully an hour before that crowd, after discovering the mistake, located me. Poor Jack. He was full of apologies—but, do you know,

I think he got a thrill out of it at that.

THE INTERVIEWER: Did you ever broadcast a fight, Jim?

CORBETT: Yes, once.

THE INTERVIEWER: Where was it?

CORBETT: Grand Rapids, over Station WASH.

THE INTERVIEWER: How did you make out? Enjoy it?

CORBETT: Yes. I enjoyed it but I don't think the listeners did.

THE INTERVIEWER: What do you mean?

CORBETT: You see, I didn't broadcast a blow-by-blow description, as other fight reporters do. Now, far be it from me to criticize fight broadcasters. They paint a mighty fine word picture of the fights as they see them and for the average fight fan this description is just as true as the actual contest would look to the fight fan were he present. But remember, I have been in the ring and I know what really is taking place there.

There is plenty of action in a good fight, but only a small percentage of that action is given over to blows that are worth recording. If four or five good blows are landed during one round, then that round has been a huge success. The other blows are insignificant to the trained fighter. Glancing blows, grazing blows, off-balance blows, choppy blows, straight-arm blows—all those mean little or nothing as far as the actual blows are concerned. They are necessary. And they are all a part of the game, but of much more importance to the trained fighter is the foot-work, balance, shift, blocking ability, aggressiveness and mental poise of the contestants during the time these ineffectual blows are being thrown. See what I mean?

THE INTERVIEWER: I think so. You attach as much importance to ring generalship as you do to the flying leather.

CORBETT: More. That's what made Gene Tunney a much greater champion than the public gave him credit for being. When you spoke of flying leather you expressed the very thing which the average fight fan wants to see—plenty of gloved action.

THE INTERVIEWER: Then you don't like to listen to fight broadcasts, I take it?

CORBETT: Oh, don't I! Say, if I am not at the ringside I'm sitting at home in front of the loud speaker taking it all in like a real fight fan. And, believe me, I enjoy a fight broadcast. The announcers certainly know their jobs. But I have learned to discount the

effectiveness of many of the blows they tell about. Why, there isn't a fighter in the world who has stamina enough to deliver really telling blows to the number which an enthused announcer describes. Not that the blows themselves aren't seen by him. They are. But they are of value only as points. On the other hand no fighter could stand up against the number of blows credited as being effective by the announcers. But all this talk about fight broadcasting is from a purely personal angle. I'm not wanting the announcers to change their style of reporting a fight just for my benefit. They are doing the job for the benefit of the fight fan and the blow-by-blow description is the best method of giving the fan a true picture of the contest.

THE INTERVIEWER: Why did you say a little while ago that you didn't think

the listeners enjoyed your broadcast of that fight?

CORBETT: It was too technical. I spoke only of the effective blows and devoted the rest of my description to a detailed account of the ring generalship displayed by the fighters. I honestly believe the best part of my broadcast, as far as the enjoyment of the listener was concerned, was the analytical talk I gave between rounds and after the fight. I guess my method of describing the actual fight was too cold-blooded. I know I didn't have enough flying leather in it to meet with the approval of most of those who were listening in.

THE INTERVIEWER: Anyone ever say anything to you about the broadcast—any listener, I mean?

CORBETT: Several people told me they enjoyed hearing my voice over the air and said it was too bad the fight I broadcast wasn't a better one—with more action. The joke of the thing is that it was a pretty good fight with plenty of action. No one ever asked me to broadcast another fight so I guess I wasn't so good as a reporter on the air.

THE INTERVIEWER: Tell me about the broadcasting you are doing now—it's a weekly sponsored program, isn't it?

CORBETT: It was.

THE INTERVIEWER: What do you mean—it was?

CORBETT: I finished that series last night.

THE INTERVIEWER: Are you going to renew your contract?

CORBETT: There never was any contract. It just went along from week to week. You see, I was given seven minutes for a little talk on each program so, rather than confine myself to the subject of ring battles, I told the listeners of amusing and interesting people who had come into my life while I was champion and afterwards; of my friendships with such men as Grover Cleveland, Mark Twain, James Whitcomb Riley, Bernard Shaw and others.

THE INTERVIEWER: What was the reaction to these broadcasts? By that I mean was there much fan mail?

CORBETT: I should say so. It amazed me. Look here. *(He pulls a package of letters from his pocket)* These came in this morning—and every one is a request for my autograph.

THE INTERVIEWER: How did you happen to quit the broadcast?

CORBETT: That's a funny one, too. The sponsor was dead set on my giving my own

(Continued on page 99)



Brown Brothers Photo

Jim Corbett in his heyday as a boxer.

Ray Perkins the Old Topper

He Takes a Coupla Pineapples and Shoots a Paradox—Faithful Old Piano Follows Him Through a Putterish Career

By Betty Lloyd Walton

WELL," welled Ray Perkins, (Raymond Lamont Perkins to you!) as he tilted the old topper a little more over the left eye. "So you want to know all about my early life, eh?" Then he uttered a few more "wells" for good measure, tilted the topper even a little more to the left, and began:

"I guess I might as well begin by asking 'how is everybody?' You know I always like to begin a broadcast by saying 'how is everybody,' not that it means anything, but it does break the ice and sort of open up the conversation. And you know when a Radio performer asks those intimate questions like 'How is everybody?', the theory is that it brings him oh, ever so much closer to his audience, and the audience is supposed to say to itself:

"Isn't he the nice fellow to take that interest?"

"Of course, that's the theory. I know with me when I hear anyone ask that question over my loudspeaker I always ask, 'What's it to you?'"

"Anyhow, it is a silly question, because as I say, a Radio audience cannot talk back. One thing about broadcasting is the fact that your audience can't get sassy and heckle you. And I don't think there is anything so fatiguing as being heckled. My grandfather was the best heckler in Kennebunk County. Grandma used to bake a great big heckleberry pie for dinner, and after the dishes were washed and polished and all the chores done for the day, they'd sit down for a nice quiet evening of heckling.

"But nowadays, it's different. Take political candidates for instance. They use the Radio, and the fine art of heckling is getting as out of date as a moustache cup. Shall I tell you what's wrong with this country today? No? Well, well. The thing that's wrong with this country today is the fact that there are too many political candidates telling us what is wrong with this country today. And there are not enough hecklers to counteract them. Well, anyhow, what the heckle. This is supposed to be an

interview about my early life.

"They tell me that Old Sol (that's what the Sun is called by his most intimate friends. I am one of his very most intimate friends and I sometimes call him 'Good Old Sol') outdid himself this year out on the Hawaiian Islands, turning out bigger and better pineapples. They are not only numerous but there are plenty of them. Some of the pineapples are bigger than Paul White-man. You know Paul. He's the man who made a cool million playing hot music. Say, that's a paradox, boys and girls—from hot music a cool million.

"Now you probably think that a paradox is a couple of physicians. But you are wrong again. A paradox is something apparently self-contradictory, like, 'I'll meet you tomorrow night at sunrise,' or 'here's a check for a million dollars'. If it isn't self-contradictory, you lose the paradox.

YOU'VE all heard of Milton's paradox lost. Well, Milton (I don't recall his last name) kept a sporting goods store on the corner of Fourteenth Street . . . where Fourteenth Street meets Harry Richman. Well, it wasn't exactly on the corner, it was back a little from the corner, because they used the corner itself for a sidewalk and a telegraph pole. Otherwise the cop on the corner would have had nothing to lean upon. The cop was a Pole himself, so the two got along very well together.

"Well, it seems some customer asked Milton for a paradox, and Milton asked: 'what size,' and the customer said, 'Thirty-eight stout.' So Milton brought out a pair of green dox with white spots. And would you believe it, good people, the customer snapped his fingers at that



"How Is Everybody?" asks Old Topper as He Settles Down to Entertain the Radio Audience.

paradox and threw a seven, five times running, so that he was able to buy a very fine pair of shoes for his offspring.

"But every time Milton threw, why, that paradox lost.

"But speaking of stores, in the old days you could go to a drug store and be reasonably sure of being able to buy seidlitz powders or rock candy. But now, I wonder why do they call it a drug store. On the other hand, you never see a meatless butcher shop.

"You know song-writers are a great lot. I am somewhat of a song-writer myself. One of the biggest, unforgettable events in my life was the first time I heard a phonograph record of one of my compositions. That was *Bye Low*, which I wrote shortly after my graduation from Columbia University back in 1917. *Bye Low* was my second song. The first I ever had published, *Table for Two*, made me richer by \$7.37, but *Bye Low* was a hit, and I sure was thrilled.

"But there I go drifting to the real purpose of this interview, and that will never do. I was talking about song-writers as a lot. Of course, song-writers (Continued on page 104)

*She Followed Him
into the Depths of
Death Valley—
for Love. But She
Wanted a Real
Bureau instead of
a Starch Box with
a Cracked Mirror.*

HEAT . . . shimmering, breathless heat blazing down from a red naked sun and staggering 'back from white hot sand. A winding trail going down. Bleaching bones, lime-white, fleshless, disintegrated and powdering into the hard dry grit. A line of covered wagons, stumbling and rumbling . . . reeling oxen with hanging tongues and parched hides . . . down, down into the blazing maw of Death Valley.

This scene flashed back to the mental vision of the Old Ranger as he dropped into a kitchen chair of the tidy little home where he was now a guest—the first guest of the bridal pair. He raised a grizzled eyebrow and squinted quizzically at the busy little hostess.

"You what?" he asked hitching back in the new kitchen chair of the immaculate kitchen.

"I said I was glad that I happened to discover borax, it just happened you know," gushed the bride. "Nobody told me about it. I just happened to run onto it and it does so many things—"

"So you discovered borax, my girl?" the Old Ranger still struggled with the scene that flared across the retina of his mental eye while he tried to reason with all the dainty cleanliness of his present surroundings.

"Oh, yes, yes . . . um, I see." He poked a bony finger into the ashes of his old cob pipe, extracted a small cloud of smoke and then twinkled reminiscently at the smiling girl.

"Now you are laughing at me," she said, "I don't care, I can tell you a lot of things



"Let's hear a song and forget all our hard luck," said Joe.

She Burns

I know about borax—" She paused.

"Of course, Rose, my dear, I reckon you're just smart up on it—probably a heap more than I am. But what struck me was your sayin' you discovered it—"

"Well, you know what I mean. I suppose mother knew about it—"

"Bless you child, she shore did. But I was just a-thinkin'—you, with all your book larnin' did you ever know who was really the first woman to discover borax?"

"Heavens no! Was it Noah's wife or who? Why? Do tell me!"

"'Tain't an awful pretty story but maybe you'd like to hear it."

"Oh, I'm dying to hear it. Do tell me all about it while I get the potatoes ready. Please!"

Old Ranger reloaded his pipe and hitched his chair back against the wall while Rose continued her preparations for dinner.

"Well, let's see—'t wa'n't so far back as Noah but—but—why her name was Rose, too—just like your'n. Rose Winters was her name—Rosie an' Aaron Winters who first struck borax out in Death Valley. She was a Spanish-American gal—purty as a picture . . . but frail and dreamy-like. Her little feet was never meant to go a-trampin' over the sharp rocks an' burnin' sands of the desert round Death Valley . . . with that grizzled old prospector husband of hers. But she stuck to Aaron Winters, Rosie did . . . for better or for worse. I reckon she thought it was mostly for worse . . . that night back in 1880, as she was gettin' supper for the two of 'em in their little one-room shack on Ash Meadows near Death Valley." And as the old man talks, the scene—

* * *

AARON: What's for supper, Rosie?



Green

ROSIE: Beans.

AARON: Is that all?

ROSIE: Chahwallas . . . if you can eat them. Me, I cannot. Little crawling snakes . . . bah!

AARON: Oh, chahwallas ain't snakes, Rosie. . . . They're lizards. An' just as good eatin' as frogs' legs . . . in Delmonico's in New York. Most as good, anyway, if you're hungry.

ROSIE: I am not hungry.

AARON: Bacon all gone?

ROSIE: Weeks ago.

AARON: How about the flour?

ROSIE: Would I be serving mesquite beans if we had any flour?

AARON: Well, I saw the flour barrel over yonder 'gainst the wall.

ROSIE: It is empty . . . like my heart. The rice bag, too. That is why I ride twenty-five . . . thirty miles . . . to the mesquite trees to gather beans for our

supper. And they're hard to get.

AARON: That long ride ought to have give you an appetite, Rosie.

ROSIE: No . . . not in all that desolation. Bare, like our lives here.

AARON: Now, Rosie . . . ain't you got so's you feel better about this by now?

ROSIE: No, Aaron . . . always it grows worse. Aaron, for a score of years now you have been searching for wealth here in Death Valley, in all this desert. And what has it ever given you for all your pains? Nothing.

AARON: I've come across traces of silver in these mountains . . . and once even gold, Rosie.

ROSIE: Silver, gold? A glint. A gleam, nothing more. . . . Just enough to raise your hopes . . . to make you double your efforts, to spend what little money you had saved. . . . Only to find out that

*GRIEF and Sacrifice
Attended the Discovery
of the Rich Deposits of
Death Valley as Told in
this Vivid Radio Drama
Broadcast over the Na-
tional Network.*



it was all a mirage. Oh, Aaron, leave this country and take me with you!

AARON: But, Rosie, where could we go? You know why I stay here . . . one of the reasons.

ROSIE: You mean because of that man you killed.

AARON: Rosie! For heaven's sake.

ROSIE: Who is there to hear? It is 200 miles from this house to the nearest settlement.

AARON: Even so . . .

ROSIE: Even so, that shooting took place over twenty years ago. Who would remember by now?

AARON: Sheriffs have got mighty long memories. Don't forget that. No, Rosie, if ever I leave Death Valley, it's got to be with such a big strike that we can pick up an' go far away from here.

ROSIE: This desert . . . she is your mistress! You love her better than you love me.

AARON: Now, now, Rosie . . . you know that beside you there ain't nothin' in this world worth havin'. It's for you I been tappin' around here all these years, hopin' to make a rich strike. It's all for you. I don't care about it for myself.

ROSIE: Then take me away from here. Take me out into green lands again and let me know what it is to have a real home before I am too old a woman to care.

AARON: But Rosie, I couldn't give you no better home than this. lessen we make a strike before we leave here.

ROSIE: I don't want more than a one-room shack like this . . . but I want it under a green tree . . . where I won't have to think how much water I may use to keep everything clean. I want to hear soft breezes blowing outside and know they're bringing gentle spring rain to do my flowers good, instead of a sandstorm. I want a real bureau . . . not a starch box with a cracked old mirror resting on it. And Oh for something to clean with!

AARON: You couldn't look more beautiful if you had a fine full length pier glass, Rosie . . . for to admire yourself in.

ROSIE: Admire myself? Me, with my hair all dry and faded? . . . and my skin rough and cracked from hard work and hard water?

AARON: It still feels right soft and nice to me, Rosie. But mebbly if you used some more of them beauty preparations . . .

ROSIE: What beauty preparations?

AARON: Why them bottles you got up there on the shelf. . . . Hogan's Magnolia Balm . . . and Felton's Gossamer for the Complexion . . . an' Floridy water. . . .

ROSIE: Aaron, they have all been empty . . . those bottles, for two years.

AARON: Well, Rosie . . . next time we take a trip to town, I'll buy you some more.

ROSIE: And some strings for my guitar, too, Aaron? I live in fear that my last strings will break . . . and then, alas! I will not even have my music left in this wilderness.

AARON: Unwrap your guitar, Rosie, and sing me some of the old Spanish songs . . . the way you used to sing them in Monterey. It'll make you feel better maybe.

ROSIE: Very well, if you wish it, Aaron.

AARON: You keep that instrument covered up like it was a child.

ROSIE: The only child I have. If I did not tend this old guitar and keep it wrapped and oiled, it would have dried out and cracked apart in this furnace long ago. But listen to it . . . it's still sweet. *(Rosie twangs a string and hums a phrase.)*

(She sings old Spanish-American song with guitar accompaniment.)

AARON: It's true enough, Rosie. You shouldn't be buried out in this wilderness, two hundred miles from the nearest railroad . . . with none to appreciate your talents but a dried up old bag o' bones like me.

ROSIE: My talents are for your pleasure, Aaron . . . here or anywhere.

AARON: Come over here and sit by me, Rosie . . . and don't think too hard of me for keepin' you out here. *(Faint sound of horse's hoofs outside.)*

ROSIE: Aaron, what's that noise? It sounds like horses.

AARON: Nonsense, Rosie . . . why nobody's come along Ash Meadows Valley past this shack since I can remember. *(Hoof beats come nearer. Sound of man whistling "Oh Susannah".)*

ROSIE: But listen, Aaron, I can hear the jingle of the bridle . . . and somebody is whistling too. Hark.

(Voice outside sings):

"Oh then, Susannah

Don't you cry for me

I'm goin' out to Oregon

With my banjo on my knee."

AARON: By gash, you're right! We're goin' crazy together, Rosie! That's what it is. . . . The desert's got us at last!

ROSIE: No, Aaron, it's real. I know it is. Whoever it is, is stopping outside.

VOICE: *(Calling from outside)* Hello, there!

AARON: He's flesh and blood all right.

ROSIE: Aaron . . . you don't think . . . that sheriff with the warrant?

AARON: Good Lord, no!

VOICE: *(Outside)* Hallo, there!

AARON: Here, Rosie . . . let me go. I'll see who it is. *(Calls)* Hello. Who's there?

VOICE: *(Outside)* A traveler . . .

headin' south from Nevada. . . . Lost my way a few hours back an' jest goin' to pitch camp for the night when I spotted your light. Can you grub stake me?

AARON: We ain't got much, stranger, but you're welcome to share it.

VOICE: Thanks.

AARON: Hand me that lantern, Rosie. Now, come along with me, stranger and I'll show you where you can picket your hoss for the night. And Rosie . . . see if you can't rustle a little extra food together for supper.

ROSIE: *(To herself)* Extra food! Holy Saints! The man talks as if we had a pantry stocked full. Very well, my Aaron, I'll do my best. There's still a little coffee and some sugar in the boxes under the bed . . . saved against a rainy day. Now . . . have we a third cup and plate? No . . . perhaps I could use the old tin can I was growing the cactus plant in. The men will not notice. *(Men heard approaching.)*

AARON: *(Coming in)* Drop your saddle right there by the door, stranger. Rosie, this is Joe Gibbons, from up Nevada way. Meet Mrs. Winters, Joe.

ROSIE: We are very happy to make you welcome here in our poor little place.

JOE: Well, I can tell you, it looks mighty good to me . . . after ridin' alone down this God-forsaken desert for days.

AARON: Where are you headin' for?

JOE: Down South. Mebbe over Texas way. Thought I'd try my hand at cattle raisin'. . . . Taken a crack at about everything else in my day . . . gold-huntin' . . . orange growin' . . . teamin' . . . lumberin' . . . farmin' . . . minin' . . .

AARON: Had luck at any of 'em.

JOE: Oh, I done well enough here and there . . . but no rich strikes anywheres. Somehow I always jest manage to miss out. I hear tell that in the next town . . . beyond the next mountain, over the next river . . . there's a big chance to make money. So I move on . . . but I always I'm jest too late.

AARON: Yes . . . I know how that is.

JOE: Take what happened here a while back. I heard talk one night by a camp fire in Oregon about some wonderful new discoveries of a thing called borax in Nevada . . . at Columbus and Teels Marsh . . . and how it was goin' to make the fortunes of a few lucky men. I'd heard about this here borax before . . . over to Clear Lake in California . . . and I knew there was money in it. . . . So I

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"Did you ever know who really discovered borax?" asked the Old Prospector.

TOWN CRIER TALES

By

ALEXANDER
WOOLLCOTT

THE scene is a studio of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The time, any Monday or Friday evening at a quarter after seven, EST., period of the Gruen Guild Watch. It's a small studio. A grand piano fills half of it. Alexander Woollcott, famous raconteur, fills the other half.

THE announcer starts his introduction. Woollcott, seated before a table microphone, glances at the studio clock. And says:

"Tonight you must think of the old Town Crier as having come in out of the storm and sought a moment's peace and warmth beside your fireplace. He puts his bell and lantern in the corner and spreads his thin old hands to the blaze of your friendly logs. As his spectacles grow misty and his smelly old tuppet begins to steam, he grows expansive and begins, in his garrulous fashion, to spin a few old wives' tales. If you, there in the corner will stop making such a noise with that cocktail shaker and if Junior will stop scuffling his feet and take his algebra homework into the next room, the Town Crier will tell a story or two. Some years ago, when I was lolling one afternoon in the studio of Miss Neysa McMein—in those days her studio was about as hushed and sheltered a spot as the Grand Concourse of the Grand Central Terminal—there came breezing in a young painter named Baskerville. He was in a state of considerable excitement because of an extraordinary chance that had just befallen a friend of his. She had been ambling along Sixth Avenue when her eye was caught by a dusty old string of beads in a pawn shop window. What particularly interested her was the lovely old clasp of curious and intricate design, with which the string was fastened. Being a born shopper, she went in and priced it. The pawn-broker said that this bit of junk had been pledged there some two or three years before by a wild and shabby



Alexander Woollcott from a sketch made in France in 1919 and Called *Soldier With Book*

wayfarer who never came back to redeem it. It was therefore on sale and he proposed to ask a cool \$2.50 for it. Well, \$2.50 about represented her working capital at the moment. "Easy come, easy go," she said to herself, and went off with the darned thing in her pocket. Afterwards, she cleaned it up a bit, and used to wear it with great pride. As it happened, the clasp was so old that it was worn through, and one day, a few weeks later, as she was prancing up Fifth Avenue, it broke.

"With one clutch she caught the string before it began to disintegrate into the oblivious traffic. Cursing softly but sincerely to herself, she stood holding her collapsing necklace together and looking distractedly around for assistance. It was then she noticed for the first time that this mishap had befallen her directly in front of the elegant and snooty jewel shop of Black Starr & Frost. Now normally she would no sooner have taken a bit of Sixth Avenue finery to that shop for repair than she would have asked Revillion Freres to sew up a rip in her little boy's mittens. But there was help right at hand and in she went.

"She was very apologetic about it. With that curious and purposeless mendacity in which we all indulge at such times, and by which we seek to conceal the humble facts of our existence from

*Ever Hear the One
About Empress
Josephine's Long
Lost Necklace?*

total strangers who aren't interested in them anyway, she explained to the clerk that this was an old necklace that had been in her family for years, that she treasured it for sentimental reasons, and would be greatly obliged if he would do a little tinkering with the clasp—that is, if it wouldn't cost too much. She scarcely cared to spend much money on a mere matter of sentiment.

The clerk yawned, gathered up the two ends of the string, and sauntered off to the back of the shop. Two minutes

later he returned, his eyes snapping with excitement. Accompanying him was the big bewhiskered jewel expert clothed in Olympian calm, his excitement, if any, masked by his personal shrubbery. He wanted to know if Madame would be interested in selling the necklace. Madame felt as if an elevator had suddenly started to fall with her, but with one frantic clutch, she recaptured her self control, and four generations of horse trading Yankee ancestors took possession of their offspring's spirit. The necklace, she said, was not for sale. The jewel merchant began to hem and haw.

"She did a bit of hemming and hawing herself. Finally she expressed a purely academic interest in what Black Starr & Frost would be willing to offer. The reply was immediate, \$20,000.00.

"That darned elevator began to fall again. Again the good old Puritan ancestry sustained her swooning spirit. I could go on with the story this way indefinitely, but I will rush on to the conclusion. The necklace was of diamonds. The final stone on each end was carved with an initial. On one end the initial was 'N'. On the other end the initial was 'J'. It was the long lost necklace of the Empress Josephine.

"That was the story as young Master Baskerville told it to me. I confess it fascinated me, and being a member of the staff of The Evening Sun at the time,

(Continued on page 102)

My Biggest MARIA

Great Austrian Star Trembled in Fear as She Made Her Debut—then a Miracle Happened.



Maria Jeritza, famous prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

THE life of every prima donna is filled with big moments. It is one profession which, despite its many hours of hard and exacting work, the self-denial and the eternal care which it demands, is yet colored with so many rich moments, that one feels amply rewarded for all one does.

Sometimes these moments may not be big ones in the eyes of the public, yet they are dear to the prima donna. They may be little things which happen on the stage during the course of the opera which turn a threatening disaster into a dazzling success; they may be when one sings before royalty, before the disabled war veterans or the crippled children in hospitals. They may be the moments when the response of the audience is such that it grips you by the throat and the tears come. Or it may be a moment when you have so lost yourself in the soul of a character that the composer himself is overwhelmed by your interpretation.

Then, of course, there are those moments that mark a definite progress in your career. The ones that have helped to bring you nearer to the goal. Naturally these are the most vital ones in my life and the first will therefore always stand out pre-eminently in my mind.

When I was a very little girl in Olmuetz, where I was born, my voice showed exceptional promise. My father encouraged me to study and he took me to Professor Auspitzer of Bruenn. He was an excellent singing teacher and I made splendid progress with him. However, I was considerably handicapped by

the fact that I was so timid and shy, I could not be persuaded to sing for anyone. The mere suggestion was enough to terrify me.

Professor Auspitzer was in despair. He pleaded; he begged and he argued. How was anyone to know that I possessed a singing voice if I would not sing? How was I going to make a career for myself? But nothing he said was of any avail. Then one day, when I was taking my lesson, he asked me to sing my arias. One after another he took them until I finally protested. But he merely smiled and went to the door of the room.

"Come in," he called. "I'm sure you have heard Maria sing enough to know what she can do." And in walked the director of the Olmuetz Theatre! Professor Auspitzer had hidden him in the next room and there he had listened with ease while I unknowingly had gone through my repertoire. I was so astonished I could not speak. But imagine my greater amazement when he said to me: "You are engaged for my theatre. You will make your debut as 'Elsa' in 'Lo-hengrin.'"

I need not describe the terrors I went through at the rehearsals. I am afraid the company did not think very much of

me. On the night of the performance I quaked and trembled and shivered. I did not see how I could sing before so many people. Only once later in my life, at the Metropolitan Opera House, was I again overcome with such acute fright. However, the director of the Olmuetz Theatre tried his best to soothe me. He kept assuring me that everything would go off well once I was on the stage. I was pretty skeptical about that and thought to myself that my debut would mark my last public appearance.

However, on the night of the performance, when I finally heard my cue, I went on the stage and it was simply a miracle the way all my fears disappeared. I completely forgot everything but my role. I loved the part of Elsa and for the time being was Elsa. I was so absorbed in my role that I did not see the audience. Yet there was an electric feeling in the audience that goaded me on and you can imagine how thrilled I was when they enthusiastically applauded me at the end of the performance. I was very grateful for it too, as the success that I had, inspired me with the confidence which I needed so much.

Just as every American singer has her eyes on the Metropolitan Opera House, so in Austria, the greatest achievement is an engagement at the Hofoper. It is one of the most magnificent opera houses in Europe and before the war there was no more wonderful sight than to see the men with their colorful uniforms and glittering decorations, and the women with their costly gowns and jewels. There was such an air of splendor about the place that it made one tingle with excitement just to be there.

Since the Hofoper only accepted mature artists who had had several years of experience and who were known to the public, I naturally could not try there right away. So I first went to the Volksoper, a municipal opera house which was also in Vienna and which had a very fine reputation.

I worked very hard at the Volksopera and I sang all kinds of parts. This was valuable experience to me as it helped me to build up a solid foundation and a fine technique. I missed no opportunity

M o m e n t s by

JERITZA

to study and to learn and to work over the smallest detail of my part. Gradually I began to be known and I was often asked to appear in other cities as guest artist. Then, one season, the directors of the great Hofoper decided to give "Aphrodite." As this was its first presentation, they were anxious to insure its success in every way. They found, though, that they could not engage any of their own singers for the leading role because none was young or slender enough to interpret it. It would not do to have a fat and middle-aged Aphrodite, no matter how glorious her voice

might be. My fond hopes expanded.

Thus the very dream of my life came true when I was asked to create the title role of this opera at its world premiere.

Another moment that will always remain a significant one for me was when Gatti-Casazza offered me a contract to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House. I was not acquainted with Americans and the thought of singing to such a totally different audience, made me hesitate. I felt safe and secure in Vienna. Why venture so far away to a land about which I had heard so many strange stories? It was better to be satisfied with what one

had. But Gatti-Casazza would not listen to my refusals and he kept coming back to me until I finally signed the contract.

It was a rainy, dismal day when I arrived in this country. I knew very little English at the time and I had to rely on others to make myself understood. In addition I had to prepare to make my American debut in one of the most difficult of operas, "The Dead City." All these things combined to bring back my former fear of singing to an audience. Every day I wished myself home in Vienna. I felt I could not go through the ordeal. I constantly reproached myself for having signed the contract.

As curtain time drew nearer, I was seized with such trembling that I could not move. Everyone attempted to comfort me and to cheer me up. But I

(Continued on page 104)



Jeritza from a scene in the opera *Tosca*.



Phil Spitalny

"Here's Happy to a Say your Favorite Radio



Muriel Pollock

*Mike Resolutions Made
Bring You Bigger and
Than Ever—They Sol-
Brand New Gags, Songs*

greater Garbos and a couple of new but wearable neckties. And God bless Mama Audience and Papa Public, and make Ray a good boy to listen to."

Phillips H. Lord was next. The creator of *Uncle Abe* and *David* and *Seth Parker* answered my New Year's query in the genuine vernacular of his beloved hymn-

IF RADIO delivers and fulfills but half the hopes, during 1931, of your favorite entertainers, you will unconditionally agree that the new leaves that are being turned over this New Year's Eve, have not been turned in vain. What a mass of good intentions!

And they'll be made good, too, or I don't know the mike stars I've been writing about these many months and years.

Rapidly flipping the pages of a notebook filled in the course of a score or more of interviews with the air's great, I humbly beg to report that you fellow dialsters are in for more variety, novelties, laughs, sunshine, cheer, beauty, artistry and intelligent efforts. Better orchestrations, sound effects, rehearsals, preparation, manuscripts and continuities are in the bag for 1931, and as for drama, watch for more plays based on historical fact, and better dramas produced better.

One of your best liked stars hopes to see a Radio rejuvenation of the old, backwoods square dance; another looks forward to giving you more of the soothing, native American folk music, a third trusts that the new year will bring a renaissance of grand opera on the Radio, with

its greater appreciation by the public the cause for its production.

But who (see if you can guess)—who would dare to wish for "louder crooners" and "softer trombones"? You're right—Ray Perkins, the famous *Old Topper* and *Prince of Pineapple*. Waxing facetious just to keep in character, Perkins said:

"After painful introspection and deliberation (resulting in a headache), I am still able to announce the following resolutions which I shall break in 1931:

"(1) I will not climb the studio portieres. (2) I will stop crying when I hear sob-ballads. (3) I will have my overtones examined for flats. (4) I will not compete with Vallee, McNamee or Gibbons. They have their public, and I have mine. (5) I will not attempt to imitate Four Pineapples.

"I hope that 1931 brings louder crooners, softer trombones, bigger midgets,



Steele Jamison



New Year"

Stars

By
Evans E. Plummer

*By Studio Folks Will
Better Entertainment
emny Swear to Present
And Radio Thrillers*

singing character:

"Wal, now, I don't know about this resolvin' business, but I do have two programs that I'd like mighty well to send to listeners in 1931. An' if resolvin'll help to put 'em across, I'll make the resolution. One is the ole time, down East, backwoods square dance with fid-



Ruth Lyon

dles scrapin', harmonickies wheezin', feet shufflin' and the head man singin' the calls in the background. That's one thing I'd like to do on the air in 1931.

"The other is to bring back in a Radio program the Big Band Wagon that used to tour the countryside in the ole days, goin' from town to town and promotin' the neighborly spirit. What we need next year is tolerance, tolerance and more tolerance, and don't you forget it, young fellow."

Whether Jessica will make more than "Olive", or vice versa during 1931, is something for you to worry about, but what the Misses Dragonette and "Palmer" (Virginia Rae) hope to accomplish during the ensuing year is best told by the famous sopranos themselves. Petite Jessica, of Cities Service concerts, said:

"Who can estimate the force and power engendered by the concentration



Lee Sims

of millions of minds and hearts by the beauty of a song? And where shall this lead us? The microphone is my gateway to the hearts of men. The magic carpet, the seven league boots and Mercury's sandals were limited powers in comparison with Radio. My fervent wish for 1931 is that my art be part of your everyday life, for if it is not that, it is not art. May we create beauty together!"

And lovely Olive Palmer, Palmolive prima donna, sends you her greetings with the message:

"If my microphone were only Aladdin's magical lamp, it wouldn't be necessary for me to make a New Year's resolution. I'd simply ask it to convey to every one of my listeners the keen desire to give pleasure, which goes into every note of my songs. But without benefit of magic, I've decided to work harder, hoping that I may run the gamut of artistic preferences in my audience, bringing a little more intelligence, atmosphere and artistry to every song or aria I may sing. I'm interested in seeing better balanced, more finished programs of the concert type in 1931."

Lowell Thomas, reporting soldier of fortune and Radio representative of the Literary Digest, has a good idea to kill the blues early this year. "They tell



Muriel Wilson



Here's one resolution we predict will make a good paving stone for warm regions—Nat Brusiloff and his Nestle Chocolateers promise to be more serious in 1931 than they have been in the past.

me," said he, "that I talk to more than 30,000,000 people every night. This fact seems to me fantastic and incredible, and prompts my first determination for the new year.

"In 1931 I'm going to spin more yarns and reel off more news flashes which are dominated by the spirit of optimism and good cheer. I think I have the 'swellest' job in the world, and a unique chance among Radio performers, because I can exercise a power of selection—an editorial choice of my material. Without sugar-coating the facts of life, or garbling the news, I can pick out and emphasize the cheerful angle of the day's happenings. That is my resolve."

ANOTHER Radio act, of which you perhaps have heard, is known as *Amos 'n' Andy* (film version *Check and Double Check*, Adv.), and who doesn't know this pair? Both Amos and Andy, or rather Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll, their creators, tell me that 1931 will find their six-a-week skit packed full of good wholesome laughter and optimism. "We know business is good and getting better," the famous blackface pair maintained, "and maybe we can poke enough fun at the thrifty public so that they will start spending some of the money they've been hoarding, and causing tough times by so doing."

What Charlie Magnante, world's foremost accordionist, the *Pierre* of the Vermont Lumberjacks program as well as in

Rolfe's orchestra program, wants to see in 1931, is more work provided for musicians by their unions. Charlie deplores the present situation. As far as personal resolutions go, he neither drinks nor smokes and hopes next year not to see his record broken. He also plans to work even harder than last year and better his best total of 31 appearances a week, besides recording and picture engagements. Magnante, by way of holding stock in his future, adds that he hopes the demand for "squeeze box" squeezers will increase and finally make this instrument surpass the saxophone in popularity.

"Yeah?" said Rudy Weidoeft, world's premier saxophonist and teacher of the leading players of that instrument, including Rudy Vallee. "Here's what I hope to accomplish in '31. I want to make my programs replete with more variety and novelties, better music and tone colorings to distinguish those programs from a dozen others. Better musical transcriptions will go a long way toward making this come true, and one other factor—the return of so many disillusioned songwriters from Hollywood. Personally I hope to improve my ability as player, writer and arranger.

ART KASSEL, whose Kassel's in the Air orchestra is a prime favorite with the folk of Chicago and the Midwest, held one simple hope for 1931 which may have been fulfilled by the time you are reading this. "Give me," said Kassel, "one kind-hearted and wise

sponsor of the none-meddlesome variety, one who'll allow me to have my boys play the music the public likes best, and play it in the fashion we have become a little famous for originating. Then I'll enjoy taking the entire responsibility for the success or failure of the program on my own shoulders."

THE same sentiment is echoed by Russell Pratt, "My Bookhouse Story Man" as well as one of the "Three Doctors", of CBS and WMAQ fame. "Most sponsored programs are too serious," he said. "I resolve to be serious only for the children; never for the grownups. The best salesmanship is not the 'deadly' type but the sort that 'kids' the prospective buyer into lowering his guard, then slips the sales talk gently across. "Trouble is," the "doctor" continued, "most sponsors interfere too much with the talent. Sherman, Rudolph and I know our audience, and we insist that we be allowed to play to that audience, if we are expected to bring in results."

More light opera and current shows on the air are the '31 hope of Ruth Lyon, CBS soprano who was honored to be selected as soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in its broadcasts last year. Though all her training has been for the classics, Miss Lyon prefers the Victor Herbert type of music. She sees this year bringing light operas to the stage as outstanding hits and hopes the Radio world will follow suit.

(Continued on page 93)

DIAMONDS

*Famous Historian Tells
Scintillating Story of How
The Dutch Cornered the
Gem Market of the World*

By Hendrik Willem Van Loon



Hendrik Willem Van Loon, noted author and historian, who broadcast this history of diamonds over the Columbia Broadcasting System on the first Holland to United States hook-up.

I AM sorry but I must not speak too loudly to you—for it is three o'clock in the morning, and this is a small country.

Wouldn't do to wake up the good people. They consider the night to have been made for sleep, and turn off their railroads and steamers, and even the cows are requested to graze very quietly.

Of course, that is not exactly our system.

We like to make the day as dark as night by a little coal-soot and turn the night into day by burning up a fortune in electric light.

Maybe that is the way to do it.

And maybe it is not.

On the average people here live a couple of years longer (sounds funny! but ask the man of the statistics)—they do live a few years longer by going to bed, if not with the chickens at least with the roosters, and if there is anything in history—and there is a lot in history if you will only take the trouble to read it thoroughly—there surely is something to be said for the system of separating the night from the day and not interfering too seriously with the arrangements of this planet as they were originally intended.

For I am not speaking to you from this distant city because the sunsets are brighter, or begin a few minutes earlier than in New Amsterdam, or because the tide runs four times a day instead of three as in most other countries. Neither have all those intricate arrangements of wire and air and more wire and right-of-way across that wire and through that particular air and night-porters getting me out of bed at half-past two in the morning—been the work of the last five

minutes. We did not suddenly say yesterday evening, "That was a remarkably good dinner and now wouldn't it be fun to talk to home for a couple of minutes!"

On the contrary. The jeweler in whose interest I am speaking tonight has been at work since early March to get this connection through, and the reason why he has taken this vast amount of trouble—the endless official correspondence with foreign telephone and broadcasting companies—petitions to the weather bureau for good weather so that the ocean would not interfere with an otherwise honest Dutch accent (Dutch accents on the air and quite ordinary mild storms have been known to provoke cyclones)—all this was done for one purpose and for one purpose only—to give his prospective customer a chance to feel and notice—to realize in an almost tangible manner—that Amsterdam, this ancient stronghold of the diamond trade, actually exists. That it is not a mere fable like those famous mines of Golconda which sound so well in poetry and which never produced a diamond—being merely the name of a strong fortress inhabited by a Turkish adventurer who, having conquered the greater part of northern India, invested his surplus revenue in the largest diamonds that were available until his treasure-chest on top of Golconda's rocks—an immeasurably strong castle—came to be associated with the idea of diamonds itself.

But this town of Amsterdam which was built seven hundred years ago had very different beginnings from the old capital of Kuth Shahi, which was probably the

reason why it has existed so much longer and bids fair to exist until we all pack up our little toys and move for further safe-keeping to the next planet. Amsterdam's beginning was so prosaic that it is funny. For the town of Amsterdam stands upon the bones of an humble fish called the herring. I do not mean that the houses have been actually constructed on the skeletons of these long defunct fishes. They are firmly built on Norwegian pine—a couple of hundred trees to each house—but the prosperity of this village was dragged out of the sea and it took four centuries before those good people were able to transform a kippered herring into a well-cut diamond. And thereby goes a story which I shall tell you some time when I have a couple of years off, for it is the entire story of the world from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. But a fascinating story because it is in many ways the story of our own beginnings.

THIS town had nothing to begin with—nothing but flat mud-banks—a few thatch-roofed houses—a handful of people shivering and poor. If they had ever thought that their great-great-grandchildren should own so much as a single



A diamond star from the Russian crown jewels, recently sold by the Soviet Government. Contains 1,500 carats of diamonds.

diamond—let alone be the central market for that trade—they would have wept tears from joy. They did not—in all the land there was not a single diamond to be had—in all of Europe there were not more than half a dozen. The Romans who in the matter of luxury were past masters where we are merely beginners had not bothered about them. The reason was that nobody knew how to cut them—the Indian diamond merchants polished them up a bit—cut away the rough places—polished the corners—the effect wasn't very brilliant. There are a few such diamonds which Charlemagne, the greatest collector of his time, seems to have gathered and given to the church—the church

did not know what to do with them—pasted them into covers of books—pretty little pieces of stone—no great value—let the kids play with them.

And this ignorance continued for a long, long time, for when Charles the Bold was killed by Swiss mercenaries in the year 1477—those honest Swiss peasants took the diamond buttons which the Duke of Burgundy wore—he was the richest man of his time—his fortune was estimated at almost three million dollars and he was so incredibly rich that his daughter actually owned one pair of silk stockings—well, those Swiss peasants cut off those pretty round stones and played marbles with them and sold them eventually to a nimble-fingered gentleman from Mayence and held their tummies laughing when he gave them as much as a dollar a piece for those silly bits of glass.

THAT ignorance continued

and was to continue until a certain Vasco da Gama did what nobody had done for the last two thousand years, he rounded the cape which rises at the southernmost point of Africa and reached a country called India and came home with stories of incredible wealth of golden temples and heathen golden images whose eyes were of a strange stone—this stone was the mysterious Adamas—the invincible stone of which Pliny speaks as the most valuable of gems known only to kings—of which he had heard people speak but which he had never seen.

And then and then only, when Europe had discovered the straight road to India—when Portuguese traders began to dicker for idols' eyes and bits of queerly shaped minerals that were washed up by the rivers and found in the sandy banks of Indus and the Ganges—then did the Adamas, now corrupted into adamant and for convenience sake into damant—which is hard to pronounce and quite naturally becomes diamond—then only did this stone cease to be the center of an entire mythology which had been woven around it.

No longer were diamonds supposed to cure people from fits—to prevent insanity—to be an antidote for snakebite—to deliver people from the evil eye. But let

us not be too hard on what we so lightly call the ignorance of our mediæval ancestors. In many ways they were wiser that we often are willing to recognize—for all during the Middle Ages the populace firmly believed that in far off Kathay there was found a stone which could prevent quarrels between husband and wife—yea, they even had a name for it—they called it the “stone of reconciliation” and who shall say that they were very far wrong? But all that happened long, long ago and I doubt whether the most forgiving of wives today would feel strongly compelled to indulge in a great deal of “reconciliation” if she had been given one of those crudely shaped glassy looking baubles with which the better situated among the Roman emperors thought that they could please the first lady of the land. The art of diamond cutting was still in such utter infancy that it almost sprawled.

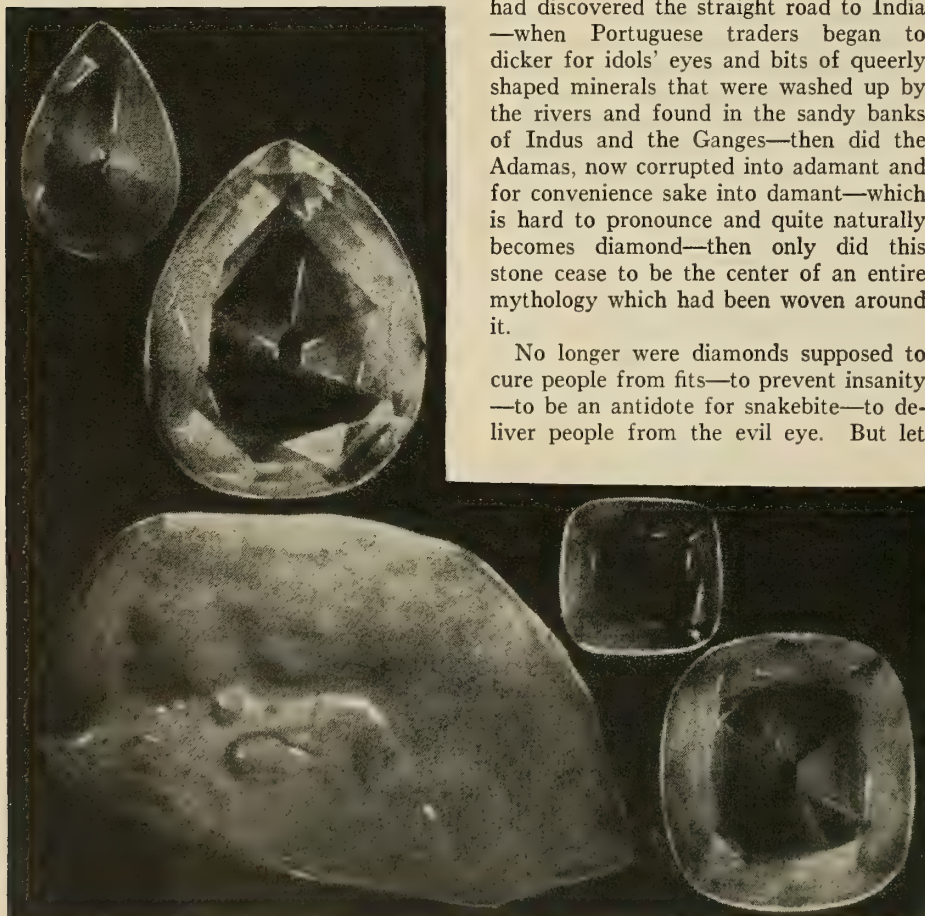
And even after the discovery by da Gama of a short-cut to the home of the adamant stone (for Brazil and South Africa were not known to produce diamonds until three and four hundred years later), the diamond industry would never have got very far if the mathematician had not come to its aid—the mathematician and the mineralogist, for in those days science was not yet divided into innumerable little divisions and subdivisions and those two were one.

The art of diamond cutting was first developed at the court of those same Dukes of Burgundy who played such an important role in European history and who by a clever policy of what today we call “consolidation” had accumulated every bit of valuable real estate in western Europe. But it was not their wealth and their desire for splendor, but also their intense interests in the arts and sciences, which made their court a combination of university, school of manners, symphony hall and business office—a combination which in our time is as unknown as the unfortunate dodo who became extinct because he was so funny looking that all sailors must take a couple of them home to amuse the kids.

THEN finally in Bruges a mathematical genius discovered the true nature of the diamond, and for that same Charles the Bold who so miserably perished at the hands of the Swiss mercenaries he cut a number of raw diamonds and did it in the so-called “brilliant” fashion which had given us a name which has survived until this very day.

But then the stern and mysterious laws of economics began to take a hand in the matter, for nothing in this world from diamonds to a knowledge of the minor Malay dialects or the peace of mind that surpasses understanding is ever acquired

The famous Cullinan diamond as it appeared when mined, and several of the beautiful pear-shaped and square diamonds cut from it



without giving something in return. And the more one wishes to obtain—no matter in what field—the more one had to give as seems absolutely just. I except those who belong to the amiable school of getting something for nothing and who unfortunately never graduate, as that school does not seem to be able to get its pupils to the final grade before they have been removed to an institution which the ancient Spaniards, according to their strange habit, called a prison.

As nothing is ever given for nothing, one has to have something to give in return for the something one wishes to obtain—so then it appeared that the very careful, and oftentimes slightly close-fisted fishermen of that noble herring pond known as the North Sea and its small dependency the Zuyder Zee, had accumulated the wealth with which one could buy those self-same ornaments that looked so badly on their own wives (still slightly tinged with herring bones), but so well on the wives of Their Lordships to the South and the East of them, who fished not, neither did they plow, but who by other means could sweat enough taxes out of their long-suffering peasants and serfs to obtain whatever they wished to possess.

And now we come to one particular item of the law of supply and demand—not an ideal law, but one that has the advantage of working with less general discomfort than any other law we have devised so far. That particular item tells us that art follows the full dinner-pail—and since the full dinner-pail had moved to the banks of the Zuyder Zee, art followed too to the banks of the Zuyder Zee. And since the jeweler and the stone-cutter were in those days an undistinguishable part of the art world—as by rights they should be today—they too moved northward and the full dinner-pail made them welcome and learned their trade and then went and dickered with His Majesty the King of Spain, who owned the whole world but whose credit was almost as bad as mine. That is all right for an historian but very uncomfortable for the most powerful monarch of his day.

THEY showed His Majesty bags full of honest Amsterdam ducats and His Majesty signed on the dotted line—dotted in gold paint for the occasion, no doubt, but terribly dotted just the same and His Majesty, for a sum down in that rare but agreeable commodity called “spot cash”, guaranteed to sell all his diamonds wherever found to the diamond cutters of His Majesty’s former city of Amsterdam. His Majesty got the cash and the Amsterdam jewelers got the diamonds, and judging by results, His Majesty also got the worst of the deal, but being a Majesty and having signed on the dotted line, he had to stick to his bargain and from that moment on, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, the diamond trade came to the banks of the Zuyder Zee and has stayed there until today.

Why this should have been so it is not hard to say. The trade is what one might call a traditional trade—it is one of the few things in this modern world of machinery which cannot be left to machinery. It is not so much a matter of an ability to polish in a certain way, as an almost inborn knack to know exactly what one can do with the indifferent piece of quartz that has been fished out of the soil of South Africa or that has been brought down from the mountains of some unknown Indian frontier tribe. And such skill—like the skill of the weaver or the pottery-maker or the violin maker, cannot be learned from books but has to be absorbed with the paternal pap—has to have been part of the household conversation for generation after generation. And such developments can only grow and flourish in certain centers where life is placid and the conditions of living are such as to induce a certain peace of mind and great economic safety, born not only out of political conditions but also out of a well-understood policy of economic live and let live, based upon self-interest mitigated by tolerance and the desire to give the other fellow a chance.

THOSE conditions until very recently were to be found here and that undoubtedly is the reason why I was asked to speak to you from the spot where the diamond ceased to be the eye of an idol and became the idol of a great many eyes—the town where books were first printed so that they should be within the reach of everybody (perhaps the greatest spiritual revolution of the last six hundred years)—where first of all wool and linen were woven so that nobody needed go cold—undoubtedly a selfish arrangement on the part of the weavers but like so many intelligent manifestations of self-interest of more direct benefit to the community than altruism based upon a vague hope—and finally the town where jewelry in general and diamonds in particular were changed from an object of warfare and plunder and a cure-all for everything from



This portrait of Queen Mary of England, now hung in the Ottawa National Art Galleries shows her wearing many of the costly crown jewels and decorations of England.

snake-bite to squinting—to what it is today. But what it is today, alas, I cannot tell you, for my time is up—the man with the ominous watch and the threatening one finger tells me that I have only sixty more seconds and therefore all I have left is time to say—good-night.

(Text furnished by courtesy of Columbia Broadcasting System)

Is Romance Dead?

Fannie Hurst Answers...

WHAT has happened to romance?

There are many of the beaux of yesterday who believe that when the frail and mysterious femininity gave way to the flaming flapper with her hard-working lipstick and her own pay check, it marked the demise of romance. That with the changing status of woman, her insistence upon man's code, and her freedom to adventure, love would never more be the alpha and omega of her life and that she would not make sacrifices for it. As proof they point to the increasing numbers of women who nonchalantly turn their backs on marriage or who divide it with a career.

Not that the fair sex is entirely to blame. These advocates of yesterday likewise admit that the materialism and speed of the age, and the revelations that science has made, have also played their part in hastening the passing of romance. For how, they claim, can romance flourish in a whirling maelstrom? How can there be any glamour about love when science has stripped it of its aura of mystery and illusion?

And so they wistfully sigh for the days when woman was an ethereal and elusive creature on a pedestal who knew nothing of the world. When life was lived more leisurely and there was time for chivalry and the sentimentalities of love.

But Fannie Hurst, for one, does not join their sighs. This brilliant writer, with whom the subject was discussed, has no patience with those backward-looking souls who rhapsodize about the past. She finds that there is much about life today which is alluring and thrillingly ro-



Fannie Hurst is the most vivid thing in a vivid room.

An Interview By Lillian G. Genn

mantic. Human nature remains unchanged.

And yet, as those who have read her short stories and her novels well know, she does not view life as a romanticist. She sees its dark and seamy side; its struggles and its heartbreak, all of which she portrays with the keen and sympathetic understanding that is her genius. But in her stories, there runs, too, the scarlet thread of romance; she points out the loveliness and the throbbing beauty of the world and depicts the yearning and the longing of the human soul for love. This is particularly true of her new novel, *Back Street*, in which she weaves a rich tapestry of life, centered around the story of a great passion.

Miss Hurst's studio apartment, where the interviewer went to see her, provided an appropriate setting for a discussion of

romance. It is a large room with a dim cathedral-like interior lighted by huge floor candelabras. The color motif is red—a bright romantic red that somehow makes one think of the days of the Renaissance. The luxurious rugs, the tapestries, the many cushioned sofa were all of this shade. So too was the smock which the author wore over a gown of black silk.

Miss Hurst, because she is a warm, human personality, and very much herself, is at once the most vivid thing in this vivid room. She has dark beauty that stands out effectively against the striking background. Her hair, which she wears drawn straight back from a wide brow, is a glossy black, and her eyes are luminously dark. Her skin is flawless and her features perfect. She speaks in a voice that is well-modulated and sweet.

There is something about the large cathedral-like room, with its hushed solemnity, and its religious images, that makes one imagine one is living in another age. Not even the grand piano, covered with music, and the current magazines and books which filled the tables and benches, and which brought a note of modernity into the place, seem to dispel that feeling.

HOWEVER, despite this old-world background, Miss Hurst is very much of a modernist. She sees no glamour in the past and does not worship at its shrine. She further believes that while the externals of life have changed, romance is as glowingly alive as it ever was and that love is still the supreme flower.

"TODAY it is love which is the mainspring of marriage...woman has the great thrill of going out to seek Romance herself."

of life. It is the ideal motive force.

"None of the changes that have taken place," she said, "have been able to uproot human nature. Human beings are fundamentally the same. They still crave romance and are struggling to inject as much of it as is possible into their lives. It is a deep and beautiful thing that will forever be loved.

"It seems to me, too, that even though there have been many outer, material changes, the glamour of life is all about us. Certainly there is romance in flying on top of the world; romance in listening to music that travels the air for thousands of miles.

THE whole trouble is that we are apt to canonize the past. If the troubadours of yesterday could see a silver airplane against the sun or listen to the wonders of the air, they would call this the romantic age. And viewed from certain angles we are very much more romantic than the languid days when people lived under conditions that were anything but beautiful. If we examine them carefully, we will find a good many dark and somber things. Cities were rather filthy places in which to drag satin and brocaded gowns.

"I am often asked, though, how I can call our crowded cities with their gloomy subways, ugly oil stations and elevated railways, romantic? But in any age you will find that corresponding conditions existed. The old Italian cities we rave about and we believe to be so romantic, if we had to live in them today, would repel us. Indeed, they were so dark and unhygienic, that we would regard them as slums. There was nothing attractive about the slaves who had to do all the toiling.

"Life then had just as many ugly aspects as it has today, but we are prone to cast our eyes on the bright spots and gloss over the rest.

"There is romance in our surroundings if we but look for it. When I walk through Central Park and see the well-groomed people, the lines of shining, swiftly moving motor cars, and the skyscrapers and minarets looming up against an azure sky, I can't say that life is less

picturesque today. That the just-around-the-corner aspect of the city is any less romantic.

"The old days of open fireplaces and cold backs, of candles and smoky oil lamps, of traveling inconveniences and few diversions have no allure for me. It is perfectly true that we live too rapidly today, but aside from the romantic gentlemen who had time to celebrate life in verse and song, the romantic ages we talk about must have been most uncomfortable, and, considering the lack of medical knowledge, quite painful as well."

"But what about the fact," Miss Hurst was questioned, "that women now work side by side with men in the business marts? Hasn't that somewhat destroyed the romantic relation which once existed between them?"

"There's not so much artificial restraint between the sexes," she answered. "Young men and women no longer ascribe fictitious and over-idealized qualities to each other. Less illusion exists. Men and women are now human beings to each other and not gods and goddesses. In view of this, the antiquated relationship has become somewhat ridiculous.

"How can we any longer have any regard for the old relationship which relegated woman to the four walls and allowed her to look at life through the window blinds? Which accorded man an unequal share of power and of pleasures? Certainly there was something else in life for woman besides staying at home and having her hands kissed."

NEVERTHELESS," the author was further probed, "hasn't the freedom between men and women and their greater frankness, all tended to rob love of its piquancy and its romantic glamour?"

"Not at all," she smiled. "Human relationships are just as exciting. In fact they have now become accelerated because woman has become more selective. An affair has also become a battle of wits. A woman doesn't look at a man through eyes dazzled by the matrimonial halo. There are so many things the modern woman can do in life, that marriage doesn't attract her unless the man has



"Her hair is a glossy black and her eyes luminously dark."

personal merits. If he doesn't measure up, she doesn't accept him for the sake of a meal ticket. She can earn her own.

"Today it is love which is the mainspring of marriage. It is only the feeling and the love of two people for each other which unites and keeps them together. A woman is no longer compelled to endure unbearable conditions in order to present a false front of wedded bliss to the world. Society has become more broad-minded; it does not condemn her if she seeks a divorce. Nor is any door of opportunity closed to her. She can continue to get just as much pleasure from life.

"The fact that a husband and wife have greater freedom, has also made their relationship more interesting. Marriage doesn't get a chance to pall through constant and enforced association of husband and wife. And because it is the accepted thing for each to associate with members of the opposite sex, they must be more on tip toe in their efforts to hold each other.

"With the relationship based on honesty and truth and mutual respect, it gives marriage more dignity and beauty and sanctity. The fact that there are more divorces is only because men and women will not tolerate hypocrisy and pretense in their marriages. While divorce is deplorable, yet it is certainly far better than the continuance of a marriage which was miserable and in which the spiritual values were dead.

"Woman has naturally gained more by the improved marriage institution. A man now doesn't expect his wife to devote twenty-four hours of the day to taking care of the house and serving him. He respects her individuality and concedes her right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. She is not only allowed to use her own mind, but is encouraged to do so.

"All this, to my mind, has made the



Fannie Hurst, author of *Lummox* and *Back Street*, romps with her police dog.

modern woman a much more interesting and glamorous creature than the fragile, fainting prude of previous days."

"Do you believe," Miss Hurst was asked, "that the modern woman has become so self-centered and so intent on her own interests that she would not make sacrifices for love, as has been frequently charged? That she is incapable of the deep and enduring affection of her predecessors?"

"I know scores of women," she replied, "who are practically throwing their lives away for love. The heroine in *Back Street* is by no means an exceptional case. She is, on the contrary, a symbol of the deathlessness of woman's capacity to love.

"PERSONALLY I believe it is a mistake for a woman to give up everything for love. If she concentrates her life on a man, and allows her individuality to be absorbed by his, she is bound to find, when love fades, that her companionship has little to offer. She loses her hold on his love. And in the end, even if she has children, she finds herself alone. She has nothing she can give anyone. There is nothing she can do for herself."

"But love does mean more to woman, doesn't it?"

"No," Miss Hurst returned. "It has

just as important a place in man's life and means as much to him. If he has not exalted it above all other things, it is only because he has never been called upon to make any sacrifices for it. It has always been woman's rôle to dedicate herself to making sacrifices.

"This is still very much of a man's world and it will take a long time before established customs will change. Men have never been required to subordinate their lives to love. But they are beginning to do it now. You find that there are men who have given up position and wealth and opportunities for the love of some woman. There have been a few rare and exceptional examples in history and in time to come it will not be an unusual occurrence. Women will have no monopoly on making sacrifices for love. Men are as romantic a sex as women and if they will be called upon to make the grand sacrifice, they will do it."

The novelist thought that while we may call this a materialistic age, yet life today is gayer and brighter than in the so-called romantic age. We should be athrill with the vast number of opportunities that are open to us to lead happier and more interesting lives.

"This is just as true for the men," she said. "If those who pine for the old-fashioned type of wife actually had to

live with her today, they would rebel. They may find it somewhat trying to have woman, who once regarded them as superior beings, now challenging their privileges and their supremacy. But I'm certain they would not exchange the new intellectual companion and comrade that they have, for the dependent clinging vine of yesterday.

"AS FAR as woman is concerned, she would not care to give up the opportunities she has won for the chivalry and the courtesy which men once accorded her, or for the duels which were fought in her name. If life was romantic in the days of knighthood, it was only so for the men.

"Women were kept cloistered in their towers, and the chief pleasure they had, outside of embroidering, was the vicarious one of listening to the men's tales. The knights were the ones that had the adventures. Not their wives.

"What does the outward gesture, the hand kissing and the pretty phrases amount to when compared with the greater thrill that woman has of going out to seek romance for herself?

"We perhaps haven't so much of the sentimentalities of romance and the outward display, but real romance, the deep, sincere and durable kind, still flourishes."

From The Old Curiosity Shop Comes The Tale of

The Golden Baton

By DAVID ROSS
and DON CLARK

IT IS dark in the Old Curiosity Shop, and the firelight casts a gentle glow on the strange and curious objects which litter its shelves and overflow into every nook and corner of the crowded room. "Tick . . . tick . . . tock . . ." goes the old French clock, green and tarnished where it once was bright gilt; and keeping time with the measured rhythm of the time-keeper a man breathes softly.

He is dozing and dreaming, a fit companion to the old relics which are on every side. But suddenly youth and life enter. Jean, the daughter of the Shopkeeper is a strange contrast to the old relics . . . bric-a-brac . . . furniture . . . jewelry. She turns on the light and asks, "Sleeping, dad?"

"No, just dreaming a little about all these old friends of mine. Some people call them 'junk' and others would prize them for their money value, but to me each little object brings a memory, a vision of things past."

"Stories, dad? I wish you'd tell me about one thing I saw this afternoon. It's over in a case at the other side of the room . . . looks like a golden wand with some kind of inscription on it."

"That, my dear, is a golden baton, and it has a strange and interesting story."

"A golden baton! Tell me about it."

So the Shopkeeper begins. "One night I was in my shop alone. It was a miserable, rainy night, and the wind was howling through cracks in the door, and down the chimney. The rain was beating against the windows like a drum. I was just about to close up for the night when I saw a man coming across the street toward my door."

"He spoke in a broken, cracked voice, with a strong German accent, and asked if I was the keeper of the shop. When I assented, he hesitated and inquired, 'You buy—second hand things? I have come to sell my baton! My precious gold baton . . . You will buy it?'"

"I looked at the inscription, which was engraved in German. With my slight knowledge of the language, I could make out the words, 'affection and esteem—Herr Johann Kindler—Leipzig Symphony.'"

"The old man, Johann, lifted his head proudly, 'Ja—they gave it to me! It is all I have left, my friend. All—all I have left! And now I must sell it . . . Ach—I



*HERE in the mellow gloom of your shop, Old Curiosity,
How many dreams were ransomed!
How many hopes were forfeited or sold!
Here are mute witnesses of joy and sorrow
And the blind urgency of gold.*

*WHAT is this tarnished baton?
A bauble? Or worthless tinsel?
A worthless toy its only counterpart?
Nay, fool not yourselves
Once was this baton burnished and bright
Wielded by one who was master of musical art.*

(Adapted)



remember that night when all Leipzig acclaimed me . . ."

As the Shopkeeper goes on with his story we see a great concert hall in the city of Leipzig:

BURGOMEISTER: Herr Kindler—as Burgomeister of the city of Leipzig, it is my happy privilege to show you, in part at least, the honor that is rightfully your due. In so doing, I speak for all the people of our city, from whose hearts comes this expression of esteem . . . You have just

completed the final concert of the season—a season that you have made signally successful as the conductor of the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra. Your place in the world of music is certain and assured—and now I have the honor to show that your place in the hearts of the people of Leipzig is as strong and keenly felt.

In behalf of this city, I have the honor to present you with this golden baton, on which are inscribed the words: "Presented to Herr Johann Kindler by the people of Leipzig, as a token of their affection and esteem for his work as conductor of the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra." (*Great burst of applause.*)

May health and good fortune go with you always, Herr Kindler, as do the affections and love of the people of Leipzig.

JOHANN: Herr Burgomeister, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. It moves me very deeply to see my efforts thus rewarded, and this baton of gold will inspire me to even greater things than ever before. Thank you!

(*After the concert. Johann approaches a slender, lovely young woman and both enter a waiting carriage.*)

JOHANN: Helen!

HELEN: Ah—Johann—I wanted to see you—and tell you how happy I am about your success.

JOHANN: Helen—all of this—the applause of the people of Leipzig—the success that I have had—is nothing.

HELEN: Nothing! Johann . . .

JOHANN: Nothing—if I do not have your love. Ah I know—I have never spoken of it before. But now I must, or my heart will break from what it would have me say. Helen—I love you—with all my heart I do!

HELEN: I know—Johann.

JOHANN: The symphonies that I play—they are only your lovely voice speaking to me. I hear you in every note, my dear. The tempo is the beating of my heart for you—and once in a while I even think I hear you say—I love you—so softly.

HELEN: I thought I could sense that, Johann, in your music.

JOHANN: Then—you do love me. Helen? You do care for me?

HELEN: Yes, dear. I love you, too. I only wish that I might be worthy of a thing so fine and great as your love.

JOHANN: But you are, dearest. You are more than worthy.

HELEN: You are so fine, Johann. You are to be one of the world's greatest musicians—one of the masters of all time. And I . . .

JOHANN: And you are the woman I love, Helen. Oh—I am so happy! I shall do such great things—because of you! Now I shall live—really live—because I love! Think of it, Helen—our life together—our love—our music. I—I want to kiss you, Helen.

HELEN: Yes. (*They kiss tenderly.*)

JOHANN: You—dear heart—you are my symphony. You are the expression of all that is beautiful in life—all that is beautiful and good.

HELEN: Is it not strange, Johann, that love can stand against the world? That love lives for itself and by itself? From now on, I shall live but for you!

JOHANN: Helen!

But their happiness is short-lived. War, the great interrupter, comes to spoil their dream of a life together. And at their parting Johann speaks of his faith.

"I believe in our love, Helen. It will be like a light guiding me through the blackness of war. Always I shall see your face, looking at me, and urging me on. We'll show them that our love can stand the fire and terror of war. And when it is over—"

Helen continues the thread, "I shall be here—as I always have been—waiting for you to come to me: Waiting for you to take me in your arms and mend my broken heart, my dear."

They kiss farewell and Helen sobs, "Goodbye—Johann!"

(*A lapse of time. Johann lies in a war hospital, forsaken, delirious.*)

JOHANN: (*In a sick, broken voice*) My baton—my gold—baton! Ah—Helen—my Helen—come closer, Helen. I want

to play for you—the Symphony Pathétique! Listen—I will play—where is my baton—Helen.

FIRST NURSE: Poor chap—he's been out of his head ever since they brought him in from the field hospital.

SECOND NURSE: Yes. And always he mumbles something about Helen and his gold baton—and some symphony. He must be a musician.

FIRST NURSE: Yes—I expect he is. I don't know why he seems any more pathetic than the other cases, but he does.

SECOND NURSE: Perhaps it's because no one ever comes to see him. Nearly everyone else in this world has a guest now and then, but no one has ever come to ask about Kindler.

FIRST NURSE: Kindler?

SECOND NURSE: Yes—that's his name. We found out from some of the papers in his uniform yesterday. Nobody knew who he was before.

FIRST NURSE: Then—somebody has thought of him, at least.

SECOND NURSE: What do you mean?

FIRST NURSE: This letter. It came several days ago—forwarded from the front. I couldn't find out who Johann Kindler was, so I tossed it in the drawer of this desk.

SECOND NURSE: Yes—that's for him alright. But—I don't believe he'll be able to read it—for a long, long time.

FIRST NURSE: Even when he comes into his right mind again, we must be very careful about it. The doctor told me this morning that any shock—even the slightest little thing—might keep him from ever getting his sanity back again.

SECOND NURSE: I know . . . This seems to be a woman's handwriting. Do you suppose—

FIRST NURSE: What?

SECOND NURSE: I was thinking—it might be well to open the letter and read it. Perhaps it should be answered immediately.

FIRST NURSE: But—I'd feel peculiar about opening someone's mail. It's probably very personal—perhaps it's from this

Helen that he mutters about.

SECOND NURSE: That's all the more reason why we should open it. Probably she's his sweetheart, and doesn't know where he is.

FIRST NURSE: That's so. Well—open it.

FIRST NURSE: (*She tears open the envelope*) Oh!

FIRST NURSE: What is it? What's it say?

SECOND NURSE: Oh! It's a good thing we did open this. We could never have shown it to him. It is from the Helen that he's been talking about. Listen. . . .

"Dear Johann: I am sorry to have to write you such a letter as this will be, but I feel that it is the only fair thing to do. That it should come at a time when you are away at the front gives me even greater concern, but to delay in telling you would be to make matters worse. Johann—our love has been a very tender and a very beautiful thing. I shall always remember it as one of the loveliest things in my life. But it is just that beauty—that fragility—that tells me it would never stand the shocks and trials of life. Johann—I have found love—the kind of love that is sturdy enough to last through, and I am to be married next week. Please try to understand, my dear, and know that the memory of our love shall always be the most beautiful part of my life . . . Helen."

FIRST NURSE: Oh! How can we tell him. How can we ever let him know?

SECOND NURSE: We can't. He would never stand it. No—we must wait until he is fit again—and let him go to Leipzig and find this thing out for himself.

FIRST NURSE: Yes . . . Oh—how many souls has this war torn apart?

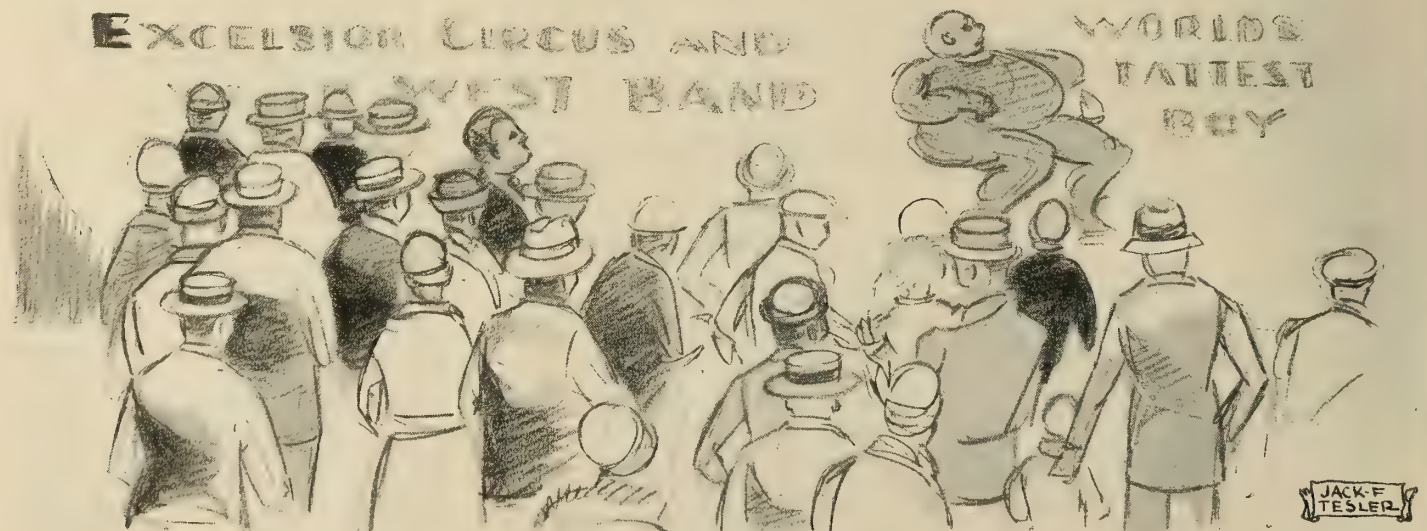
(*Some time later—still in the hospital.*)

JOHANN: Nurse!

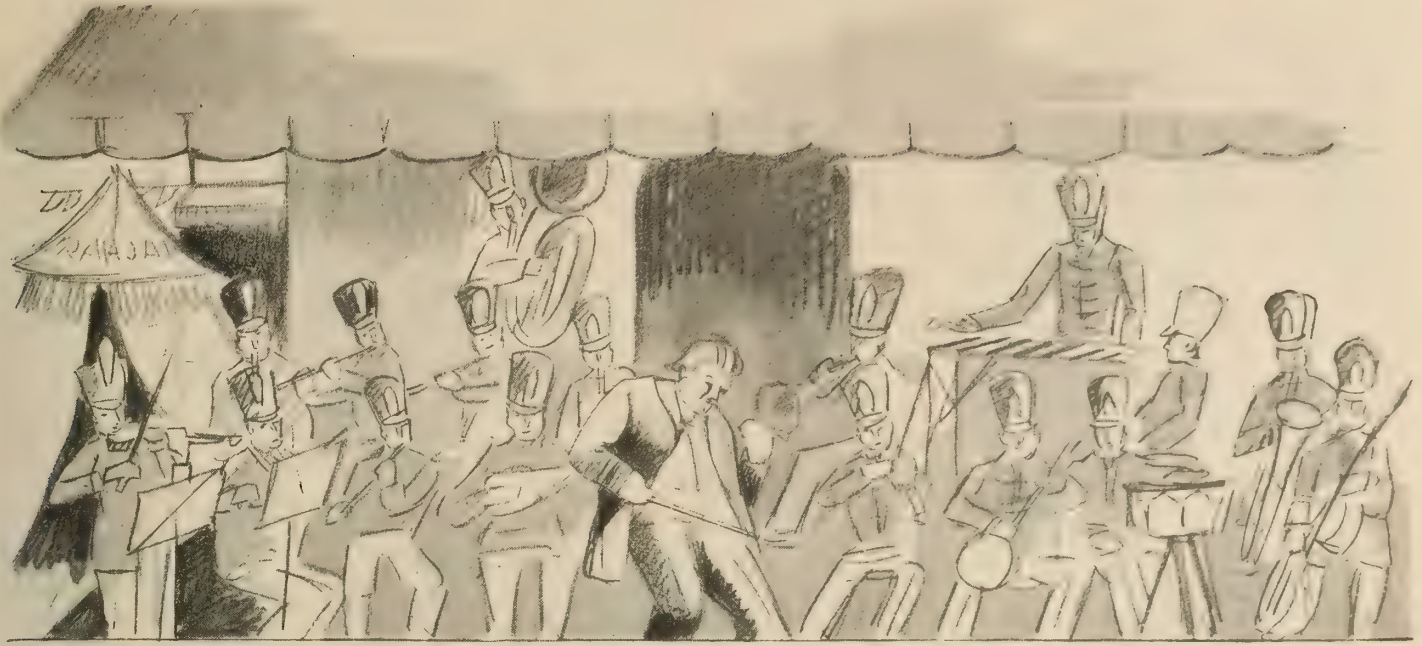
FIRST NURSE: Yes, Mr. Kindler.

JOHANN: Did you hear what the Doctor just told me? Did you?

SECOND NURSE: Yes—because he told me, too. Does it make you happy to know that you are discharged—that you can



Barker: "Now come over to this side of the platform, ladies and gents, and see the world's fattest boy!"



Johann: "Stop the music! Ohhhh! I can't stand it any longer! My head is going around! Stop!"

leave the hospital for good in a few days?

JOHANN: Oh—I am so happy—I can hardly believe that it is true! Now I can go back to my own Leipzig—to my sweet-heart—to all my friends. I—ohhhh!

FIRST NURSE: What's the matter? Are you ill?

JOHANN: It's nothing—nothing, really. Just my lung—sometimes it pains a little, you see. Now I'm going to dress . . . tell me, Nurse—have there been any letters—any mail for me at all since I've been here?

FIRST NURSE: Ah—n-no—no mail, Mr. Kindler.

JOHANN: No matter. I'll see them all soon, anyway. Did I have any papers when I came in? There must have been some in my uniform.

FIRST NURSE: Yes—there were some papers. They're over there in the corner, in that desk. I'll get them for you.

JOHANN: Don't bother—I'll get them. *(He goes to desk)* This desk? Here in the corner?

FIRST NURSE: Yes—but—

SECOND NURSE: *(Coming up)* June! That's the desk his letter is in! Don't let him look in that drawer!

FIRST NURSE: I can't help it now—it's too late!

SECOND NURSE: Oh! I'm afraid of what this is going to do to him. The Doctor said he didn't discharge him because he's *cured*, you know. It's just a matter of time, I guess.

JOHANN: *(Calling)* Nurse! Nurse! *(coming up)* Why—why didn't you tell me—this—this letter from Helen—oh! Helen—dear John: *(He reads a few lines)*

FIRST NURSE: I'm sorry, Mr. Kindler. I wasn't going to show it to you.

JOHANN: I know. Helen—that's all there was in life for me—and now she's left me—gone—but—but—I can be

proud. I have my—my music, you see. I shall put all my life into my music. Ohhhh!

FIRST NURSE: Mary—go and get a glass of water—will you? He's ill.

JOHANN: No—nothing—that lung again! *(coughs)* No matter . . .

(It is circus day in town. Milling crowds are clustered around the "Big Top." On a platform, plastered with posters and pictures of the Living Skeleton, the Fat Woman, the Snake Charmer and the rest of that galaxy of human freaks, stands the barker.)

BARKER: Now come over to this side of the platform, ladies and gents. Here we have Mario, the human skeleton—the thinnest man in existence! Inside the tent he'll show you how he can wrap his arm three times around his head! And while we're waiting for the show to begin, ladies and gents—we're glad to announce a new attraction to the big show. We've just secured the services of Professor Johann Kindler, the former leader of the Leipzig Symphony Orchestra, to conduct the Excelsior Circus and Wild West Band. Professor Kindler—play for the folks!

JOHANN: But—Mowry—I—I can't go on tonight. I am ill—I cannot conduct tonight!

BARKER: Oh yes you can, old boy. Don't try to renege on me like that. Get up there on that stand and give 'em a concert, or you don't get paid this week. Hurry up.

JOHANN: I can't—I—

BARKER: Don't want your pay, eh?

JOHANN: Ohhhhh! All right—all right! . . . Ready, men! Attention . . . one, two.

(A fantastic circus march is heard. It blares forth with a loud fanfare.)

JOHANN: Stop! Stop the music!

Ohhhh! Stop it I say! I can't stand it any longer! My head is going around! Stop!

(The orchestra becomes panic-stricken and confused, playing out of rhythm and with false notes)

JOHANN: Stop! Ohhhhh! *(He faints and drops to the floor.)*

BARKER: Here—here—what's the matter?

VOICE: The Professor—he's passed out.

BARKER: Pick him up off the floor there! Pick him up and carry him outside!

VOICE: Better get a doctor—he's sick.

BARKER: He'll be all right. That's his last turn for us, anyway. Steve—get up there on the stand and lead the band—this show's gotta go on, professor or no professor. Hurry up there!

VOICE: Okay.

BARKER: Never mind, folks—the professor has a little attack of indigestion. But now the show goes on as usual. Right this way and hear the Excelsior Band!

(Back in the old Curiosity Shop.)

JOHANN: *(In an old and broken voice.)* So that is why I must sell my baton—my dear golden baton. It is the only thing—that—that I have saved—from my past! The only thing that—tells me that I was once young—and had dreams and ambitions—

SHOPKEEPER: I know. I understand all that this golden baton has meant to you. But fear not—it shall not be orphaned. I shall keep it for you.

JOHANN: No. Something tells me that I will never—

SHOPKEEPER: It will be here until you call for it—that I promise.

JOHANN: You are a kind and under-

(Continued on page 102)

Tuneful Topics

“Know Your Songs”



You're Driving Me Crazy

WALTER DONALDSON seems to be in his writing streak again. For a period of over twenty years he has given us a list of hit songs that is staggering, but during the past two years, following *At Sundown* and *My Blue Heaven*, his contributions have not been outstanding. Mr. Isaac Goldberg, who has just published his book, “Tin Pan Alley,” in which he discusses thoroughly the evolution of popular songs and the subsequent formation of the publishing houses along Broadway, which constitute Tin Pan Alley, stated that it seemed necessary for Irving Berlin and Walter Donaldson to feel the pressure of starvation before they could write a hit song. While I do not agree entirely with him in this, I am wondering whether or not Walter Donaldson has been devoting too much time to golf, the beaches of Florida, and the race track, rather than to the writing of songs for which he is so eminently fitted.

Contrary to popular belief, the writing of a hit song is not, in most cases, a few hours' work, nor is it easy. Rather, if you talk with the writers of most hit songs, you will find that it took much wrinkling of the grey matter, much changing, revamping and remodeling, before the song took the shape of the melody and lyrics which brought it into great popularity. In fact, I think Walter Donaldson will admit that the lure of California and the writing of theme songs with a big pay-check every week whether he wrote them or not, was not inclined to stimulate him to work hard on his songs, and although he did turn out *Romance* and some other very fine songs, none of them came up to the popular appeal that *Little White Lies* seemed to have, and that was written on his return from the Coast when he seems to have buckled down to business.

There in the Park Central, where he has an elaborate suite, he works, sometimes for days on end, until he completes the song on which he is working. Last Sunday night we spent a few hours to-

gether at a grill at which I was the guest of honor, and he confided to me that *You're Driving Me Crazy*, especially the middle part, was changed and changed and changed and changed again, until he found the twist which it now carries. It is partly this middle twist, with the sensational title, which is perhaps as sensa-

AGAIN, this month, Rudy Vallee, the famous Radio Star, picks ten songs and tells you all about them. With his wide Broadway acquaintanceship and his many friendships in "Tin Pan Alley" he is in a position to reveal interesting sidelights about these popular hits . . . their authorship, public debut, history, unusual characteristics and his own personal experiences with them.

The Editors are happy to announce that this will be a regular monthly feature in RADIO DIGEST.

tional as *Little White Lies*, which will bring this song into the big money class. It is already second from the bottom on the list of popular best sellers of most sheet music jobbers, and it will not be many weeks before it will head the list, although the bottom seems to be out of the music industry, especially that of songs, at the present moment.

You're Driving Me Crazy is one of the best songs I have ever sung, and from the very start it has been sensational wherever I have had the opportunity to present it. I have always felt that half the applause, or even more, that I receive after singing a good song, is rightfully

that of the composer who is never there ordinarily to receive it. In other words, “The play's the thing.” Too often credit is given to the delivery artist when the creative artist deserves so much praise.

On two occasions I have had the pleasure of having Walter in my audience when I rendered *You're Driving Me Crazy*, and I know that he was very happy when the song brought down the house. The Victor Company feels that my record of it is the best thing we have ever made for them. My throat was tightened up on the day I made the record, and it was with great effort that we finally made a “master” record that passed inspection. I feel I could have done better, but as long as the severe critics at Camden are satisfied, then I should be.

The song has a beautiful and unusual middle twist, though the first and last thirds of it are skillfully constructed, both in melody and lyrics, and with the outstanding title the song should be very popular indeed. It *must* be played slowly. We do it at about thirty measures per minute. I am sure you'll like it.

Cheerful Little Earful

HERE is a song from a revue, and a very daring revue at that, *Sweet and Low*, but it is a song that in any place would be tremendously popular, not only because of the optimistic and happy trend of the song itself, but because it is lilting, bright, and tuneful. Three song-writers contributed to its excellence—Harry Warren, whose *Crying for the Carolines* and many other songs have brought him into the ranks of the great song writers, (in fact, he is one of the highest priced writers in the ally); Ira Gershwin, brother of George Gershwin, and Billy Rose, the vaudeville artist and song writer who has turned producer and has cast his own wife, Fannie Brice, in his revue, *Sweet and Low*.

These three have achieved a song which I firmly believe is going to be very, very popular with everyone. There is an unusual resemblance in the end of the main phrase of the song to the end of the main

By

Rudy Vallee

*Ten New Leading Song Hits Are
Picked For You This Month By
The Master of Rhythm*



The Author . . . Rudy Vallee.

phrase of *Sing Something Simple*. In *Sing Something Simple* the last line is "The classic, I love you;" whereas in the end of the main phrase of *Cheerful Little Earful* it is "the well-known I love you." However, I am the last person in the world to accuse anyone of plagiarism, and I firmly believe it is possible for the same identical thought to spring up in two minds simultaneously, just as did the Darwinian Theory. However, I am sure there will be no blood shed over the matter, and both songs can be very popular in their own way.

Cheerful Little Earful is introduced very wonderfully in the show by Hannah Williams, and is reprised throughout the entire performance, so that eventually one goes out humming it. We do the song at a bright tempo, yet not too fast, or at about forty measures a minute.

Stolen Moments

A VERY beautiful song in the unhappy vein, and yet not pessimistic. Written by three newcomers to Broadway—at least the names are new along Tin Pan Alley. The melody seems haunting and yet is quite unlike any song that has preceded it. We play it quite slowly, at about twenty-eight measures per minute. It makes a great number for two violins.

(One of these newcomers, Mr. A. R. Pryor, bears watching in the future.)

When the Organ Played At Twilight

THIS is a waltz known to the music publishers as a "simple" waltz. The origin of the word "simple" is not difficult to explain; the term is used contemptuously, meaning that the song is very elementary, almost trite. In fact, it is always applied to a waltz that makes you think of the waltzes that our fathers and mothers danced to ten or fifteen or even twenty years back. The song is usually so simple that as one phrase is being played the listener naturally knows the next. Such simple waltzes have been *Carolina Moon*, *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*, *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles*, and

so on. The remarkable part of it all is that although this type of waltz is known definitely to be a money maker through its strong appeal to the masses who buy music, yet publishers are always looking for the beautiful type of waltz that is also popular, such as *Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life*. Not that there is any disgrace in publishing simple waltzes, nor is the publisher trying to educate the public mind, but there is pardonable pride on the part of those who select songs in seeking to see their judgment of a hit indicated in a number that is beautiful and different and yet catchy.

With the music business in the dumps, most of the publishers are publishing such waltzes of one type or another in the hopes that they will have another *Carolina Moon*.

Carolina Moon was peddled around from publisher to publisher, and finally accepted by a very small organization. This organization "went to work" on the song, that is, began trying to get the tune played here, there and everywhere. Week after week passed as "plug after plug was landed," and finally the song began, in the jargon of Tin Pan Alley, to "show up," then it gained momentum like a snowball rolling down a hill and became one of the greatest hits of the industry. In fact it made a fortune for the small two-room publisher who bought it. It seemed to be just one of those things, and yet every publisher secretly hopes, when he takes a simple waltz, that he has another *Carolina Moon*.

When the Organ Played at Twilight is reminiscent of a song I used to sing up in Maine, about fifteen years ago, yet it came from England, written by two of my friends over there, who, as the American publisher says, "seem to have written it merely as a filler-in to be recorded on the back of a record, one side of which was already a big hit."

I would have picked it for a mediocre hit, but it is even better than that, being perhaps the best seller in the country right now; not that "best seller" means much now, but before it finishes it will have earned the American publishers a tidy sum. Of course, it is done very

effectively by theatre organists in all sorts of ideas and combinations. The public certainly seems to like the song immensely.

Three Little Words

HERE is a fox trot that everyone predicted would be a big hit, and it really did become one. In fact, it is one of the quickest big hits I have ever seen. The song itself is really clever and well written, but being reprised throughout the first picture—*Check and Double Check*—made by Radio's foremost figures, Amos 'n' Andy, it could hardly help becoming well-known and well-liked. Duke Ellington and his band, a very wonderful negro combination, play it very effectively throughout the course of the picture, and the vocal renditions of it enhance it greatly.

I was advised to record it, but was unable to do so due to complications, but I regret it now because it is a feather in my cap to record hit songs. We play *Three Little Words* at strict fox trot tempo, bright and snappy; i.e. about fifty measures per minute, and the lyrics at that speed may be easily sung.

I'm Yours

JOHNNY GREEN, the Westchester society boy of whom I spoke with regard to *Body and Soul* in my first "Tuneful Topics", has another hit on his hands. Lester Allen, diminutive comedian with the large feet, making a Paramount-Publix picture in Astoria, L. I., needed a song for the picture. Green wrote a beautiful melody, but a chap named Harburg wrote the lyrics for it.

Personally, I found it necessary to make two changes in the lyrics. In one place I leave out three words in order to secure enough breath to go up to a passage that stays high for some time; and

(Continued on page 83)



STATION VOX

Julius Caesar Runs A Broadcasting Station

—Gets Into Difficulties With His Wife Over

Cleopatra, The New "Hot" Blues Singer

A Playlet In One Spasm By

MONROE UPTON

THE scene takes place in Caesar's private office. The curtain rises upon Caesar, sitting at his desk. (phone rings)

CAESAR: Hello! Yes, this is station VOX, Rome. Julius Caesar speaking. Oh, Yes Mr. Scipio. How is the bath business? . . . He did! Well, we'll put a stop to that. You say the announcer gave the temperature of the baths at 69, when it's really 96? . . . Well, he probably had the papyrus upside down. And it's 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., not 11 p.m. to 4 a.m? . . . I'll tell you what happened there, the announcer's candle went out just as he started to read. We'll fix that up. OK, Good-bye!

Oh, Miss Publius, will you ask Mark Anthony to come here a minute.

FEMININE VOICE: Yes sir.

(Phone rings)

CAESAR: Station VOX, Rome, Julius Caesar speaking. (With false sweetness) Oh, hello darling. Yes, I did, dear, I didn't forget . . . I mean I won't forget . . . Yes, the string is still on my finger . . . Did you want new heels, too, or just half soles? . . . I see . . . Yes, I'm going to speak to Mark Anthony about that this morning . . . Yes, it's disgraceful, I'll tell him we need more GOOD music on this station . . . I cer-

tainly will, I'll have him take off that blues singer immediately. That's right, dear. No dear, I don't need you . . . Yes, you may come if you like . . . Good-bye.

(Mark Anthony knocks) Good morning, Mark! Have a seat.

MARK ANTHONY: Good morning, Julius.

CAESAR: Say, Mark who is that blues singer you're using every night? Seems like every time I tune in I hear her. It's got to stop. What we need on this station is more GOOD music.

MARK ANTHONY: Her name is Cleopatra. She's been working over on the big Carthage stations and I figured I was lucky to get hold of her. She is going over big. We get stacks of mail every day on her. Last week she got over a thousand requests for *Those Lonesome Tiber Blues* alone.

CAESAR: Miss Publius, bring me on all the mail you have received so far on that new blues singer, Cleopatra.

FEMININE VOICE: Yes sir.

CAESAR: People are getting sick of all this popular stuff. They're fed up on jazz and moaning females. Now I want you to use the concert orchestra two hours every night. And throw this girl Cleo—

Cleo—what's her name?

MARK ANTHONY: Cleopatra.

CAESAR: Cleopatra off. Get it?

MARK ANTHONY: Yes, sir, but I don't like to fire her. I just hired her.

CAESAR: Send her in to me, I'll fire her.

FEMININE VOICE: Here is Cleopatra's mail, sir.

CAESAR: What! All of

it? Just that card? Well I'll be—

FEMININE VOICE: Yes sir.

CAESAR: That looks like the post-card I—let's see that post-card . . . That's all Miss Publius.

FEMININE VOICE: Yes sir.

(Cleopatra enters—sound of deep sigh.)

CLEOPATRA: Oh Mark, there you are, I've been looking all over for you. I've a brand new song I just know you'll love. May I sing it for you?

MARK ANTHONY: Of course, Cleopatra, but first meet Julius Caesar, manager of the station. He was just speaking of you.

CLEOPATRA: Nothing bad, I hope. How do you do, Julius. I've heard so many wonderful things about you.

CAESAR: Yes, Yes, Hello—How do you do. Eh—

CLEOPATRA: Would you like to hear my new song too. It'll slay 'em. Listen!

(Cleopatra sings a low down blues number with plenty of feeling. A number that can also be sung by a soprano.)

CAESAR: Great! Great! I like that.

CLEOPATRA: Oh, I'm so glad you do, Julius—you sweet old thing!

MARK ANTHONY: Tell her what you were going to, Julius.

CLEOPATRA: Yes, do. I'm dying to hear.

CAESAR: Yes, of course. I was just saying to Mark that he should give you more work. I hardly ever hear you. Mark, give this little lady some good spots on the air. That's the sort of thing the people want. Good popular stuff, and jazz. They get too much classical now.

CLEOPATRA: You darling!

(Mrs. Caesar—Calpurnia—enters.)

CALPURNIA: Well, well, well! Am I interrupting a private rehearsal? You don't mean to say, Julius Caesar, that you intend to put that sort of singing on the air. It's perfectly disgraceful. All civilized Romans would turn it off. Not even the Goths would listen to that.

CAESAR (meekly): Mrs. Caesar, this is Cleopatra—Cleopatra meet—

CALPURNIA (brusquely): How do you do!

CLEOPATRA (sweetly): How do you do!

(Continued on page 103)



HERETOFORE the male voice has monopolized the whispering warblers but now we have Miss Hilda Harrison, the "Whispering Soprano" at WPCH, New York, and her very successful technique would seem to have solved the soprano broadcasting limitations for everybody concerned.



Hilda Harrison



Dorothy Beckloff

HERE is a face to delight the character readers. Miss Beckloff, billed as a "crooning contralto" at WTAM, Cleveland, looks the part of a prima donna of the opera. She has been with Roxy and Shubert's—but loves her friend Mike Rofone best.



THEY call her "The Mary Pickford of the Air," and why shouldn't they call Mary Pickford the "Jessica Dragonette of the Screen"? At any rate this delightful young soprano consistently remains the star of stars of the National Broadcasting Company.

Jessica Dragonette



Sylvia Winters

WHAT to do for a new delicacy for dad? Simply tune in Miss Sylvia, the household economist expert at WGY, Schenectady, N. Y. She can give you the latest from brooms to biscuits. There's another Sylvia now. When Miss Winters recently awarded a prize to one of her listeners for a cake recipe the prize arrived at the same time as the stork with a baby girl. The baby has been named Sylvia, after Sylvia Winters.



Dorothy Aggas
and
Melvin Wilkerson

THEY have real names, as you see, but KMOXers, all up and down the Mississippi valley know them best as the Singing Redheads. They sing with the glow and sparkle of real youth, and St. Louis claims them as a sort of city institution. Cute looking, aren't they?



Lillian Bucknam

SOME of us are satisfied to hit all eight on the head for one octave, others can make two octaves but Miss Bucknam can ripple musically over three octaves from D below middle C to D above high C. She is dramatic soprano at WABC and over the CBS.



PROBABLY nobody else in the whole world has a name just like that—Gogo Delys—but then there's nobody can sing the blues just like Gogo. Recently she kissed Vancouver farewell and moved down to KHJ, Los Angeles, where she promptly became an instantaneous hit.

Gogo Delys



Fifi Dorsey

"Oooooooooo—an' now just you listen! Didja ever hear about the great big Skippen-whoofen? It runs along the side of a mountain with two little bitsa short legs at the top and great long legs stretching down the side?" You are listening to Fifi, the movie queen, as she sits here on the piano story-telling to the WCAU children in Philadelphia on a Sunday morning.



Hill Billy Blues

HILL BILLY ZEKE of KMPC has no high ambitions as Glen Rice discovered when he tried to coax him into an airplane. Hill Billy Zeke is one of the Beverly Hill Billies where the Cinemations dwell, and once were reigned over by their famous mayorial dictator, Will Rogers.

World Bound

"GOODBYE, come again," and these are the "Musical Crusaders" who sing to you every Sunday afternoon from WJZ and other NBC stations in the course of their "cruise around the world." Alfred Heather, as Professor Cadenza, stands in the shadow smiling with dignity.



Adams & Ross

EVANGELINE ADAMS and her announcer, David Ross, have a sort of informal partnership in the horoscoping program over WABC and the Columbia System that is said to produce more mail than any other program in the country. Miss Adams is proclaimed one of the world's most successful astrologers.



Veona Socolofsky

GRANDCHILD of Jennie Rupert, famous French prima donna of the '70's, Miss Socolofsky comes naturally by the vibrant soprano voice that has brought her hosts of friends in the audience of KOMO, Seattle, Wash. She made her Radio debut in Boston where she studied music.



Longshoremen

COUNTLESS requests have come for "more Pacific coast" pictures. Marcella demands that The Musical Longshoremen of Long Beach, Calif., simply must appear in this January roto section. So here they are, Dick Voils, Cleo Hibbs and Bob Whittaker. They are heard over KGER and are identified with all the KGER de luxe programs.





Salt and Peanuts

THIS duo (right) dropped big time vaudeville to do their harmonizing over WLW, the Nation's Station, at Cincinnati. Frank Salt is well known to the variety stage. His partner, Peanuts, had also acquired fame in a dancing act of her own, under another name.

Audrey Marsh

CHARMING and sweet is this young woman whom you hear in the course of the A. S. Beck Brevities over the Columbia System from New York. That youthful timbre is genuine—she is not yet twenty. You are going to hear a lot more about her at the rate she is going.





"AIRIAS" come easy for petite Marie who solos from the flying field as readily as she does from the WTAM studios at Cleveland. During the Cleveland air races she flew for fifteen hours. She has been in other aviation events. But she is best known for her voice and has been heard from various stations for the past six years. Little has been heard of Miss De Ville recently. She is recovering from a serious illness. She finished at the American School of Music, Paris.

Marie De Ville

History of Osculation Down Through The Ages

By
Dr. Frank H.
Vizetelly



Latest medical theory—kissing provides us with microbes useful for digestion. Dose before and after meals will be cheerfully taken by all.

KISSES

Hot and KISSES Cold

MAN has been the slave of the kiss almost since the dawn of the world; for, with a kiss, woman has tamed the wildest of men, and by a kiss the strong man's will has been broken. The kisses with which we are concerned are of the sort that the poet has told us "extinguish the fire of life, yet awaken the longings of the heart, and kindle the flames of love." It was Paul Verlaine who described kisses as "fiery music on the clavier of the teeth which accompanied the sweet songs of love, beating in passionate hearts." But we have:

"Kisses hot and kisses cold,
Kisses fresh and kisses bold,
Kisses sweet and kisses sour,
Spiteful kisses and kisses dour,
Kisses short and kisses long,
Kisses weak and kisses strong,
Kisses that can dry a shower,
Kisses lasting half an hour."

In every grade of society but one kisses go by favor—in that one it can not do so since there is no kissing. Away down in South America is a tribe, discovered

by a recently returned traveler, among whom kissing is unknown.

To the young woman a kiss given and received is often the token of love offered and accepted, for the soul of a young woman is as a ripe rose; as soon as one leaf is plucked, all its mates easily fall after; and a kiss may sometimes break out the first leaf.

We derived the custom of kissing the hand from the worthy citizens of Cos, for they came upon the beautiful Psyche, one day, as she slept in her bower of roses, and making obeisance before her, kissed her hand.

The kiss is as old as Creation. Eve learned how to kiss in Paradise and no more fitting place could have been chosen. There, it is said, Adam taught her all its

varieties "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer" as the marriage service says. Ever since then we have known kisses as messengers of love. But do you know that every time you indulge in kissing you shorten your life by several minutes? If you want to reach a ripe old age, you've got to cut out the kiss.

What is a kiss? It is a seal that expresses sincere affection; a pledge of future union; a gift, which, as given, takes from us the impression of our heart; a crimson balsam for a heart-broken soul; in fact, kisses are the grains of gold and silver—precious gifts from the mine of the heart—that enrich the store of happiness when hearts are surcharged with love's electricity.

A touch of the lips, that is all; yet it conveys a marvelous thrill of emotion and devotion. It is the passion in a kiss that imparts to it its sweetness; it is the affection in a kiss that sanctifies it.

The kiss has many significations. It is regarded as the seal of faith, loyalty, truth, reverence, and love. According to its purpose, it is given in the most open publicity or in the strictest of privacy. Public kisses are required by law, court, and religion; in private practise kisses are restricted to salutation, love, and passion.

The kiss of the first-born doubtless originated with Mother Eve, and so the

(Continued on page 54)

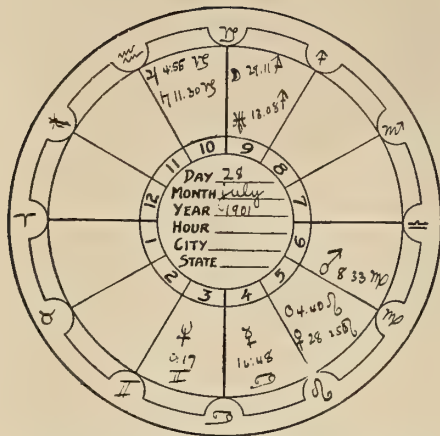
PROOF that wisdom is no deterrent to humor! Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, Editor of Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary and author of this article, knows the 60,000,000 words in that monumental work. Although he doesn't use them all in his weekly broadcasts over the Columbia System, he is highly entertaining.—Editor.

Venus Makes Rudy

"That Way"

*"She must be Fragile as an Orchid"
Whisper Stellar Arbiters of The
Famous Crooner's Astral Mate*

By Peggy Hull



Horoscope of Rudy Vallee reveals him as
a True Knight of Romance

EVER since Rudy Vallee's first song of love swept through the air and awakened romantic yearnings in the hearts of the female sex, personality specialists, psychologists, analysts and other experts have been telling the world the kind of girl Rudy Vallee could love; the sort of man he is at heart and the reason for his phenomenal success.

But at last we have the real inside dope on the fair-haired crooner of WEA and NBC. Here is an authentic, strictly scientific analysis of how Rudy got that way; what has made him so successful; how he feels about life and people and the sort of girl, in his secret heart of hearts, he knows he could love. This information comes straight from the four corners of heaven and is vouched for by the stars.

If you are one of those girls who likes to have the boy friend come in, grab you up, toss you in the air, catch you with a big bear hug and then administer a smart clip behind the ear as a gentle token of his undying love, read no further. You won't be interested. Send to the editor of the RADIO DIGEST for a copy of the November issue of the RADIO DIGEST and read about Floyd Gibbons. He's your meat. But Rudy Vallee, never!

LET us stop here and consider what has made Rudy such a hit. Being a mere mortal we can only come forward with the explanation that it is "something" which he puts into his songs. A "something" which breathes the very essence of romance to lonely and love-starved girls everywhere. A gentleness and sweetness which is every girl's first mental image of love. A curious note which suggests poetry, moonlight on castle walls, roses and the days when knighthood

was in flower and romance held sway.

And there's the secret! Over the air comes Rudy's voice singing a sweet melody and immediately the room is filled with gallant knights of long ago. Their hats sport great plumes and long capes swing gracefully from their stalwart shoulders. Ah, sighs the lonely woman in her chair before the Radio, it meant something to be loved in those days. Every woman was a queen and reigned in a palace and love did not end with the marriage ceremony. Her knight remained always, the romantic, eager, pursuing, devoted lover. And Rudy Vallee's crooning notes builds dreams on dreams for the girl whose daily life is a drab and monotonous existence.

BUT why can Rudy Vallee, of all the Radio singers, recreate such a scene for his invisible audience?

We open an ephemeris for the year of his birth and look at the position of the planets for July 28th. The Sun is in the lordly sign of Leo . . . Venus occupies the same sign . . . our finger moves across the page and before we have completed the journey . . . out of the jumble of symbols rides a white charger and on it a knight in a plumed hat!

Courage, independence and pride are written on his brow and in his eyes. Gentleness and charity in his mouth. He sings, but it is not the song of a troubadour for he is no vagabond. He is a proud prince of the blood and to everything he does he brings the majestic dignity of royalty. There is a sword at his side but he is not a swashbuckling cavalier ready for a lusty brawl or a battle on the slightest provocation. He draws the blade only in defense of honor or for the sake of some sweet lady, yet

we find that he is none the less skillful in combat.

And this is Rudy Vallee, a nobleman in his innermost heart of hearts, a true romantic, a modern reincarnation of those gallant lads whom Tennyson wrote about. When he sings this hidden well is opened and he transmits to his music just as deftly as an artist touches his canvas, a true reflection of his own soul.

When his critics cry out that Vallee is egotistical, or conceited, what they really resent is his inner knowledge of his superiority, his consciousness of his high ideals and unswerving integrity.

There is no doubt that Rudy is one of the most misunderstood artists now before the public. His horoscope shows the lack of the beneficent protection which was so prominent in the chart of Will Rogers. Instead, Rudy must face bitter criticism, false accusations and uncalled for enmity. His Mercury is opposed to Saturn, squared to Mars. This is the influence which has brought him litigation and trouble through false reports, contracts, letters and writings in general.

THE Moon is coming to an opposition with Neptune which causes scandal and slander and as most of his masculine planets have bad aspects, he receives much opposition from the male sex. He hates vulgarity, coarseness in manner or speech, rough and uncouth conduct.

Rudy is extremely sensitive and has had some sad experiences through misplaced confidence. His Venus, which was in Leo at birth but passed into Virgo two days later, caused these experiences. It was while this transit was taking place that he learned not to be too trusting, and too impulsive. It was this position

which taught him that he must exercise great caution in selecting his friends and associates. But Venus is now entering the sign of Libra where he will learn to balance his affections and to be less generous and profuse.

His Sun is Leo which has made him ambitious, persistent, affectionate and a natural leader. It also made him susceptible to admiration and through this susceptibility he suffered some painful disillusionments. But as his Sun has just entered the practical, analytical and discriminating sign of Virgo this tendency will gradually disappear and he will have no more trouble from that direction.

The planets in Leo predestined him for a career before the public. This sign rules theatres and places of amusement, while both Venus and the Sun occupying this sign clearly indicated that Rudy Vallee would succeed in some work connected with music, for Venus in this sign shows talent for music and acting.

A good aspect between Venus and the Moon, both feminine planets, explains why women have always rushed to his defense when columnists and critics have unsheathed acid opinions. Women will always fight for him and he will never lose his popularity with the opposite sex. This aspect also explains his deep attachment for his mother and will keep him in favor with the public in spite of the attacks of his enemies.

Mercury, the ruler of his mind, is in the discreet, sensitive, impressionable and emotional sign Cancer, which has rulership over the public. The positions of the major planets indicate what an extremely refined nature Rudy possesses. In his expression of affection, although demonstrative, he would never be aggressive, but subtle, tender and spiritual.

IT WOULD take a girl whose horoscope showed the same high vibrations and refining influences to understand and appreciate the delicacy, the fineness, the depth of an affection which stood mute and humble in the presence of its own greatness.

She would have to be as fragile as an orchid, as wistful as a violet, as dainty as a mignonette, as pure as a lily, but with a character as strong and invincible in the presence of disaster or temptation as the hardy phlox is to the elements.

She must be exquisite rather than beautiful, delicate rather than vital, innocent rather than sophisticated.

But above all, she must be able to create and maintain an illusion of romance. She must never forget, even in those trying moments every couple face at some time in their married life, to be gentle and understanding. If once she gave way to a fit of temper, or hysterics; if once she became ungracious, brittle, or unjustly critical, Rudy's lovely image of her would be destroyed and the fine flavor of their romance would be ended.

IT IS no sinecure to be an angel, yet every girl longs to be enshrined in her lover's heart in just such a form, but maintaining the picture is something else, and few in the history of great lovers have been able to do it.

The girl who wins Rudy Vallee's heart will have something to cherish which few women in this mad age can claim. But when he gives his heart he will also give fidelity and no matter how many alluring

damsels seek him out, questions in their eyes, he will turn his back and remain constant and adoring to the end. He will, in other words, bring to his marriage a spirit of eternal romance.

According to Astrology the best mates for the Leo born are usually found with their Suns in Aries, March 22nd to April 21st, or Sagittarius, November 23rd to December 23rd, but birth dates from other signs could be compatible also, if the positions of the planets showed harmony but not otherwise.

One of the reasons Rudy was able to come forward in this age of jazz, gin and savage drums and substitute dreamy, sentimental songs for wisecracks is the position his Sun occupies in regard to Uranus. The trine makes for originality and as Uranus rules the ether, it is not surprising that Vallee's success came from his work on the air.

Jupiter in Capricorn enhances the fine qualities he has received from Leo. It adds fuel to the fire of his ambition. It ennobles his nature and fortifies those sterling characteristics, sincerity, honesty and industry, which he also inherited from Leo.

It would be impossible for Rudy to commit a mean or debasing act. He would never stoop to trickery for any purpose whatsoever. Success must come, only through honest endeavor. And it is because he has attributed these same upright characteristics to others that he had learned to his sorrow, all people are not expressing the highest vibrations.

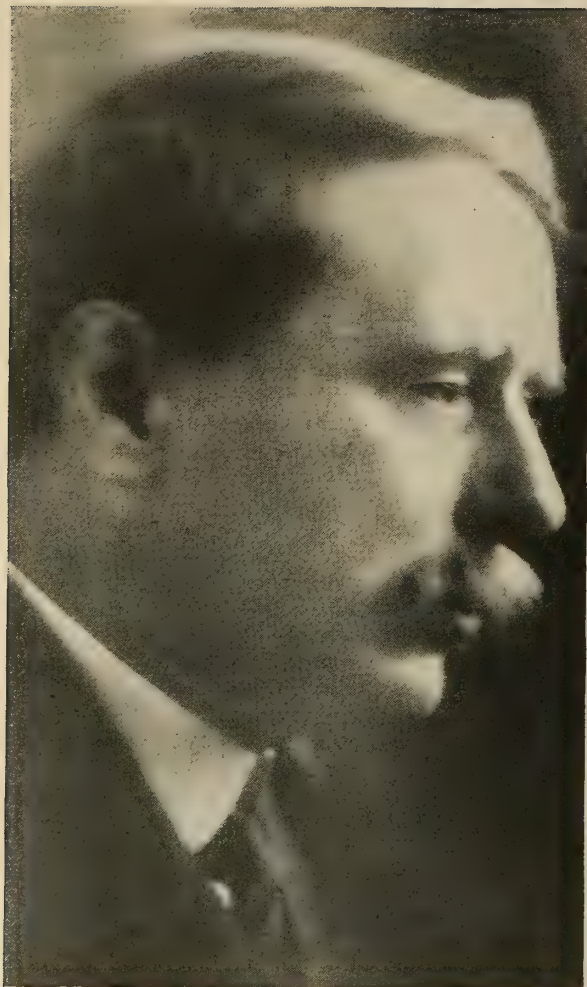
AS LONG as he lives he will have to guard against being defrauded, against law suits, and against dishonest people. He will have to be careful of the letters he writes, the papers he signs and every word he speaks.

The ensuing period has its ups and downs and he must guard his health as well as his business interests. But he will always remain on the top of the heap, although it will not be the bed of roses which those who envy him believe it to be.

Whatever his trials in life, and whatever periods of disillusionment and regret he may experience, his idealism will carry him through safely and unscathed to a satisfactory conclusion of this incarnation and that is all that anyone, no matter what the position of the stars at birth, could ask for.



Rudy Vallee has retained enduring friendship for his first saxophone teacher—Rudy Wiedoft



H. G. Wells . . . Author and Visionary

Our grandchildren will live in a veritable Utopia, was the prophecy of H. G. Wells, prolific writer of novels and economist. Poverty and ugliness will vanish in a world which will care for its fellow men.

Mr. Wells' forecast was broadcast from London over station WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System as one of a series of international broadcasts.

—EDITOR.

I HAVE been asked to talk to you about the "World of our Grandchildren," which means talking about the sort of world we are going to have for our grandchildren. What sort of world are we making for our grandchildren? That is a question that has a number of possible answers. If we make so-and-so today the world of our grandchildren will be so-and-so; if we do not make so-and-so, the world of our grandchildren will be quite different. It may vary from a world full of disaster to a world full of happiness. My answer depends on a lot of "ifs."

I have been especially asked not to speak about peace propaganda tonight. I am told you are tired of hearing it and tired of thinking about it. Still, war is the most important of those "ifs" on which my answer depends. If you do not want to hear about it or think about

it, I see no good in talking about it.

So, in spending these fifteen minutes with you, I am going to assume that the world of the future is going to be without war, without disaster. We are going to assume that by the time of our grandchildren, the world will not only have solved the war problem, but also will have settled the second great riddle. You may ask me what is the second great riddle. The second great riddle is the economic riddle.

We are living in a world of bad times. This is true of America almost as it is of the Old World. Great multitudes of people are out of work. Many people are distressed by loss of capital and by the prevalent insecurity. Great stocks of goods remain unsold. Just what has brought about this situation, and how is it going to turn out?

There is too much goods that cannot be sold, too much cotton, too much iron and steel, and so on. We have all this merchandise. Now, on the other hand, there are swarms of people who cannot use up these things because they have not the money to buy them. We have the merchandise, but the people cannot buy it. There is not the ability to bring those two together. That is the fantastic paradox of world business today.

NOW, for the solution. I would like to suggest that this is the paradox and that a solution will be found.

The World of our Grandchildren

*"Collective Buying will Solve Present Day Economic Problems" Predicts British Author
In International Broadcast*

By H. G. Wells

What is the cause of this extraordinary situation in the world today? We have mass production. We can produce the same quantity of stuff with fewer and fewer hands. We produce more and more, and we use fewer and fewer hands to do it.

I should like to give you a hint as to the kind of world that lies ahead of us. We have brought mass production to the highest level. We can produce goods for everybody. However, not one of us has given consideration to mass consumption. Let us begin to think about that. What do I mean by mass consumption? I suggest to you that mass consumption will balance mass production.

LET us consider first that familiar phrase mass production. There are employed in the great industrial organizations thousands and thousands of people to do similar work every working hour of the day. Let us try and turn that same proposition around into terms of consumption. What is the equivalent? The equivalent is not buying piece-meal but community buying. You ask me, how can the community buy houses or automobiles and all the other articles of mass production that people are so anxious to sell? That is a social and economic problem. I don't propose to state how. I am putting the idea before you, and I am merely going to assume that these difficulties will be solved by the time our grandchildren are ready to buy

them. We have big production, but we still have to attain community buying. We are living in a world where production has been modernized, while buying is still in a state of medieval chaos. That is the way I will put it. Even now we have community buyers for certain things. For instance, you buy battleships on a community basis, and I buy battleships in the same way. If we can buy battleships and submarines and airships as a community, I refuse to believe that we cannot buy hotels, perfectly equipped houses and boots and shoes for all the children in the world in the same way. Collectively we could buy everything we could collectively produce. That is a great idea I am putting forward to you now.

For instance, while I am talking to you, there are scores of thousands of people living in nasty old tumbledown houses without proper windows, houses ten times older than the oldest automobile. There are also second-hand houses that have been put up piece-meal, floor by floor and room by room. Most of the people who live in them are badly in need of food, and they buy their clothes bit by bit. Why shouldn't we as a community take these people, whether they like it or not, and buy for them better houses, better clothing, better food. We can afford it. They should live in the best, and we can produce the best. I do not propose to pauperize them, I only propose to give them better value for their poor little bits of money, and make the district better and themselves better.

I DO not believe that the world which has produced the Ford factories will not produce parallel mass methods on the consuming side. I am sure that by the time of our grandchildren this problem also will be solved.

What sort of effects will the world of our grandchildren be sharing? If you look at the average contemporary town, you will see it is still in a frightful, stale, dingy, old-fashioned condition. There is always some little piece-meal change going on. There is a house here or a house there being rebuilt or a road torn up. Why shouldn't we have a new town as well as new houses? You cannot go one hundred yards from where you are without seeing houses that should be cleared away. You cannot walk any distance without seeing people wearing clothes

that ought to make you feel uncomfortable. Engineers and architects will tell you that people ought to live in houses that are up-to-date. They have the plans to suit most any city perfectly. They even have the plans for the roads. They have the materials and the thousand devices to make these things possible. They have the ways and the means to make a town up-to-date.

We have not been educated in the method of community buying. We have plenty of battleships, but we do not have plenty of the proper houses and schools.



Mr. Wells relaxes in his orchard

For these constructive things, we have to wait many generations. The textile people will tell you of the most delightful gowns they could supply if only the people would buy and wear them.

So, my generation is going to die before our present day possibilities of peace are used. Our grandchildren will find out how to buy homes as we buy battleships, and there will be little houses and cities even more adapted to the ways of the world than we are living in today. They will have all the abundant delightful food that could be grown today that we

cannot use because we do not know how to distribute it. The common people of today are certainly far better clothed than ever before. They have fresher material and finer and better garments. The change in this respect, even in my lifetime, has been immense. But, it is lacking to the change that must be. Bad distribution and our buying habits is what is holding us up. That is the cause of our difficulties. So, these lovely, wonderful cities, and this beautiful clothing I dream of and shall not see, will come into existence in the generation of our grandchildren. There will be finer clothing covering healthy bodies and healthy bodies mean healthy and happy minds.

THE clock tells me my time is coming to an end. This proposition I have been putting before you has been in my mind for a long time. Mass consumption, the idea that we might buy for all instead of each individual buying scraps for himself, is the idea I have in mind. That phrase, mass consumption, has excited my mind. Perhaps it will excite yours. Anyhow, this is the gist of what I have to say to you now: What do you think of these two phrases, mass production and community buying? What do you think of them as doors towards relieving business of its present pessimism and slackishness?

* * *

"THE inmost ego, possessing what I call the inescapable attribute, can never be a part of the physical world unless we alter the meaning of the word physical to spiritual," says Professor Sir Arthur Eddington in transatlantic speech which you will read in the February RADIO DIGEST.

The Universe of Einstein

George Bernard Shaw

HERE in London we are still a great centre but I don't suppose we shall be a great centre long. All that will be transferred presently to the United States, but for the moment I am speaking in a capital where the reception of great men is a very common event. We have a string of great statesmen, great financiers, great diplomats and great generals, even occasionally an author. We make speeches and we toast them but still the event is not a very striking event. In truth, in London, great men are six a penny and they are a very mixed lot.

When we drink their health and make speeches we have to be guilty of scandalous suppression of disgraceful hypocrisy. There is always a great deal to conceal. Suppose that I had to rise tonight to propose the toast to Napoleon. Well, undoubtedly, I would say many flattering things about him but the one thing which I would not possibly be able to say about him would be perhaps the most important thing, and that would be that perhaps it would have been better for humanity if he had never been born.

BUT tonight, perhaps, it will be the only time in our lives we have no suppression to make. I have said that great men are a mixed lot, but there are orders of great men. There are great men who are great among small men and there are great men who are great among great men. That is the sort of great man you have among you tonight.

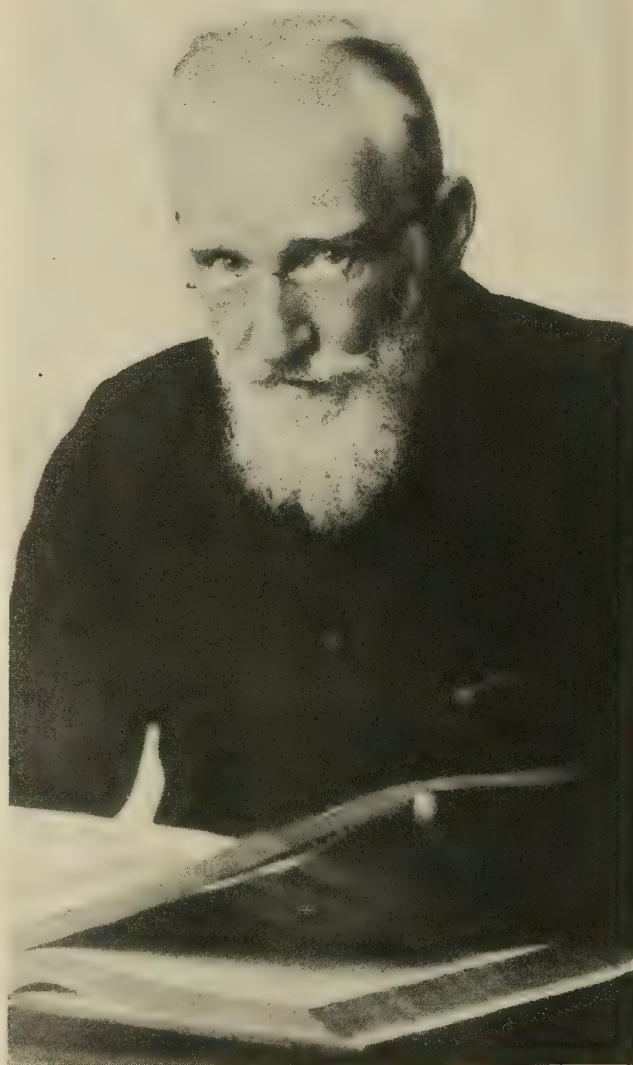
Napoleon and other great men were makers of empires, but these eight men whom I am about to mention were makers of universes and their hands were not stained with the blood of their fellow men. I go back 2,500 years and how many can I count in that period? I can count them on my fingers. Pythagoras, Ptolemy, Kepler, Copernicus, Aristotle,

Galileo, Newton and Einstein, and I still have two fingers left vacant.

Even among those eight men I must make a distinction. I have called them makers of the universe, but some were only repairers. Only three of them made their universes. Ptolemy made a universe

which lasted 1,400 years. Newton made a universe which lasted for 300 years. Einstein has made a universe, which I suppose you want me to say will never stop, but I don't know how long it will last.

These great men, have been the leaders of one side of a great movement of humanity, which has two sides. We call the one side religion, and we call the other science. Religion is always right. Religion solves every problem, and thereby abolishes problems from the universe, because when you have solved a problem, the problem no longer exists. Religion gives us certainty, stability, peace. It gives us absoluteness, which we so long for. It protects us against that progress which we all dread more than anything else. Science is the very opposite of that. Science is always wrong and science never solves a problem without raising ten more problems.



P. & A. Photo

George Bernard Shaw

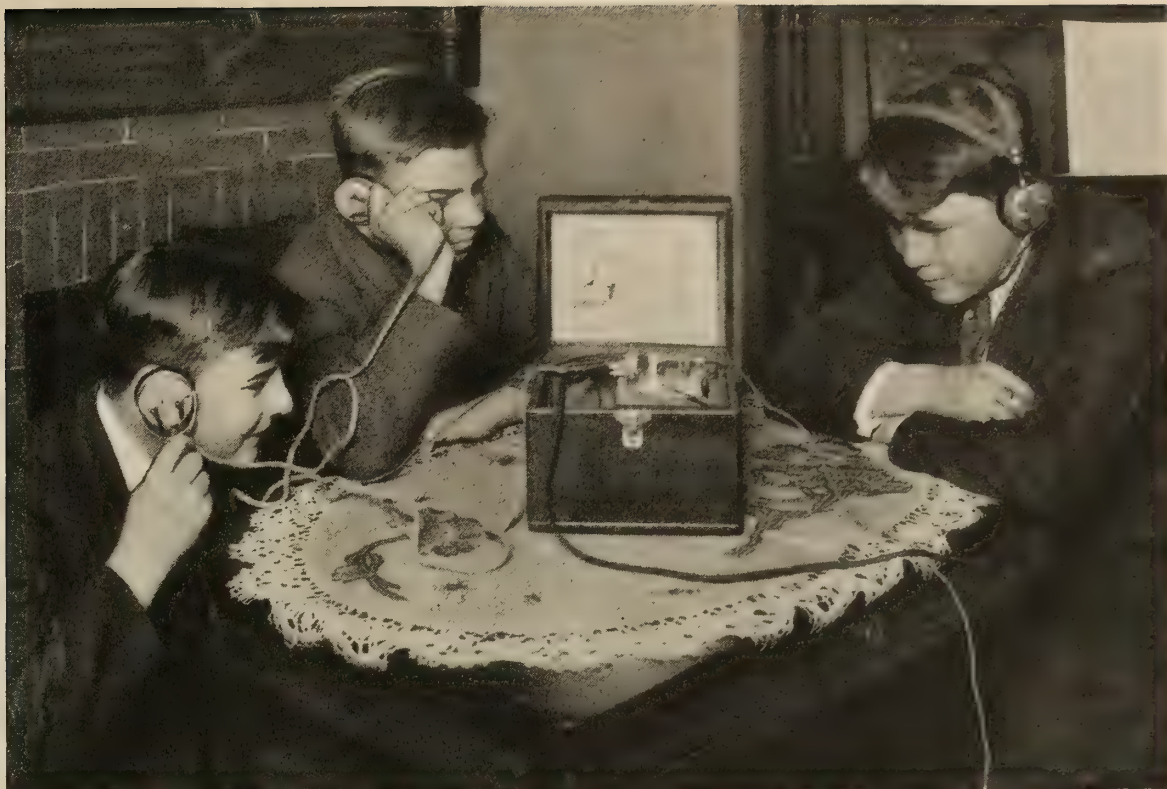
A great dramatist met a great scientist recently, and paid tribute in words which were heard around the world. Mr. Shaw's broadcast speech is reproduced here.

WHAT have these great men been doing? Each in turn claimed the other was wrong, and now you are expecting me to say that Einstein proved that Newton was wrong. But you forget that when science reached Newton, science came up against that extraordinary Englishman. That had never happened to it before. Newton lent a power so extraordinary that if I was speaking fifteen years ago, as I am old enough to have done, I would have said that he had the greatest mind that ever man was endowed with. Combine the light of that wonderful mind with credulity, with superstition. He knew his people, he knew his language, he knew his own folk, he knew a lot of things; he knew that an honest bargain was a square deal and an honest man was one who gave a square deal. He knew his universe; he knew that it consisted of heavenly bodies that were in motion, and he also knew the one thing you cannot do to anything whatsoever is to make

(Continued on page 103)

In the beginning Radio was a "toy" for the youth of the land. That was back in 1921.

Orrin E.
Dunlap, Jr.,
Reviews



The Rise of Radio—or “*From A Toy to The Nation’s Joy*”

THE “Horatio Alger” rise of Radio in the last ten years is taken for granted by a sophisticated nation of listeners. But Radio set owners were not always blasé. It was back in 1921 and 1922 that they paused to give thought to the wonders of broadcasting. Radio was called a “craze” in those days, but its magic attracted and inspired thousands throughout the world to learn more about it. Where did it come from? How did it work? How could it reach so many cities and homes simultaneously? How could music and words fly through the walls of houses and even penetrate mountains? It was a wondering world that greeted the first broadcasts.

Radio was new to the public. They had heard of wireless and had marveled at the dots and dashes that carried messages

to and from the sea. But when this new medium began to bring music and voices into the home they wanted to know more about it. It seemed so complicated. Books and booklets were written hurriedly to take care of an urgent demand. Thousands of copies were sold. Hundreds and hundreds of enthusiasts sought wiring diagrams and instructions on how to build a crystal set. There were no factory-built sets.

The young Marconis, the youth of the land that had been experimenting with amateur wireless, rallied to their attic and cellar work benches in an effort to meet the neighborhood demand for a machine that would pick up music from a nearby studio. What a scientific triumph it was for a New Yorker to fix the cat-whisker-wire on a piece of galena, silicon or carborundum, then

move a slider across a coil of wire wound on a cereal box and hear a piano or a phonograph playing on the other side of the Hudson, over in New Jersey.

It required an expert to operate the first vacuum tube sets. The panels were decorated with multiple switches, dials and knobs. Listening in was a complex science. Tuning was an art. So it was no wonder that commuters boasted of what they had picked up in the air the night before. To pluck music from WOC, Davenport, Iowa, off a wire hanging from the chimney to the apple tree in a New York suburb was something to be proud of. Long distance tuning became a real sport. In order to surpass the neighbor’s record it was necessary to “read up” on Radio. Sets were built and rebuilt to improve their sensitivity, to make them tune sharper and cut through interference, because in those days the “bloopers” or regenerative whistles caused by the type of circuit then in use, filled the air with sound hazards.

BUT the situation changed. The glory of the headset led to the loud-speaker. Factory-made receivers competed with the home-made instruments. The professional engineer sought to simplify Radio reception and make it fool-proof. Radio was made all-electric. It



It's the entertainers that count in Radio these days. The program is paramount!

became necessary only to snap a switch and to turn a single knob instead of four or five dials. Radio in the home became as simple to use as the telephone or the electric light. Children could tune in and travel from city to city on the air waves.

It was no longer necessary, after 1926, to be an expert technician in order to qualify as the owner of a Radio set. So the public ceased to learn about what was inside the cabinet or of the wondrous waves that brought the melodies across the horizon. They dropped their interest in electrons, harmonics, kilocycles, regeneration, frequencies, induction and oscillations. The Radio chassis now ranks with other machinery, with the mechanism of the automobile. When something happens to the motor car the owner usually calls upon the garage. When something happens to the Radio the service man is called into consultation. No longer does the motorist himself get out and get under; no longer does the Radio listener open the cabinet and shake the wires in hopes that the difficulty will disappear.

The Radio set owner of 1930 is interested first and foremost in what he hears. The program is paramount. If the performance is entertaining and of clear tone then the listener has no complaint. He does not care what the electrons are doing under the cover of the cabinet or out in the sky. If he happens to tune around and accidentally hear Cuba, Mexico or Japan, he merely passes it by as an ordinary thing in the kingdom of Radio. But, had he picked up a distant city ten years ago he would have called all the family and the neighbors to rush to the headphones to hear one of the wonders of the age.

RADIO listeners have long imagined that they are tapping an unfathomed reservoir from which entertainment drains—a reservoir that never runs dry of music or voices. One of the wonders of broadcasting, which listeners probably never think about, is that no matter how many millions are in tune with a certain wave, there always seems to be sufficient energy to actuate every detector, to make every loudspeaker sing. It is a good thing that nature has so provided else it might be necessary for broadcast listeners to rush to tune in Amos 'n' Andy or some other favorite program lest there be no power left for the late comers.

Only once, in the early days of broadcasting, did the ethereal reservoir seem to be running into an arid condition. That was when the funeral service of Woodrow Wilson was broadcast. It was in the middle of the afternoon when thou-

sands of Radio set owners in the Pittsburgh area turned their dials to the wave of KDKA. But as the time approached for the solemn ceremony to begin the station's strength began to grow weak. Reports reached the engineers at the transmitter that something must be wrong.

NEVER had this pioneer acted like that. Quickly they inspected the equipment but everything was in good shape. The meters told a tale of efficiency. As soon as the funeral was over KDKA's strength came back. The strange effect was attributed to the fact that so many had tuned in on the wave that the energy was absorbed to a greater extent than ever before. It is doubtful if this could happen today because the transmitters are much more powerful, pumping thousands of kilowatts into space, whereas in the pioneer days only a few watts were used.

The earth and its objects, the sun's

rays and the emptiness of space, steal the great portion of Radio's power so that most of it goes to waste, never finding the antenna wires that reach up to pluck the words and music from the air. But the listeners of 1930 with their screen-grid tubes and powerful amplifiers never worry that there isn't scale after scale of musical notes running up and down their lead-in wire begging for entrance. They know that all they need do is snap a switch, the tubes glow and in comes the flood of entertainment. A jazzy melody may impress the hearers and so may a political speech, or a news bulletin, but the wonder of Radio's magic, the basis of the achievement, goes unheeded.

And it is that very lack of thoughtfulness that caused Dr. Albert Einstein to shake his finger at the Radio audience of the world. He declares that listeners ought to be ashamed to make use of the wonders of science embodied in a Radio receiving set while they appreciate them "as little as a cow appreciates the botanic

marvels in the plants she munches."

So spoke the distinguished Professor at the opening of the recent Radio exhibition in Berlin, where he took occasion to express his regrets at public apathy toward scientists and science.

Professor Einstein has the right picture of the 1930 Radio set owner. The modern auditor merely tunes in, and on many occasions continues to read, talk or play cards while the faithful loudspeaker, never to be insulted, plays or talks on in a vain effort to attract attention. Alas, 'tis true that as the cow munches the hay, the clover and the grass, so the listener listens with little appreciation of "the God-given curiosity of the toiling experimenter and the constructive fantasy of the inventor," as Professor Einstein remarked.

WHAT have the American broadcast listeners "munched" since the dawn of 1930? No medium has dealt with such a wide variety of events, and there can be little doubt that the invisible audience has appreciated what the Radio waves have brought to their homes.

'Tis true that the mail bags of applause are not as full as in the days of yore. When broadcasting was a novelty thousands wrote to express their appreciation or to report on the distance the program traveled before being plucked from space. Times have changed. So has the psychology of the Radio audience. Few listeners write unless they bite on the bait that offers something free—a sample of tooth paste, a horoscope or a book—
(Continued on page 92)



Olga Petrova in WJZ's first studio in Newark, N. J., in the days when getting a station was a scientific triumph.

*Ten Years Old and Earns \$10,000
a Year! Fathers, Mothers and Doting
Aunts—Read How He Got His Start...*

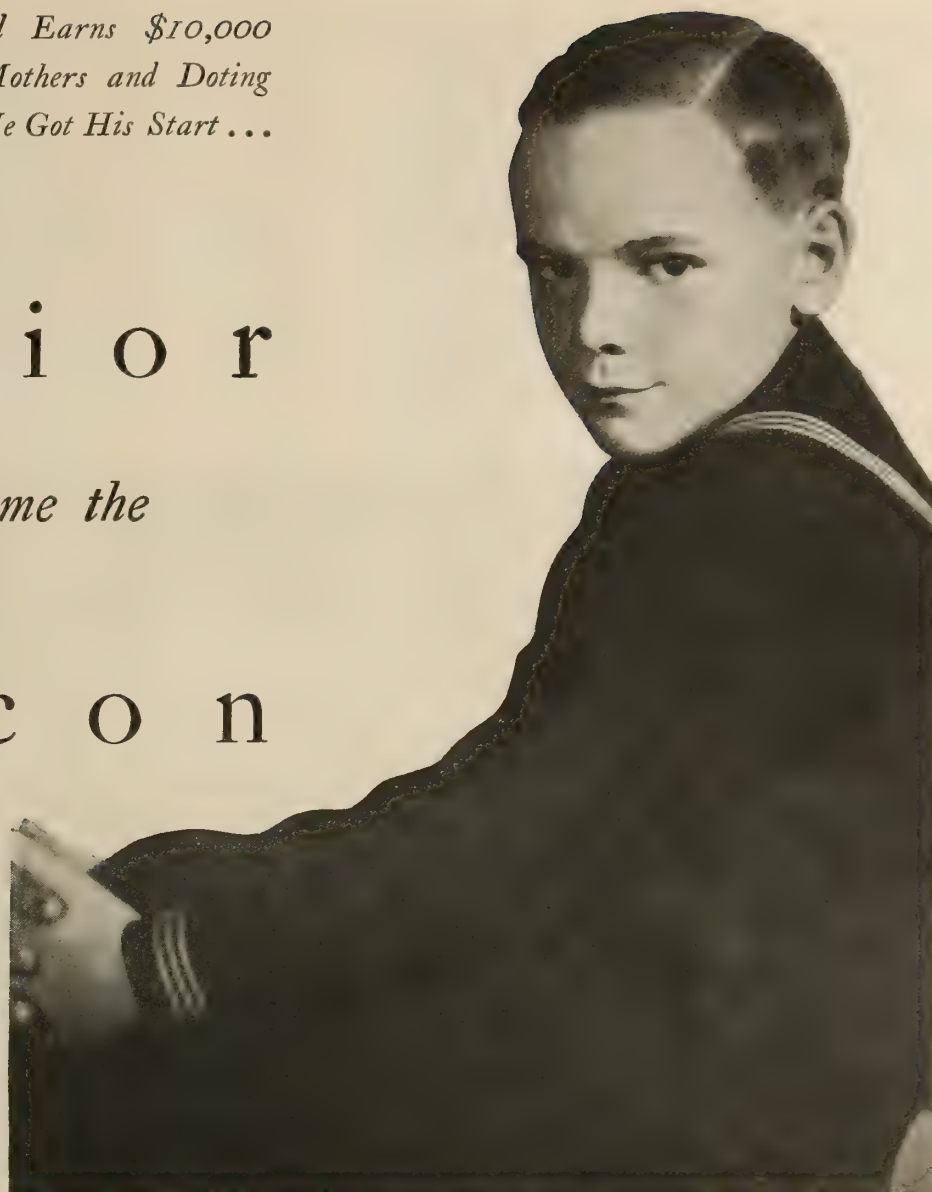
Junior

Brings Home the

Bacon

By Alma Sioux
Scarberry

Author of HIGH HAT and other popular novels



Jimmy McCallion—Sam of the Penrod skits.

A POPULAR young Radio satellite whose salary is \$10,000 a year breezed into his place of business to be interviewed one afternoon some time ago looking very much the worse for wear.

His face was scratched, his eye blackened and there was a piece nicked out of one of his front teeth.

He caught his breath and shook his head with great solemnity:

"Gosh, you'll have to 'scuse me for being a little late. I was in a terrible smash-up!"

We sympathized, as a woman should:

"Why, you poor boy! One of those terrible taxi drivers, I suppose. You can't trust them! They'll kill you every time—"

The young man shook his head again and examined the nicked tooth.

"No! Nobody was to blame but me. I was going down hill on my scooter—and I slam-banged right into a big bank. Ouch, golly!"

Certain!

The gentleman of the great crash was none other than our little friend Jimmy McCallion, ten years old and worth his weight—professionally and otherwise—in platinum.

In other words, Jimmy is a honey. You probably have the impression of him

that he made when he played "Sam" in the *Penrod* skits for so long. But he's a good boy.

Fresh from the little boy scooter incident, Jimmy suddenly changed into a solemn little man with the weight of an interview on his shoulders. He was wearing a sailor suit with long pants and he crossed his legs and looked up gravely:

"Shall I go ahead and talk or do you want to ask me questions? I think I know what you'll want to know."

So, Jimmy set forth on his narrative.

"Well, I'm the youngest of nine kids. I guess that's something. If you've never had the experience of course you wouldn't know. I'm the only one in the show business except my sister Rosalie, eighteen. She's in *Sons o' Guns*.

"My father is Joseph McCallion. Mother is named Nellie. Dad is a secretary in a local carpenters' union. By the way, we moved Friday from 348 West 56th Street to 136 Riverside Drive."

Realizing the modest salary Mr. Mc-

Callion would make as a secretary at this point we asked Jimmy how much he earned. He studied thoughtfully:

"Well—now, oh, I don't know. Maybe two hundred, maybe five hundred dollars a year. I know I earned a hundred dollars doing a picture one day."

The lad has absolutely no idea of his tremendous earning capacity. Fortunately, the father and mother have been wise enough to keep him a little boy, free from all conceit as regards his commercial value and talent. It was refreshing. Jimmy went on:

"YES, we have seven rooms on the Drive now. I want to tell you it's different from the noise over on 56th Street. It's a lot nicer for mamma and the girls. They can look at the river—and it's high-hatter. Girls like that, don't they? But, gosh, I wouldn't care about that.

"Gene Buck discovered me when I was a little tike. Guess I was about four or

five and going to dancing school. He got me into vaudeville awhile. It was good training—but hard work. I go to Professional School, you know. Otherwise I'd be out of luck, playing in shows."

At the time of the interview Jimmy was playing in *Lysistrata*. But it was decided he was working too hard with so many Radio programs a week—and his parents took him out of the show. Some of his other outstanding productions were *Yours Truly*, with Leon Errol; *This Year of Grace*, *Nice Women*, and *White Flame*.

"I've had a lot of movie experience," Jimmy volunteered when he was telling about his activities away from the mike. "I've been in twenty-five pictures. Last Christmas I did a talkie short—starred in it. I think it was called *There Is a Santa Claus*. I was a poor little boy in it.

"LEON ER-
ROL is my best friend and pal. We play golf together very often. He's a great inspiration to me. Some day I want to be like him. I want to be a comedian when I grow up. Of course, I'll stick to the show business. A lot of the fellows say they'll save their money and go into business. Not me. My heart is in the show business—especially Radio.

"I like golf, baseball and swimming. My hobby is collecting autographs. You'd be surprised if you could see some of the names I have in it. Mother wants you to come for lunch some time and I'll show it to you. That day you were to come and couldn't get there we had a swell lunch fixed for you. I've got such names in my book as Coolidge, Errol, Tommy Meighan, Harry Lauder, Sir Thomas Lipton. It's great!"

You could listen to Jimmy reel off his experiences and tell of his future plans for hours without getting bored. These Radio youngsters could give cards and spades to the older stars when it comes to giving out intelligent interviews. Perhaps it is because they are free from self-consciousness.

The elder McCallions are two hard-working, home-loving Irish-Americans who handle their little child prodigy with rare intelligence. If Jimmy happens to get a bit up-stage at home and demand his rights as the chief bread earner of the family, it doesn't take the rest of

the McCallion offspring long to put him in his place. They razz him. There are only two girls. You can imagine that a family of seven boys could do just that! Jimmy poses frequently for artists and advertising. But not at home!

You'll remember the Wragge youngsters, Eddie and Betty best, no doubt, as *Gold Spot* and *Shrimp*, their first important roles on the air. Betty, 12, was *Gold Spot*. Eddie, 10, *Shrimp*.

These two delightful, talented mike infants are of Holland Dutch parentage. The father and mother still speak with a Dutch accent. Especially the mother,

could put him in pictures. Since that time his income has averaged not less than \$85 a week and is often much more with his stage shows, movies and Radio work.

These Radio children—all of them, are as different from the average stage child as an opera star is different from a singer in a honky-tonk. They are natural. There is no show. The Wragge children, despite their years as professionals, fit into their Dutch household as naturally and wholesomely as though they had never been farther than Sunday School.

Pride shines from the eyes of Christian and Susanne as they sit in the big carpetless studio-like living room and listen to Betty and Eddie, with their beautifully modulated voices and in their perfect English, talk with visitors.

One can see that the Wragges live for their children. Everywhere there are pictures of them in all sorts of costumes. Trinkets from baby days—toys and mementoes. Eddie's bicycle and boxing gloves near the big fireplace. Betty's piano piled with her music and the things she loves. They live in three rooms.

LITTLE old-fashioned Betty laughed when asked what they did with their combined Radio income of \$12,000 a year:

"Well, you can just bet none of it has gone into Wall Street! We are going to stay here and live reasonably but well. We tie our savings up in insurance and sure bonds and put it in the bank. I think it is foolish to be extravagant and try to show off. We never have

cared for it." She was business-like.

The family lives in three rooms. They are spick and span but plain. Dutch thrift is in evidence everywhere. Mother Wragge loves her home.

Eddie Wragge, a handsome blond child with the typical Dutch blue eyes (Betty is the same type) is an all 'round entertainer. He is also well known to the air fans in *Penrod*, *Empire Builders*, and *The Lady Next Door*—singing and talking.

His first stage appearance, at the age of four, was in *The Glass Slipper*, with June Walker. Then he was in *Mismates*, *The Enemy*, *The Silver Box*, *Topaze*, with Frank Morgan, and in *Mima*, with Lenore Ulric. He left *Topaze* to go with *A Month*



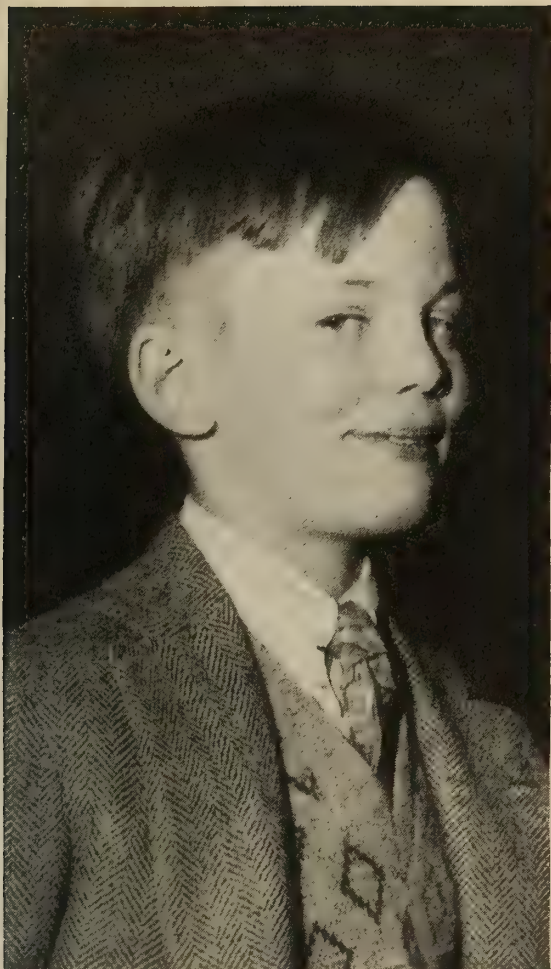
Penrod himself in person—Howard Merrill.

who speaks English very poorly. Betty and Eddie were both born in New York.

Christian and Susanne Wragge are a bit awed that their two children were discovered and made famous at such an early age. There isn't another actor on the Wragge family tree.

Christian, the janitor of the ramshackle stone apartment building, where they live on the west side of New York, is the janitor of the building. This means they get the top floor, four flights up, rent free.

When Eddie was four years old the cute little tow-head was riding on the street on his tricycle when a man came along, looked him over, then went upstairs to inquire of his parents if he



Eddie Wragge is a veteran performer.

in the Country, with Nazimova. Later he played in *Kolia*, with the Theatre Guild, speaking both German and English.

Betty, who is growing fast into a most personable young blond lady, started her show career as the comedian with Charlotte Walker. Then she played with Belle Baker and in *My Maryland*, *Trigger*, with Claiborne Foster, *The Silver Box*, *Peter Ibbetson*, with Rollo Peters, *Liliom*, and the *Cameo Revue*. Betty did *Her Unborn Child*, with Effie Shannon on Broadway and later was in the picture.

She is an accomplished singer and dancer. Both of the little Wragges appeared in pictures in *Yolanda*, *Peter Stuyvesant*, *Citizens of Tomorrow*, and *His Children's Children*. Eddie had an excellent part in *The Love of Sunya*.

BETTY is in her glory when she is hired to pose in a fashion show. What young lady wouldn't be?

When they are playing on the road there is an arrangement made with the Professional School whereby they may do their lessons by correspondence. Betty is in the eighth grade this year, and little Eddie in the fifth.

Christian Wragge came to America nineteen years ago. The mother came fifteen years ago. The father is proud of the fact that for twelve years he has

been an American citizen.

The Wragges are so natural and unaffected—not the usual “cute” types—that their interviews are grown-up, straight-from-the-shoulder affairs. There is little comedy or childishness in them. Their smiles are gay and happy and they radiate health. Eddie interrupted once to remark:

“We don't use any kind of a diet. We eat everything that is good for us. And don't forget to tell them that I've never been late for school once in my life. Betty hasn't either.”

One of the pioneer Radio lads is growing up. He'll soon be out of the child class—that naughty *Penrod* of the ether waves, Howard Merrill. For Howard will be fifteen his next birthday. And, oh, how he is shooting up and growing out of

knee breeches . . . And then, Long Pants!

However, Howard says he's rather glad. He hasn't Radio plans when he grows up. He wants to be a newspaperman! In fact, his mind has taken quite a literary turn. Howard's bedroom is lined on one side with a book case—hundreds of books. With them he has kept an index file. Every card contains a few typewritten lines of crisp criticism of the author.

Howard's parents are Russian. They live next door to Carnegie Hall on 57th Street. Howard likes to tell you that Mark Connelly, the famous playwright who wrote *Green Pastures*, lives upstairs.

Of all the Radio child homes visited Howard's home is the most artistic. There are only three rooms—but the living room is huge and tastefully furnished with a grand piano and paintings. The father, mother and an uncle live in the apartment.

Mother Merrill—who is a decidedly young looking, attractive dark woman, doesn't like to cook. So, Uncle John does the cooking and she takes care of the house. What a cook! Fried chicken and all the trimmings.

Mr. Merrill is a tailor with a modest income. The Merrills eat in the kitchen—such jolly, gay meals. Howard is a modest, well-bred boy with the typical Russian dark hair and brown eyes. He has been an actor since he was three.



And so is his sister, Betty Wragge.

Howard gave this account of his start, after a heavy chicken dinner. (Picture us all leaning on the table after one of Uncle John's banquets, while Howard spun his life story.)

“One evening when I was three years old I was sitting in a restaurant with mother when a woman came up and asked if I'd pose for an ad. That's the first time mother ever got the idea that I might have theatrical possibilities. I began in pictures when I was a little over four. Since then I've played in fifty-eight of them. However, nobody knew much about me until I went in Radio three years ago. It made me.

I'VE played with Lillian Gish, Dick Barthelmess, Johnny Hines, Richard Dix—Clara Bow. Just about all of them. And I've posed for Christy, Noles, Hare—Renwick. I go to private school. They don't like to have professional children give the name. I don't know why—I guess they don't want the publicity.

“I was with Walter Hampden for two years in *An Enemy of the People*, on Broadway. I like the stage and pictures. But Radio is even more interesting. It is harder in a way because you don't get the reaction of your audience. But it

(Continued on page 104)

Broadcasting from

The Quality of Making Friends

IT WAS a real pleasure for the Editors of RADIO DIGEST to participate in the ceremonies at which the famous Mystery Announcer was presented with the Diamond Meritum Award. For those of us whom extensive travel has enabled to behold the master works of all time—with all their great cultural and intellectual inspiration, one must confess that there is nothing greater in all the world than the man who springs from an inconspicuous existence to a position where he commands the love and esteem of his fellow men. To win a niche in human hearts seems to be the supreme achievement of mankind. Fame and Fortune may follow and in large degree, but as measuring sticks of success they can never compare with the humble but human ability to make friends and to keep them.

Some may believe that RADIO DIGEST has conferred on the Mystery Announcer this honor known as the Diamond Meritum Award. Such, however, is not the case. To be sure, we presented the diamond set medal, which is symbolic of the public popularity won by the Mystery Announcer, but the people—the Radio public itself determined who should be the proud recipient. In conducting a contest to determine the most popular individual program, we put the decision squarely up to the Radio audience. We did this not only to be entirely fair, but also because we felt that public approval of this or that program—at least the true depth of public approval—could best be established by what the Radio public would do to prove its friendship for a particular Radio star or group of stars. Voting in this contest, therefore, required specific individual action on the part of Radio fans.

Also, we had in mind that through such contests the owners and managers of broadcasting stations, as well as the creators of sponsored and sustaining programs, could gauge more accurately what the Radio public likes best. Obviously, all broadcasters want to please the public, but the extent to which they can be guided in doing so necessarily depends to some extent on proper expression from the public itself. Contests such as this one, which was won by the Mystery Announcer of Philadelphia, we believe serve a constructive purpose in this matter of focusing attention on the type of programs which is most pleasing to the Radio audience.

When an individual entertainer has won a friend in his Radio audience that friend is often anxious for an opportunity to express his friendship. He sometimes writes a letter, which helps some but does not always express adequately what the friend would like to express.

Years ago RADIO DIGEST recognized this position of the true Radio listener and, largely as a matter of service,

sponsored the presentation of prizes. At first it was an annual gold cup to the most popular announcer; then it came to a contest for the most popular station, and the most popular orchestra. When the Federal Radio Commission divided the country into sections RADIO DIGEST awarded the prizes to the leaders in each section and a top prize for the contestant that held the greatest number of votes.

There has only been one other top prize awarded by RADIO DIGEST to Eastern stations during the past eight years—and that one was to Graham McNamee. He still treasures that gold cup in his home.

The high art of winning friends knows no social or money barriers. Second and third generations of the most illustrious families more often than not grow soft and spoiled. The example of the Mystery Announcer should be a powerful inspiration to those young men and women who are ambitious for success but who shrink before the apparent obstacles. Here we have the Mystery Announcer already famous and successful and yet without the benefit of any human name—with his face still hidden behind a mask—with his real identity still unknown. The public has become acquainted with his talents and personality only through the medium of the ear. How marvelous! How mysterious! And yet how easy to understand when we stop to realize that the career of every man must begin and end in the making and keeping of friends.

Nineteen Thirty-One

THE year which has just elapsed and, in fact, a good part of the one which went before did not leave most of us rolling in capital wealth and burdened with problems of how to spend enormous incomes. Indeed, we suspect that many of our millionaire friends are entering the new year shorn of much in the way of worldly goods.

But what of it? Is money really quite all it is cracked up to be? And were the so-called boom times really taking us where we wanted to go, or just taking us up and up and up where the higher we went the greater was bound to be the fall. Life at best is a queer thing to analyze, but of one thing we may rest very much assured. The human wisdom of the world has not suddenly grown out of a greatly inspired new generation. Wisdom is still the ongrowth of the collective intellects of millions upon millions of people and centuries upon centuries of experience. Panaceas and miraculous solutions of human problems are matters of myth.

The old adages may have grown stale in popularity and in the race for limelight may have been outgeneraled by an impetuous rush of Youth which laughs in overhasty disdain at the knowledge and understanding which comes only with having lived for three score years or more.

the Editor's Chair

RADIO DIGEST is not robed as a preacher or prophet. But in the mad rush for enlightenment as to where business and the people dependent on it are going, RADIO DIGEST can at least counsel its readers to pay heed to the wisdom of ages—the type of wisdom which in the long run has proved most unerring.

Whatever goes up must come down. In other words, fictitious values and fictitious incomes must come down. But such a return to normal cannot long spell depression; it must soon rewrite prosperity and sound prosperity at that. There is nothing black about the horizon if we will but look at facts instead of fancies and if we will accept the doctrine that success is in the last analysis the result of hard work.

The New Philanthropy

THE really great people of the world have stood out not so much for what they took out of life as for what they gave to the world. In fact, the principle that unselfish service to one's fellow men constitutes the final goal of human beings is constantly gaining momentum.

At twenty-seven years of age, Andrew Carnegie, who started virtually in poverty, decided to retire at thirty-five so he would have enough of his life left in which to dispose of whatever wealth he might have accumulated by then. John D. Rockefeller will be famous through centuries, not as a successful oil magnate, but as a great benefactor of mankind in many vital directions. George Eastman, the Harkness family, George F. Baker—their names are growing ever greater for their thoughtfulness about human souls and human hearts. Indeed Dr. Dorrance, the man who made canned soups so famous, and Hetty Green, the hoarder, stand out in their wills as sad contrasts to the noble generosity of most of our modern day money barons. However, their descendants are very likely to bring eternal glory to their family names through some outstanding acts of public service.

This movement toward more and larger benefactions is a world wide trend. Undoubtedly it is part of the spiritual progress of man and as such undoubtedly it will accelerate.

And why not? Have second and third generations ever proved that silver spoons make them finer people. There are exceptions, of course, but for every son or daughter who has been made superb by dint of great material inheritance there are at least ten who have been spoiled. Indeed, all parents who are more than ordinarily fortunate in the acquisition of wealth can serve even their own children best by setting an example of unselfish human service.

The living endowment or the endowment by will of libraries, hospitals, schools, research in medicine, cultural

institutions and the host of other channels into which millions are being poured stand as the great voluntary answer to the odious and confiscatory application of inheritance taxes.

Only recently a great new field for philanthropy has opened up. Radio broadcasting presents opportunities for public service which few, if any, of the other channels can equal. The ownership of broadcasting stations is not a prerequisite, in fact is for many reasons undesirable. The entire income from *Radio broadcasting endowments* can be used for the program phase alone—to buy time on the air from one or more stations—to prepare programs of outstanding merit—and to engage talent that can do the most justice to the particular objective the donor may have in mind.

Right now sponsored programs represent considerable of a burden to many broadcasting stations and yet there must be definite limits to the percentage of programs on any (and every) station that are sponsored by advertisers. In between the sustaining and sponsored programs there is considerable room for *endowed programs*.

In connection with this new and marvelous possibility which is looming on the horizon the Editors of RADIO DIGEST earnestly suggest to that group of worthy citizens who will come to be crowned as *The Benefactors of Radio* that the following definite principles be always made to govern:

First, all endowed programs should be properly paid for as regards time on the air, administration services, and talent. The fulfilment of the purposes of charity should never be made dependent on supplementary charity.

Second, give the administrators plenty of latitude. Times will be ever changing and Radio programs must be popular in character to attract wide spread interest and attention.

Third, pick administrators on the same basis that you would for such as Scientific Foundations, Academies of Art, Hospitals and Universities.

Fourth, avoid any and all types of propaganda.

Fifth, make only the income available to the end that your endowment can be as near perpetual as possible in the service it renders to your fellow men.

It will be fascinating indeed to observe who the first and, therefore, most outstanding benefactor of Radio will be. It will be thrilling to see whether the programs provided for by the first great Benefactor will be for the promotion of health, of marital bliss, of individual morals, of music, or some other impressive phase of culture, education or even entertainment—which, after all, is a great contribution to the happiness and welfare of mankind. It will be interesting to see who are the administrators selected by the first *Benefactor of Radio*.

In any event, here's hoping and predicting that Radio will soon establish itself as a new and great medium of public philanthropy—and as a medium with the power to bring to millions of people benefits which cannot be brought to them in any other manner either so immediate or so humanly intimate.

RAY BILL

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

THANK GOODNESS I wore my fur coat when I went to see Mary Charles at her apartment on East 50th Street. Shiver my timbers, but the girl doesn't believe in steam heat.



Mary Charles.

Thinks it makes one soft. Guess she's right. For there she sat perfectly comfortable, clad only in some fetching blue pajamas (it was eleven in the morning), while my knees knocked together underneath my coat.

Miss Charles' hair is red, her eyes are blue, her skin has that pink and white delicate quality that so often goes with red hair. She looks frail, flowerlike. But the next time you hear her lilting soprano voice coming over the air on the Palina Hour, Wednesday nights, CBS, just remember she's the girl who stands New York's zero weather with the radiators

turned off, a direct challenge to Jack Frost.

This North Pole idea Miss Charles probably brought back from England where she is better known professionally than in America. Isn't there some joke about the English people taking ice cold tubs every morning because the water is so much warmer than their houses? However, let's stop talking about temperature.

Mary Charles was born in Germantown, Philadelphia. She says she was singing and dancing ever since she can remember. She made her stage debut at five in a charity entertainment. She was perfectly calm and collected, but her mother fainted from the excitement.

To her mother Mary Charles gives all the credit for her success, because her mother was marvelous at dialects. And she was almost always getting up amateur performances at home in which Mary took part. "I think," said Miss Charles, "that Mother would have liked to have had a theatrical career herself; and now she has double satisfaction through what I am doing."

Since Miss Charles has come into Radio, her mother sits by the speaker almost day and night, listening not only to her daughter but to all the other singers, so that she may give Mary the benefit of her observations.

Mary Charles had the typical education of the daughter of a socially prominent family. She attended fashionable schools, she made trips to Europe. In Berlin she studied voice with several teachers. Back in America she began to attract attention through her entertaining at amateur and private affairs.

In 1928 Miss Charles was in England and through a theatrical producer's seeing her at a private entertainment in London, she was engaged for a leading role in a play called *Virginia*. Then she came back to the U. S. A. and played in *Interference*. Then back to England again to play for eighteen months in *Charlot's Review*. Then here again for Ziegfeld's *Show Girl*. She has played in several Paramount short movies and last winter was with Jack Buchanan at the Casanova Club.

Her first Radio work was with the Paramount Publix hour. She was imme-

diately successful with her impersonations and dialect songs. Now she is featured on La Palina hour, and is "spotted," as they say, in many other Columbia programs.

She lives, as I said, in a charming, if somewhat chilly, apartment on East 50th Street. And if you go to see her, a tall colored maid will open the door and say, "Come in, honey, and rest yo' hat."

Ozzie Nelson

THERE are times when this P. W. G.—Poor Working Girl—feels she should take her salary check and mail it right back to the Editor of RADIO DIGEST. (Just a minute, Ed., I'm really not going to do it.) And one of those times is



Ozzie Nelson.

when she is sent up to the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel to interview the orchestra leader, Ozzie Nelson, and said Ozzie Nelson says, "But, of course, you're going to stay for dinner." And while she thanks her lucky stars she wore her best red coat and newest black dress, Ozzie goes back to his orchestra and the head waiter leads her to a table at the edge of the dance floor.

Ozzie Nelson. His mother called him "Oswald" because she thought it was one name that couldn't be nicknamed. But what's in a name? Look at his picture. He's the lad whose orchestra, whose sweet crooning voice, you hear Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights over CBS.

Do you think he looks like the sort of person who'd play quarterback three years at Rutgers, who'd be a champion swimmer and boxer, who'd win oratorical contests, who'd be art editor of the Rutgers' magazine of humor, who'd be a captain of the debating team, who'd be a member of the Literary Society, Ivy Club Fraternity, Cap and Skull, who'd be just about the most popular and active man on the campus? Because if you think he looks like that then you've hit the nail exactly on the head.

For Ozzie Nelson won about every honor Rutgers had to offer. And besides he put himself through college with his music.

Leading an orchestra has been a hobby with Ozzie Nelson since he was a small boy. His father organized glee clubs and amateur choruses from among his son's friends, and this was Ozzie's first and only musical training. When he was fourteen Ozzie organized a boys' orchestra and played throughout New Jersey at fraternity and high school dances. It was only natural that when he entered Rutgers University in 1923 he should organize an orchestra there.

When he graduated from Rutgers, Ozzie expected to give up his music and devote his entire time to law. But at just this time his father died and young Nelson did not then wish to take money from his mother. He went back to his orchestra work, playing in country clubs in Westchester and New Jersey. Also he coached football at Lincoln High School in Jersey City. As a result he had both a law degree and a reputation in the musical field.

He was ready to take the bar examina-



Rosaline Greene.

tions and start practising law. But could he let his very lucrative hobby go just yet? Looming ahead of him were the starvation years which seem inevitable in the law profession. He decided to play a little longer.

It was his conceit, he said, that got him into Radio. "I suppose you'd call it conceit," he went on, "but I have a funny quirk in my character. I always think I can do anything anyone else can. And when I'd hear these orchestras playing over the air I felt that the boys and I"—he gestured toward the eight men on the dais—"could do just as well if not better. So didn't we go to WMCA and tell them so. That led to an engagement at Glen Island Casino last summer and then to Columbia. And here we are."

Even so, this orchestra leading is just an interlude. There is criminal law ahead. Not that he looks down on his present profession. Gone are the days when orchestra leaders were long-haired temperamental people, just a step above the head waiter. "But," says Ozzie, "this game is something to do while you're young. I can't see myself leading an orchestra at fifty or sixty. But law, there's a career where age is an advantage."

Far-sighted, that. I was not surprised to hear him say that he thinks musical success depends more on good business than on talent. I'll bet his law firm will be a success.

As I said before, he sings as well as directs. He plays the violin, saxophone, and banjo. He wrote the words to *And Then Your Lips Met Mine*. He wrote both music and words to *I'm Satisfied With You*, and *I Dare You*. . . . And he's an artist, too. He's just signed up to do a series of cartoons for *Life*.

"Is there anything you can't do?" I asked.

"Lots of things. I have no mechanical skill. I couldn't fix a broken electric light plug. Changing a tire is about my limit."

Rosaline Greene

ROSALINE GREENE.

Tall, dark, and terribly upset. She was ten minutes late for her appointment with me. Just imagine it, ten minutes! (If she only knew how long some people have kept me waiting. P. S. Freddie Rich, please take

note.) But Miss Greene puckered her brow and shook her dark head. "I don't like it," she declared. It might be all right for a stage star to be late, she explained, but Radio doesn't function that way. Time and the microphone wait for no man—or woman.

And Rosaline Green is signed and sealed to Radio. It was in Radio that she got her start, and in Radio she will remain. She has tried the stage and found it wanting. But more about that later.

She really had a perfectly good excuse for being late the afternoon I saw her. She had just returned from a trip to Europe. If you missed her for a while from the dramatic sketches broadcast from the NBC studios, that was the reason. She was traveling in Europe, visiting the countries of all the heroines she portrayed in *Famous Loves*. And she had a thrilling time doing it. But she was more thrilled about getting back to her work. Much more thrilled, she laughed, than she would have been if that work had been school teaching instead of broadcasting.

You see, Rosaline Greene intended to be a school teacher. The girl who played *Joan of Arc* and *Cleopatra* over coast-to-coast networks began life as just another freshman up at New York State College in Albany. But when she left State College in 1926 it was with the strangest honors ever obtained at that institution, for she took with her not only her A.B. degree—granted *cum laude*—but also the recognition of possessing America's most perfect Radio voice.

It all began in her sophomore year, when Edward H. Smith, the director of the WGY studio at Schenectady, and the creator of Radio drama, offered auditions to the members of the senior class of State College. Rosaline was taken along

(Continued on page 105)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask

Her about the Stars You Admire

BLINKETY - blink - blink - blink - ?XT?!!-Z! All of which means well, Agnes Doherty, Memponset, Mass., wants to know if Rudy Vallee ever swears. By putting the right words in the place of those "blinketies" you'll know exactly what Rudy Vallee says when he gets mad. Of course, Peggy Hull doesn't say a thing about Rudy's facility for swearing in his horror-scope, printed on another page in this book, but stars don't know as much as Marcella, anyway. As a matter of fact the stars ordained that Marcella would be married in 1861—well—now, there goes my age—but her Prince Charming never came. However, she is still hoping, and occasionally she and Toddles (she's the Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court) gaze far out in the distance over the stretch of Broadway to see if the snow white charger, carrying her Prince, is approaching.

But going back to Rudy Vallee, Don LeGeorge—he's the manager of the Villa Vallee Club—tells me that when Rudy gets real mad, he blinkety - blinks. But that shouldn't disturb you, Agnes. Now, hold on Don, don't run away, Agnes wants to know lots more. What is his brother like? With whom does he live? What degree did he get in college? What did his year book say of him? Is it true that he joined the Navy during the World War



Dolores



Mahlon Merrick

when under age? Yes, I guess that's all. Yes, uh-huh, um-m, Yale, did you say? and a Ph.B. uh-huh. Well, that's fine. Yes, I'll meet you for dinner next week. Good-bye! Next WEEK! Well, now Don's gone. He says, Agnes, that Rudy's brother is very cute and in some respects better looking than Rudy,

being short, blond and gifted with the same personality. Rudy lives with the gang whom Don defined as a miscellaneous collection of college friends in a suite of rooms known as the barracks; that Rudy's new pet, Andy, better known as "Scotty," has been recently added to the occupants of this crowded apartment and sometimes has to be "wedged in" under the bed or behind the radiator; that Rudy joined the



Everett Sittard

Navy during the World War while still under age, having trained at the U. S. Naval Training Station at Newport, Rhode Island, in the Spring of 1917. Now that we have the inside on Rudy, we'll give a vote of thanks to Don—m-m-but that's going to be some dinner next week.

MR. DELIA of Willimansett writes, "Why don't you publish something about Everett Sittard? Young talented musicians should be encouraged by RADIO DIGEST." Of course they should, and thanks to Mary Bresnahan, we have been able to get Mr. Sittard's picture from WHDH, Boston, from which station he broadcasts. He certainly looks as if he has dominion over those rows of keys and I can even hear beautiful strains of music tip on silver toes.

As worlds release their treasures
From imprisoned bars
And sighing measures
Fling their music to the stars.

Well, Mr. Sittard broadcast way back in 1922 over WBZ, and while in high school he played the organ at the Strand Theatre in Holyoke. He was also guest organist in the Presbyterian Church in

that city. Everett is one of the youngest professional organists in Massachusetts and is very popular around Boston for his piano and organ recitals over WHDH.

DOLORES, one of the increasing number of Radio astrologers, is interpreting someone's destiny, at this moment. See how serious she is—anyone would be with three hundred horoscopes to read every day. Dolores receives that many letters daily as a result of her broadcasts over WOV, so if you want to know about that trip to Europe or the tip on Wall Street, Dolores is the modern oracle to go to.

MAHLON MERRICK, NBC orchestral conductor, launched out on his musical career at the age of five, and at seven he played in a theatre orchestra way out in Farmington, Iowa. And now he is conductor at the National Broadcasting Company. And maybe you think he can't swing the tennis racket and the driver as deftly as he can the magic little baton. Well, just challenge him!



Bera Meade Grimes

MAID of all Work at Station WFAA is the official title of Vin Lindhe and she writes, "Dear Marcella: (or are you a Miss?)" Vin, dear, I am neither Miss nor Mrs.—I am just a little bird who shares her crumbs with the curious—just a little bird and nothing more. Coming down to business, Wild Rose of Goldthwaite, this is about Bera Meade Grimes. Bera was born at Pecan Gap, Texas, in the year Nineteen Hundred. She has brown eyes and curly hair, loves to go fishing and golfing and her



Sam Magill



Glenn Riggs

favorite color is vermillion. She is married but that doesn't stop the influx of proposals from those who hear her broadcast. For six years she has been with WFAA, Dallas, using the piano as the vehicle of her talent. Vin Lindhe says that Vera's name is a source of eternal worry to her because no one ever spells it right.

She receives letters addressed to "Bury Me Grimes", "Marry Me Grimes", "Bear With Me Grimes" and "Verily Rhymes".



Agnes Moorehead

★ ★ ★
AWFULLY sorry Peggy, but Sam Magill's heart belongs to another—one Barbara Prentiss, but I'm sure that he likes being called "a perfect peach" anyway. He's only twenty-five but he has seen much in these few years. When he was 16 he ran away from home and school and got a job selling manicure sets to department store buyers. Evidently he was not very successful so he trudged home. He attended New York University a little later, became cheer-leader and director of the NYU Glee Club Quartet, which gave an audition at WOR. Here he wrote continuities and became familiar with the Radio routine. In 1929 he was graduated from N. Y. U. with a degree and a commission in the Air Corps Reserve. Now he's broadcasting from the 50,000-watt station in Connecticut—WTIC. Connecticut is his native state.

★ ★ ★
OCIE of Tunneltown, W. Va., writes that Glenn Riggs' happy laugh over KDKA is enough to drive any frown away. Glenn, as you know, is the announcer over that station. Even his eyes sparkle with the wealth of joy behind them. Juniata College at Huntingdon, Pa., is his alma mater and when he stepped out on the threshold of the world, he became interested in dramatic sketches and plays



Chick Farmer

and joined several stock companies. When he's not behind the mike at KDKA, Pittsburgh, you will probably find him playing baseball, football or tennis. This is also for Sally of McKeesport.

★ ★ ★
AGNES MOOREHEAD appears in such NBC features as the Silver Flute, East of Cairo, and Mystery House. Her father, a minister, showed no opposition to her inclinations for a theatrical career but insisted that she finish her education at the University of Wisconsin, where she got her master of arts degree. She took parts in college shows and won her way, five years ago, to roles in several Broadway shows—*Candlelight* and *Soldiers and Women*.

★ ★ ★
GUESS who yodels Emmett's *Lullaby* every Friday night on the Nestle Program over WJZ. You're wrong. It's Chick Farmer and when Chick yodels—well he yodels and there is no mistaking it either. Chick is a graduate of Ogelthorpe University at Atlanta, Ga. He has only one aversion—he can't stand song-pluggers—so those who are engaged in the activity of song-plugging take this as a warning, and never rush into the studio when Chick



Eddie East and Ralph Dumke

Farmer is broadcasting and ask him to plug a song.

★ ★ ★
DEAR Gladys, Clark G. Myers of WENR says that he was born in the State of Ohio, where most of the presidents come from, and that he is now waiting for his turn. He has brown eyes and auburn hair—five feet, six inches in height (not quite as tall as Lincoln) and weighs one hundred forty-five pounds. I think he'd make a scrumptious president—don't you? He hasn't told me yet how old he is—and he hasn't confessed to being a bachelor. Farmer Rusk, Uncle Luke and Aunt Mirandy are separate individuals—occasionally, however, Clark has used the name of *Farmer Husk*. Uncle Luke and Aunt Mirandy, off-stage are really married—their names are Marian and Jim Jordan.

EVERYONE knows that Sir Arthur Sullivan, of the team Gilbert and Sullivan, originators of those famous operettas, wrote some very beautiful hymns. And now Gene Arnold, director of the Weener Minstrels at WENR. Chicago, once stage director and teacher of dancing and public speech, is also composing hymns. Gene was connected with Henry W. Savage, Montgomery and



Gene Arnold

Stone, Victor Herbert and other well known musical producers. It was through his experience on the stage that he became interested in broadcasting. That spiritual something in us "will out," and in Gene Arnold it has found a channel for the composing of hymns.



Virginia Lee

★ ★ ★
I FOUND Virginia Lee's picture on my desk, and she had such a wistful expression, that I said, "All right, I'll put you in." Virginia is the "blues" singer, and she and Andy Mansfield do a Radio vaudeville act over WLW—that's the station that had a little romance not long ago—Natalie Giddings and Ralph Haburton—and now they're married!

★ ★ ★
TWO hundred and fifty pounds! That is exactly what Ed East weighs. Mr. East, as you know, Alice of Milwaukee, is of the team, East and Dumke, star Radio comedians of WGN, Chicago. Ralph—that's Ralph Dumke—weighs just a trifling 240 pounds. East was exposed to the higher education at Indiana University, but having been inoculated against it, the contagion didn't affect him—so off he went to vaudeville. He is married and has one daughter, Joan, aged 13. Ralph was born at South Bend, Ind., but he didn't weigh very much then. He attended Notre Dame University, took leading parts in Gilbert & Sullivan operettas, and was (Cont. on page 100)



Clark G. Myers

Let's Chat with *and Hear*



When is a quartet a quintet? When the four NBC Revelers get together with their director. Left to right: James Melton, Lewis James, Frank Black (director) Elliott Shaw and Wilfred Glenn.

PUGILISTS, columnists, astrologers, aviators, showmen and their wives . . . sooner or later the little black box, mike, gets them all. For example, Billie Burke, who Radioed recently, "When a woman ceases to be jealous everything is all over." That from the woman who married the man (Flo Ziegfeld) who glorifies the American girl! Other revelations she made about her showman husband: he is the only man she knows who can tell at a glance what a woman is wearing; "he is an expert shot, a regular Dead-eye Dick who can aim by using a mirror;" he owns fifty-six pairs of moccasins and uses them for house slippers; and he loves to go to little out-of-the-way theatres and cafes looking for new talent.

* * *

CHILDREN cost a lot. That's why Paul Wing works for his salary as Uncle Toddy. He has two of his own, Lorraine and David, and the older they grew, the more expensive they became, until he decided they would have to do something to help support themselves. So he told them stories to keep them from crying for food which he lacked money to buy. If they liked the stories, Paul Wing wrote them down and sent them to his publisher. Now he lives in Darien, Connecticut, writes there, but commutes to the NBC New York studios every Thursday.

* * *



Paul Wing, "Uncle Toddy" to boys and girls.

A VIOLIN worth \$3,500 today was bought for almost nothing a few years ago by Pa Crockett of Columbia's mountaineers. How come? Outside of a hole in its back, several thousand scratches and a shattered neck, it was almost perfect when he found it in a second-hand store. But it bore the imprint of Jacob Steiner, so the elder Crockett, who is official repairman for the instruments used by

Billie Burke, who recently Radioed inner secrets of married life with Flo Ziegfeld, who likes camping, comfort and a midnight snack before bed.



himself and his five sons, fixed it up and today he could sell it, if he wished. Although it's too valuable to be used in ordinary playing, Allan, his youngest son, sometimes uses it for solo numbers.

* * *

MISCHA ELZON, famous Polish violin virtuoso, once played Saint-Saen's *Concerto in B Minor* in the presence of the composer himself, so his interpretation during a recent Minneapolis Honeywell hour on CBS must have been authentic. Paris and other European capitals have heard Mr. Elzon, and in 1929 he toured this country with Schumann Heink.

* * *

"SINCE listening to your hour, *Bill Schudt's Going to Press*," wrote one fan to Bill recently, "I have realized that the

The Chain Gangs

the News



They grow hearty in the logging camps . . . John Whitcomb, master of ceremonies of the Vermont Lumberjacks, who deserted the tall timber for Radioland

movies are wrong . . . newspaper men are really intelligent . . . they are not all drunkards and lowbrows." Such encouragement is spurring the former Radio editor of the New York *Telegram* on to greater efforts! This program, Radio's oldest and most comprehensive newspaper feature, recently celebrated its second anniversary on the Columbia Broadcasting network. Its list of speakers reads like a "Who's Who in Newspaperdom"—Karl A. Bickel, president of United Press, Barry Faris, vice-president of the International News Service, Arthur S. Draper of the New York *Herald Tribune* . . . and many others, all announced by the able voice of Bill Schudt.

* * *

THE great MacDowell himself recommended Helen Corbin Heini when the National Cathedral School in Washington asked the famous composer to send them a music teacher. Mrs.



Rehearsing for "The Rise of the Goldbergs". Gertrude Berg (author of the sketch) as Molly, James R. Waters as Jake, and Alfred Corn as "Sammy" in their Bronx flat.

Heini, who made her Radio debut with Jack Frost Melody Moments, was born in Indiana, lives in Washington, and makes frequent visits to New York, Mecca of musicians.

* * *

TWO of the world's most confirmed yachtsmen are Gus Haenschen and Jack Parker, of the *Men About Town* trio. But fond as he is of water, Parker can't swim. So he ties a stout rope to his middle, gets a friend to hold the end, and then drops overboard for his "swim." But Frank Luther, third member of the trio, prefers land and sticks to his saddle. He first learned he had a voice back in his Kansas ranch days when he sang ditties to keep cattle from stampeding.

* * *

THEY told Gertrude Berg it couldn't be done . . . that a Jewish dialect program would never go over. But the lady was little Miss Persistence herself and finally got an NBC audition. From then on, her rise was even more rapid than *The Rise of the Goldbergs*, the sketch which she writes and in which she plays the principal part of Molly. Another proof of the fact that talent will out!

* * *

AND Talent will be Up too! As witness Tom Truesdale and his Musical Aviators—all eleven of them are licensed air pilots. Musicians first, they got a contract on an RKO circuit and, disliking Pullmans, learned to fly. If the plane needed adjustment, the sax player would put the carburetor right. Now they are at the Park Central Aviation Grill, and broadcast over the Columbia network.



Tom Truesdale, leader of the Musical Aviators

Jack Brinckley Makes Hit at WTIC

CONTRAST—that's the element that makes certain personalities stand out in bold relief above others. And it is almost certain that it's the secret of the popularity of Jack D. Brinckley, announcer of Station WTIC of Hartford.

For it is something of an anomaly to hear such a dyed-in-the-wool southern voice as Brinckley's coming from a New England Radio station. The contrast between his slow, mellow drawl and the crisp, staccato voices of his fellow announcers was bound to attract attention in his direction.

Jack was born in North Carolina. In the few years that have elapsed since he first saw the light of day he has packed a variety of activities. After a try at "higher learning" at the University of Richmond, he joined the staff of the Richmond Times-Dispatch. From there he hopped to New York, where he annexed himself to the staff of The New York American, eventually becoming Radio editor. It happened that Lucille LaVerne was then playing on Broadway in a play based on southern life entitled "Sun-Up". Jack stepped into Miss LaVerne's dressing room and told her if anybody was equipped to play in that show it was he. After hearing him read a few lines from the script, she agreed, and so Jack stepped into the cast.

Meanwhile his activities as Radio editor had brought him in contact with the metropolitan broadcasting studios. Officials of WOR of Newark liked his voice and his ready wit, so they invited him to join the staff. He

made such a hit at WOR that National Broadcasting Company officials obtained him for the announcing staff of WJZ, where he announced several important programs and where he wrote, produced and played the leading part in a series of sketches entitled "Southern Cameos."

On November 1, 1929, he transferred the now well-known drawl to Station WTIC, and there he is today. A few months after joining the WTIC staff he took unto himself a wife, Miss Maxine Merchant, daughter of Grace W. (Merchant) Towne, supervisor of the artists' service bureau of the National Broadcasting Company. Mrs. Brinckley is herself a talented Radio actress and often plays in her husband's dramatic skits.

* * *

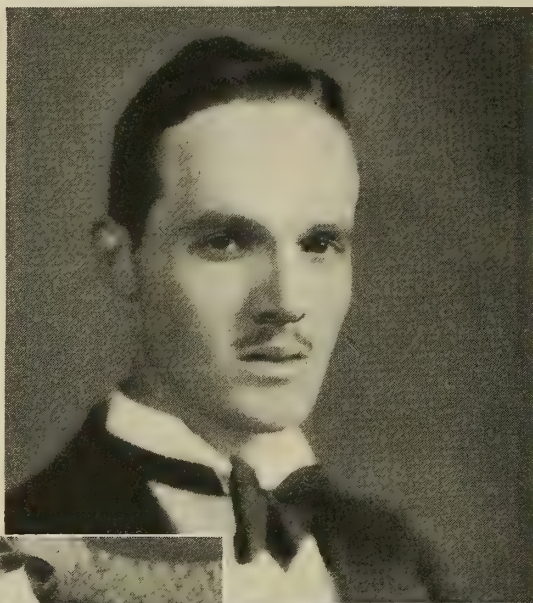
HUGH WALTON, former Columbia System announcer, has joined the staff of Station WTIC of Hartford. Walton is a Missourian and a graduate of the University of Oregon, where he majored in journalism. His success in undergraduate theatricals prompted him to abandon his journalistic ambitions in favor of the stage, and then he turned to Radio.

* * *

IT'S beginning to look as though New England may have a network all its own. Station WTIC of Hartford is transmitting programs to five New England stations each Monday evening. "Hawaiian Echoes", which features Mike Hanapi and his five Hawaiians, is relayed to the audience of WTAG of Worcester, and "Seth Parker's Old-Fashioned Singing School" is dispatched by wire to WNAC of Boston, WEAN of Providence, WORC of Worcester and WLBZ of Bangor.

* * *

INCENTIVE for engineers to invent a device to transmit smells—a "telesmell"—as well as sounds, is seen by officials of Station WTIC, who have established a unique "cooking school of the air". There is a



Jack D. Brinckley (top) hasn't the crisp, New England tones you'd expect way down east from Hartford. No, the good-looking WTIC announcer is a Southerner by birth and accent.

Betty McKee and Dot Harding (above), assisted by the two pianos in the background, contribute KDKA's program, "Twenty Fingers of Sweetness" from the Pittsburgh station's studios.

Caught holding hands! But Jimmie Barr, baritone and Anita Mitchell, soprano of the Silver Slipper Cafe program at KPO, San Francisco, aren't a bit ashamed. Cotton Bond is at the piano.

model kitchen adjacent to the studios, where every recipe and suggestion is tested before described over the air. A device which would transmit the savory odors from the kitchen would lend atmosphere to the programs, say WTIC broadcasters. Florie Bishop Bowering, who is supervising the cooking broadcasts, recently attained a record for "fan mail". The response to one broadcast from WTIC totaled 1,032 letters requesting recipes!

* * *

STATISTICS from the South—The Gondoliers of WJSV, Mount Vernon Hills, Va., have received from admirers 4,500 letters, 763 picture postals, and on their part have mailed over 4,000 autographed pictures, signed their names 700 times for autograph collectors and played over 2,600 different selections on the Radio. No—they don't come from Venice . . . their real names are Manon and Clyde Stoneberger, born and raised in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains at Luray, Va., and this month they celebrate their second anniversary with the Mount Vernon station.

* * *

TONY CABOOCH, star and only member of the cast of the Anheuser Busch One Man Radio Show, lives in St. Louis and makes KMOX his headquarters Tuesday evenings, when he broadcasts over the Columbia Broadcasting System. He is plumpish, wears polka dot neckties, is getting bald at the temples, and finds it no trouble at all to portray sixteen characters in one evening.

* * *

DO YOU know that the first play broadcast was from the studios of WGY the General Electric Company's studio at Schenectady, in Aug. 1922. A little cast of veterans from the legitimate stage successfully produced a Radio version of Eugene Walter's success *The Wolf*. This was followed by another tabloid adapted from *The Garden of Allah* in which the sandstorm was realistically produced, probably the first time the old

wind-machine of back stage lent its services over the Radio.

Frank Oliver, one of the pioneers of WGY and now director at that station, brought his many years of stock and road experience into the new field, the experience gained since boyhood days in the hard grind of provincial theatricals in Great Britain and Ireland. Coming to America in 1906, he saw what an earthquake could do to San Francisco and decided the best thing to do was to see the great American continent via the actor's route, which included nearly all the states in the union and Provinces in Canada. Then he tried the movies, when they were young, traveled a little more and then came to anchor in Schenectady where he just naturally drifted into Radio.

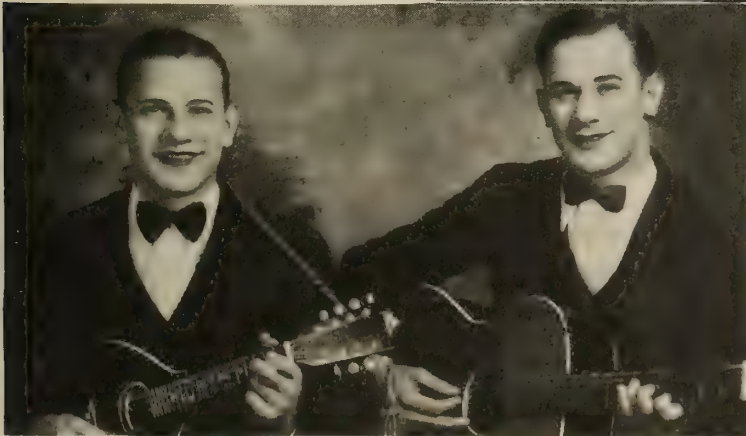
* * *

THE Buffalo Broadcasting Company and the destinies of Stations WGR, WKBW, and WMAK are now being directed by Carlton P. Cooke, president and treasurer. Irvine J. Kittinger, former president, is now vice-president and director.

* * *

RALPH ELVIN, of Indianapolis, who announces sports and special features for "the voice of the capitol", as WKBF is known throughout Indiana, has been to Hollywood. He met the leading luminaries of the talking screen, and upon returning to Indianapolis he told Indiana movie fans about their favorites and described his interesting experiences in the same breezy, clever style that has made him a headliner in sport broadcasting.

Elvin also announces the weekly American Legion boxing show broadcasts, a specialty that several years ago won him the "cauliflower orator" title which is his Radio nom-de-air. Broadcasting circus performances and parades is another forte of this versatile WKBF performer, who in private life is a successful Indianapolis business man.



Margaret Jane Kendrick (top) was favored by the gods, for she is possessor of a beautiful soprano voice, an accomplished pianist and an artist besides! She's on the staff of KQV, Pittsburgh.

The Gondoliers (above), who pluck strings at WJSV in Virginia, answer to the names of Manon and Clyde Stoneberger. Once they conducted an orchestra . . . now they rely on their talents alone.

What does "L" stand for? We don't know—it's the name of the Frohne Sister on the right. The other members of this popular singing team of WTMJ, Milwaukee, are, starting left, Fritzie, Billie and Bunny.



News and Views

YOUTH will have its say, KFVB thinks. And why? Page KFVB's new master of music, Mr. Charles Bradshaw. He is slender, tall, with restless hands, staccato speech, and the most friendly smile in existence. In addition to that, he has a tremendous earnestness and is only twenty-three!

His career can be summed up briefly: learned the banjo at twelve years old, brass in high school (no pun intended), went to the University of California, played trumpet and French horn in the Berkeley Symphony orchestra and conducted at rehearsals—a distinct honor for a student; was a member of the Musical Honor Society, and studied medicine.

But the sweet dulcet tones of the French horn sounded more intriguing, so he collected a variety of experiences in the orchestras of California theatres and the Victor Talking Machine Company.

And then—ah, then! Europe! Specifically, Monte Carlo, and more specifically, the Cafe Paris in Monte Carlo, as a member of the orchestra. Shades of Monte Carlo! When he came back to America, he was on the Publix circuit, and then he went back to the Victor

Beth Chase, popular blues singer, was arrested for speeding four days in succession on her way to the KROW Richmond studios. She claims this as a record, and challenges all comers, for she didn't get a ticket. Clever girl Beth.

* * *

Betty The Shopper, of KROW, is five feet five, blonde and has grey eyes. She claims an origin of Scotch and Irish ancestry. Five years of theatrical and newspaper experience have aptly fitted her for broadcasting the women's hour at KROW. Outside of shopping and running down the best bargains in town, Betty's hobbies are Persian cats and rock gardens. She says that before she went to work broadcasting she used to live in Berkeley, but now she only sleeps there. She is alive and alert and has a large following among women.

* * *

Don Allen, KTM's chief announcer and recently a proud father, doubles up on characters and becomes Arizona Pete on the ranch hour . . . sings, plays the piano and strums away on any stray guitar that is handy.

* * *

Al Schuss has three jobs . . . KJR announcer; football coach at the O'Dea high school in Seattle, and freshman basketball coach at the University of Washington. He does 'em all well. His football team won the city title in October.

* * *

XAVIER CUGAT, long a favorite violinist and tango orchestra leader around Los Angeles Radio stations, and whose caricature work has been frequently exhibited in the columns of RADIO DIGEST, is now down in Ensenada, Old Mexico.

The spot is some ninety miles south of San Diego. He is directing the new Hotel Ensenada orchestra . . . in the new resort center financed and managed by a group of American capitalists including Jack Dempsey.

* * *

KTAB's programs are being interspersed these days with "kid" songs, and fans have been wondering whether they are being sung by a youngster or some older person with a youngish voice. The answer is neither. It is Gerda Lundberg, 18 year old Berkeley miss, who is a good looker and a good dresser. With piercing blue eyes and fair complexion, her soft features are surprisingly set off by a stylish bob . . . just five feet tall and 155 pounds of loveliness. The staff an-

nouncers vie for the honor of announcing her numbers.

* * *

JUNE PARKER, who left KHJ in September to free lance for awhile, was bumped in an automobile accident that kept her away from broadcast for nearly three months. But she is practically recovered and will be heard again in crooning lullabies over Los Angeles stations during 1931.

* * *

HENRY STARR, known in the West as "the hot spot of Radio" has moved about again. Once heard via KFI, KMTR and other Los Angeles stations, he has been on NBC coast stations for awhile. Now he is with KYA on its regular staff for a nightly program.

Critics generally have been loud in their praise of his work, and many of them term him the best "single" act in the West's Radio today. Strange to say, this colored entertainer does not have the "typical" negro voice. Negro spirituals are not his special forte. Neither are the hot type of popular tunes. His best work is in the pathos of tone which he lends to various ballads and popular numbers of more serious type. Besides vocal interest, Starr does all his own accompanying . . . composes a bit . . . plays eleven instruments, including all the brass and wood wind instruments in the band.



Three early risers—Sam, Ed and Mandy of the KPO morning frolic

Talking Machine Company, this time as an assistant conductor. And then he made his debut as a Radio personality at KFVB in the movie city, Hollywood.

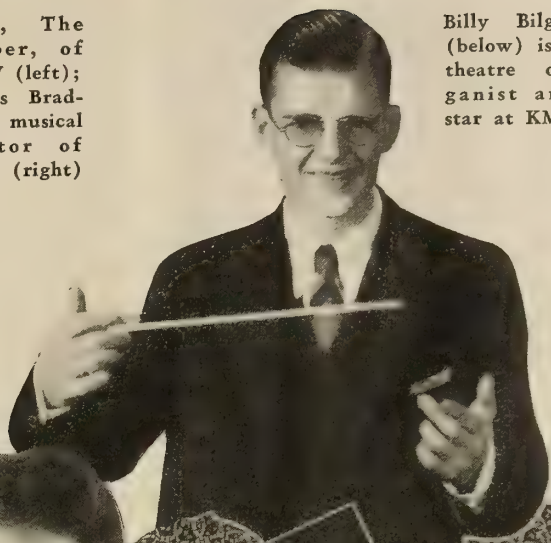


KHJ's handsome baritone—Bob Bradford

From The West



Betty, The Shopper, of KROW (left); Charles Bradshaw, musical director of KFWB (right)



Billy Bilger (below) is a theatre organist and star at KMO



George Nickson, KXA tenor

The three smiling gentlemen in the centre are KHJ's Biltmore Trio—Paul Gibbons, Bill Seckler, Roy Ringwald



Above (right) Don Allen, announcer at KTM; right, Agnes Nielsen, KOMO contralto



Al Schuss (left) is the new KJR announcer; also a sports coach in his spare time



Jack Strook, KGER announcer

Edna Fischer (above), jazz pianist at KFRC, plays three times a week



Felipe Delgade (right) is NBC's featured singer on the Spanish Hour at KGO



"Harold Teen's Gang" at WGN—Left to right: Harold (Bill Farnum), Lilacs (Wally Colbath), Beezie (Jack Spencer); seated, Giggles (Irene Wicker), and Lillums (Eunice Yanke).

Chatter From Chicago

By BETTY MCGEE

"SCHOOL days," says Pop Jenks, "school days—ah, them are the best days of your life."

To which Harold Teen's reply is: "Ya can't tell, Pop. Ya can't tell. I mean when you're in school, things happen so fast, why Holy Cats, ya never have time to stop and figure out if school days are the best days of your life or not."

And that's the keynote of *Harold Teen* program at WGN, The Chicago Tribune station. Things—baseball, robberies, football, dances, wise cracks, club meetings, unemployment—all are subjects for their discussions and the engineers always keep an extra microphone ready in case one gets all filled up.

Harold is a perfect flaming youth—as much so in real life as in the cartoon strip or before the microphone. Bill Farnum is the off-air name of Harold Teen, and Bill is one smooth youth. He pursued the elusive Three R's first at Lake Forest College, where he was captain of the tennis team and leading light of the dramatic class. Then he went to Northwestern, where the fraternity boys whaled him into an outstanding Delta Tau Delta. On the legitimate stage, Bill has, at various times, played Willie Baxter in *Seventeen*, Merton in *Merton of the Movies*, and Tommy in *Tommy*. As they say in the *Harold Teen* theme song composed by Joe Sanders, of Coon and Sanders. Radio entertainers, he is "romance personified".



The Melody Maids (left) who lift their voices in gentle harmony every so often at Springfield (Tenn., not Mass.) on the precincts of WSIX.

Charles Mercein (below), actor-narrator-composer - advertising man, whose dramatic readings feature a program broadcast over WTMJ, Milwaukee, each Tuesday night.

Eunice Yanke plays the part of Lillums as sweetly in her own life as she does on the air. She's just out of college—still lives at the Delta Zeta sorority house, and likes nothing better than to have a crowd of college kids down at the performance. Her alma mater, like Harold's is Northwestern.

Jack Spencer's chief worry in life is that he's putting on so much poundage that he's looking as much like Beezie in real life as he talks like him before the mike. Jack, by the way, used to play football at Bowen High school-center, the same position as Beezie—and he thinks garters almost as quaint as mustache cups.

Blair Walliser, who writes the continuities, won the coveted Phi Beta Kappa key in his senior year at Northwestern and was associate editor of the *Purple Parrot*, *Scrawl* and a member of the editorial board of the *Daily Northwestern*. He keeps up on high school doings by slipping in on a dance now and then and listening to the boys and girls talk it over at corner drug stores.

THERE are so many interesting things—and people—behind the scenes of a Radio station. Take Bobby Brown at WBBM for instance. Bobby is a very busy man. He has been called the most versatile man in Radio, and you'll believe it when you listen to this. Generally, Bobby works under the title of WBBM production manager. He is also singer, banjo player, general entertainer, feature announcer, continuity writer and program director. And when we said production manager therein was implied the fact that he is "the power behind" which is responsible for all programs of that station.

Likewise the source of all activity at KYW is Maurie Wetzel. He has been with the station since its voice was first heard eight years ago. Naturally as station director he has a finger in every pie but he also has some specialties. One of them is program building. He writes the continuity, the music, if necessary, selects the talent and announces the program himself. Such a program is "State Street Tomorrow" which is heard evenings at 10:10. Another of Maurie's specialties is the color, black. He wears it exclu-



sively . . . hats . . . ties . . . coats . . . everything. And another specialty—his favorite pair of moccasins. He is positively wedded to them and wears them on any and all occasions.

* * *

PROBABLY not all the old friends of the Prairie Daisies who used to delight WLS listeners know that they are now two-thirds of the Sally, Irene and Mary trio of WGN. The trio is a family affair, consisting of Erma, Thelma and Lorraine Ashley. Erma, who has brown hair and twinkling brown eyes is the oldest, with Thelma coming next and Lorraine, the baby. They are all quite tall and Thelma and Lorraine are decided blonds with engaging blue eyes.

Erma, the pianist of the trio, started dueting with Thelma many years ago and it wasn't until they became associated with WGN that Lorraine joined in making it the Sally, Irene and Mary trio. Lorraine attended art school and knows all about costume designing and "sculptoring."

Although the youngest of the three, she



Marion Farrand and Jimmy Keith (right) look too sedate to be called "Radio Rascals," but that's their title at KSTP, St. Paul, where they present a talk-sing act. They've teamed up ever since they met by chance at a picnic.

Burton Schlie (below)—they tell us he's very young, but don't reveal his age. No one would think this stripling was the possessor of that deep bass-baritone heard so often at WOWO, Fort Wayne.



Celebrities of the new New York station, WBEN. Standing, left to right, William Cook, Merwin C. Morrison, Bob White; Seated, Edward Obrist, and Louis Kaiser.

NEW YORK'S "baby station" greeted the world in September, 1930, and two months later joined the Red network of the NBC chain. WBEN, Buffalo, already has taken its place as one of the most important stations serving Western New York State and nearby Pennsylvania and Ontario.

It is owned by the Buffalo *Evening News*, of which Edward H. Butler is editor and publisher, and the work of organizing the new project was undertaken and carried to completion by A. H. Kirchhofer, managing editor of the *News*. The station manager is Merwin C. Morrison, formerly of the *News*.

In addition to Bob White, the announcers are Louis Kaiser, who also is program director, and Edward Obrist, both formerly of WSYR, Syracuse, and William Cook, Buffalo. Merwin C. Morrison, manager of the station, serves as special announcer, while Mrs. Margaret Adsit Barrell, who sings frequently over NBC networks and is nationally known as a concert singer, is musical director. Arthur C. Snelgrove is director of the studio orchestra of this young, but lusty "baby station".

Of the twenty staff members, one of the most popular is "Bob White", who outside the studio is Gordon Higham (formerly of WHK, Cleveland). He sends an hour of cheer each morning to his listeners. Incidental music is furnished by Jack and Loretta Clemens, a brother-and-sister, banjo-and-piano combination already highly popular with WBEN audiences by this time.

is the "Business Manager" and Erma and Thelma look to her every week for the old pay envelope. Lorraine is also inclined to be literary and has had several stories published.

And Erma! Erma has had her hand in the movie business! Literally. Her exquisite fingers were shown in a prominent picture as substitutes for those of the star of the production. And who knows but the Ashley's may eventually be more completely in the movies—for you know when a woman gets her finger in anything one might as well let her have what she goes after.

* * *

ISN'T it a joy to find an artist who really looks the part? Such a one is Harold Van Horne whose piano work is one of the best solo features presented through WMAQ. Harold with his mop of curly brown hair and dreamy eyes is in appearance extremely temperamental. He is an artist to his finger tips and looks it.



CLASSICAL MUSIC SIMPLIFIED

A Monthly Feature By

Dr. WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music



Dr. William Braid White

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of the Editor, 420 Lexington Avenue.

OFTEN the question is put to me: "Do you think that young children can appreciate classical music?" Or again: "Ought we to try to get our children interested in classical music when they are so young?" I could give many answers, all to the effect of saying "Yes" emphatically to both questions. I prefer however to quote something said the other day by a very great authority, by in fact the one man in the whole country who knows more about this very thing than any one else. I refer to my friend, Ernest Schelling, one of the greatest of contemporary musicians, who conducts the children's and young people's symphony concerts, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. This remarkable man knows more about the

ideas that children have in matters of music appreciation, than any other man in the world does or can know. For years he has given each season to thousands of children and young people, the best in music. And he has worked out a system of giving his concerts whereby he is able to maintain the interest of his youthful audiences every second of the time. He gives them stories about the music, illustrated with lantern slides and pictures. He gets them to write their thoughts about what they hear. He has taught enormous numbers of them to think seriously and with deep happiness and satisfaction, about music. He is building up a new and musical generation in this country. He has well said, "There is no use having a series of great symphonic concerts all over the country if we have to be forever fighting for audiences . . . The time to begin is with children, and their interest must be aroused not by merely dragging them to concerts, but by more active and more direct means. The great danger is that a child should be bored.

"The desire for song," he continues, "for melody, harmony and rhythm exists in most of us. It is only a matter of awakening good taste at as early an age as possible. You may be sure that children who are having their interest aroused by concerts specially prepared for them will develop such a genuine love for symphonic music that they will always be patrons of symphony concerts."

Concerts for Children

Mr. Schelling has worked out his own way of giving concerts for children. He never lets his young hearers grow bored. At his concerts there is no intermission and hardly any pauses. He talks to his hearers, makes friends of them, shows them pictures, gets them to sing the melodies which the orchestra has been playing, teaches them to recognize the different instruments by their tone qualities; and

all that sort of thing. Last year about 90,000 children and young people attended his concerts. Doubtless ten times as many will hear them this season via Radio. The hook-up is over the Columbia broadcasting network from New York. The concerts take place on Saturdays at Carnegie Hall, New York, at 11 a.m., eastern standard time.

May I suggest to fathers and mothers who do me the honor of reading these words, that they should make genuine efforts to get their children to listen to good music this way? Mr. Schelling is entirely right when he says that most of us have the natural love for rhythm, melody and harmony. The trouble is that most of us hear far too little music of any kind, and that, since no one stands by to tell us what to listen to, most of us listen only to what we are sure we understand. Hence we get only the second-rate music, most of the time. Then we say that we don't understand "classical" music.

Let us give the children a chance. Start them at it young and you will never be sorry.

More Information About Musical Words

Here are just a few more bits of information about the language of music. I gave you some last month. Here is a little more of the same painless treatment:

Movement: A symphony, sonata or other work of the same general type (see my words on "Symphony" last month) is always divided up into blocks called "movements". Music can always be considered primarily as the orderly movement of tones, and so the word "movement" is very appropriate. There are usually four of these, and their general outlines are always much the same.

First Movement: In this the composer sets forth the main musical themes

(Continued on page 95)



Ernest Schelling, who conducts the Saturday morning Young People's Concerts.

*Evangeline Adams' Fingers
Undergo Character Analysis*

HANDS of an *Astrologer*

By

GRACE STONE HALL

Special analysis for RADIO DIGEST

STARRING three evenings a week in the New York studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Evangeline Adams conveys in her talks much of her individuality.

Charm of her personality is carried over to her Radio audience in a picture televised by the sound of her voice.

Impression is felt of her modesty, her distinction of ancestry, her wealth of knowledge, her clear thinking, her fairness and her firmness.

Were it possible for her great audience to see Miss Adams as she broadcasts it would be noted by her listeners how gracefully she uses her hands. Her decisiveness would also be noted as she adjusts her copy to time, and how definitely her hands quite as much as her voice record a picture of her very self.

Touch of her handclasp is warm, friendly, sure, like the handshake of a great surgeon.

It is comforting, this handclasp of hers, even though she must behead you, astronomically speaking, and show you that one by one your pet deficiencies must go on the block for good of your horoscope.

In shape her hand is square with slight conic trend of outline. This makes it similar to the hand of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink and somewhat similar to that of Jane Addams.

Full padding of tips of Miss Adams' hand, high mounting of the side of her hand, fullness of the saddle of her thumb, combined with fine-grained, pink texture of skin shows that she is by temperament markedly sensitive to vibration, harmony, momentum. Squareness of her hand indicates that this sensitiveness is balanced by systematic exactness, orderliness, and mathematical thoroughness.

"Divine heredity," the something of intuition that cannot be exactly defined

probably wings her finger tips with their idealism while definite forces background her thumb.

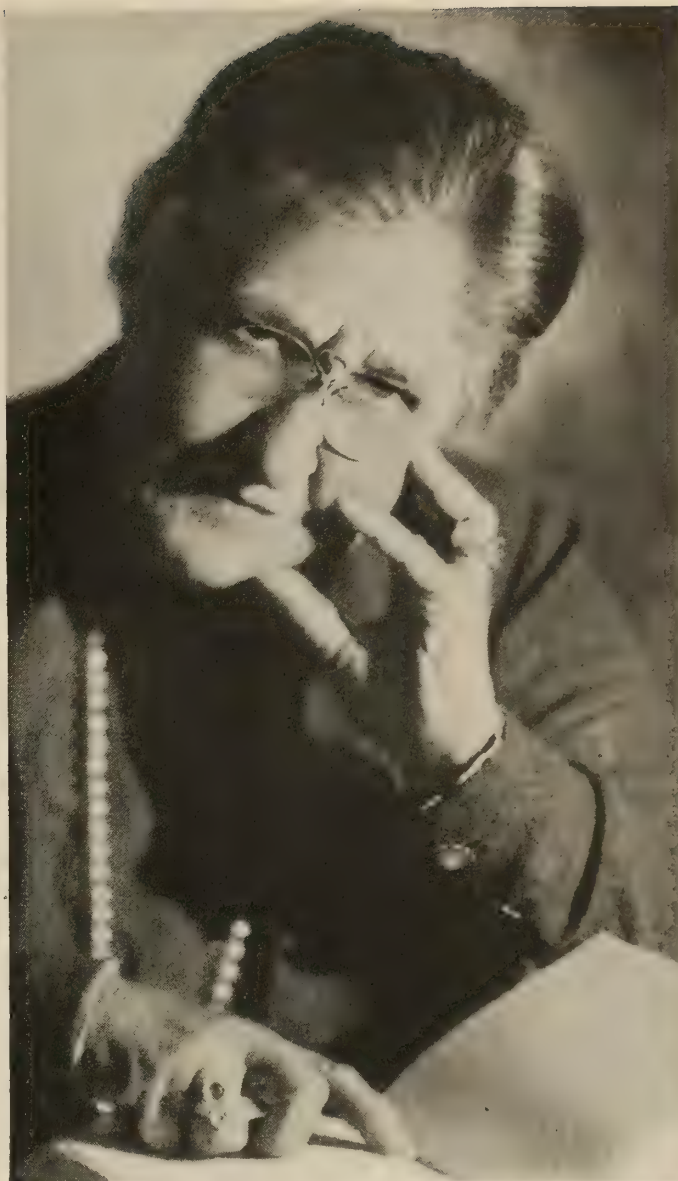
It's a very practical thumb, aggressive, square-jawed and of pioneer type jutting out from her hand, firmly socketed and but slightly indented between the joints.

Inspirational qualities of her finger tips with their indulgent tolerance are given balance and dependability by her thumb.

Thumbs of this type command by sheer force of executive ability. What smoothness and other trimmings must follow up on a job they leave to other characteristics of their hands. Her thumb is quite similar to that of Mme. Schumann-Heink. It contrasts with that of the great philanthropist, Jane Addams, in that hers is somewhat less decisive, less straight to the grindstone.

HAD the stars not given Miss Adams precedence as the greatest astrologer of the day with outstanding ability to interpret the humanism of astral forces, she might easily, according to record of her hand, have added stars to her crown in a number of other professions.

Warm fullness of her hand indicates mothering qualities. Home and its ideals will always have the protection of her hands. This combined with thoroughness



Sarli Photo

Shape and fullness of her hands are infallible proof of Miss Adams' great capabilities and power as an astrologer.

of the square type of hand, exactitude and scientific turn of mind, might easily have given her prominence as the judge of a court of domestic relations, a research lawyer, builder of a subdivision of carefully planned homes, a congresswoman, or writer on subjects of political science and history.

And as the director of children's institutions she would have combined sentiment and sense in fashion to have added to her crown of success two, or three, or even comet, at least.

"But what about feminine frills and things," asks the feminine chorus of Radio listeners. "Would her hands thrill to possession of a new jewel, and what does the hand of her husband look like?"

Answering these breathless inquiries without even waiting for time signals, it may be said that the rounded molding of Miss Adams' hands tells her admirers that she does love beautiful things and that whenever her staunch upstanding, con-

(Continued on page 102)

Abigail

Belinda

in

an

Interview

Discovers

the



By
Anne
B.
Lazar

Simplitude ob DINAH an' DORA

"LAWDY, Lawdy, am yoh still here?"
I looked up and there was Abigail Belinda, broom in hand ready to sweep up the place.

"Yes, I'm here and I'm in a dilemma," I sighed.

"Whut yoh mean yoh am in a dilemma dis time ob night?"

"Well you see, it's this way, Abby," I confided, "I have a perfectly good invitation to the opera tonight. But I also have an assignment to see Dinah and Dora and they're on the air tonight—that's my dilemma."

"Yoh doan mean dem Gold Dust Twins—Dinah an' Dora?"

"Yes'm—those are the gals," I murmured.

"Can't Ah do somethin' dat will complicate dat dilemma foh yoh, Missy?" kindly offered Abby.

It was then that the idea occurred to me to let Abigail Belinda, our beaming, genial cleaning woman, go out on my assignment.

So while Marguerite was sailing away on those coloratura notes in the *Jewel Song*, I was wondering how Abigail Belinda was faring with Dinah and Dora.

The next morning Abby rushed into the office quite breathlessly.

"Well, how did the interview turn out?" I asked.

"Ah neber was receptionized wid sech hostility befoh in all mah life. Ah took mahself ober to WOR an' Ah walks right ober to de elevator boy. 'Boy,' sez Ah, 'take me to dem Harlem dames. Ah'se jes' about bustin' wid a glorified puhpose so take me quick.'

"So up Ah goes, an' Ah'se reproduced to Dinah an' Dora. Lawdy, Ah neber

did see sech unperoxide coal blondes as Ah recountenanced—neber—an' so fair complexionated!

"Ah'se Abigail Belinda,' Ah reproduces muhself, 'an' gals, dis am de mos' spasmodic moment in yoh ambuscaded careers. Ah'se gwine make yoh famous,' I sez to 'em, 'so famous dat notoriety an' renunciation will be qualified wid amplitude an' consecration.'

"M-m, well that's interesting. What then happened?" I asked.

"Well, Ah sets mahself down much to home an' stahts makin' some interlocutory interrogations. But Lawdy dem two gals am de mos' unresumin', disostensibilized damsels what eber dis universe yet hab perused. Dey wouldn't disenclose nuthin' by no remarks dat would antagonize de feline ob de species. Wid great specularity I was invitationed to see de manager followin' de rehearsal ob de episode which dey wus goin' to broadcast," ran on Abby.

"FUST Ah wants to prescribe Dinah an' Dora so dat yoh kin keep dem in yoh mental opticals. Dora am one ob dem slenderized individualities wid a twilight cast ob countenance. Yoh kin look in dem great big eyes decorated wid elongated lashes and see in dem de germinology ob deep signification. She am one ob dem dreamy etherized creeturs—which if it wusn't fer Dinah's reliabiltude, would facilitate wid evaporation. Yoh knows de type—soft but unrepliable."

"Yes, I know the type exactly," I replied, trying to formulate some kind of a picture in my mind that would conform

to this new softness and "unrepliability".

"Now, Dinah," continued Abby, "has got a little moh waistline an' backbone—if yoh knows whut Ah'se referrin' to—both wid actuality an' wid immortality. She am de kin' whut yoh kin lean agin' an' feel dat yoh ain't gwine to fall wid gravitation. She has whut one might entitle de spirituality ob sustensibility, yoh know what Ah mean."

"Yes, it's very clear to me, Abby, clear as crystal," I replied, trying to extricate myself from the bombardment of extravagant verbiage.

"Waal, den dey goes in foh a li'l dialogatude," continued Abby, "an' I wuz jes' roarin', so I busted in at a periodical moment consolidated dem wid hilarity on de harmonious success ob de dramatical act."

"Now Ah knew, Missy, dat you done wanted to be apprehended on de apparel dese two damsels retired in. Dora wore one ob dem stylish gingham dresses, it wuz soht ob a sky blue checker board affectation wid a baby pink thread runnin' shyly through an' embracin' de moh conspicuous blue at intervals. Lawdy, she looked as magnified as a refractory skyscraper. Now on top ob de dress was a green apron—it's wid residual difficulty Ah kin prescribe de shade—de green dey make de window shades from—an' Lawdy dat was some symphonic contrast ob harmony. Now Dinah dressed wid a triviality ob conspicuousness wid nevertheless de exactitude ob de rules manufactured by de fashionabilities ob de punctilious."

"I should say you have made some very extraordinary observations, Abby," I interrupted.

(Continued on page 98)

Beauty and the Job

The Handmaid of Success in a Woman's Career Is Attractiveness—and Beauty Treatments Provide Important Steps to Loveliness

By Frances Ingram

Consultant on Care of the Skin
Heard on NBC every Tuesday morning

THE other day a girl of about twenty-two came into my office with a letter of recommendation from a friend in Pittsburgh.

"Please help Dorothy to get a position in New York," I read. "She was graduated from college with high honors last June and I am sure that with your help she will have no difficulty in making a place for herself in the business world."

Now, I had always considered this friend of mine rather a pessimist, but after reading her letter, I was thoroughly convinced that she had become one of the world's most outstanding optimists.

Certainly no one but an optimist could think getting a job a simple matter in these days of depression and unemployment, and the fact that anyone would consider Dorothy an outstanding prospect nonplused me.

Our mutual friend had claimed in her letter that this girl was intelligent. But there was nothing intelligent about the way in which she was going after a position. In the first place, she was inappropriately dressed. She wore a raccoon coat over what appeared to be a pretty elaborate dinner dress; her beige gloves were soiled; her heels were badly run over; she needed a manicure; and I was hypnotized by the absolute griminess of her complexion. She told me that she had been looking for a position for three weeks and she seemed honestly surprised that no one yet had attempted to employ her in any way. After three weeks of job hunting, she was a little bit discouraged, but I think I was the more discouraged of the two of us.

However, I was anxious to do what I could for the girl. While she waited, I telephoned to Miss Wilson, a friend of mine who runs an employment agency. I told her that I would like to send this girl over to see her.

"All right," she said, "but for heaven's sake tell her the story of Elizabeth Adams before she comes, will you? It's hard enough these days to place an experienced girl, and if this girl is just out of college, it's going to be harder still to get her any kind of a job. And by the way, I could use you over here. Most of the girls need a beauty expert more than they need

an employment agent. I get positions for them, although, to tell you the truth, I don't know why the people hire them. Some of these girls have been out of jobs so long that they have forgotten all they knew about the importance of appearance. So I'm never very much surprised when they're back in a week or ten days—fired again. You haven't told me what this girl looks like, but before you send her over here, don't forget to tell her about Elizabeth."

Elizabeth's is a success story. Six years ago she came to New York with the remains of a debutante's first season's wardrobe, a degree from Vassar, and nothing else. Her first job paid her twenty dollars a week. She didn't do much in this position and after three months she was discharged. Her employer told her that a more attractive girl was going to take her place. He was very fair with Elizabeth and he explained to her that an attractive appearance had a real business value. He told her that he preferred to hire good looking girls because they made his office look successful. He said he thought Elizabeth would profit by this experience and he advised her, as a business investment, to learn to be as attractive as possible before she even began to look for another position.

Naturally Elizabeth was somewhat crushed. But not for long. I'll never forget the rainy Saturday morning she telephoned me and asked me to have lunch

with her. I met her for lunch and she told me the whole story.

"And he was right," she said, speaking of her ex-employer. "And so this afternoon I want you to help me buy a dress which is appropriate for an office and I want you to tell me everything you can think of that will improve my appearance." I was rather dubious about the dress because knowing Elizabeth's salary, I was sure she could not have saved much toward the type of dress which I thought she should have. I was right on this, too. Her capital consisted of six dollars—five dollars for

(Continued on page 98)



An attractive appearance is a great asset in a responsible position.

Ida Bailey Allen
Tells about the

Romance of

THE other day I wandered into the headquarters of the National Radio Home-Makers Club to learn the news on modern home keeping. I found the entire staff grouped around a new piece of equipment in the Kitchen Laboratory. Their eager curiosity puzzled me and I edged myself up to a point of vantage. There before us stood a gigantic ice cube—no, really a new electric refrigerator. But it looked as frosty as Jack himself, and as efficient.

I looked that new refrigerator over, inside and out, and I became fascinated with this latest development in food refrigeration. But the more I thought about it, the more curious I became about the beginnings of food preservation. I went to the public library and succeeded in unearthing one interesting fact—I'm sure you know the story from your early history books. It is this: in the fifteenth century meat was commonly preserved by spicing it. As these spices were procurable only from India, Columbus set out to discover new and shorter water routes to that country. The result of that voyage led to the discovery of America, and incidentally to the real preservation of food, for the most modern methods are American inventions.

But that bit of a story did not satisfy me. "Surely," I thought, "someone can trace the development of refrigeration more thoroughly." And I went back to see Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, president of the National Radio Home-Makers Club.

SHE had all the facts at her fingertips. I shall give you her story, verbatim: "We seem to accept as a matter of course the fact that refrigeration has been in common use for centuries. But in reality it has not. Man has learned by a very slow process of development to use cold in preserving food. Nero, one of the early Roman Emperors, ordered his slaves to bring snow from the mountains for this purpose. To keep it, they packed the snow into deep trenches lined with straw and sod for insulation—a principle adopted later in making the first refrigerator.

"The use of snow for refrigeration, popular so many centuries before, came into use once again in France in the 16th century, when the far-

The Modern Ice Cube is the Offspring of Sixteenth Century Cooling Methods— Spring Houses and "Buckets in a Well"

sighted physicians of that day realized that food on the verge of spoilage, was a menace to health.

"The scientists told their French compatriots to keep their foods as cold as possible, but the government taxed ice so heavily they were forced to discontinue this custom.

"The high cost of ice—fancy thinking of the high cost of anything in the 16th century—set scientists to looking around for a substitute.

"But the only suggestion they could give was to place the containers of food in vessels of water to which salt petre had been added and so to lower the temperature. If this was impractical they suggested lowering the food in buckets from the well or placing it in a spring house.

"All this while, the scientists had no inkling of the real reason why food should be kept cold, they merely knew that when food was spoiled or spoiling, people who ate it were made sick.

"Later in the same century however, a Dutch janitor made a magnifying lens, and announced to the horror of his friends, that when he looked through it he could see thousands of tiny things crawling over everything. People thought he was crazy; they thought he possessed some evil power that produced those so-called animals.

"But this discovery was responsible for the science of bacteriology, and the knowledge that cold was essential to keep food in a health-promoting state.

"The first record that we have of the delivery of ice to an American home, was in 1802—here in New York City. Before long the manufacture of ice-boxes became an important industry, and for years city homes were visited each morning in warm weather by ice men—dragging in ice cut during the cold weather from neighboring lakes and streams and preserved in sawdust-filled icehouses. But physicians found that this ice made people ill, for epidemics of typhoid and other troubles were traced to the sources from which the ice was obtained.

"To keep food cold was not enough; the source of cold must be pure—so discovered Pasteur, the French chemist, who found that microbes were responsible for

Recipes for Frozen Dishes

CHOCOLATE NUT FLUFF

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon gelatin | 1/2 cup chopped nuts |
| 1/4 cup cold water | 3 eggs |
| 1/4 cup boiling water | 1/2 cup powdered sugar |
| 2 squares melted chocolate | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for five minutes; pour over the boiling water; and stir until dissolved. Add the melted chocolate, salt, sugar, and vanilla; and fold in the nuts and the eggs, beaten separately. Transfer to a mould rinsed with cold water; and chill in an electric refrigerator until firm. Unmould; and serve with whipped cream.

FILLED SNOWBALL CAKES

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 12 cup cakes | 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice |
| 1/2 cup heavy cream | 1/2 teaspoon gelatin |
| 1/2 cup applesauce or | 2 teaspoons cold water |
| raspberry jam | Speed boiled icing |
| | Colored sugar crystals |

Remove the tops from the cup cakes; and scoop out the centers. Soften the gelatin in the cold water; melt over steam; and add to the applesauce or jam and lemon juice. Fold in the cream, whipped stiff; and fill the cup cakes. Replace the tops of the cakes; cover with speed boiled icing; and sprinkle with colored sugar crystals. Chill before serving.

FROZEN TOMATO SALAD

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 quart can tomatoes | Few grains paprika |
| 1 sliced onion | 1 tablespoon vinegar |
| 1 small bay-leaf | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| 2 teaspoons salt | 1 1/2 teaspoons gelatin |
| 1/2 teaspoon celery seed | 2 tablespoons salad oil |
| 2 cloves | |

Combine the tomatoes and the seasonings; and simmer until the liquid is reduced to three cups. Strain; and add the oil and gelatin which has been softened in cold water for five minutes. Cool; transfer to a freezing tray of an electrical refrigerator; and freeze to a mush. Mould with a large spoon or ice cream scoop; and place in nests of lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise and cress.

SAVORY CRABMEAT MOULD

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon gelatin | 1/2 cup chopped cucumber |
| 1/4 cup cold water | 2 tablespoons minced |
| 3/4 cup mayonnaise | stuffed olives |
| 1 cup flaked crabmeat | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1/2 cup minced celery | 1/2 teaspoon paprika |
| 2 tablespoons minced parsley | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| | Few grains cayenne |

Soften the gelatin in the cold water; melt over steam; and add to the mayonnaise. Combine with the remaining ingredients; and transfer to a ring mould rinsed with cold water. Place in an electric refrigerator until firm. Unmould; and fill the center with lettuce hearts and sprigs of watercress. Garnish with cut lemon dusted with paprika.

Refrigeration

In an Interview with
Catherine Adams

the spoilage of food and also for disease. And microbes he discovered lurked in ice gathered from lakes and streams.

"At this point another scientist, Michael Faraday, rose to help investigate the cause of ill health, and to him we owe the principle of refrigeration as it is used today—that of condensing gas to a liquid on the application of pressure and changing the liquid rapidly back to the gaseous state while it absorbs heat during the process—so producing a temperature low enough to form ice.

"At once this principle was applied to machines for making artificial ice. Then these machines were used to create a low temperature for cold storage plants, so foods could be kept over long periods of time. Finally, certain manufacturers put their heads together and said, 'There is no reason why ice should not be manufactured in each home instead of at one central location.' And so individual home refrigeration was launched.

"The modern home-maker realizes that to keep her family healthy, she must give them only food that is pure and wholesome. How to keep the food in this condition is her big problem; but it can be solved very easily with a

modern electric refrigerator to help her.

"The woman who purchases need no longer feel she cannot afford it, for she can buy an electric refrigerator now that meets all her needs and some of them are very moderately priced. One beautiful new design of gleaming porcelain looks like a large white music cabinet. It has hinges and fittings of chromium plate.

"THE door opens into the interior which is equipped with commodious shelves and sufficient trays to freeze eighty-four ice cubes at a time—plenty for the guests at even a large party. The cold control device, with which this new model is equipped, enables the housewife to regulate the temperatures to suit her needs. She is thus assured that foods kept in the refrigerator will always be fresh and sweet, ready to use. By a swift turn of this control she may increase the cold and in an hour's time make any of the delicious cold-cooked foods, recipes for which are given in this article.

"By owning an electric refrigerator the busy housewife can save herself much time and considerable money if she plans

her meals a little in advance, and purchases at one time enough food to last for two or three days. Quantity buying is always cheaper and eliminates the necessity of going to market every day. Large quantities of fruit can be kept on the floor of the refrigerator where the temperature is just right. Milk, butter and meats, because they need to be kept very cold, may be stored on the top shelf, nearer the icing unit.

"In the household model of this refrigerator, there is space for bottles twelve inches high, and a second space on the bottom for holding five bottles, eleven inches high.

"Electrical refrigerators are offering a whole new vista of possibilities for making unusual and delicious cold-cooked foods.

"... What do I mean by cooking with cold? Just this: cooking is the changing of foods, physically and chemically, by the application of some external agent.

"Therefore freezing, or congealing with cold is cooking, just as boiling or congealing with heat is cooking. And since home-made frozen foods are new, they are also smart. Serving ices, ice creams, mousses, frozen salads, soups, fruit cups, hors d'œuvres, and ice-box cakes at your parties or dinners will at once lift them above the average. But best of all, the preparation of such foods is actually simpler than cooking them with heat.

"COME on back to the Kitchen Laboratory with me. I want to show you some of the results of our experiments with our new refrigerator.

"Making frozen party salads, desserts, sandwiches and other fancy foods is a simple matter when there is an electric refrigerator in the home. These foods can be prepared in advance and placed in the refrigerator, with the cold control properly set, until they are ready to use. Even sandwiches may be made up in advance and kept fresh for hours."

It is impossible for me to describe to you how those cold cooked foods tasted. So that you, too, may enjoy these tempting dishes, I am giving some of the recipes which Mrs. Allen has prepared for me, and they all can be frozen in one hour or even less than that. So why not surprise the family with some of these corking cold cooked dishes?



Many of the new porcelain electric refrigerators have the shapeliness of music cabinets.

Recipes via Radio

Batters, Puddin's an' Stuffin's in Great Stir as Betty Crocker Broadcasts Cooking Lessons

By

Pauline Chesnut

"I'LL NEVER do this again!" exclaimed Betty Crocker as she turned away from the microphone in a middle western Radio station six years ago.

In speaking of this first broadcasting experience, Betty Crocker said, "It's hard to realize that only six short years ago I could have been so panic stricken and so sure I had been talking to empty air—that no one had listened to me or would listen!

"I was used to teaching cooking school pupils in a classroom and to standing on a stage platform with hundreds of women watching me as I mixed an angel food cake and explained the why and wherefores of every move I made. Those girls' and women's faces were stimulating. I could tell what they liked best and what they needed. But to sit alone in that silent, empty room talking to an expressionless owl-faced little instrument called a microphone! No, I couldn't go through that again."

"BUT you did broadcast again, and you've been broadcasting ever since," Betty Crocker was reminded. "What made you change your mind?"

She laughed, "Changing one's mind is a feminine prerogative, I suppose. But I'll tell you what sent me back to the microphone—and with enthusiasm and an assurance that I was doing something really worthwhile. It was the huge pile of letters from women who actually had listened to me!"

It must be remembered that those were the days when the Radio was very new and still regarded as a man's plaything. Most of the programs then were in the evening and on Sundays when the men were home to enjoy them.

The idea of putting on a morning program just for women seemed so absurd that those who heard of Betty Crocker's new venture shook their heads and declared it wouldn't, it couldn't succeed—that Betty Crocker had better stick to her classroom and community cooking schools.

In the first place, they said, women were too busy mornings to sit down and

listen to the Radio, and even if a few did listen—how could you teach them cooking when they couldn't see you stirring your cake batter or mixing your bread dough?

It is little wonder after all this that Betty Crocker considers the reading of that first pile of Radio letters as the most thrilling experience of her life. What a panorama they unrolled before her of the lives of her listeners! Letters from lonely

What's Your Problem?

HAVE you a little problem in your home? If you have, consult the Woman's Page Editor, who will be pleased to give her expert advice in an endeavor to solve it for you. This Department also invites its readers to send in their suggestions for subjects which they would like to have discussed in these pages.

women living on farms miles away from their nearest neighbors wrote that they regarded her as a friendly neighbor dropping in of a morning to discuss recipes. Discouraged women in towns and cities hailed her as the friend they had secretly longed to know whom they could turn to for advice and encouragement.

One letter in particular stood out from all the others in that first Radio mail, and impressed on Betty Crocker the marvelous opportunities that the Radio offered her of being truly a friend in need to women whom she never could have reached in years of teaching cooking in a classroom and from the stage platform.

The letter was from a nineteen-year-old bride who said that she and her twenty-year-old husband had been married just a few months. She wrote to Betty Crocker:

"You probably will be surprised to know that your talk yesterday and the recipes you gave for a delicious one-dish meal have saved me from a divorce. When we got married, we both thought I'd just naturally know how to cook nice meals for him. But, oh, Miss Crocker! Everything went wrong when I tried to cook. Something in the oven would burn while I was watching something on top of the stove, and I really didn't know how to do a thing right. He'd come home and just look at what I'd fixed on the table or maybe he would take one taste. Then he'd say, 'I can't eat that stuff'—and slam out of the house and go downtown to a restaurant to eat, while I'd just sit at home and cry over my terrible failures.

"The Radio happened to be going yesterday and I heard you telling about that one-dish meal. You made it sound so good and so easy to make that I thought maybe I could do it. I wrote down every bit of it and fixed it up just as you said—and then I made the salad you told about to go with it. When he saw those things on the table, I wish you could have seen his face, and then heard him when he tasted them. He just couldn't believe I'd fixed them up all myself. After supper he dried the dishes for me, and we went to a movie. Oh, Miss Crocker! I can't thank you enough, and I can hardly wait to hear you again."

AS THE days went on, Betty Crocker returned regularly to the studio to broadcast. She was no longer conscious of the silent, empty room, and the owl-faced microphone. She was visiting with her new friends.

"You see," she explained, "I have been anticipating television in a reverse sort of fashion—for instead of my listeners seeing me, I always see them and feel that I am right there in their homes whether they are isolated farms, kitchen-

(Continued on page 108)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

ARIEL, 1930

A tricky sprite was Ariel
When Shakespeare was a bard.
He hovered in the air, unseen,
Or darted heavenward.

In sweet invisibility
He sang or whispered soft;
He brought with swift agility
Mirth, music, from aloft.

Today so does my aerial
Catch music from the air;
Its varied voice ethereal
Floats in from everywhere.

The voice of Vallee crooning.
The caws of two black crows;
Quaint dissonance of tuning;
"Moonlight and the Rose."

Kings in early morning,
(Words across the sea);
Recipes for corning
Beef or brewing tea.

Statesmen's oratory,
Topics of the day;
Baby's bedtime story,
Weekly Bible play.

Always smoke a Plucky.
How's your motor oil?
Gee, but I feel lucky—
She's my two-time goil.

Toothpaste full of tonic,
Try our gooey soap—
Orchestras symphonic,
Latest market dope.

Half an hour of old songs,
Schubert's serenade.
Cuties singing bold songs,
(Wonder what they're paid?)

Albert on the fiddle,
Bringing heaven near;
Horoscope and riddle—
Say you love me, dear.

Ariel was a tricky sprite,
There is no dispute.
But aerial serves me day and night
And when I'm tired, he is mute.
—Helen Mary Hayes, Lincoln, Neb.

SUPPOSE IT SAID "FORDOGS"?

Heard on the air:—
Mrs.—"Sandy, don't you see that
you're washing your hands with my
sixty cent tooth paste?"

Mr.—"Yeah, I know, but it says
here, "Forhans".

—Valentine Sadowski, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is a cold and cheerless and humorless winter day, with the wind whoo-ing and rattling the window-panes. But in the inner sanctum of Indi-Gest's retreat it is warm and cheery. Slit goes the letter opener and out pops a joke that's so funny it would warm the icicles off the very tip of the North Pole itself. And then another and another, and the stack of hits and slips grows higher and higher.

Suddenly the laugh thermometer drops a dozen degrees. "It's another one," groans Indi-Gest, and the Office Nurse rushes in with a pepper shaker, (aromatic spirits of ammonia never seemed to bring Indi out of a faint) and recives the stricken sense of humor with a sneeze.

"That's the ninetyfour billion six hundred forty nine thousand three hundred-twenty-ninth one since I last oiled my funnybone," gasps the poor joke editor. *Little White Lies* . . . if Toscanini himself conducted and Werrenrath sang it I would stop my ears with cotton and rubber. This morning it was a politician who was making a campaign speech full of promises, which was followed by the orchestra playing, *Little White Lies*. At 11.00 A.M. a real estate agent describing his new subdivision was preceded by a tenor rendering *Little White Lies*. Just before lunch a Grampus, Kanstucky correspondent had to let me know about a big bargain sale announcement which came hot on the heels of two xylophonists, a jews

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay \$5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, \$3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and \$1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

harp, a piccolo and a clavichord in the throes of a stirring rendition of *Little White Lies*.

So the Office Nurse offers a word of advice to aspiring Indi-Gest contributors. Don't mention lies, prevarications or falsehoods in your Indi-Gest contributions . . . don't tell what happened before, during or after *Little White Lies*.

IT MUST BE SATAN

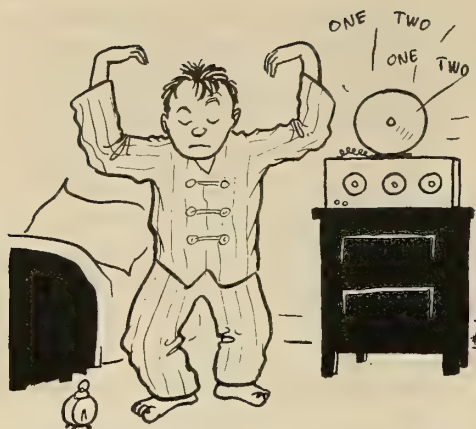
Announcer over National Broadcasting Chain, announcing song just played, "I Want to Be Bad with special permission of the Copyright Owners." Who owns the copyright on being bad?—Ray Martin, Grandview, Mo.

GOLF ADVENTURES OF AN ANNOUNCER

One day George Hicks, NBC Announcer, was slicing and topping the little ball worse than usual. He lost every ball but one. Then that landed in a pond.

"I've lost enough balls for one day and I'm going to get this one", he declared. Taking off his shoes and socks, Hicks rolled up his trousers and waded into the pond. The mud was deep, and as Hicks sank up to his waist while fishing for the ball with a pole the other three members of the foursome sat on the bank and sang the Song of the Volga Boatmen with wisecrack interludes. Hicks got the ball.





Radio calisthenics—starting the "daze" work.

They say it takes a joke sixteen years to go around the world. But here's an old family friend which in Indi-Gest's early days was told about two ladies in the theatre. Now it's graduated to Radio.

Several ladies were sitting around the parlor of a hotel listening to a radio program. The music had started soft and low, changed suddenly to a loud prestissimo until with one large sweep the band gathered momentum, then suddenly stopped. The ensuing silence could almost be heard—it was so still. And in that hush, one of the talkative ladies shrilled out loudly, "Why, we fry ours in butter."—*Mollie Zacharias, 3106 Park Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.*

JUST IN CASE

Heard on "Something for Everyone" (C B S)—

A woman was buying material with which to make her young son a pair of trousers.

"My!" my'd a friend. "Do you need all that material for one pair of trousers?"

"No," was the reply, "some is for the reserved seats."—*Miss Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwood, N. J.*

A STRANGE QUIRK OF FATE

It's been a tough life for Walter Soderling, the veteran character actor who plays in *Harbor Lights*, NBC's sea-going serial. Once he thought it would be smooth sailing. In 1915 he was cast in a small part in one of Charles Frohman's plays.

When the first night performance was over, Frohman, as was his custom, called the cast on the stage and censured or praised each one. "Where's the old man?" he asked. The "old man" in the play happened to be Soderling, who stepped forward, ready to be called down.

"My friend," said Frohman, "you did a splendid piece of work, and I'm going to take care of you from now on. You have nothing to worry about. Cast dismissed!"

Soderling nearly jumped sky-high for joy. But not long thereafter Charles Frohman, the man who had assured his future, lost his life in the torpedoed *Lusitania*!

Checks of \$1.00 each are awaiting the following Indi-Gest contributors upon proper identification and receipt of address: A. M. Davis, Florence May and M. Dowd.

At first it worked . . .

I liked it so

I thought of it

As Radi-oh!

But now it feeds

A chronic grouch . . .

I call the thing

My radi-O UCH!

Elias Lieberman

RADIO BUSINESS

Crawford—I understand there's been no slump as far as the Radio is concerned.

Crabshaw—Of course not. That business is picking up all the time.—*J. J. O'Connell, New York.*

SLIPS THAT PASSED IN THE MIKE

Over Radio Station WENR, Everett Mitchell announced, "Now Little Joe Warner 'Singing in The Bath-tub' with Sally Menthes." (Sally is the accompanist at WENR.)—*Joey Foley, 810 Bradley, Peoria, Ill.*

At KGHL, Billings, Montana, the announcer said, "The next record we present as Paul Whiteman plays it 'Sitting on a Rainbow.'" I am afraid it would take a rather large rainbow.—*Alice Leslie, Oregon Basin, Wyo.*

Phil Cook had completed his morning program and CKGW's announcer began extolling the virtues of Quaker products. "Don't delay a moment," he said. "Buy a package of *Craker Quackles* from your grocer."—*Harry S. Hawkins, Muskoka Hospital, Grovehurst, Ont., Canada.*

PAGE THE CENSOR

I heard the cutest thing over the RKO Theatre of the air. Here it is:—

Jimmy—How many pages are there in a bedroom farce?

Johnny—I thought it was unlimited. How many are there?

Jimmy—Two sheets.—*Roberta E. Rodman, 220 E. Central, Fairview, Okla.*

A BED TIME STORY

Heard over WOWO:

Mr. Brown—Did you ever hear the story of the man who drowned in bed?

Mr. Truck—No; how did that happen?

Mr. Brown—The bed spread, the pillow slipped and he fell in the spring.—*Mrs. R. E. Ulshafer, 666 Warren Ave., Wabash, Ind.*

The next one hit the bull's eye on that shooting-for-laugh-gallery of Phil Cook. "Do you get it, Phil?" pipes Crackles)—

English tourists in a New York station asked:

"Where does that train go?"

"Buffalo in 10 minutes."

"It's sure going some."—*Frances E. Cherry, Wayne, Neb.*

GOSSIP SHOP

Add to list of outlandish pets: Guppies (or goupies or gyuppies) . . . a bowlful possessed by Annette Hanshaw of CBS, sent her by a Florida fan. They're the queerest fish in the world . . . about as long as your finger nail, but related to the whale because they're one of the few fish that bring forth full-fledged children instead of laying eggs. They're cannibals too.

George Sutherland jumped sky-high . . . alas, all too soon.



Tuneful Topics By Rudy Vallee

(Continued from page 35)

in another place I thought that the part "Then I'll be lost alone" was rather far-fetched, and I changed it to "I'll be left alone." I even had the audacity to make a change in the melody, a change of one note, which seemed to me more logical than the way Johnny Green originally conceived it.

I played the number the way I saw fit to change it one night for Mr. Green when he was a guest at my club. As we were old friends I asked if he minded the change, to which he replied that he did not, inasmuch as he thought I should play it the way I "felt it," which, after all, is the sensible way for the writer of a song to feel when the artist, unless he is a rank amateur, seems to feel it necessary to make a few changes.

We play it at twenty-eight measures per minute, and although it is written in E flat, I find that I can sing it more comfortably in the key of D.

Go Home and Tell Your Mother

HERE is a song published by the same firm that at one time boasted of the famous *Pagan Love Song*. In fact, this song, too, is in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, and although it is by two great writers, as was the *Pagan Love Song*, it will never see the popularity that the former song did. Jimmie McHugh and Dorothy Fields, writers of *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*, wrote this, one of the last songs that they wrote while still on the Coast.

Their original lyric is sung in the picture, *Love in the Rough*; it was deemed quite suggestive by the officials of the National Broadcasting Company and the song may be sung on the air only with revised lyrics. The original lyrics were not really suggestive, but were possibly just a bit too human. For instance, the line, "For she certainly did a wonderful job on you" and "That we're marryin' like respectable people do."

Not knowing that the lyrics had been censored by the National Broadcasting Company, on one of the Fleischmann programs I innocently sang the original—to the consternation of the censors of the National Broadcasting Company—but it was their own fault for not notifying me that only revised lyrics could be used.

We play it snappily, or about fifty measures a minute. It is a difficult number to sing when the throat is not open, due to the fact that it hits the high notes and stays there. We have had to transpose it to various keys from time to time depending on the condition of my throat when I have tried to sing it. It was very well received the first time I did it at the Brooklyn Paramount, which is one of the indications of how the public likes a song.

To the Legion

HERE is a song with a very unusual history. Every day I receive manuscripts from outside organizations, and one day this manuscript came to me from the Commander of Post No. 1 of the American Legion in Memphis, Tenn. The song in its unfinished state was called *For the Legion*. It was originally intended to be sung by this particular post as its own marching song, stating that they were the marching legionnaires from the banks of the Mississippi, or Tennessee.

In the piano arrangement sent me, the authors had either innocently or deliberately taken a few measures of Victor Herbert's *Babes In Toyland*. On hearing the opening few measures played on the piano, it struck me that these composers were better than amateurs, and then the origin of the introduction came to me. The verse and chorus, while rough in spots, showed me that there were the possibilities of a real song there. I realized, however, that it must not be sectional or provincial, but should apply to the legionnaires of the entire United States, or the world, for that matter.

Being a member of the American Legion, Post No. 62, Westbrook, Maine, I recalled that the American Legion had no song of its own, and felt that such a song might be welcome, so I hastily reconstructed the lyrics and melody in an effort to make a song that the legionnaires of every state in the union might be able to sing as they marched along, or wherever they might gather. I obtained permission from the Post No. 1 Commander and the composers to reconstruct the song as I thought fit. Although I finished the song before the big Legion Convention in Boston, it was not in the hands of the publishers until several weeks later. Contracts were issued for the three members of Post No. 1, and one for myself as the fourth composer.

I think our Victor record of it is one of the finest things we have ever made, and at times our Connecticut Yankees sound like Sousa and his orchestra. During Armistice Week I did it at the Brooklyn Paramount, where it received a tremendous reception. It is a song that grows on you, one that I hope will eventually become the favorite song of every legionnaire throughout the country.

Being in 6/8 time it is played in a snappy, march tempo.

Blame It on the Moonlight

HERE is a simple yet effective song, dealing with the moonlight as the cause of one's falling in love. Published by a small but very energetic firm, it is already becoming very popular. It was written entirely by Milton Ager, who, with Jack Yellen, during the past ten or

fifteen years, has written a series of hits as long as your arm.

The number is well-constructed and of a sweet, lilting nature. Ager is one of the few men who write songs and play the piano excellently; he is a very cultured, scientific man on many matters other than music. It was a pleasure listening to this song before it was published, when Ager insisted that I hear it. I found its composer, who had just returned from the Coast, and whom I met for the first time, to be a quiet, refined and extremely intelligent individual.

We do it quite slowly at about thirty measures per minute.

We're Friends Again

HERE is another odd thought, written by the two boys who gave us that very unusual hit, *I'll Get By*, and who followed it with *Mean to Me*; *To Be In Love Especially With You*, and who have been out on the Coast writing for pictures for the past year and a half, since the advent of sound pictures. They have returned to New York and perhaps the first song which has told Tin Pan Alley that they are back officially, is this song, *We're Friends Again*.

They played it for me while it was still in embryo, and struck by the odd thought and beauty of melody and harmony, I suggested that it be published. Roy Turk, who is the lyric writer of the pair, inclines toward slang lyrics; in fact, in all his songs there is a tendency to use American slang, and in this case he dwells on such phrases as "my honey," "I spoke out of turn," and "why bring that up now?" yet the song is typical of the daily conversation of hundreds of young clerks and young business men who might tell this story of how they quarrelled with their sweetheart, but made up again the morning after the quarrel.

Fred Ahlert, who writes the melody and plays piano, is a student of melody and knows what he is about when he sits down to write. The song begins with a dropping glissando; that is, the voice drops from the high note to the low note in a sort of water-fall, with the end of the melody of the high note brought down to the low note, with hardly a break between them, almost chromatically. This type of dropping glissando must be heard to be understood. It is the use of it both in upward and downward glissandos that has led to the use of the word "crooner", a crooner being merely an individual who employs a great deal of glissando.

Glissando makes a song very appealing and tender, as it takes the harsh intervals out of the composition. This number should do quite well with the song-loving public. We do it quite slowly, at thirty measures or possibly thirty-five per minute. Although it will probably be published in the key of E flat, I find that the key of D makes it more easy to render in my particular case.

Read Rudy Vallee's Special Article, *Night Clubs of New York in February* RADIO DIGEST—EDITOR.

FIRST TRY—AND HE MAKES V. O. L!

THIS is my first letter to your splendid magazine, although I have read almost every issue of it since I got my first Radio in March, 1926.

Just as Radio is said to be essential in a home as a necessity, so is RADIO DIGEST if the listener, wants to know what is going on in Radioland. He cannot learn all that is in RADIO DIGEST even if he listens twenty-four hours a day to his Radio. RADIO DIGEST gives you, as it were, the inside dope of all in Radioland. As a constant reader of RADIO DIGEST for four years I like it better all the time because of the great improvement. You have a great magazine!

I was very glad when you published the Official Log because it comes in handy when DX'ing. When I had my first Radio four years ago it was a two-tuber and I logged 241 stations in two months. Now I have a nine tuber.

—George A. Phillips, Jr., Smith Falls, Ont.

* * *

REQUEST FOR BACK NUMBERS

WITH reference to copies which you can not supply, we are venturing to make a suggestion. It is that a notice be placed in a forthcoming issue of RADIO DIGEST that the numbers mentioned are needed in the Library's file and that the courtesy will be appreciated if readers, who no longer need their copies will present them to us. Publishers frequently do this for us and almost invariably with successful results. We shall be grateful for any assistance you may render us in this connection.

Copies wanted:—1928—June, September, 1929—January, February, April, August, September, October.—E. H. Anderson, Director, New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

We will appreciate any cooperation you can give the New York Public Library. Send requested issues to the address given.—EDITOR.

* * *

YOU'LL FIND WTMJ WELL REPRESENTED IN THIS ISSUE

JUST got the November issue of the RADIO DIGEST, your splendid book. It's a book that's interesting to everyone with stories, household hints, and other short articles good to read as well as the wonderful Radio articles, but there is one thing I'd like to write about.

One reads so much about Chicago Stations, WENR, WMAQ, and very distant stations in great number. But, why not more of WTMJ, Milwaukee Journal Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin—the best station in Wisconsin. One artist, particularly, I want to mention is their staff soprano, Myrtle Spangenberg. Hearing this soprano I'll say she possesses a very sweet and pleasing soprano voice, and her very wide selections of numbers—both popular tunes of to-day and classical numbers—is fine.

Their organist, Terese Meyers, is also very fine, with her melodies, and WTMJ announcers are pleasing to hear too.

Will look forward to be reading more of WTMJ—A RADIO DIGEST and Radio Fan, Margaret R., Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

APPRECIATION OF "JERRY BUCKLEY" ARTICLE

I WANT to voice my appreciation to the RADIO DIGEST and Mr. Robert L. Kent for devoting your magazine column in behalf of our dear friend "Jerry" Buckley who was so cruelly assassinated for fighting so bravely for the "common herd," which he so loved. The "common herd" of Detroit miss his voice each night. Such "friends of the poor" are few. —August Keranen, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

WESTERN STATIONS, MEND YOUR WAYS!

AFTER reading my first copy of RADIO DIGEST—the best on the market—I decided immediately to become a constant

Voice of the

reader. I would like very much to become a member of the V. O. L. Club.

I am an ardent Radio fan, but there is one thing I would like to know. Why do stations out here cut in on chain programs to advertise a special make of washing machine or candy or give the football scores? We do like the Eastern programs but don't like to have someone chop the beginning or end off them to give us the news items or the market reports. One San Francisco station in particular has this habit.

—Dorothy Graham, Morgan Hill, Cal.

* * *

WHAT DO OTHER READERS THINK OF THE RADIO LOG?

I HAVE just received the November copy of the RADIO DIGEST and after looking it over have decided to write you one more letter suggesting that in all issues you make your official list of wave lengths more complete. As I have written you previously, I have taken your magazine ever since the very first issue, when it was a weekly, and during all of these years I have taken it for one purpose only, and that is to get a complete and up-to-date Radio log.

The thing that I miss most from your November issue is the list of stations arranged by states, which I have found by experience to be almost as useful as the list arranged by wave lengths. I think a list of Canadian, Cuban and Mexican stations arranged by wave lengths would be a very valuable addition to your magazine.

I am sure that the "fan" matter contained in your magazine is very interesting to most of your subscribers and am finding no fault with it although it does not interest me.—C. L. Farnsworth, Omaha, Nebraska.

RADIO DIGEST is interested in readers' opinions on this subject. Please write us—EDITOR.

* * *

FROM A GRANDMOTHER—74 YEARS YOUNG!

I BOUGHT my first copy of RADIO DIGEST to get Harlow Wilcox's (WGES) picture. You say, "he has made good"—I'll say he has—and How! He has the best voice and is the most natural reader we hear. We are worried all the time, fearing he may quit for some cause. He is too good to be true!—A Sincere and devoted fan.—(Mrs.) G. A. Lijeau, Oak Park, Ill.

* * *

A LITTLE ANTIDOTE FOR "THE HAMMER WIELDERS"

WHAT does it matter if we aren't "crazy about" Amos and Andy or that we can't "rave" over Rudy Vallée any more? Did you ever stop to think that if we heard our best friend, or even one of our beloved parents, sing or speak along the same lines every day, perhaps two or three times a day at the same hour, we would perhaps grow a trifle bored.

And how trying the daily grind must be to the entertainers themselves! If we are a little weary, turn them off for a while, but don't "knock" them. They are untiring in their efforts to please and I, for one, consider myself fortunate to be able to hear this super-talent free of charge.

I have Radio-ed for at least ten years. My first lasting Radio thrill was when I heard John Drew give a sketch of "The Taming of the Shrew." And the singing of John McCormack on one New Year's night. Living in a small

town then, I knew I was tasting something real and hearing famous artists whom I knew I would probably never see.

May I say a word for the endless "pep" and enthusiasm of Phil Cook? I hear him twice a day and never seem to tire of him. And those two lovable characters, Abe and David. Don't they take you back to the days our parents used to tell of—husking bees and spelling matches—and can't you just smell gingerbread and wood fires and hickory smoked meat? And how I enjoy Mike and "Hoiman," and that adorable couple Cecil and Sally, whom I hear from my home station WMBD.

I bought my first copy of RADIO DIGEST and was shocked to read the knocks in V. O. L. In this old world of hard knocks why pass them on? A word of praise does so much more good.

—Mrs. E. R. Harris, Peoria, Ill.

* * *

PAGING OTTO HOEG, RADIO ARTIST

CAN any one give me some information as to the whereabouts of Otto Hoeg—former program director, announcer, pianist and composer of KGB, San Diego, California.

I always enjoyed his playing and would like to know if he is still broadcasting.—Clara Bailey, 1616 Bancroft St., San Diego, Calif.

* * *

SOME DX RECORD!

WITH my set, on October 13th, 1930, from 6:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. I "tuned-in" 64 stations, 55 of which were DX, reaching from coast to coast and from WPG of Atlantic City, N. J. to KFI, Los Angeles, California.

I believe that this will amount to a possible record of stations received for this time of year, if not, for all time.—H. Meta Tafel, 509 So. 45th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

STATION POPULARITY CONTEST WINS FAVOR

HURRAH! This is the contest for which I have waited. May I nominate my favorite station, WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y., for first place. I could enumerate many reasons for my choice but it would take too long. However, I am sure there are many in Central New York, besides myself, who consider that "The Voice of Central New York," although just a baby in size, has the best programs, for a small 250 watt station, that can be heard anywhere.—(Mrs.) R. E. Lauber, Fulton, N. Y.

* * *

PICTURE OF BILL DALY COMING SOON

THIS is my first letter to the Voice of the Listener, though I am a regular reader of your pages.

I always read your magazine from cover to cover, and then wait eagerly for the next issue.

Why don't you tell us something about Bill Daly and his orchestra? I have heard him on the "Revelers" programs and think he deserves some mention in your pages.—Louise Stockton, Cambridge, Md.

* * *

YOU'RE FUNNY—THANKS FOR MONEY

ENCLOSED you will find check to cover a year's subscription to your magazine. Until I received your letter I didn't know that my subscription had run out. But anyway—here's your dough for another year—so let's go—send along the old reliable Radio magazine

Listener

which I have been receiving for the past six years.—Ray Van Sledgright, Grand Rapids, Mich.

* * *

WE AIM TO PLEASE—BRINKLEY'S PICTURE IN THIS ISSUE

I KNOW that you are used to receiving many letters from fluttering youngsters, who rave on about their favorite Radio star without giving any reason for their criticism other than, "He is simply marvelous".

The writer of this letter is not in the above mentioned category. To begin with, I am a man. That alone should put me out of the regular herd. Secondly, I do not like to see my name in print. Thirdly, I am a college graduate and have served as dramatic critic and reporter for several of the country's leading newspapers.

Now, to get into the real purpose of this letter: About a year ago Hartford's radio station, WTIC, "blossomed out" in a number of ways, the least of which was not the employment of a southern announcer named Jack E. Brinkley. Many of us in Hartford had looked with favor upon the work which Mr. Brinkley had been doing in New York City before he came to our town. And now—well, that is the real story.

Almost all of my friends and acquaintances, with whom I had discussed the matter, admit a decided preference for Jack's work on the air, both in announcing and acting. Thereby, you would greatly please many listeners, if you would give us a story and a really sizeable photograph of this man.—G. S. W., Hartford, Conn.

* * *

ODE TO JOHN L. FOGARTY

As the setting sun fades
In her bed of old gold,
So does McCormack, who's
fast growing old.
In his place comes another,
Still more famous to be;
Sure, a son of Old Erin—
And his name's Fogarty.
—Adele McCullough, Easton, Pa.

* * *

RUDY FANS ARE RALLYING ROUND

TONIGHT I bought my first copy of RADIO DIGEST and I know right now, it will certainly not be my last.

The real reason I made this edition my first is because I saw on the cover that Rudy Vallée was going to write in it. Rudy is my weak moment and I read anything he writes or that is written about him (if it's favorable) so many times I have it memorized.

In going through your magazine I noticed how interesting and original every article was. I know that there have been countless stories about Rudy Vallée but I feel that since he likes your magazine so much that he writes in it, and because it deals with Radio, his first love, surely you would be able to get a more original interview of him, one that gives different sides of him. What is his brother like? Whom does he live with? What degree did he get in College? Does he swear? Is it true that he joined the Navy during the World War when under age? I guess that must be true, for he marched in our Boston Legionnaire Parade, and what a hand he got! Even the men said he wasn't so bad, after all, and you can guess what that

admission meant coming from those who have always growled when their wives gave up all engagements to listen in on Thursday nights.

Couldn't you please have one of your staff answer my questions? I know it would also please those ardent Rudy fans I'm going to tell about your magazine and who are sure to buy anything that even mentions Rudy's dog.

—Agnes Doherty, Neponsit, Mass.

Marcella is going to try to answer all your questions, Agnes, so watch her columns.

Rudy Vallée joins RADIO DIGEST in thanking the many admirers who wrote to express appreciation of his article. So many letters were received that there wasn't room for all. We're especially sorry we couldn't print the masterly epistles from Helen Kruse, Wood Ridge, N. J., Verna Geideman, Niles, Mich., Dorothy R. King, Brownsville, Pa., Christine H. Vass, Kenosha, Wis., Harriette Whalen, Neponsit, Mass., and R. N. Walker of Seymour, Ind. . . they were good.—EDITOR.

* * *

MORE VOTES FOR MOST POPULAR ORCHESTRA—GUY LOMBARDO AND BEN BERNIE

THIS is my first appeal to the "Voice of the Listener."

I give first place to Ben Bernie and his orchestra (not forgetting his long-necked pianist, and gum-chewing drummer), siding with Ed. Russell, of Wasco, Calif., in my opinion of Guy.

For those who stand up for Ben and Guy, more power to their pens!

A rabid Bernie and Lombardo fan.—Robert Macgregor Eadie, Pasadena, Cal.

* * *

MANLY PRAISE FOR WILL OSBORNE

I THOUGHT perhaps you would like to hear a man's opinion. It's Rudy's voice, not him that they have fallen for! American people want plain, untrained, naturalness which we all have to admit Rudy has. But for real man's appeal give me Will Osborne.—Gene Bailey, Portland, Me.

* * *

A BOOST FOR COON SANDERS

FOR my first attempt at V. O. L. I am going to try to boost Coon Sanders' Original Night-Hawks, a little, as I sincerely believe they deserve this praise, even though they may not need it.

Here is one dance orchestra that can do justice to any type of musical number, from the slowest, dreamiest waltz to the fastest moving *Tiger Rag*. In all of these, the arrangements are very clever and the rhythm perfect.

Then comes the important matter of the vocal chorus. Here again, they excel. "Coonie" is a steady reliable singer, with a good voice and plenty of pep. His partner, Joe Sanders, can croon with the best of them, but how many crooners can "open up" with his quality and range?—Philip N. Clarke, Hinsdale, Ill.

* * *

WRITE TO V. O. L.

CHAIN CALENDAR FEATURES have been omitted this month because several readers say they don't like them. What do you think? Give us your opinion and join the V. O. L. Club.—EDITOR.

TCK! TCK! HE SIGNS IT "FRIEND"

I take this awaited opportunity to point out that I haven't the slightest interest or use for your magazine. I am sorry to see Radio Broadcast go, and it could have become no more worthless if one had tried to accomplish the ultimate in that direction. It is now—junk, with my regards—H. H. Friend, Engineering Dept. RCA, Photophone, 153 E. 24th St., New York, N. Y.

* * *

ALL RIGHT—SO LONG AS YOU'RE CRAZY ABOUT US

I WANT to tell you we are simply crazy about your magazine. I have been reading it every month for nearly two years, and think it gets better every issue. We enjoy our Radio much more after we read RADIO DIGEST. It is chuck full of the most interesting Radio news—and is by far the best magazine published.—Mrs. E. L. Loudder, Lueders, Texas.

* * *

POEM—WITH APOLOGIES TO LITTLE JACK LITTLE

When I'm down and out and feeling blue,
Can you imagine what I do?
Why, I jump to the Radio, turn the dial,
"Yes we have no bananas," can be heard for a mile.

Joe and Vi, the loving pair
Make me glad I am far from there.
Sanderson and Crummit sing their songs,
As the train of the Fast Freight sounds its gongs.

The Crocket Mountaineers with songs of yore,
And Heywood Brown with admirers galore.
Up steps Burbig with talks so amusing,
That we almost forget our friend Ted Husing,
California Melodies out of the west,
For the latest of tunes, this is the best.

Radio Follies bring Eddie Cantor and Helen Morgan,

Jesse Crawford, world loved poet of the organ.
Paramount Public, I almost forgot,
Brings stars, music, and news served hot.

—Richard C. McGinnis, Oil City, Pa.

* * *

WE CAN'T ALL BE SWEET, LIKE THESE SOUTHERNERS!

PLEASE may I join the V. O. L.? I'd love to! I thoroughly enjoy the RADIO DIGEST. It has so many pictures and articles about Radio artists I've always wanted to find out about, and now that I've discovered the R. D. I know I'm getting up-to-date news.

It seems to me there is rather an unpleasant argument going back and forth in V. O. L. What I can't understand is, why be unpleasant about it? There are plenty of artists for everyone—different people require different attractions. So let's please be sweet about our arguments. Those of us who like Rudy—say so, but not at the same time condemning some one else.—F. C., Memphis, Tenn.

* * *

M. A.'S EARS SHOULD BE BURNING!

THE Mystery Announcer and his gang of WPEN are wonderful. A person couldn't be blue and listen to them at the same time.

There's Melody Mae who is a pianist, organist, comedian, singer and what not, all rolled into one. Then there is Bill. Everybody likes him for his voice, impersonations and happy-go-lucky ways. Every boy at the station is an artist in some way. M. A., short for Mystery Announcer, is grand. He has a most wonderful personality and he puts all he's got into his work to make people happy.

Some of your other V. O. L. fans write in and tell us what you think of our M. A. and his gang, won't you? And, please print more about them in the next issues. Dot Martenson, Haverford, Pa.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Radio and Aviation

DURING the years that have elapsed since the Wright brothers demonstrated that flight was possible the airplane has been developed to its present efficiency. In recent years the bonds tying together Radio and Aviation—each the fastest thing in the world in its own realm—have steadily grown stronger until today the mail and transport pilot is relying more and more upon Radio to bring him, through fog and storm, safely to his destination.

Here is an interesting tale of the value of Radio in aviation. Recently a plane roared over Hadley field in New Jersey from the west, but the clouds were so low

land. Floodlights are on," was the message.

The noise of the plane's motor died down. Suddenly the ship broke through the low hanging clouds and glided down to an easy landing. The pilot cared for his plane, then went over to the Radio room and with a grin that meant more than words, said to the operator, "Thanks".

Radio receivers installed on both mail and passenger planes are now used to bring to the pilot information regarding weather conditions in the path of his flight. Beacon systems, Radio searchlights, that send out beams of Radio like a lighthouse sends beams of light are now located at various points throughout the country and send out signals that enable a pilot to keep to his course, though

sider their Radio beacon receivers fully as important as the compass.

A pilot leaving Hadley field to fly to Chicago would tune his receiver to the beacon at Hadley field. So long as he hears one long dash he knows he is on his course. If he hears a long dash then a short dash he knows he has drifted to the right of the proper course; a short dash followed by a long dash indicates that he is to the left of the course. Before the signals from Hadley field become so weak as to be useless he will find himself within the range of another beacon; and so he continues along that definite, unfailingly infallible beacon course until he reaches his destination.

Some of the beacon systems give audible indications which the pilot hears through a pair of telephone receivers clamped over his ears. Other beacon systems use a visual indicator, mounted on the instrument board, the indicator consisting of two reeds which vibrate when the pilot is flying a beacon course. So long as he stays on the course both reeds vibrate equally. If he gets off the course the reeds vibrate unequally, and then he simply steers his plane back until both reeds are again vibrating with equal intensity. The importance the government officials attribute to Radio in aviation is indicated by the fact that the government pays an additional three cents per mile to mail planes equipped with Radio.

Safe landing is another field where Radio will be used. Imagine the task of trying to land a plane on a field covered by a dense fog, the ground absolutely invisible and with no instruments to indicate exactly how high the plane is above the ground. But experiments have been made with very, very short wave lengths and it has been found that if the transmitter is located a few feet above the ground that the signals shoot forward parallel with the ground for a short distance and then gradually curve upward. When a pilot wants to land, but cannot see the ground, he needs simply to get his plane into the path of those signals then follow them down along that perfect curved path until the wheels of the plane are but a few inches above the ground.

Radio's part in increasing safety is gaining prominence every day.

An air mail plane with rigid Radio antenna installation to insure safety, and (left) tuning control which is located in front of pilot.



that the pilot hesitated to drop below them. The Radio operator at the field, appreciating the situation, got into instant Radio communication with the pilot.

"You passed directly over the field. Turn around. The wind is east", came over the air to the pilot.

The plane roared back over the field. Then, by Radio, the pilot heard, "You have a 300 foot ceiling. Turn around and

the fog be so dense that he cannot see more than a few feet ahead. The Radio beacon system between New York and Chicago is complete. Also it is now possible, by means of government beacons, to fly a continuously defined course from Boston to Omaha and from Boston to Savannah. National Air Transport now has about 25 planes operating in the Boston to Omaha territory and the pilots con-

of the Radio Arts

Programs from Records

OUT OF modern Houses of Magic now comes a new type of program for the broadcasting station. On a piece of soft wax is recorded a carefully planned and flawlessly performed program suitable for broadcasting. From this soft wax record a copper plate is then made. Finally, passing over the intermediate processes, a "stamper" is produced from which a great many ordinary phonograph records can be manufactured. We called them phonograph records. But the organizations that produce these programs that whirl on discs never refer to them by such a prosaic name. They refer to them in the high-sounding scientific terms of "electrical transcriptions" and it is with this appellation that the recorded programs are described when they are presented over the air. Many Radio broadcasting stations are experimenting with this new type of program material; in fact it has already been adopted by a number of stations.

Electrically transcribed programs make it possible for any station—even the smallest station in the smallest town—to present entertainment featuring the greatest artists and all the well known musical organizations; entertainment essentially as good as that transmitted by the largest stations. They guarantee to the audiences of these small stations the finest of talent.

The sponsors of these electrical transcriptions feel that they have a number of distinct advantages. In the first place the records can be made in a very carefully designed studio and the program can be repeated as many times as is necessary to obtain perfection; mistakes made in an ordinary broadcast cannot be rectified. Once made they leave the station with the speed of light, never to return.

The records when pronounced perfect can be shipped to stations throughout the country and can be presented over the air at the most desirable time in each locality. This eliminates the difference in time between east and west coasts that forms a serious drawback in chain broad-

casting. When a program is sent over a chain at eight o'clock eastern standard time it is heard in San Francisco at five o'clock in the afternoon. With recorded programs this time difference is eliminated and west coast listeners can hear the program at eight o'clock or at any other desired time.

Possibly the most important objection the listener will have to recorded programs will be that he misses the feeling



The final testing of electrical transcriptions.

of listening to an actual performance. a feeling that many listeners apparently believe is an essential part of Radio entertainment. It is too early to say how serious a factor this will be in the adoption of recorded programs, for the production of electrical transcriptions especially for broadcasting has not been under intensive development for much over a year. Personally we don't care whether we listen to actual performances or electrical transcriptions, so long as the program is good.

When the recorded programs are broadcast from a station they are not played on a phonograph placed in front of a microphone, such as was done in the early days of broadcasting. Instead the output from the pick-up placed on the record is directly fed into the transmitter. The pick-ups used, much more costly than those found in phonograph-radio combi-

nations designed for the home, are generally operated in pairs so that as one record ends the next one can be cut in without any pause.

At the present time some 95 per cent of the broadcasting stations throughout the country will accept electrical transcriptions for broadcasting.

The organizations engaged in this electrical transcription work, in almost every case select talent, create the programs, supervise the making of the records, book time on the air and if necessary supply suitable reproducing apparatus to broadcasting stations.

High Power Broadcasting Stations

IT HAS been reported lately that the Federal Radio Commission is viewing with satisfaction the present power of broadcasting stations and hesitates to permit stations on clear channels to use higher power. The reader should understand what is meant by "clear channels". The broadcast band is divided into some ninety-eight channels and out of these a certain number are clear channels and only one station in the entire country is assigned to any one of these clear channels; on all other channels more than one station is operated. The limitation of power on those channels used by several broadcasting stations is necessary to prevent serious interference—but when there is only one station in the entire country operating on a particular channel it is difficult to understand why its power should be limited.

We discuss this subject because it definitely affects the listener and the quality of broadcast service which he receives. It is high power that makes it possible for small towns and rural listeners to hear good programs unmarred by static and other local interference. It is high power that makes it possible for a single broadcasting station to give consistently good service to millions of listeners, instead of thousands. We believe that the advance of broadcasting is predicated largely on the use of higher power, by broadcasting stations, so that they can serve a continuously increasing number of listeners.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Do you use the logs? Then don't forget to fill in the questionnaire on page 97 which puts their continuance to a vote.—EDITOR

K

KBTM.....Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KCRC.....Enid, Okla.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KEX.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont.
2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas
100 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
100 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KFEL.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFL.....Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
KFIF.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFJF.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
KFJJ.....Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFJM.....Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFJY.....Port Dodge, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFJZ.....Port Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KPKA.....Greeley, Colo.
1000 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KPKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KPKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—243.8 m.
KPKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KFLX.....Galveston, Texas.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
250 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska.
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFRG.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.9 m.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.

KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas.
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KFUM Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFWI.....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KFXX.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KFXM.....San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFXV.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
500 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KGCI.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGDH.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGFG.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGFI.....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGFV.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFY.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGGF.....South Coffeyville, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGR.....Butte, Mont.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.

KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGM.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGNF.....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.
KGNP.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KIDO.....Tooele, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
5000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KOB.....State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KONO.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KFCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.—421.3 m.

KPIJ.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas
2500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KPWF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
KQV.....Pittsburg, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa.
2500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
KTAB.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
KTHS.....Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KTLG.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KTTA.....San Antonio, Texas
2000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
KTSI.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTSN.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KUJ.....Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
750 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KUT.....Austin, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
2,000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
KWWG.....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

W

WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WABC.....New York City
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WAUI.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263.7 m.
WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
10,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
WBGM.....Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WBNY.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBOQ.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WBSO.....Wellesley Hills, Mass.
250 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.

WBT.....Charlotte, N. C. 5000 w.-1080 kc.-277.6 m.	WEEI.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.-590 kc.-508.2 m.	WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio 1000 w.-1390 kc.-215 m.	WLBG.....Petersburg, Va. 250 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WOKO.....Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 500 w.-1440 kc.-208.2 m.
WBTM.....Danville, Va. 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.	WEHC.....Emory, Va. 250 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WHN.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.-1010 kc.-296.9 m.	WLBL.....Stevens Pt., Wis. 2000 w.-900 kc.-333.1 m.	WOL.....Washington, D. C. 100 l.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass. 15,000 w.-990 kc.-302.8 m.	WEHS.....Evanston, Ill. 100 w.-1420 kc.-211.1 m.	WHO.....Des Moines, Ia. 5000 w.-1000 kc.-299.8 m.	WLBW.....Oil City, Pa. 1000 w.-1260 kc.-238 m.	WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass. 500 w.-990 kc.-302.8 m.	WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.	WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.-1450 kc.-206.8 m.	WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y. 100 w.-1500 kc.-199.9 m.	WOOD.....Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.-1270 kc.-236.1 m.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn. 250 w.-600 kc.-500 m.	WEMC.....Berrien Springs, Mich. 1000 w.-590 kc.-508.2 m.	WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.-1430 kc.-209.7 m.	WLBZ.....Bangor, Maine 500 w.-620 kc.-483.6 m.	WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn. 100 w.-1500 kc.-199.9 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N.Y. 500 w.-1220 kc.-245.8 m.	WENR.....Chicago, Ill. 50,000 w.-870 kc.-344.5 m.	WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa 100 w.-1420 kc.-211.1 m.	WLEX.....Lexington, Mass. 500 w.-1410 kc.-212.6 m.	WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.-1300 kc.-230.6 m.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.-1220 kc.-245.8 m.	WEPS.....Auburn, Mass. 100 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WIBA.....Madison, Wis. 100 w.-1210 kc.-234.2 m.	WLEY.....Lexington, Mass. 250 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.	WOR.....Worcester, Mass. 100 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio 500 w.-1430 kc.-209.7 m.	WEVD.....New York City 500 w.-1300 kc.-230.6 m.	WIBM.....Jackson, Mich. 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.	WLBI.....Elgin, Ill. 25,000 w.-720 kc.-416.4 m.	WORD.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.-1490 kc.-201.2 m.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr. 500 w.-590 kc.-508.2 m.	WEW.....St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.-760 kc.-394.5 m.	WIBO.....Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.-560 kc.-535.7 m.	WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.-560 kc.-235.4 m.	WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo. 500 w.-630 kc.-475.9 m.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.-1250 kc.-239.9 m.	WFAA.....Dallas, Texas 50,000 w.-800 kc.-374.8 m.	WIBU.....Poynette, Wis. 100 w.-1310 kc.-211.1 m.	WLOE.....Boston, Mass. 100 w.-1500 kc.-199.9 m.	WOV.....New York City 1000 w.-1130 kc.-265.3 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J. 500 w.-1280 kc.-234.2 m.	WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.-610 kc.-491.5 m.	WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas 1000 w.-580 kc.-516.9 m.	WLS.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.-870 kc.-344.6 m.	WOW.....Omaha, Nebr. 1000 w.-590 kc.-508.2 m.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md. 250 w.-600 kc.-499.7 m.	WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio 250 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WIBX.....Utica, N. Y. 300 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WLSI.....Cranston, R. I. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WOWO.....Pt. Wayne, Ind. 10,000 w.-1160 kc.-258.5 m.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J. 500 w.-1280 kc.-234.2 m.	WFBG.....Altoona, Pa. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn. 500 w.-1190 kc.-252 m.	WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.-1400 kc.-214 m.	WPAD.....Paducah, Ky. 100 w.-1420 kc.-211.1 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D. 100 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind. 1000 w.-1230 kc.-243.8 m.	WIL.....St. Louis, Mo. 250 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va. 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.	WPAP.....Cliffside, N. J. 250 w.-1010 kc.-266.9 m.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa. 10,000 w.-1170 kc.-256.3 m.	WFBP.....Baltimore, Md. 250 w.-1270 kc.-236.1 m.	WILL.....Urbana, Ill. 500 w.-890 kc.-336.9 m.	WLW.....Cincinnati, O. 50,000 w.-700 kc.-428.3 m.	WPAPW.....Pawtucket, R. I. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt. 100 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WFDF.....Flint, Mich. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WILM.....Wilmington, Del. 100 w.-1420 kc.-211.1 m.	WMAAC.....Cazenovia, N. Y. 250 w.-570 kc.-526 m.	WPCC.....Chicago, Ill. 500 w.-560 kc.-535 m.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa. 250 w.-1440 kc.-208.2 m.	WFDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.	WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.-1300 kc.-230.6 m.	WMAF.....S. Dartmouth, Mass. 500 w.-1410 kc.-212.6 m.	WPCH.....New York City 500 w.-810 kc.-370.2 m.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill. 5000 w.-1080 kc.-277.6 m.	WFDW.....Talladega, Ala. 100 w.-1420 kc.-211.1 m.	WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.-610 kc.-491.5 m.	WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.-1040 kc.-288.3 m.	WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.-1500 kc.-199.9 m.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md. 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.	WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.-560 kc.-535.4 m.	WIS.....Columbia, S. C. 1000 w.-1010 kc.-296.9 m.	WMAL.....Washington, D. C. 500 w.-630 kc.-475.9 m.	WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J. 5000 w.-1100 kc.-272.6 m.
WCBT.....Springfield, Ill. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky. 1000 w.-940 kc.-319 m.	WISJ.....Madison, Wis. 1000 w.-780 kc.-384.4 m.	WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.-670 kc.-447.5 m.	WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y. 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn. 7500 w.-810 kc.-370.2 m.	WFJC.....Akron, Ohio 500 w.-1450 kc.-206.8 m.	WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.-1120 kc.-267.7 m.	WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo. 250 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WPOR.....Norfolk, Va. 500 w.-780 kc.-384.4 m.
WCDA.....New York City 250 w.-1350 kc.-222.1 m.	WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla. 2500 w.-620 kc.-483.6 m.	WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.4 m.	WMAZ.....Macon, Ga. 500 w.-890 kc.-336.9 m.	WPSC.....State College, Pa. 500 w.-1230 kc.-243.8 m.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.-970 kc.-301.9 m.	WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr. 1000 w.-1060 kc.-282.8 m.	WMBA.....Newport, R. I. 100 w.-1500 kc.-199.9 m.	WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C. 1000 w.-680 kc.-440.9 m.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.-1400 kc.-212.4 m.	WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WJAR.....Providence, R. I. 400 w.-890 kc.-336.9 m.	WMBBC.....Detroit, Mich. 250 w.-1420 kc.-211.1 m.	WQAM.....Miami, Fla. 1000 w.-560 kc.-535.4 m.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky. 5000 w.-1490 kc.-201.6 m.	WGBE.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.-1430 kc.-209.7 m.	WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.-1290 kc.-232.4 m.	WMBD.....Peoria Hts., Ill. 1000 w.-1440 kc.-208.2 m.	WQAN.....Scranton, Pa. 250 w.-880 kc.-340.7 m.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y. 100 w.-1500 kc.-199.9 m.	WGBF.....Evansville, Ind. 500 w.-630 kc.-475.9 m.	WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla. 1000 w.-900 kc.-333.1 m.	WMBF.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.-1300 kc.-230.6 m.	WQAO.....Palisade, N. J. 250 w.-1010 kc.-296.9 m.
WCLO.....Janesville, Wis. 100 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WGBI.....Scranton, Pa. 250 w.-880 kc.-340.7 m.	WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.-610 kc.-491.5 m.	WMBG.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss. 360 w.-1360 kc.-220.4 m.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WGBS.....New York City 500 w.-600 kc.-499.7 m.	WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill. 5000 w.-1490 kc.-201.2 m.	WMBH.....Joplin, Mo. 250 w.-1420 kc.-211.1 m.	WQDV.....Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.-1500 kc.-199.9 m.
WCMR.....Culver, Ind. 500 w.-1400 kc.-212.4 m.	WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WJBC.....La Salle, Ill. 100 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WMBI.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.-1080 kc.-277.6 m.	WRAF.....LaPorte, Ind. 100 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla. 500 w.-1340 kc.-223.7 m.	WGCP.....Newark, N. J. 250 w.-1250 kc.-239.9 m.	WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WMBJ.....Wilkesburg, Pa. 100 w.-1500 kc.-199.9 m.	WRAN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.-1020 kc.-293.9 m.
WCOB.....Meridian, Miss. 1000 w.-880 kc.-340.7 m.	WGES.....Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.-1360 kc.-220.4 m.	WJBL.....Decatur, Ill. 100 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WMBQ.....Auburn, N. Y. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.
WCOH.....Harrisburg, Pa. 100 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WGH.....Newport News, Va. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WJBO.....New Orleans, La. 100 w.-1420 kc.-211.1 m.	WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 100 w.-1500 kc.-199.9 m.	WRBT.....Wilmington, N. C. 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.
WCOI.....Yonkers, N. Y. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind. 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.	WJBT-WBBM.....Glenview, Ill. 25,000 w.-770 kc.-380.4 m.	WMBR.....Tampa, Fla. 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.	WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn. 1000 w.-1250 kc.-239.9 m.	WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WMC.....Memphis, Tenn. 1000 w.-780 kc.-384.4 m.	WRBX.....Roanoke, Va. 250 w.-1410 kc.-212.6 m.
WCSC.....Charleston, S. C. 250 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WGN.....Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.-720 kc.-416.4 m.	WJDX.....Jackson, Miss. 1000 w.-1270 kc.-236.1 m.	WMCB.....New York City 500 w.-570 kc.-526 m.	WRDO.....Augusta, Maine 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.
WCSH.....Portland, Me. 1000 w.-940 kc.-319 m.	WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.-550 kc.-545.1 m.	WJED.....Mooseheart, Ill. 20,000 w.-1130 kc.-265.3 m.	WMMN.....Fairmont, W. Va. 500 w.-890 kc.-336.9 m.	WRDW.....Augusta, Ga. 100 w.-1500 kc.-199.9 m.
WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio 500 w.-1450 kc.-206.8 m.	WGST.....Atlanta, Ga. 500 w.-890 kc.-336.9 m.	WJES.....Detroit, Mich. 5000 w.-750 kc.-399.8 m.	WMSG.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.-1350 kc.-222.1 m.	WREC.....Memphis, Tenn. 1000 w.-600 kc.-499.7 m.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla. 1000 w.-1220 kc.-245.8 m.	WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y. 50,000 w.-790 kc.-379.5 m.	WJF.....Mansfield, Ohio 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa 500 w.-600 kc.-499.7 m.	WREN.....Lawrence, Kans. 1000 w.-1220 kc.-245.8 m.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.-610 kc.-491.5 m.	WHA.....Madison, Wis. 750 w.-940 kc.-319 m.	WJW.....New York City 30,000 w.-760 kc.-394.5 m.	WNAAC.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.-1230 kc.-243.8 m.	WRHM.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.-1250 kc.-239.9 m.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas 250 w.-1410 kc.-212.6 m.	WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.-1120 kc.-267.7 m.	WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R. 500 w.-890 kc.-336.9 m.	WNAD.....Norman, Okla. 500 w.-1010 kc.-269.9 m.	WRJN.....Racine, Wis. 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.
WDAH.....El Paso, Texas 100 w.-1310 kc.-227.9 m.	WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y. 5000 w.-1150 kc.-260.7 m.	WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich. 1000 w.-1040 kc.-288.3 m.	WNAX.....Yankton, S. Dak. 1000 w.-570 kc.-526 m.	WRNY.....New York City 250 w.-1010 kc.-296.9 m.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D. 1000 w.-940 kc.-319 m.	WHAP.....New York City 1000 w.-1300 kc.-230.6 m.	WKAU.....Laconia, N. H. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WNB.....Binghamton, N. Y. 100 w.-1500 kc.-199.9 m.	WRR.....Dallas, Texas 500 w.-1280 kc.-234.2 m.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va. 500 w.-930 kc.-322.4 m.	WHAS.....Louisville, Ky. 10,000 w.-820 kc.-365.6 m.	WKBB.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WNBH.....New Bedford, Mass. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla. 5000 w.-830 kc.-361.2 m.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla. 1000 w.-1120 kc.-267.7 m.	WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WNBQ.....Silver Haven, Pa. 100 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WRVA.....Richmond, Va. 5000 w.-1110 kc.-270.1 m.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del. 350 w.-1120 kc.-267.7 m.	WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y. 500 w.-1300 kc.-230.6 m.	WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind. 500 w.-1400 kc.-214.2 m.	WNBZ.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.-1430 kc.-209.7 m.	WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio 500 w.-1330 kc.-225.4 m.
WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.-1180 kc.-254.1 m.	WHB.....Kansas City, Mo. 500 w.-860 kc.-348.6 m.	WKBI.....La Crosse, Wis. 1000 w.-1380 kc.-217.3 m.	WNJ.....Newark, N. J. 250 w.-1450 kc.-206.8 m.	WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.
WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn. 2500 w.-1280 kc.-234.2 m.	WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.	WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio 500 w.-570 kc.-526 m.	WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn. 2000 w.-560 kc.-535.4 m.	WSAN.....Allentown, Pa. 250 w.-1440 kc.-208.2 m.
WDRS.....Hartford, Conn. 500 w.-1330 kc.-226 m.	WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.-1450 kc.-206.8 m.	WNRC.....Greensboro, N. C. 500 w.-1440 kc.-208.2 m.	WSAR.....Fall River, Mass. 250 w.-1450 kc.-206.8 m.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La. 1000 w.-1250 kc.-239.9 m.	WHBI.....Sheboygan, Wis. 500 w.-1410 kc.-212.6 m.	WKBQ.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.-1350 kc.-222.1 m.	WNYC.....New York, N. Y. 500 w.-570 kc.-526 m.	WSAZ.....Huntington, W. Va. 250 w.-580 kc.-316.9 m.
WDWF.....Providence, R. I. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn. 100 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.	WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.	WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex. 5000 w.-1190 kc.-252 m.	WSB.....Atlanta, Ga. 5000 w.-740 kc.-405.2 m.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill. 100 w.-1070 kc.-280.2 m.	WHBU.....Anderson, Ind. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WKBY.....Connersville, Ind. 150 w.-1500 kc.-199.9 m.	WOAN.....Whitehaven, Tenn. 1000 w.-600 kc.-499.7 m.	WSBC.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.-660 kc.-454.3 m.	WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis. 100 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y. 5000 w.-1480 kc.-202.6 m.	WOAX.....Trenton, N. J. 500 w.-1280 kc.-242.4 m.	WSBT.....South Bend, Ind. 500 w.-1230 kc.-243.8 m.
WEAL.....Ithaca, N. Y. 1000 w.-1270 kc.-236.1 m.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.-1370 kc.-218.8 m.	WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.-1200 kc.-249.9 m.	WOBT.....Union City, Tenn. 250 w.-1410 kc.-228.9 m.	WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.-1400 kc.-214.2 m.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I. 500 w.-780 kc.-384.4 m.	WHDI.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.-830 kc.-361.2 m.	WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio 1000 w.-550 kc.-545.1 m.	WOBU.....Charleston, W. Va. 250 w.-580 kc.-316.9 m.	WSEN.....Columbus, Ohio 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio 750 w.-570 kc.-526 m.	WHDR.....Rochester, N. Y. 500 w.-1180 kc.-254.1 m.	WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla. 1000 w.-900 kc.-333.1 m.	WOC.....Davenport, Iowa 5000 w.-1000 kc.-200.8 m.	WSPA.....Montgomery, Ala. 500 w.-1410 kc.-212.6 m.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis. 2500 w.-1290 kc.-232.4 m.	WHFC.....Cicero, Ill. 100 w.-1420 kc.-211.1 m.	WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.-1470 kc.-204 m.	WODA.....Paterson, N. J. 1000 w.-1250 kc.-240.9 m.	WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.-1400 kc.-214.2 m.
WEBO.....Harrisburg, Ill. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.	WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va. 100 w.-1420 kc.-211.1 m.	WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.-1250 kc.-239.9 m.	WODX.....Mobile, Ala. 500 w.-1410 kc.-214.2 m.	WSIN.....Springfield, Tenn. 100 w.-1210 kc.-247.8 m.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y. 200 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.		WLBK.....Kansas City, Kans. 100 w.-1420 kc.-211.1 m.	WOI.....Ames, Iowa 5000 w.-640 kc.-465.8 m.	WSJS.....Weston-Salem, N. C. 100 w.-1310 kc.-228.9 m.

WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
100 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN.....Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—215.9 m.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW.....College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
2500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WTNT.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAB.....Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258 m.
WXYZ.....Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m,
889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA-CKOW-CNRT, To-
ronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc,
500w.
CFCE, Montreal, P. Q.,
291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont.,
500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m,
1210 kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m,
629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E.
I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B.,
247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC-CNRS, Saskatoon,
Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co.,
Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m,
1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E.
I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 329.7m,
910kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte,
Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C.,
247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m,
729.9 kc, 500w.
CJCA-CNRE, Edmonton,
Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9 m,
880kc, 50w.
CJJC-CHCA, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont.,
329.7m, 910kc, 500w.

CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m,
629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask.,
329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C.,
291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask.,
500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m,
599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m,
1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P.
Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B.
C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
880kc, 50w.
CKCL, Toronto, Ont.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m,
889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRO, Quebec, P. Q.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S.,
322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont.,
434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC-CHCT, Red Deer,
Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m,
1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C.
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m,
540kc, 500w.
CKY-CNRRW, Winnipeg
Man., 384.6m, 790kc, 5000w.

CNRA, Moncton, N. B.,
476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta.,
357.7m, 840kc,—w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m,
599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C.,
291.3m, 1038kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc,
50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc,
100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m,
622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc,
50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m,
680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m,
1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m,
611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc,
100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc,
500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc,
100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc,
150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m,
1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m,
643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc,
300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m,
1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc,
500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m,
923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc,
500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc,
2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc,
1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc,
250w.

Mexico

XEA.....Guadalajara, Jal.
101 w.—250 m.—1200 kc.

XEB.....Mexico, D. F.
1000 w.—450 m.—895 kc.
XEC.....Toluca, Mexico
50 w.—225 m.—1333 kc.
XED.....Reynosa, Tamps.
2000 w.—312.3 m.—960.6 kc.
XEE.....Linares, N. L.
10 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEF.....Oaxaca, Oax.
105 w.—265 m.—1132 kc.
XEG.....Mexico, D. F.
2000 w.—362 m.—828.7 kc.
XEH.....Monterrey, N. L.
101 w.—265 m.—964.6 kc.
XEI.....Morelia, Mich.
101 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEJ.....C. Juarez, Chih.
101 w.—350 m.—857.1 kc.
XEK.....Mexico, D. F.
101 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEL.....Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—275 m.—1091 kc.
XEM.....Tampico, Tamps.
501 w.—356.9 m.—841 kc.
XEN.....Mexico, D. F.
1000 w.—410 m.—731.7 kc.
XEO.....Mexico, D. F.
101 w.—305 m.—983.6 kc.
XEQ.....Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000.
XER.....Mexico, D. F.
101 w.—280 m.—1071 kc.
XES.....Tampico, Tamps.
500 w.—337 m.—980 kc.
XET.....Monterrey, N. L.
500 w.—336.9 m.—890.4 kc.
XEU.....Veracruz, Ver.
101 w.—375 m.—800 kc.
XEV.....Puebla, Pue.
101 w.—290 m.—1034.5 kc.
XEW.....Mexico, D. F.
5000 w.—385 m.—780 kc.
XEX.....Mexico, D. F.
500 w.—325 m.—923 kc.
XEY.....Suridera, Yuc.
105 w.—548.6 m.—546.8 kc.
XEZ.....Mexico, D. F.
500 w.—548 m.—588.2 kc.
XETA.....Mexico, D. F.
500.
XFE.....Villahermosa, Tab.
XFF.....Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—325 m.—915 kc.
XFG.....Mexico, D. F.
2000 w.—470 m.—638.3 kc.
XFH.....Mexico, D. F.
250 w.
XFI.....Mexico, D. F.
1000 w.—507 m.—791.7 kc.
XFX.....Mexico, D. F.
500 w.—357 m.

What About Logs?

FOR years RADIO DIGEST has published station listings under various arrangements for handy reference. As these listings have become fairly stable, and the list of one month is practically the same as the list of the next month the question

arises as to whether the readers of RADIO DIGEST would not prefer only intermittent publication of the lists, thus allowing for more space to be devoted to features and personalities of the air. Let's put it to a vote.

	Monthly	Alternate	Drop it
Alphabetical List. Call letters in alphabetical order with power, kilocycles and wave.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Official Wave Lengths. Frequency and wave in numerical order with city or town.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
State and City Index. Alphabetical order by state and city.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Chain Calendar Features. Day by day log of chain features. (Owing to the fact that this material must be prepared six weeks in advance, and changes are taking place daily it is impossible to keep the listing accurate.) Such as it is do you want it?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Check in the square as to what you would like RADIO DIGEST to do about the logs. Cut out this notice and send it to the Editor of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

She Burns Green

(Continued from page 18)

packed up and come to Nevada to see if I couldn't find me a marsh of this stuff.

AARON: Did ye find any?

JOE: I saw plenty . . . but none that somebody else hadn't located first. I saw it rising in price, too, and the market for it gettin' bigger an' bigger . . . but as usual, I'd jest missed out.

AARON: Well, that's a queer thing. Strange stuff with a name like borax. What's it good for?

JOE: It's got so many uses, I I don't know hardly where to begin. They use it in makin' drugs, an' china, an' glassware. An' they're jest beginnin' to discover it's useful around a house too. It helps women folks get their clothes and dishes cleaned an' shinier. It makes water soft. It helps starch clothes. It drives away bugs . . . I dunno . . . 'pears like it keeps every thing it touches sweet an' clean.

AARON: Ain't nothin' invented has so many uses as that. Sounds like jest another o' them sucker's yarns to me.

JOE: No, you're wrong there.

AARON: What's it look like?

JOE: I got a little package of it here in my saddle bag. I'll show it to you. And this other is what it looks like when they find it. Sometimes like this, in crystals . . . an' sometimes like this . . . cotton balls they call 'em.

AARON: Hm . . . why, that looks jest like salt crystals an' alkali rock you see lyin' round loose.

JOE: Well, the feller that sees any of this stuff layin' around loose has got a fortune waitin' for him. I'm keepin' an eye peeled for it all the time . . . though I reckon it ain't in the cards for me to find any.

AARON: Hm-mm. How can you tell when it's the real thing, stranger?

JOE: There's one test that never fails. See this little box? Well, inside are some chemicals. You mix 'em together and pour 'em over a piece of the stuff you've gathered. If it burns green it's borax.

AARON: Hm-m-m.

ROSIE: Speaking of burning . . . the coffee has almost boiled away while you two have been talking.

AARON: I dunno's I want any coffee, anyway, Rosie. You and the stranger here divide it.

ROSIE: No coffee? Why Aaron . . . don't you feel good.

AARON: No, no. . . . I've got something on my mind. Rosie. Leave me

alone, like a good girl. (Back to the old Ranger and the bride.)

"WELL, very next day, the minute the stranger had left in the mornin', Aaron Winters unfolded his plan to Rosie. He'd been lyin' awake all night . . . too excited to sleep . . . but afraid even to whisper the news of his hopes to his wife. He knew Death Valley by heart, an' he'd seen heaps of stuff lyin' around in

returning. He 'peared all excited."

ROSIE: (Calls) Hoo-oo—Hoo'oo.

(Faint answering call from Aaron.)

ROSIE: Oh, I wonder . . . I wonder.

AARON: (Calls) Hello there, Rosie? You all right?

ROSIE: Yes. You . . . you got it, Aaron?

AARON: (Coming closer) You bet. Loaded as much as I could on the burro.

ROSIE: Oh . . . Aaron!

AARON: I found a heap of the stuff layin' around. But I dunno if it's worth anythin'. I been trampin' over it for years.

ROSIE: Let me see it.

AARON: Look, Rosie. Did you ever see a cotton ball as big as that before? Makes them Teels Marsh cotton balls the stranger showed us look like pinheads.

ROSIE: Did you stake, Aaron?

AARON: Not yet. We got to burn it first before we know for sure it's borax.

ROSIE: The chemicals . . . quick.

AARON: Not yet, Rosie. It ain't dark enough. We can't make the test till the sun goes down.

ROSIE: Oh, will it never sink?

AARON: Don't get your hopes up too high, honey. We been disappointed before now, you know.

ROSIE: Yes . . . perhaps it would be better for us if the sun never sank this evening . . . but hung, just as it is now low over the mountains.

AARON: Rosie, you talk like you was in a dream. You got a faraway look in your eyes, too.

ROSIE: I was wondering how a place that has been so dreadful to man and is so full of terrors can be so beautiful, too. See . . . all those colors of gold, from the palest to ruddy copper . . . and yet it is not like metal. Over there, it is like opal, like pearl . . . and there again like a creamy velvet. Living light . . . The valley floor . . . it is jade and turquoise and rose quartz. Those tremendous mountains . . . see how the old sun is wrapping them now in

robes of purple and crimson to hide their terrors. This whole great valley is a lie. It smiles and puts on a beautiful dress to deceive . . . underneath is just a skeleton.

AARON: But tonight, Rosie, Death Valley is going to come to life for us.

ROSIE: (Suddenly) Look, Aaron . . . the sun's dropped behind the mountains. It's dark.

AARON: Sure enough . . . black as pitch, all of a sudden. Jest like those durn



John White, who acts as the "lonesome cowboy" singer.

it that looked jest like the stuff that that tramp prospector had showed him from Nevada. In exchange for the hospitality of the Winters the stranger left them some of the precious chemicals. Then Aaron and Rosie went prospectin'. They pitched camp on Furnace Creek . . . this strange couple . . . the grizzled old prospector and his frail pretty Spanish wife. And then Aaron started off with his burro to a nearby marsh. Rosie waited for him, and jest shortly before sunset she seen him

mountains! They steal a march on you every time.

ROSIE: Aaron . . . where are the chemicals!

AARON: Right here. Now sit tight and keep quiet . . . What did I do with that tin saucer?

ROSIE: Here it is.

AARON: Hold it steady, then, while I put the cotton ball on it.

ROSIE: I have it.

AARON: Now for the chemicals . . . Don't let your hand tremble, Rosie. I don't want to spill any of this solution.

ROSIE: It is *your* hand that trembles, Aaron.

AARON: I'm afraid of losin' it, that's all. Now, jest hold her tight . . . and I'll pour the second solution over her. Here goes.

ROSIE: Now light it, Aaron.

AARON: You light it, Rosie.

ROSIE: No, this is your discovery, Aaron. Set the flame to it with your own hand.

AARON: Well . . . here she goes, then. (*Sound of striking match.*)

AARON: Wait a minute. That match went out.

ROSIE: Oh . . . a bad omen.

AARON: Nonsense . . . just a puff of wind. Better luck this time. Now. (*Strikes another match.*)

ROSIE: (*Catching her breath*) Ah-h!

AARON: (*In a low voice*) The flame's taking hold now.

ROSIE: (*In a whisper*) Look!

AARON: (*With a great shout*) Hey! She burns green! She burns green! Rosie! By heaven, it's borax! . . . Rosie . . . we're rich.

ROSIE: We've made a strike at last, Aaron.

AARON: Borax in Death Valley! Acres and acres of it! Death Valley's going to yield its treasures at last. Oh, Rosie . . . thank God we stayed.

(*Back to the Ranger*)

RANGER: And so it was, ma'am, that Aaron an' Rosie Winters discovered borax in Death Valley . . . them same magic crystals you got in that package there on your kitchen shelf today.

BRIDE: Oh, what a story! But I want to hear the end. Did Rosie finally get the home of her dreams?

RANGER: Yes . . . the news about Aaron's discovery spread like wild fire, and he soon sold his claim for \$20,000.

BRIDE: So they left the old shack by Death Valley?

RANGER: Yes, they moved up to Pahrump Oasis in Nevada, where they bought a ranch an' settled down to enjoy their riches. . . . An' one of the riches an' comforts Rosie enjoyed most was borax itself.

(*Signature—the bugle call as at the beginning. Repeated fainter and fainter until it finally dies away in the distance altogether.*)

Closing announcement:

Fifty years have passed since that

memorable night when Aaron and Rosie Winters discovered Borax in Death Valley.

Near the spot where they pitched their little camp, there is today a fine hotel. . . . Furnace Creek Inn . . . probably one of the most uniquely situated hotels in the world. Here, in the midst of the desert, you now find all the comforts and luxuries of civilization . . . swimming pools, tennis courts, automobiles and saddle horses. Yet the romantic atmosphere of the early days still remains . . . Travelers recapture thrills. And the magnificent and unique scenery continues to cast its spell on all who venture that way.

Death Valley in October becomes a dreamy sunny climate, the home of Indian Summer, and until the middle of May the weather remains ideal for outdoor life. Furnace Creek Inn opens the 1st of November . . . for the winter season.

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"From A Toy To The Nation's Joy"

(Continued from page 56)

let on how to be beautiful. That is how the broadcast sponsor tests the size of his audience. If he gets 50,000 requests he feels satisfied that more than 100,000 were in tune because a small percentage take the trouble to write.

But how many wrote to his Majesty King George V after his voice entered a golden microphone in London, at the opening of the Naval Arms Conference, for rebroadcast in all parts of the world early one morning last January? That was the first big broadcast in 1930, in fact, the most extensive ever attempted. It was estimated that 100,000,000 were within range of the monarch's plea for peace on earth. The press throughout the world heralded the broadcast as a scientific achievement while millions of listeners boasted that a king had entered their living rooms by Radio. That was on January 20, 1930. Had his Majesty offered all listeners some sort of a souvenir he would probably have a staff at work yet filing the requests.

THERE has been a change in programs since 1930 dawned. Full hour and half-hour presentations were the vogue. But as the year progressed, the fifteen-minute sketch, notably *Amos 'n' Andy*, *Uncle Abe* and *David*, and several others have won national popularity. Today there are more sketches on the air and fewer one-hour presentations, while numerous half-hour broadcasts have been cut to fifteen minutes. When business prosperity returns it is doubtful if the former popularity of the one-hour program will return, because then there will be a greater demand for time on the air.

Shorter broadcasts will be encouraged in an effort to accommodate all who want to sponsor Radio. Of course, this does not mean that there will be no full-hour programs. Some of the larger orchestras and symphonies require an hour to do justice to their musical presentations.

IN YEARS past there has been much talk relative to mechanical music broadcasts, but the majority of higher power stations fought shy of the records. However, in 1930, new electrical transcription devices were introduced improving the quality of the presentations. This encouraged many of the smaller stations and a number of the more powerful to test the possibilities of the records and also the reaction of the public. A new field seems to be developing in this realm of mechanical music, and, no doubt what the studio manager of a prominent New York station called "purely an experiment" will be further tested in 1931. So far the public has registered no complaint against electrical transcription. The new year is likely to reveal much in this direction and if the entertainment is worth tuning in, progress will be made.

Announcer Ted Husing of WABC's staff, since the first of 1930, has made more than fifty-three excursions, traveling more than 22,000 miles to cover Radio events, a list of which reveal the diversity found at the dial. The broadcasts included a football game on the Pacific coast, the Beaux Arts Ball in New York, basketball games, an airplane broadcast with two-way conversation from land to plane, the funeral of the late President William Howard Taft, arrival of the S.S. Europa after a record-making run across the Atlantic, a parade at Alexandria, Va., boxing bouts, a Congressional spelling bee, an intercollegiate track meet at Philadelphia, the Kentucky Derby, a convention in Bermuda, the Shriners' convention in Canada, return of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, intercollegiate regattas, a marble championship contest, the Open Golf Tournament of the United States, arrival of transatlantic fliers, championship tennis matches, international polo games. America's Cup Race between the *Enterprise* and the *Shamrock*, the World's Series and headliners of the gridiron.

And intermingled with all those events were the world's most talented singers, music of famous bands and orchestras, speeches by men and women prominent in public life here and abroad. Rebroadcasts by noted men and women actuating a microphone in London have been heard regularly and clearly in America from coast-to-coast.

The year 1930 is noted for its achievements in Radio. A survey of the programs reveal the value of the investment made in a Radio set. It pays a handsome dividend in the form of education and entertainment for the entire family, from early morning until late at night.

Happy New Year

(Continued from page 24)

Harold Sanford, for years Herbert's closest friend and now considered the world's foremost Herbert conductor, follows suit with his new year anticipations. "I believe," said he, "that some great sponsor will again come to the fore with a wide coast-to-coast network and present a full hour's program weekly, featuring Radio versions of Herbert's operettas, and perhaps including those of Lehar and Friml."

The lovable and homely NBC Pickard Family have pretty well defined ideas regarding their New Year's resolutions. Mother resolves to make as many people happy as possible; Ruth, to strive harder for success; "Bubb", to "work hard and trust the Lord"; little Anne, to study hard in school and Radio, and Dad, to live better, work harder and make more people enjoy life.

But the resolution Nat Brusiloff, clowning director of the NBC Nestle Chocolateaters makes, he will probably have broken before you reach this sentence. "I'm going to be more serious," Nat resolved. "What I'd like to see is better synchronization of affiliated stations on network programs," the wag added. "Last week I had reports that the station in Omaha finished my concluding number two measures behind New Orleans and a bar behind Cuba."

Frank Luther, tenor of Lucky Strike, Chase and Sanborn, Happy Wonder Bakers—and others—claims he is going to be just twice as nice to everyone this year by way of repaying some of the kindnesses shown him by Frank Black, Gus Haenschen and Nat Shilkret, directors of programs for which he sings. Black, incidentally, hopes during 1931 to produce, and will produce he vows, better arrangements and orchestrations than ever before.

Lee Sims, of CBS and pioneer fame at the "ivories", hopes this year to see the perfection of a type of program he has been working on for many months—a program wherein the music presents such a perfect picture, or story, that the words of the announcer will be superfluous. (They generally are.—Editor's Note.) Sims and Ilomay Bailey, his partner in life and at the mike, will thus hold the unique title of "Painters of Musical Portraits".

Paul Whiteman, aside from resolving to keep his present "youthful figure", looks forward to one other thing this year. That is a successor to the "Rhapsody in Blue" which "is as good," to use his own terms. As for Ben Bernie, one of the world's most masterful masters of ceremonies—and band leader, Ben turns over a new leaf and claims he will no longer use any old gags, "that is," he explained, "any that they won't laugh at any more. And in 1931," Bernie added, "I hope they

like it as well as they've been liking it."

Phil Spitalny, who deserted New York last year to crash into instant popularity in Chicago, hopes 1931 will bring many new and long-lived songs for his Edgewater Beach Hotel orchestra to play. "I resolve," he said, "to continue gratefully to give my listeners exactly what they want, so tell them to be sure to ask me for it."

Muriel Pollock, NBC composer-pianist who also commits herself to toil, said, "My resolve is to adapt for two-piano interpretation several of the longer compositions which I have written for orchestra. Among them are *Spanish Shawl* and *Shadows on the Teche*."

Muriel Wilson, soprano of the Maxwell, Davey and light opera productions, said she plans this year to please and entertain, rather than simply elevate or improve the repertoire of her audience.

Lew White, of the mighty NBC organ console, already has his pet numbers selected for this year. "I'll give my audience programs of a unique nature including such numbers as Ravel's *Bolero* and the Cuban melody *El Manisero* (the Peasant Vendor). The modernistic note, expressed in new and unusual arrangements, will be an interesting aspect of musical programs for the year."

Guy Lombardo Battles A Gunman

(Continued from page 11)

"Well, to get back to the subject. As usual, hilarity reigned in the place. It was nearly 2 A.M. The headwaiter came to me and said a man insisted on talking with me. I went to the phone. The voice at the other end was full of sobs.

"Mr. Lombardo, will you please play and sing *My Buddy*!" he asked. 'I am at the Soldiers' Hospital with my buddy of the other side. He is dying. There is a Radio in his room. We want you to play it so we can sing it with you.'

"We stopped playing almost in the middle of a number. I announced to the folks present and to the Radio listeners that the request for *My Buddy* had been made, and told them the circumstances surrounding the request. The tenor of the place changed from one of hilarity to one of profound silence.

"Never before or since have I heard the song played as we played it. 'Carm' outdid himself in the singing of the chorus. The patrons of the cafe were silent and reverent. There was nothing we could do but sign off after that song had been played. We couldn't possibly think of 'getting hot' again that night.

Steele Jamison, concert and operatic tenor, on the other hand, will specialize on grand opera arias and stress the dramatic spirit of those. "I hope 1931 sees a renaissance of grand opera on the air," Jamison added.

Judge Whipple of *Real Folks* and Cap'n Jimmy Norton of *Harbor Lights*—in other words, Edwin Whitney—resolves to lose no more hair during 1931, a resolution which will surely be broken. The famous Radio character actor and NBC production man hopes to present more "true characters" that will cause fans to say, "Isn't that just like so-and-so?" To play characters that are unconsciously humorous or pathetic, according to the situation, is also Whitney's wish for 1931. "My interest in program development is to see more dramas based upon historical facts, as *Death Valley Days*, or upon accurate local color, as *Real Folks*."

* * *

And that's that. Many excellent resolutions, hopes and plans are to be carried out by our favorites for the loud speaker this new year. So I think I'll make a resolution too. It has been many a year since I sat down and wrote letters to my friends of the air and suggested ideas to them, applauded their work, or offered friendly criticism. I'm afraid I've grown to expect all and give nothing. That's my resolve for '31—to "take my pen in hand" more frequently. How about you too?

"We were packing our instruments when the headwaiter came over again. 'Captain ——— is at the door and wants to see you.'

"I asked that he be shown in. As fine a specimen of American manhood as I have ever seen came into the room. He was crying like a baby.

"I don't know how I can ever thank you, Mr. Lombardo,' he began, 'I guess you thought the request was just a joke. Well it wasn't. This boy had saved my life in France and we had been constant companions since. He was all shot up and had been fighting death ever since just before the armistice.'

"The doctor had told him he couldn't survive the night. And he didn't. He tried to sing *My Buddy*, as you played it, lying in my arms. That's how he died, just as you ended the song.'

"For more than a year the thought of that sad thrill was ever present in my mind. And it is one of the reasons why I will never refuse a request. Captain ——— and I still correspond."

And there are the outstanding thrills in the career of Guy Lombardo.

Kisses Hot and Kisses Cold

(Continued from page 49)

mother's kiss has come down to us from the dawn of time, but the first kiss of the Bible record is that of Affection and was given to Isaac by Esau. The others are: The Kiss of Adoration, Love, Brotherhood, Friendship, Salutation, Homage and Obedience, Lowliness and Solicitude, Subjection, Reconciliation, Treachery, Farewell, and Death.

Among the ancient Hebrews, kissing the beard was a sign of great homage. In the pagan world, those who failed to throw kisses to the statues of the gods on their feast-days, or to the sun and moon, were considered unbelievers. The rites prescribed the kissing of some part of the statues themselves. Among the Mohammedans, when the muezzin calls the devout to prayer, they kiss the ground that lies in the direction of Mecca, and the pilgrims to the Kaaba, or Mohammedan shrine at Mecca, all kiss the sacred black stone which they believe was brought from heaven.

Under Diocletian, the correct form of salutation, showing subjection to an emperor, was to kiss the feet of the sovereign, a practise that ultimately led to the kissing of the ground over which the august Cæsars had passed. Then the sturdy Roman fathers, "the best of men," were so bashful that, when in their own homes, they continued their postnuptial wooing, they never kissed their wives in the presence of their daughters, fearing perhaps, that example might shatter precept, and that the ingenious maidens

might overcome maternal objection by inculcating such a principle as was established in later times.

In Roman families, kissing before marriage was not customary, nor is it so in the polite society of France today. In Rome, only the closest relatives were permitted to salute their kindred of the gentler sex on the mouth, and when a lover kissed his betrothed, she became heir to half of his worldly goods if he died before the marriage ceremony, and in the event of her death, her heritage descended to her next of kin—a custom, which, if it prevailed now, would put effective check on actions for breaches of promise.

In feudal times the kiss was an important feature of knighthood. When the oath of investiture was administered to an apprentice, after he had kept his vigil, he took his sword by the blade and kissing the hilt at its guard, which in those days was emblematic of the Cross, solemnly pronounced the words, "By my good sword I swear it." Later, at tournaments, balm for the wounds of the victors was found in kissing the hand of the Queen of Love and Beauty who presided.

In the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, kissing was the special privilege of husband and wife, brother and sister, lover and betrothed. Etiquette was better regulated in Colonial times. Then a lady reserved the privilege of kissing her hand for her most intimate friends, and the young girl gave her hand to a friend, her cheek to

a relative, but kept her lips for her betrothed.

A country damsel, describing her first kiss, said that she never knew how it happened, but the last thing she remembered was a sensation of fighting for her breath in a hot-house full of lilacs and violets, with the ventilation choked by blush-roses and tulips.

"Come, kiss me," said Robin. I gently said 'No.

For my mother forbade me to play with men so.'

Ashamed of my answer, he glided away, Though my looks very plainly advised him to stay.

Silly swain, not at all recollecting, not he, That his mother ne'er said that he must not kiss me."

The dangers of kissing, as an alleged means of infection, have received considerable attention. Dr. A. E. Bridger, a leading physician, has expressed the opinion that "in the act of kissing we encounter only beneficent organisms. The advantages of kissing outweigh its infinitesimal risk, for it provides us with microbes useful for digestion." We must congratulate Dr. Bridger on having a remedy for dyspepsia, which has at any rate the merit of acting agreeably. His teaching can hardly fail to make kissing even more popular than it is. It will probably be found that the "beneficent organisms" required flourish in greatest abundance on the lips of the young and comely, and in carrying out the treatment sufferers will doubtless be eager to abjure the heresy of homeopathy by kissing only persons of the opposite sex.

Vote For Your Favorite Station in Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct..	\$3.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct....	6.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	9.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct....	15.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year		

and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. \$30.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Classical Music Simplified

(Continued from page 74)

(tunes) which he has invented and proposes to use. These he distributes among the instruments of the orchestra, and then develops in various ways so as to build up out of them a large organized pattern of sound, comparable, as I have said before, to the intricate yet intelligible pattern of an oriental rug. In this first movement the composer of a symphony utilizes his learning and fancy to build up a pattern in the most scientific way possible. The secret of listening to such music is to get in one's mind the leading tunes and then follow them throughout with careful attention. The first movement of a symphony always constitutes a perfected and completed pattern.

Second Movement: This (see again what I said last month on this) is usually taken at a slow speed and is rather in the nature of an extended song. The composer writes the most beautiful tune he can think of and then subjects this to variation in one way and another, so as to produce the deepest effect upon his hearers' feelings. The Second movement is usually the sentimental part of a symphony.

Third Movement: This is usually called the "Scherzo", which is another of those Italian words, and means "joke". It is the jolly part of the symphony, usually written in fast waltz time and often reminding one of a very elaborate and complicated dance.

Finale or Fourth Movement: This is usually a sort of triumphal song and march combined. The working out of the great pattern is here brought to its appointed end. Often modern composers introduce into their Finales tunes from the other movements and thus, as it were, bind up the whole structure into one great architectural pattern.

Here is another comparison to keep in mind. Music is architecture which flows. Architecture might be called frozen music. In each the design, the pattern, the subordination of part to part, are essential. Music is design, just as architecture is design, but the one moves and the other stands still. The next time you think of a piece of music, think of its design, and when you hear it, follow the design in your mind. That will help very much.

Time: The rhythm of a piece of music is that part of its design which must first be thought out. In music we use mainly two kinds of rhythm, the square and the triangular. The first may easily be described by saying that it is the same as the rhythm or time of a military march . . . 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4, again and again. The other is equally well to be described by saying that it is rhythm or time of a waltz . . . 1 . . . 2 . . . 3, again and again. All rhythms used in music are based on these two.

Key: Put your finger on the key C anywhere on the piano keyboard. C is the white key that stands just before two black keys. Sound it, and then the next to your right. Then go on sounding the succeeding white keys till you have sounded eight of them. Then you have played a "scale". Moreover, you have played it in the "key" of C major.

Start from F on the keyboard (the white key just before three black keys) and sound succeeding white keys to the right till you have reached the next F in the same way as you did in the case of the C scale. You will find that in order to make it sound right you must play the black key which is the third in that first group of three. Do this and you will have played a scale in the key of F major.

Start from A on the key board (white key two to the right of F). Play a scale on the white keys. You will get the scale of A minor. Notice that it sounds quite different from the major scales.

Every piece of music begins in some one of the twenty-four "scales" which may be had from choosing as a starting point any one of the twelve white and black keys in each octave of the key board, and then running the rest of the scale to sound major or minor. Beginning in whatever key is thus chosen, the music may vary from it into other scales every so often, but always it ends by getting back into the original key. Otherwise it would seem to have no end but to have been left "up in the air". This matter of "key" is the base of all musical structure, being that which gives to music its foundation of form.

I Have Heard

Toscanini's conducting of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra on November 16th from New York (Columbia Network-WABC beginning at 3 PM eastern standard time) was a big, a very big, event. For one thing, the masterful Italian has an astonishing reputation. New York goes crazy over him. He is talked about as if he were the only man who could ever direct an orchestra as it should be directed. I candidly say that from these excessive eulogies I dissent. I find Mr. Toscanini altogether too much of a musical drill sergeant and I dislike his stiff brass-band-like playing. To say this just at the present time is to lay oneself out to be denounced as an incompetent ass; but that is how I feel about it all the same.

Anyhow, it was interesting to hear Toscanini directing a program of very classical music. He began with three chorales by Bach, orchestrated by a modern Italian, Respighi (I do not like Respighi's Italian ways of doing this sort of thing). He went on to Beethoven's first symphony

and ended by the first symphony of Brahms. This was certainly a most classical program, as if to refute the complaints of persons like myself who say that they do not like classical music au Toscanini. Beethoven's first symphony is of course a youthful work. A young man wrote it, still inclined to lean on his predecessors, still not quite ready to do his own flying, solo. It is charming and it has (in the Scherzo especially) some suggestions of the giant power soon to burst forth in the third symphony; but in general it is definitely old-fashioned. Brahms' first symphony was held back by its composer for twenty years while he improved, refined and polished it. He was over forty in 1870 when it was first produced. It is a magnificent work, in most ways the greatest piece of symphonic work done since Beethoven's Ninth, which by the way was heard Wednesday morning, November 12th, from the Columbia studios in New York. I hope that many of you heard it.

But, do you know, I hope that the practice which has been started lately, of having some competent person talk to the Radio audience before and after the performance of a symphonic work, will be carried out more and more. Olin Downes, the very distinguished New York critic, did this for the first Toscanini concert. This is splendid. I should like to see it done universally. Schelling does his own talking at the children's concerts, but then he has the art brought to a pitch of perfection not reached by any rival. We need much, very much, more explanation at these affairs.

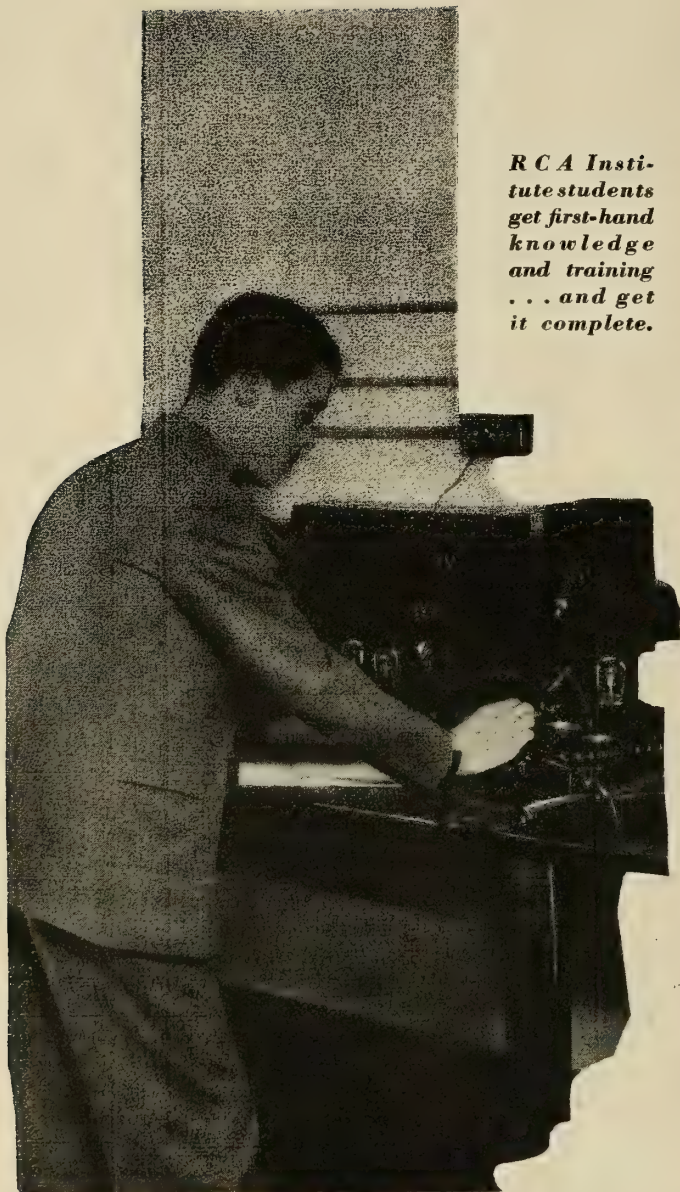
About Wagner

Speaking of Ernest Schelling once more. I hope that many of you heard his November 15th children's concert. It was entirely devoted to excerpts from Wagner's music dramas. The gifted conductor told his audience as much as they needed to know of the story of each opera and illustrated the music in his own inimitable manner. It may sound strange in most persons' ears, but the truth is that no music written is so easy to understand as Wagner's. The moment you know the story which the music is illustrating, the whole vast pattern falls into place, and the music becomes as clear as crystal. Wagner was one of the great pattern-makers of music. His scores are all melody; which perhaps is why some careless listeners have said that they cannot hear the tunes. That is doubtless because there are so many of them. It is the old story of the wood and the trees. We'll talk about Wagner some time in this department. No more fascinating personality, whether as man or as musician, ever lived in this world of ours.

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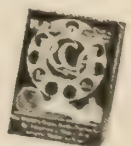
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Beauty and the Job

(Continued from page 77)

the dress and one dollar for beauty. Well, anyway, we started out, and to make a long story short, Elizabeth got everything she had planned to get and she began the following Monday morning on the career which has made her one of the highest salaried and best known stylists in the advertising business.

The improvement in Elizabeth's appearance not only helped her to get a position, but it changed her whole mental attitude. She became more alert, more efficient, more self-confident. And these qualities were reflected in her work. After all, there is a decided mental reaction which comes from the assurance that one looks attractive. Elizabeth was never a pretty girl. But, of course, looks are not a matter of regular features. They are a matter of attractiveness—and any girl can be attractive.

In this present period of unemployment, appearance is more than ever important.

On November fourteenth the newspapers quoted Miss Gilbreth, noted consulting engineer and member of the President's Emergency Committee for Employment, as saying: "The beauty parlor treatments are a splendid thing, not to be smiled at, for women looking for work should feel as physically, emotionally, mentally, and sartorially adequate as possible."

It doesn't make any difference how intelligent a girl may be. She is not using her intelligence if she does not realize that an attractive appearance will help her get a job and will be of inestimable benefit in keeping that job.

All of these things went through my mind as I sat talking to this girl who had come to my office with a letter of recommendation from my friend in Pittsburgh. And yet I found it difficult to persuade myself to say any of these things to her. A young girl starting out to look for her first position is usually embarrassingly sure of herself. While I was debating the advisability of being

frank with this girl, my 'phone rang. It was the beauty editor of one of the national magazines.

"I wish you'd have lunch with me today," she said. "I'm awfully upset. I just had to fire my secretary and I certainly did hate to add to the army of the unemployed, too."

"Then why did you do it?" I asked her.

"Well, I simply couldn't put up with her any longer," she answered. "I've told her time and again that she was a blot on the landscape of our magazine. You know yourself how she looked. And I finally got to the point where I couldn't go on looking at her any longer. Besides, she was just as sloppy in her work as she was in her personal appearance."

That decided me. I felt that I could not allow this girl to go out again to hunt a position handicapped as she was by an unattractive appearance. And so I told her this story of Elizabeth Adams which, while it is a success story, is also a story of beauty and the job.

Free booklets or the Care of the Skin, by Frances Ingram, will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.

The Simplitude of Dinah an' Dora

(Continued from page 76)

"Waal, de dramatical act which dey wuz playing had a multitude ob contraptions what done move 'long wid rapiditude. an' Dinah done give Dora sech inspired morsels ob consultation. Sez Ah, 'Dinah, let me bask in de good sound rarefied atmosphere ob yoh jedgment. How kin one git a husband in the scarcity ob dis war massaccration?'

"An' she bein' so unresumin' said, 'Well Ah ain't claimin' to be no expert on macrimony jes' cause I's an actress, but Ah buhlieves dat wid persistent pursuance ob de objec' an' by runnin' jes' as fast as de fugitive, git up to him an' wid pretentious indignation, walk by wid casuality. Be sho' as yoh pass de objec'

ob yoh affectation dat yoh nose ain't got no shine an' dat yoh has dat Pola Negri swing ob graceful simplitude.'

"Now when Ah hears dat, Missy, Ah wuz jes' about confabulated wid de right smaht reasonin' back of dat advice. an' Ah sez, sez Ah, 'Dinah, Ah ain't no school teacher or preacher-mans, but de simplitude ob yoh remarks am de essence ob yoh regeneratin' success. Simplitude reaches de haht-strings ob de simple folk wid more exhilaration dan mos' ob de high-soundin' phrases which re-sounds wid sech ferocity agin' de nat'ral way of hearin' words. Ah joins wid yoh as a exponent on de simplitude ob argufyin' by plain talk. Simplitude, my dear am what's needed mos' in dis continent ob political controversy, travesty an' complicity.'

"Den Ah sez to Dora, 'Good-bye dearie, an' if'n Ah wuz yoh, I'd repose a plentitude ob perennial repliance on de simplitude ob Dinah's admolitions.'

"Yes, Abby," I gasped, "it would be well if we all showed a little more *simplitude* in our speech."

"Well, as Ah wuz stahtin' foh de door, Ah wuz reminded by de manager whut puts dis dramatical episode on de air an' he repressed dis heah infoumation: 'De Gol' Dust Corpolation airs Dinah and Dora's affairs ebery Friday mohnin' ober de National Broadcasting Company, but so as to extenuate de circumstances ob program continuations, de series am broadcast ober WOR on Friday nights. De identity ob de two belles am, Ah found, Ann Freeman an' Artie Belle McGinty, two resperienced theatrical professionalities. Dis heah gal, Dinah, come from Nashville, Tennessee, an' dat gal, Dora, come from Atlanta, Ga.

"Well, Missy, dat am all de reformation Ah'se got. So wid great pride ob expansive proportions Ah shook de Manager's hand an' sez Ah, 'Ah hopes to hab de unremittin' pleasure an' privilege ob returnin' de compliments ob dis suspicious occasion,' finally concluded Abby, "an' if yoh has any moh dramatical acts. Missy, whut yoh wants me to criticize wid aberration an' veracitude, why, Ah'd jes' love to do it."

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Gentleman Jim Broadcasts

(Continued from page 14)

description of the fight with Sullivan when I won the championship.

THE INTERVIEWER: And you objected?

CORBETT: Oh, no. But he insisted that I tell the whole story in seven minutes and I refused to do it in so short a time. He suggested that I give just the highlights but, man alive, there are enough highlights connected with that fight to keep me talking for an hour or more. However, I did tell him that I would boil it down and make it a continued story covering four seven-minute periods. He couldn't see it and, as his heart was set on my doing the job in one broadcast, we agreed to disagree—that's all.

THE INTERVIEWER: Well, here's hoping you get a chance to spin that yarn on the air sometime. And, by the way, speaking of Sullivan, is it true that you and he were never friendly after you whipped him?

CORBETT: For several years there was no friendship lost between us. You see, John L. had been champ so long that I guess he expected to carry on until his death. He said some pretty terrible things about me and I'll have to admit I resented those statements.

I remember one meeting I had with Sullivan very well. It was out at Jim Jeffries' camp in Reno a few days before Jim fought Jack Johnson, in 1910. Sullivan came around to watch Jeffries train and I gave orders to the gateman not to admit John L. I was still sore about the way Sullivan had talked. But that night I got to thinking things over and I decided that my action in refusing admittance to Sullivan was pretty small so I sent word to him that he would be welcomed at the Jeffries' camp any time he cared to come out.

I figured it out that Sullivan's pride had taken a worse licking than the physical one I had given him; that there really was nothing personal in his hatred as his feelings would have been the same toward anyone who took his crown away.

Well, the next day when John L. appeared at the gate I was there to meet him. When I offered him my hand he refused to take it. But, as there were several reporters about, I induced him to pocket his pride temporarily and pose for a picture. This he agreed to do. And so, for the benefit of the public, he clasped my hand in what appeared to be a friendly greeting. The picture was published and the newspapers reported that we had made peace.

It turned out to be a pretty one-sided peace pact, for Sullivan continued to say plenty of unkind things about me.

THE INTERVIEWER: Did you ever see him again?

CORBETT: Yes. Two years before he

died Sullivan came to New York to see the Willard-Moran fight. He was stopping at a little hotel in the fifties. One of the newspapers called me on the 'phone to ask if I would be willing to pose for a picture with Sullivan. I said it would be all right with me if Sullivan was agreeable. In fact, I offered to go to his hotel and pose for the pictures in his room. Five minutes later I was called to the 'phone again and told that Sullivan had consented to the arrangement and that if I would go at once to the hotel the newspaper would send a photographer right up. . . . I hadn't seen Sullivan since my fight with him but I had heard a great deal about his hatred for the man who had taken the belt from him. John L. had a sharp tongue and many of the things he had said were far from complimentary. As I made my way to his hotel I wondered what this meeting would be like.

THE INTERVIEWER: I hope this story isn't going to end in another fight!

CORBETT: Far from it. I went directly to Sullivan's room and the hand which clasped mine in greeting was that of a friend. We sat down and chatted while waiting for the photographer. It was two hours before the man arrived—two of the happiest hours of my life. Sullivan was abject in his apologies for the things he had said about me. He called himself all kinds of a fool and it was some time before I could get him to change the subject and talk about the old days. When I left he was in marvelous humor—a changed man. It was as though a load had been lifted from his shoulders.

LOUIS MANN: (*Passing the table*) Hello, Jim. (*He sees The Interviewer*) Hello, Doty. Say, I never got those cigars yet.

CORBETT: Hello, Louis. If there are any cigars going around let me in on it.

THE INTERVIEWER: This is a private quarrel, Jim. Louis was the guest artist on a La Palina Smoker which I directed a couple of years ago and at Christmas time I sent him, as usual, a card and kiddingly wrote on it, "Enclosed please find box of La Palinas."

LOUIS MANN: How about it, Jim? Don't you think I have a right to feel a little sore?

CORBETT: I should say so. Probably lead to a fight sooner or later.

LOUIS MANN: That would be nice publicity for both of us! Did you ever have a street fight, Jim?

CORBETT: Not quite. I came very close to it not many years ago. It happened during a vaudeville engagement and my wife and I were making the short jumps from one city to the next by auto. I was driving along merrily one day, when I overtook a hay-wagon which was taking up the entire road. I honked the horn

but the driver paid no attention. I honked again and a voice having about the quality of the Leviathan's fog-horn told me in no uncertain terms where to go. I continued to honk and the voice continued to reply with language that grew stronger and stronger. At an intersection I slipped past and the string of oaths that were hurled at me was just too much for me to stand. I pulled over to the curb and started to climb out. My wife tried to stop me but I wouldn't be stopped.

I took a stand in the middle of the street and told my annoyer that no man could use that kind of language in front of my wife without taking a licking. The driver, up to his neck in the hay, pulled up and accommodately slid to the paving. If ever there was a more ridiculous situation exposed to public view then I never saw it. The man who owned the fog-horned voice and who came toward me bristling to fight couldn't have weighed over a hundred pounds. He was all voice and no body. It must have looked like a meeting between David and Goliath to the onlookers and the only thing I could do was burst out laughing. He stopped and glowered at me and when I finally got my speech back all I could say was, "Mister, you win!" I left him standing there, got into the car and drove away. That's the nearest I ever came to having a street fight.

LOUIS MANN: You should have laid him across your knee and spanked him, Jim.

THE INTERVIEWER: That gives me an idea, Louis. If you ever mention cigars to me again that's what I'll do to you. (*Louis Mann puts up both hands in pretended fear and walks away.*)

CORBETT: This is developing into an interview of interruptions. Here come Will Mahoney and Harry Hershfield.

THE INTERVIEWER: It's all right with me as long as the interrupters pull a good yarn out of you.

WILL MAHONEY: Greetings, Jim. Hello, Hobart. What is this—a private conference or can anyone butt in?

CORBETT: It's supposed to be an interview, Will, but it's open to the public. If we had wanted to make it private we would have held it in the waiting-room at the Grand Central Station.

WILL MAHONEY: (*Starts away*) Oh, pardon me.

THE INTERVIEWER: Don't go away, Will. We meet all comers for one round. This is your turn. All you have to do is ask Jim a question.

HARRY HERSHFIELD: (*chiming in*) Do we hear the answer?

CORBETT: Sure. If I can answer it.

THE INTERVIEWER: No hitting below the belt, Harry. It has to be a fair ques-



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tion—one that can be included in the published interview.

HARRY HERSHFELD: Who is the best prospect for the next American heavy-weight champion?

CORBETT: If you mean who do I think is best I'll tell you in a hurry. Stribling.

GENERAL CHORUS: What!

CORBETT: This is what I mean. That boy has everything that a good fighter should have. Courage, speed, timing, a wallop—everything. But, and again I say, *but*—he has something else that he doesn't know he has.

HARRY HERSHFELD: I'll bite. What is it?

CORBETT: The ability to take it. He's overly cautious because he's afraid to let his right hand go, fearing that the other fellow might let his right go at the same time. In other words, he is afraid to gamble his right against his opponent's.

Say, the first time I had the gloves on in a gymnasium out in 'Frisco I was knocked cold. When I finally came to my right senses I was on my feet trying to carry on. I didn't even know I had been out. And right then and there I learned the greatest lesson a boxer can ever receive—that it doesn't hurt to be knocked out. Once Strib learns, if he ever does, that his mind is master of his body—just watch him cut loose. As soon as an opponent looks aggressive Strib immediately becomes cautious. In that terrible contest he had with Sharkey at Miami Strib had the fight won and didn't know it. He landed a right that had Sharkey ripe for a series of follow-up punches that would have put Jack out but just because Jack, the instant that blow landed, looked twice as aggressive as he had before, he tricked Strib into laying off, by pulling his own right back in a position to shoot. Say, this will have to be all for this gab-fest. Got enough dope, Doty? If you haven't give me a ring on the 'phone and we'll have another session. Good-bye, everybody.

Curtain.

Marcella

(Continued from page 65)

soloist in some churches. He, too, is married, and has two boys. Mrs. Dumke is a concert pianist.

* * *

IMOGENE of Odessa, Mo., wanted a picture of Sally Perkins. In the absence of a picture of Sally, the belle of the Happy Hollow program, will you be happy, Imogene, with a photo of Ted Malone? You know he is the author of the Happy Hollow sketches. Sally—



Ted Malone

her real name is Ruth Lee Bren—is a very charming little girl, not quite five feet tall. She has merry brown eyes and merry auburn-brown curls and a cheery, sunny disposition. In Happy Hollow, Sally is the little girl who is constantly falling in and out of love. In real life, Sally is a continuity writer and piano accompanist. But no matter where she is, Sally or Ruth unfailingly dispenses cheer.

* * *

NO ONE at KGBZ seems to know the whereabouts of Bill Jonason. Maybe someone reading our S.O.S. will come to the rescue of Ruth of Jamestown, Kans. Roy Faulkner was down in Texas when you missed him over KFKB, but he's back on that station again. Mr. Denver, Chief Announcer of KFKB, says he thinks Roy is 23.

* * *

ANOTHER S.O.S. Does anyone know the whereabouts of Marguerite Curtis, formerly connected with a Household Department of some Radio Station?

* * *



Charlie Kretzinger

They have been in Radio for eight years, having broadcast from WDAF, WDAG, Amarillo, KFH, WFAA, and they are now the popular harmony team over Station

WJJD. Len Ivey of that station says they have only two hobbies—harmony and more harmony in the team. They are both single! This may or may not have anything to do with their attainment of harmony—that's not for Marcella to judge.

* * *

WHY didn't you come in to see Marcella when you were in New York, Ruthie? I can't begin to tell you how much I appreciate the hand-painted card and the lovely inscription. I'll keep it forever and ever. And the next time you go gallivantin' over this country of ours you mustn't forget to visit us, will you?

* * *

IT WAS this way, C. L. H. of Binghamton. Our Imperturbable Printer thought Floyd Gibbons would look cuter with the patch over the right eye so without even consulting Floyd or the Editorial Staff, he went ahead and reversed the picture. Hoping this 'splains the matter.

* * *

"NORMAN MORK has the sweetest voice that I have ever listened to," writes Shirley of Sugarhouse, Utah, "and he has a quality in it that seems to just 'get you!'" Norman is none other than the Whispering Baritone on KDYL, Salt Lake City, the station over which he has been broadcasting since 1922. He remembers the days when the studio was so small that the artist had to back his way to the elevator when he was through with his song before the next artist could go in. Norman is very modest about his talents, and has a great dislike for personal appearances although he is one of the most popular singers in the state. In private life he is manager of one of the largest printing establishments in Salt Lake City—and only twenty-eight.



Norman Mork

* * *

J. D. OF Spokane wanted a picture of Jerome De Borde. Weren't you glad to see his and Henry's pictures, Jay Dee, on page 114 in November RADIO DIGEST?

* * *

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

The Pipes of Pan

Use Only Real Talent, Please—Newly Organized "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Radio Fans" Voices its Opinions

WITH no desire to be an idol-shatterer, nor to destroy cherished illusions, does this department commence functioning. Ours is not a hypercritical soul, made sour by age and adversity, and easily disposed to cavil and carping. No neurologist has found us lacking in proper reflexes; no complex born in youth now rears its ugly head to make us a prey to spleen or despondency.

It is because we love Radio that we will undertake, now and then, to slap its wrists, and, if necessary, take it into the woodshed. Occasionally we shall be admonitory, but never captious; often reproving, but never vituperative.

If we can't be constructive, we shall cultivate the habit of talking to ourselves in some quiet corner, and airing our acridity where none may hear. Perniciousness will find no home in this pillar of prattle, nor will pussy-footing, either, for that matter.

We have just purchased a brand-new hisser, which saves wear and tear on the lips, and which we expect to use here frequently. But in our zeal to employ that device, we shall never forget that we also own an automatic applause-making machine, which we shall not permit to grow rusty.

* * *

IF IT be true that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then we doff our chapeaux graciously to a certain dark and slim crooner, who is, by his mimicry, evidencing a generous lavishness as far as his flattery of a fellow vocalist is concerned.

Let's not kid ourselves, nor permit ourselves to be kidded. We know who inaugurated the crooning era, and those "on the inside" are well aware that a clever ability to copy the performances of stylists made the imitator bask in the reflected glory of the imitated.

By some it isn't sophisticated to "go for" Rudy Vallee, and those who acclaim the master crooner are sometimes condemned as sappy and sentimental. However, there's nothing of the barker in Vallee; no strain of the carnival man exists in his make-up. What some are quick to decry as ego is merely his supreme confidence in himself; his alleged conceit is faith in his art. You can't censure a man because he believes in the things he does.

A word of advice to the megaphone men, though. Accepting the gentlemen of the fourth estate, including the tablewound columnists, as men of intelligence and open mind, he is oftentimes prone to discourse a bit too frankly, thereby leaving himself "wide open" and innocently giving vent to utterances that become sensational copy. He should be cautioned against free discourse with the press lads who, although they invariably become Vallee fans after an interview, have a duty to their city desks. More times than once, an innocent remark uttered by a celebrity provides material for a story that can do irreparable harm.

Rudy Vallee,—clean, real,—a true artist, has done much for Radio. He has enemies, though. We insist that he refrain from making himself a target for those who find him good copy.

* * *

ONE of our pet peeves is the promiscuous use of "names" on commercial broadcasts, regardless of talent or suitability for broadcasting.

It is easy to comprehend the thrill that a "seeing" audience gets from viewing an erstwhile favorite, despite the fact that the star's ability may be definitely on the wane. But on the air, past performances are discounted; reputation is an empty asset. Not that the tuning-in public is hard-boiled; the reason is that little tricks of showmanship are lost via the air and nothing registers but "cold" results.

A beloved veteran of the operatic stage, for example, was recently offered by an important commercial hour as the "super-special" attraction of the evening, and the result was close to pathetic. Those in the studio to whom her name was a delightful tradition and a cherished memory must have agreed that her air debut was something like leading a lamb to the slaughter. Her voice "gone," she stood bravely and resolutely before the microphone, a vision to those who saw her, but, without doubt, just "static" to those who tuned in to hear her. Television, alone, might have saved her.

When will program sponsors realize that talent,—not "names"—is what the public wants? Radio's favorites came from nowhere. The biggest disappointments, from an entertainment point of view, have been the internationally famous "name" performers, ballyhooed for weeks prior to their appearance, and then, after it's all

over, making the "fans" wonder what all the shooting was for.

You're in show-business, Mr. Radio Man. Use some ingenuity and dig up your own talent. There's no entertainment nourishment in a "name."

* * *

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Radio Fans should try, at their next meeting, to curtail the indiscriminate choice of songs by orchestra leaders.

By actual survey, one so-called "best-selling song hit" was played fourteen times one night recently from an important station, giving the listener, at about the tenth repetition of the "classic," a feeling much akin to good, old-fashioned nausea.

Can't something be done to regulate programs? Never, in a vaudeville theatre, will you hear a song offered more than once during the performance. Programs are carefully checked during rehearsals by the house manager and the musical director, and when two acts use the same number, one or the other must make a substitution.

Not so via the ether, however. And for several very good reasons, if you insist on knowing. *Par exemple:*

In many cases, your good friends, the orchestra leaders, have what Tin Pan Alley refers to as "cuts" in songs. These range from one-half cent to thrice that amount for each copy of music sold, thereby making it good business policy for the leader to give "his" song as much "plugging" as possible, regardless of its fitness to his program or its pertinence to his general presentation.

Then again, dear lovely people, a contemporary racket among many Radio columnists is either to write songs or permit the publishers to present them with a slice of the royalty melon. Subsequently, nice, juicy "puffs" are given obliging leaders and singers who offer these songs on the air, and those who do not are graciously ignored.

Just a few reasons why you're getting an over-dose of certain tunes, and why you'll keep getting it until the S.P.C.R.F. takes a hand. For Radio, like all other cherished institutions of this turbulent era, is not immune from the machinations of the great god Racket.

George D. Lottman

Hands of An Astrologer

(Continued from page 75)

servative, straight, unbending thumb turns its back she is likely to indulge her fancy for things quite feminine.

Asking about her husband's hands reminds me of their country home. Their hands sought fastidiously everything that's in it.

It's a dream of a farmhouse in Westchester, high up on the hillside. Its wide spreading veranda merges into the branches of heroic trees. All the love of home and pioneer traditions suggested by Miss Adams' hands show in this gem of a house converted by her into this lovely place from a bare old Quaker meeting house as her ancestors had done before her in England in days gone by.

Old Currier and Ives prints hang on the walls of the numerous rooms of the house. Highboys and lowboys of early American days lend their interest to the furnishings. An old settle on which Rip Van Winkle himself might have nodded stands in a corner. Burnished pewter brightens old shelves in the dining room and treasures of clocks with wooden works still going hang in hallway and "parlor" while stiffly erect stand antique andirons of the days of Miles Standish.

You'd love to see how motherly are Miss Adams' hands as she pats quaint coverlids on the beds of guest rooms giving added gesture of good measure to her gracious hospitality.

And it's not for naught that the third phalange of her fingers—the ones next to her palm—is full molded for it's the grandest of food that comes from her farmhouse kitchen. But Miss Adams' own hand indulges lightly in food and often much of it is diverted to the moist-eyed, expectant little Lover, her pet of a dog, and to his dainty little Pekinese girl friend.

Leaving the coziness of her adorable farmhouse, the week-end guests who gather there, noted artists, writers, scientists, musicians, and business men and women of national importance, Miss Adams goes back to her studio in Carnegie Hall.

It is fascinating to watch her hands as she works there. All personal qualities seem to recede. She is now the scientist and astrologer dealing with lives and stellar promises. As her hand, deftly arched, turns the great astronomical globe beside her desk, she is guided by the most exact of mathematical knowledge, astrological lore, and long experience in making deductions pertaining to the human equation.

Her hands are now intense, vibrant. She studies, weighs the evidence, writes the record of a life. If it is burning brightly, it is well. If not her hand must write the word of caution, or courage, or

calmness to keep this life true to its one particular star—the good star that guides each destiny.

"You've forgotten those other questions—" this from the feminine Radio audience.

Oh, yes, well—she does like jewels, I'm sure for she wears a magnificent diamond ring, and the hands of her husband—he's George E. Jordan, noted astrologer and business consultant—are the specialist type, angled thumb and irregular fingers, and he's enough of an artist that everything that was placed in the gem of a farmhouse had to suit his hands—just so.

The Golden Baton

(Continued from page 33)

standing man, my friend. I go now—

SHOPKEEPER: Until you come again, the—

JOHANN: Goodbye!

Once again the tick—tick—tock—of the old gilt clock marks the passing moments, as Jean sighs and says, "I almost felt the beating of the man's heart as I looked at the baton. So much of his life went into it. But tell me, Dad, do you know what has become of him?"

The Shopkeeper does. He answers.

"Yes. It seems that some kind people took pity on him and made him their gardener. Of course, he knew nothing of gardening—it was just an act of generosity. I was told that he would listen to the wind in the trees, because it reminded him of his music—and on moonlight nights he would sit out in his little garden and listen to the song. It was just such a night that they found him beneath one of his trees, and in his hand was clutched a little piece of wood that he had whittled into the shape of a baton. And there, in the moonlight, under the trees, he heard the last strains of the symphony of his life."

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* * *

Dramatic sketches are becoming increasingly popular with Radio listeners. No small part of this interest was stimulated recently by the introduction of Majestic's Old Curiosity Shop series which, since last October, has been presented Sundays at 9 P. M. by the Grigsby-Grunow Company over the Columbia international network headed by WABC, New York.

Both the verse which precedes the play and the idea of the Old Curiosity Shop were created by David Ross, Columbia announcer, who also takes the part of The Old Shopkeeper. Afterward Mr. Ross turned over his general theme idea and the synopsis for the scripts to Don Clark, head of Columbia's continuity division. It was Don's job to rewrite the stories and dramatize them. Although Ross's

idea, the stories, as you hear them on the air, are made into that form by Mr. Clark.

The cast which portrays the scripts is a notable one indeed. For we find many of the famous actors and actresses of Arabesque fame playing leading roles. Georgia Backus, the director of dramatics at Columbia headquarters, is the leading lady in the plays.

Jean Sothern, whose name recalls the movie thrillers of yesterday in which she starred, plays in the prologue as The Shopkeeper's daughter and in the play-within-a-play.

Frank Knight, Columbia's senior announcer, is leading man. Reyn Evans, another announcer, also plays in the sketches.

Don Clark is one of Radio's pioneers. He began his career as a newspaperman in Albany, New York. Later he went in for Radio and became an announcer. His rise to fame in this field was slow and soon afterward Clark turned to writing Radio scripts, in which he has excelled, and his knowledge of broadcast requirements is reflected in his work.

Town Crier Tales

(Continued from page 19)

I rushed into print with it. Then the bricks began to fall. By various constant and annoying readers, it was pointed out to me that this was a story which got printed regularly once every year. It was pointed out to me that it had been anticipated two years before by The Saturday Evening Post.

"An angry old countess wrote me from her villa at Monte Carlo that there must be some mistake because whereas the thing had happened as I described it, it had happened to a friend of hers the year before in Nice. A professor at Ohio State College wrote me that there must be some mistake because, whereas, it had happened as I described it, it had happened four years ago to a friend of a friend of his in Chicago.

"I knew then what I had done. I had, and not for the first time. (or the last time either, I might add) come upon a piece of American folklore. There are certain stories which, seem chronically recurrent. They are told not by writers only, not, indeed, by writers chiefly, but by all manner of people—preachers, baseball players, dressmakers. And they are always told as true.

"The strange events which take place in them are always told as having happened to some cousin, or at least to some dear, dear friend of the narrator. Try to trace such a story back to its first appearance and you will find yourself involved in newspaper files of thirty or forty years ago in cities all over the world.

Alexander Woolcott continues his Town Crier Tales in February issue of

RADIO DIGEST

Universe of Einstein

(Continued from page 54)

it move in a straight line. In other words, motion will not go in a straight line.

If you take a poor man and blindfold that man and say, "I will give you a thousand pounds if you, blindfolded, will walk in a straight line," he will do his best for the sake of the thousand pounds to walk in a straight line, but he will walk in a circle and come back in exactly the same place.

Mere fact will never stop an Englishman. Newton invented a straight line, and that was the law of gravitation, and when he had invented this, he had created a universe which was wonderful in itself. When applying his wonderful genius, when he had completed a book of that universe, what sort of book was it? It was a book which told you the station of all the heavenly bodies. It showed the rate at which they were traveling; it showed the exact hour at which they would arrive at such and such a point to make an eclipse. It was not a magical, marvelous thing; it was a matter-of-fact thing, like a Bradshaw. (A time-table compilation—Editor.)

For 300 years we believed in that Bradshaw and in that Newtonian universe as I suppose no system has even been believed in before. I know I was educated in it and was brought up to believe in it firmly. Then a young professor came along. He claimed Newton's theory of the apple was wrong.

He said, "Newton did not know what happened to the apple, and I can prove this when the next eclipse comes."

WE SAID: "The next thing you will be doing is questioning the law of gravitation."

The young professor said: "No, I mean no harm to the law of gravitation, but, for my part, I can go without it."

"What do you mean, go without it?"

He said: "I can tell you about that afterward."

The world is not a rectilinear world; it is a curvilinear world. The heavenly bodies go in curves because that is the natural way for them to go, and so the whole Newtonian universe crumpled up and was succeeded by the Einstein universe. I am sorry to have to say it. You must remember that our distinguished visitor could not have said it. It would not be nice for him to say it; it would not be courteous; but here in England he is a wonderful man. This man is not challenging the fact of science; he is challenging the axioms of science. Not only is he challenging the axioms of science, but the axioms of science have surrendered to his challenge.

I have talked enough. I rejoice in the new universe that Einstein has produced. From our little solitude to his great solitude we want to extend our admiration.

Station Vox

(Continued from page 36)

CALPURNIA: Mark, did you have anything to do with this? Here is the way that number should be sung. Give me the music (*sits at piano and strikes chord*). Why don't you get this piano tuned? It's all out of tune. (*Sings same number in high soprano voice, with plenty of trills.*)

(*At end of song a shot is heard. Both women scream. Then brief silence.*)

MARK ANTHONY: For the Love of Rome, which one did you shoot?

CAESAR: The one who didn't faint.

MARK ANTHONY: If you've shot Cleo I'll tell the Senate and have you kicked out. Get some water quick.

CAESAR: Oh, you call her CLEO, do you? Here, help me lift her up.

MARK ANTHONY: Cleo, Cleo, are you all right?

CLEOPATRA (feebly): It's YOU Mark? Oh, Julius Darling, why did you shoot her?

CAESAR: Well, if she had just been a soprano, I couldn't have done it. If she had been both a soprano and my wife, I couldn't have done it. But having a soprano for a wife—and knowing you, at the same time, there was no alternative. Do you feel all right now?

CLEOPATRA: Yes, I feel swell.

CAESAR: Mark Anthony, I request that you submit your resignation.

MARK ANTHONY: I do not accept the request.

CAESAR: You'd better, I'll fire you anyway. I don't want you around here any more.

CLEOPATRA: Oh, Julius, don't fire Mark, he's a perfect peach.

CAESAR: You're fired!!

MARK ANTHONY: I'm not fired!!

CAESAR: You are!

MARK ANTHONY: I'm not!

CLEOPATRA: Boys, boys, boys! Stop it. This quarreling sounds terrible. Everybody is all heated up and bothered. I'll tell you. Get your togas and come with me down to the baths and we'll all have a swim together.

CAESAR: That sounds good.

CLEOPATRA: Then we'll go up to my house for a lovely bowl of punch.

MARK ANTHONY: Cleo, you're a woman of ideas.

CAESAR: That sounds great—let's get out of here.

CLEOPATRA: That's the spirit. Come—Sweet Mark and Darling Julius—

CAESAR: I'll figure out what I'll do with you later, Mark.

MARK ANTHONY: I'll be doing some figuring too.

CLEOPATRA: Boys, not so loud. (*Very sweetly*) I'll tell you both what to do!

(Curtain)

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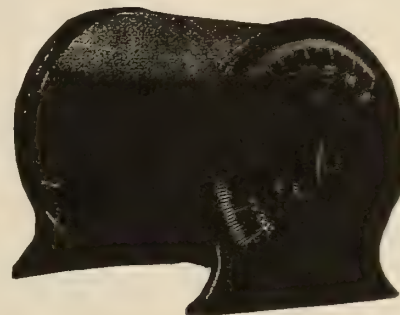
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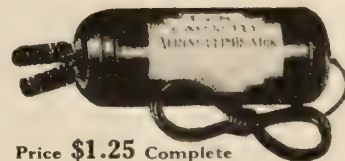
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Ray Perkins

(Continued from page 15)

don't make as much money as a good fullback, but then I doubt if even Irving Berlin could kick a field goal.

"I see they found an ancient Roman galley in an Italian lake. One of those eight-oared barges of the time of the Caesars. The Naval Limitations Committee is all hot and bothered. They say Mussolini had it dug up on purpose as proof that Italy actually did scrap a ship at one time. But several editors say, however, that it is only a galley proof, so it doesn't count.

"I have often been asked if Perkins is the real name. Well, it is Perkins, and I didn't say Schmalz. However, you can call me 'Ducky Daddles' if you want to.

"One morning not long ago, the traffic jam was terrible. A traffic jam isn't the kind of jam you put up, it's the kind you have to put up with. This particular morning of which I speak it was spread all over both sides of the street. It got all over the coat of the cop who stands near the National Broadcasting Company studios. So I hollered: 'Some jam, eh, kid?'

"He had seen me crossing the street with a can of pineapple under each arm. I always bring along some pineapple because you never can tell who is going to drop in. And he said: 'Oh, yeah? Well, it will be a pineapple jam if you don't watch where you are going.'

"I guess everybody knows that for the past 13 years I have puttered about in every branch of show business. In fact, I gained quite a reputation as being one of the best putterers that ever puttered. You must also know that I have been an advertising salesman, and was second Lieutenant Perkins during the world war, and was assigned to the intelligence division, which may have been another paradox. But we won't go into that at this time again.

"My Radio debut in 1926 over WJZ as *Judge, Jr.*, was quite a thrill. But at that time I didn't much care for broadcasting. So after turning advertising salesman and then editor, I went to Hollywood and wrote theme songs. Hey! who threw that brick? *Under the Texas Moon* and *Lady Luck* were the most overplayed.

"Oh, by the way. You might want to mention the fact that I was born in Boston and therefore moved to New York as a small boy. Yes, that is true, I haven't grown very much during the ensuing years. That is, except that I have grown older and wiser with the passing years. But that isn't very original with me either. Everyone gets older with the passing years, and stops trying to fill inside straight.

"And so has life been with me. I have been going along in the whisky-tenor of my ways . . . just me and my little grand piano, which is my constant companion. My piano, always at my side, has been, these many years, from

baby grand to concert grand, a one-man piano. But with it all my piano has been very tolerant of my wife and young son. Good old piano.

"WELL, it's early yet, so I guess I'll be up and doing. I can't waste a lot of time hanging around with Radio interviewers, you know. Glad to have met up with you all. Give my regards to the family and tell them you've been hanging out with me, and tell them I'm a fine upstanding example of young American manhood and all that"—you know—make a hit with the folks.

Carefully folding the old topper, and putting a muzzle and leash on "good old piano," Ray "Pineapple" Perkins, faded away into the lengthening shadows, and I stood on the dock, waving my handkerchief until he had gone under for the third time.

Maria Jeritza

(Continued from page 21)

simply could not calm myself. I actually delayed the curtain for several minutes, while the overture was repeated, before I could summon up sufficient courage to walk on the stage. Then the warmth and the friendliness of the audience at once permeated through me and soon I was singing with entire ease. I felt that the American audience had taken me to its heart. This was a big moment for me because it marked the beginning of an association with America that has brought me great pleasure and happiness.

In fact, it has now come to be that I consider America as my home. When I go to Vienna in the summer, to rest and to play at my country place, it is of New York that I speak as home. I love everything about this great city and I have made so many wonderful friends here that I would not make any but brief engagements elsewhere.

There is one more great moment in my life that I must mention—one that is precious in every woman's life. And that is my marriage to Baron Popper, who comes from a famous musical family. He is the son of Blanche Marchesi, who sang here years ago in concert, and the grandson of Mathilde Marchesi, the famous Paris teacher, who numbered Melba and other great singers among her pupils. Baron Popper himself is a pianist and violinist of talent.

I believe that no matter how successful and famous a woman may be nor to what artistic heights she may climb, her life is incomplete and unfulfilled unless she marries. In order to make it a happy and lasting one, she should prepare and train herself for it, just as she would for a career. She should regard it as a sacred obligation on her part to give of her best to it, for only in that way can she make her marriage the supreme adventure in life.

Junior Brings Home The Bacon

(Continued from page 59)

makes you work really harder than the footlights."

Howard has a little twinkle in his eye that brought the question:

"Are you, by any chance, a *Penrod* off the air as well as on?"

He looked a little guilty. And his mother admitted, trying to look severe:

"You'd have thought so if you'd seen the water fight he led at one of the coolers at the National Broadcasting Company a few days ago."

Howard spoke up defensively:

"Well, mother, it wouldn't have done any harm if I hadn't sprayed Florence Malone. I didn't see her."

Howard, when it comes to seeing shows, prefers opera and musical comedy. Even though he is dramatic himself. We were assured by the young actor:

"Nearly all my money goes toward my college fund. I buy my own clothes and sort of help sometimes around the house. But I want a good education. Then no more acting. I don't think very many successful child performers grow up to be real actors. Why not leave well enough alone. Besides, I want to write. If I could go right out on a story now I'd jump for joy. A good fire or a hot murder story. Maybe I'll be a Radio critic. That's a good idea, isn't it?"

Responsibility for the success of these children of the air may be laid at the doorstep of a very young and pretty golden-haired lady who has charge of all the NBC children's programs. She is Madge Tucker, *The Lady Next Door*.

Miss Tucker also may be given credit for keeping them natural and free from the usual professional precociousness and freshness. One little conceited move and they are brought down to earth, diplomatically, but firmly. She punishes them by keeping them off the air a while.

But there is nothing so interesting about this whole Radio baby business as (mercenary speaking) all the money that seems to be floating around through the ether these days.

It is quite safe to say that not one of these fathers are earning more than from \$25 to \$50 a week. The average should be about \$35.

While baby, bless its li'l heart, gets that much for (sometimes) just about fifteen minutes or a half hour on the air.

So baby is taking the family, papa, mamma and brothers and sisters by the boot straps and lifting them from poverty to the Drive.

If the roof needs a few new shingles or mamma needs a fur coat rush baby to the nearest broadcasting studio at the first sign of a boop-boop-a-doop or a fit of dramatic emotion.

Maybe that temperamental fit junior had last night was suppressed desire. It may sound like static but you never can tell!

Radiographs

(Continued from page 63)

as supercargo—a lowly sophomore stood no chance in the exalted company of seniors. But when the auditions were over Rosaline Greene was the only one asked to join the WGY Players.

It was her first contact with either the theatre or the Radio, but before the year was over she was the leading lady of the company. The following year she continued her work at WGY, and in addition accepted a position with a stock company presenting a repertory of plays in Albany and Troy. Then began a hectic existence for Rosaline Greene. Her family, back in Hempstead, L. I., where she was born, were not theatrical people, and did not take kindly to their daughter's dramatic ambitions. Nor would the authorities at State College have been at all pleased to learn that one of their students was appearing in stock. So Rosaline had to carry on her dramatic activities under an assumed name and you can imagine her embarrassment when an instructor at the college stopped her one day to comment on her resemblance to the leading lady at Proctor's Theatre.

She could not keep her identity hidden forever, however, and the year she graduated the dark-eyed girl who intended to become a school teacher found herself fêted at the Radio World's Fair in Madison Square Garden as "the perfect Radio voice." Not long after that came her one and only contract with the metropolitan theatre. Lee Shubert personally called upon her to ask her to take the leading role in his new production, *The Pearl of Great Price*. For two months Miss Greene played at the Century Theatre, and then she made her decision. She would cast her lot with Radio.

"It gives me so much more opportunity," she explained. "On the stage I'm limited in the parts I can play by my

size, age, general appearance, and a hundred and one other things that have nothing whatever to do with my ability to feel and portray the character. In Radio there are no such limitations. I can play *Joan of Arc* one night and *Cleopatra* the next. On the stage the actress who played one of those parts would probably never be considered for the other."

But just at that time Radio wasn't considering many characters of any type. Radio drama was not so well established as it is today, so Rosaline Greene filled in the interval with post-graduate work in dramatics at Columbia University and with her first love—teaching. It was while teaching in a private school on Riverside Drive that she formed her own company of Radio players, wrote plays for them and introduced them to New York audiences over local stations.

Then, slowly, dramatics began to find their place among the jazz bands and male quartettes that crowded the air. With their establishment on the big networks came recognition for Rosaline Greene. She gave up her teaching, signed an exclusive contract with National Broadcasting Company, and ever since has been starred.

She loves to ride, swim, and walk, and has an ambition to become a famous writer of Radio drama as well as a famous Radio actress.



New H-F-L Mastertone
—new in magnificence of tone—
—new in power with world-wide reach—
—new in quick tuning—
—new in sensitivity and selectivity with a station at every point on dial. A new price—America's finest radio at amazingly low cost. FREE Book explains all. Send for it and Special Offer now.
HIGH FREQUENCY LABORATORIES
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Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

Business Opportunities

WANTED: Men to work with National Radio Service organization. No selling scheme. Radio Doctors, Inc., Dept. D, Essex Street, Salem, Mass.

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Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike. 10c. Chas. A. Philidius, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

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SONGWRITERS—Advance royalty payments. new talking picture song requirements, etc., fully explained in our free instructive booklet. Write today. Song poems examined free. Newcomer Associates, 1674-P Broadway, New York.

SONGWRITERS-POEMS-MELODIES—Opportunity. Tommie Malle, RD 4215 North Avenue, Chicago.

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"GET-ACQUAINTED CLUB"—For Ladies and Gentlemen. Big List (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society. Box 100-R, Detroit, Mich.

Start the NEW YEAR Right

Make sure of receiving each issue of **RADIO DIGEST** at your home.

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420 LEXINGTON AVE.,
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Please enter my subscription for Radio Digest for one year, starting with the number. Enclosed find \$3.00 to cover cost of same.

Name

Street

City, State

Get Acquainted!

Make new friends everywhere. Big list of descriptions (FREE). Send for them. (One) may be your ideal!

American Friendship Society
BOX 100-B. DETROIT, MICH.

QUIT TOBACCO

Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Thousands of inveterate tobacco users have, with the aid of the Keeley Treatment, found it easy to quit.

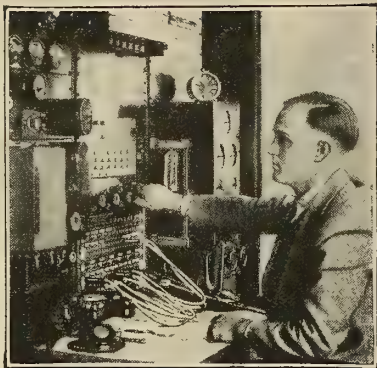
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THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, Dept. B 418, Dwight, Ill.
Home of the famous Keeley Treatment for Liquor and Drugs.
Booklet Sent on Request. Correspondence Strictly Confidential.



You're Wanted

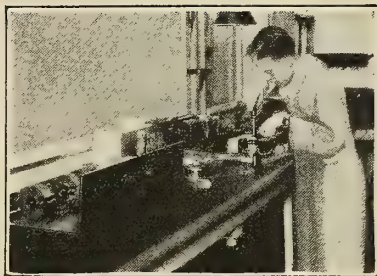
Take your pick of these fine Big Pay Radio Jobs



Broadcasting Stations offer fascinating jobs paying from \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year.



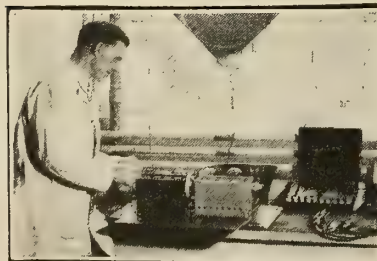
Operating on board ship gives you world-wide travel without expense, and a salary of \$85 to \$200 a month besides.



Spare time set servicing is paying N. R. I. men \$200 to \$1,000 a year for their spare time. Earnings begin almost at once after enrolling.



Commercial Land Stations are being opened very rapidly in our leading cities. Trans-Oceanic telephony offers many attractive jobs.



Radio factories employ thousands. Salaries for well trained men range from \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year.

YOU have seen how the men and young men who got into the automobile, motion picture and other industries when they were started had the first chance at the key jobs—are now the \$5,000, \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year men. Radio offers you the same chance that made men rich in those businesses. Its growth has already made men independent and will make many more wealthy in the future. Its amazing growth can put you ahead too. Don't pass up this opportunity for a good job and future financial independence.

Hundreds of \$50 to \$100 a Week Jobs Opening Every Year

Radio needs more trained men badly. Why slave your life away for \$25 to \$40 a week in a no-future job when you can get ready in a short time for Radio where the good jobs pay \$50, \$60, \$75 and \$100 a week? And many of these jobs can quickly lead to \$150 to \$200 a week. Hundreds of fine jobs are opening every year for men with the right training—the kind of training I'll give you.

I Am Doubling and Tripling Salaries

Where you find big growth you always find many big opportunities. I am doubling and tripling the salaries of many men every year. After training with me only a short time they are able to make \$1,000 to \$3,000 a year more than they were getting before. Figure out for yourself what an increase like this would mean to you—the many things that mean so much in happiness and comfort that you could buy with an additional \$1,000 to \$3,000 a year.

Many Make \$10 to \$25 a Week Extra Almost at Once

The day you start I'll show you how to do ten jobs common in most every neighborhood that you can do in your spare time. I'll show you how to repair and service all makes of sets and do many other jobs all through my course. I'll give you the plans and ideas that are making \$200 to \$1,000 for my students while they are taking my course. G. W. Page, 107 Raleigh Apts., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I made \$935 in my spare time while taking your course."

You Have Many Jobs to Choose From

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers. Radio manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers and managers. Shipping companies use hundreds of operators and give them world-wide travel with practically no expense and a good salary besides. There are hundreds of opportunities for you to have a spare time or full time Radio business of your own. I'll show you how to start one with practically no capital. My book tells you of other opportunities. Be sure to get it at once.



\$400 a Month

"I spent fifteen years as traveling salesman and was making good money but could see the opportunities in Radio. Believe me I am not sorry, for I have made more money than ever before. I have made more than \$400 each month and it really was your course that brought me to this. I can't say too much for your school." **J. C. Dahlstead, 1484 South 15th St., Salt Lake City, Utah.**



\$800 in Spare Time

"Money could not pay for what I got out of your course. I did not know a single thing about Radio before I enrolled but I have made \$800 in my spare time although my work keeps me away from home from 6:00 A. M. to 7:00 P. M. Every word I ever read about your course I have found true." **Milton I. Leiby, Jr., Tipton, Pennsylvania.**



Seldom Under \$100 a Week

"My earnings in Radio are many times greater than I ever expected them to be. In November I made \$577, December \$645, January \$465. My earnings seldom fall under \$100 a week. I'll say the N. R. I. course is thorough and complete. You give a man more for his money than anybody else." **E. E. Winborne, 1414 W. 48th St., Norfolk, Va.**

for a **Big Pay** Radio Job

I will train you AT HOME free book gives facts and proof

I Will Train You at Home In Your Spare Time

Hold your job. There is no need for you to leave home. I will train you quickly and inexpensively during your spare time. You don't have to be a high school graduate. My course is written in a clear, interesting style that most anyone can grasp. I'll give you practical experience under my 50-50 method of training—one-half from lesson books and one-half from practical experiments. When you graduate you won't have to take any kind of a job to get experience—you will be trained and experienced ready to take place beside men who have been in the field for years.

Television and Talking Pictures Included

My course not only gives you a thorough training in Radio—all you need to know to get and hold a good job—but also your choice, without extra charge, of any one of these special courses: Television, Aircraft Radio, Broadcasting, Commercial and Ship Radio Stations, Sound Pictures and Public Address Systems, and Advanced Radio Servicing and Merchandising. You won't be a "one job" man when you finish my course. You'll know how to handle a job in any one of Radio's 20 different branches of opportunity.

J. E. SMITH, President

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE

Dept. 1AR3

WASHINGTON, D. C.



Salary Three Times Larger

"Before I completed your course I went to work for a Radio dealer. Now I am Assistant Service Manager of the Sparks-Withington Company. My salary is three times what it was before taking your course. I could not have obtained this position without it. I owe my success to N. R. I. training." H. A. Wilmoth, Sparks-Withington Co., Jackson, Mich.



Lifetime Employment Service to all Graduates

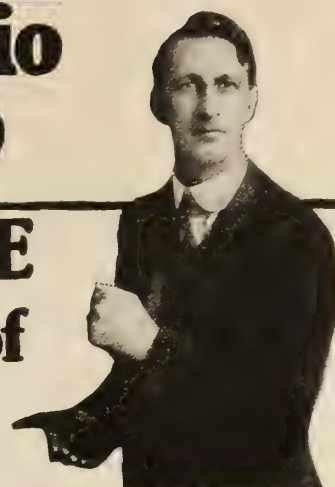
When you finish my course you won't be turned loose to shift for yourself. Then is when I will step in and help you find a job through my Employment Department. This Employment Service is free of extra charge both to you and the employer. My Employment Department is getting three times as many calls for graduates this year as last year.

Your Money Back If Not Satisfied

You do not risk a penny when you enroll with me. I will give you an agreement in writing, legal and binding upon the institute, to refund every penny of your money upon completing my course if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service. The resources of the N. R. I. Pioneer and World Famous Largest Home-Study Radio training organization, stands back of this agreement.

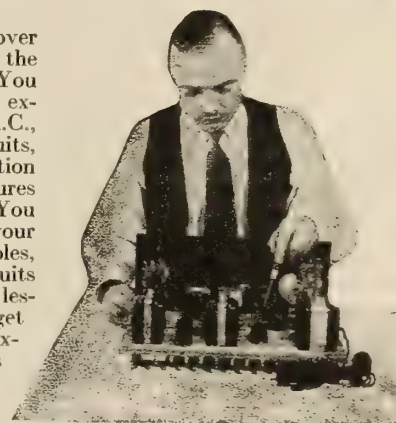
Find Out What Radio Offers You—Get My Book at Once

One copy of my valuable book, "Rich Rewards in Radio" is free to anyone interested in making more money. It tells you where the good jobs are, what they pay, how you can quickly and easily fit yourself to get one. The coupon below will bring you a copy. Send it at once. Your request does not obligate you in any way. Act NOW.



I give You 8 Big Outfits of Radio parts for a home Experimental Laboratory

You can build over 100 circuits with the outfits I give you. You learn from actual experience about A.C., Screen Grid circuits, push-pull amplification and the other features in modern sets. You work out with your hands the principles, diagrams and circuits you learn from my lesson books. You get as much practical experience under this unequalled method of home training, in a few months, as the average fellow gets in two to four years in the field.



Clip and mail NOW for FREE INFORMATION

J. E. Smith, President,

National Radio Institute, Dept. 1AR3,

16th and U Sts., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:—Send me "Rich Rewards in Radio." Tell me more about Radio's opportunities for good jobs and quick promotion; also about your practical method of Home training. I understand this request does not obligate me and that no agent will call on me.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Walter Winchell

(Continued from page 7)

and dance act had to be continued.

During long train rides from one city to another, Winchell used to amuse himself by writing intimate stories about his fellow-vaudevillians. Little anecdotes, little human-interest stories, a little bit of dirt—these he pieced together into an altogether spicy column about vaudeville-life and vaudevillians. This column, he, one day, sent in to the *Vaudeville News*. To his surprise, *Vaudeville News* printed the article, paid for it—and asked for more. Two more such columns were written and printed and Winchell felt that, at last, a decent excuse had presented itself for his leaving the vaudeville game for good. He would return to 42nd Street in order to cover Broadway gossip for *Vaudeville News*.

And he did—with such success, in fact, that Sime Silverman of *Variety* was attracted by those writings and sent out a flattering bait to the young columnist. A neat contract was awaiting Winchell if he would only work for *Variety*. Would he come? For a while Winchell played with the idea of accepting. But then a still more flattering offer came which definitely decided for him. The *Graphic*, a new tabloid, was looking for interesting young writers, and its editor Bernarr Macfadden—sensing that in Winchell he had a columnist that would be a valuable asset to any newspaper—gave Winchell a breathtaking salary to work for it. Winchell grabbed the opportunity; he was earning now five times as much as he had ever earned before. And on a job which was as easy as it was fascinating. His columnar career was now fully launched.

This was five years ago. Four years later, the New York *Mirror* enticed Winchell into accepting a position on its paper by doubling his already munificent salary. His column was to be syndicated throughout the entire country. And shortly afterwards, the Radio got him for a weekly broadcast of Broadway news. Gossip had triumphed. Walter Winchell was its prophet.

WALTER WINCHELL is only thirty-three—yet, despite his youth, he is practically gray. Other characteristics which distinguish him include the fact that he writes with his left hand, he works only two hours each day on his column—usually from 5 to 7 P. M.; he is invariably up all the night, making the rounds of the night-clubs, and he sleeps all day; he does not dress well; his principal affections are night-clubs, good beverages—and gossip. But gossip above everything else. He could never have developed that truly remarkable scent for scandal, if he did not love it so.

It is generally a source of wonder for

his readers and listeners as to where Winchell gets his remarkable revelations—some of which precede the newspaper headlines by weeks. The answer is that three sources supply him with his gossip. The first is Winchell himself. Snooping around night-clubs, important hotels, large restaurants and other important Broadway rendezvous-places, it is inevitable for him to pick up a considerable amount of first-hand gossip. Then (although this is not generally known), it is said he has a small battalion of spies working under him, whose duty it is to pick up information and scandal about anyone in the public limelight, and who get paid from Winchell himself. The greatest amount of his information comes from this source. Finally, generous readers swamp his desk every morning with information which, by chance, they happened to pick up. Winchell confesses that some of his best “scoops” have come to him in his morning’s mail from some kind-hearted reader or Radio listener. Needless to say, all gossip is fully verified before it is put into print or told over the Radio. Otherwise there would not be enough lawyers in all of New York to defend Winchell against libel-suits. Incidentally—and this is, by no means, a small tribute to Winchell’s accuracy—despite all the remarkable information, some of which is of the most intimate and bewildering nature, too, Winchell has never had a libel suit on his hands.

George Jean Nathan has recently complimented Winchell by saying that the latter is not only a superb journalist but that he has also enriched the English language. Winchell’s vocabulary is almost as famous as his gossip. It is well-known, for example, that it was he who made of “whoopie” a national by-word. It is well-known that he coined such picturesque words as “literotic”; such graphic phrases as “having it Reno-vated,” as “melting their wedding ring”; and such apt metaphors as his description of Broadway, “the hardened artery”. He has brought a new vocabulary to the lingo of the average Broadwayite; he has made speech piquant and vivid.

Winchell himself has often spoken of himself, over the Radio, as “the man whom they love to hate.” Broadwayites hate him because they have no secrets which this bewildering journalist does not learn and reveal; theatrical producers hate him, because he has disclosed so much of their sham. The Shuberts, as a matter of fact, will never permit him into any of their theatres—and two years ago Walter Winchell was able to see *Animal Crackers* only because Harpo Marx dressed him up as a woman and sneaked him in through the main entrance. Night-club owners, racketeers hate him. Any-

one who has a secret hates him. Gangsters hate him. No man ever makes the rounds of Broadway’s night-life being so liberally hated as Walter Winchell.

And yet, paradoxically enough, he is also one of the most celebrated and best liked columnists in the country. His stint is syndicated to thirty-two newspapers; it is estimated that more than two million people read his column every day. Something like ten million listen to his broadcast every Tuesday night—to judge by his correspondence. And any man who receives a salary of \$100,000 a year—not to mention his salary for broadcasting—cannot be said to be unpopular. It all depends on which side of the fence you are. If you are of the group whom Winchell exploits for his gossip then you are among his enemies; but if you are merely an innocent bystander who gets a tremendous kick out of learning the inside stories about Broadway, then you probably worship him. But no one is indifferent.

Incidentally, there has recently spread a lot of talk, in and out of night-clubs, that Walter Winchell will be “bumped-off” within the next few months. Those of his admirers who are terrified by this bit of inside information will, perhaps, feel a little more at ease if they knew that the one who started this rumor circulating was none other than—yes, our Mr. Walter Winchell, the man who knows everything.

Recipes via Radio

(Continued from page 80)

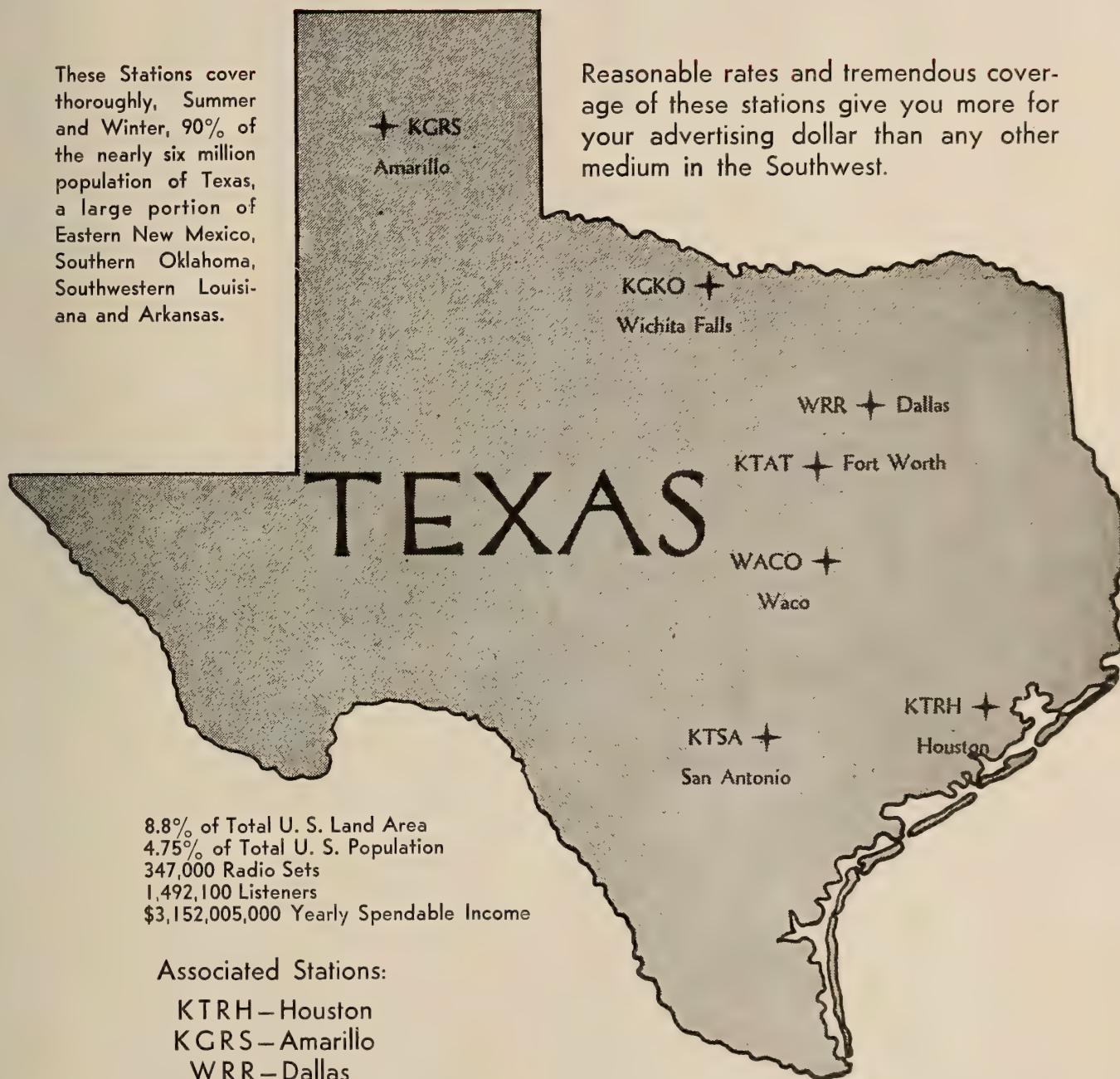
ette apartments in large cities, or substantial suburban homes. I see several brave, cheerful women who in spite of total blindness manage to keep house and prepare meals, and a certain lame girl who sits beside her Radio taking notes and writing down recipes for her busy neighbors who cannot listen in. These and all the others are before me as I talk. And, oh, how I try to give them each and all the help, encouragement and actual cooking information they feel they need and want!”

The next year Betty Crocker’s talks were sent over the country as the first morning chain program. Her circle of homemakers was widened to include women living in the cities, towns and villages, and on farms and ranches all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast whose homes Betty Crocker now enters twice a week for a friendly visit by means of a National Broadcasting Company network through the courtesy of General Mills, Inc.

Serving the Great Southwest

These Stations cover thoroughly, Summer and Winter, 90% of the nearly six million population of Texas, a large portion of Eastern New Mexico, Southern Oklahoma, Southwestern Louisiana and Arkansas.

Reasonable rates and tremendous coverage of these stations give you more for your advertising dollar than any other medium in the Southwest.



8.8% of Total U. S. Land Area
4.75% of Total U. S. Population
347,000 Radio Sets
1,492,100 Listeners
\$3,152,005,000 Yearly Spendable Income

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KTRH—Houston
KGRS—Amarillo
WRR—Dallas

Chain rates on KGRS, Amarillo; KGKO, Wichita Falls; WRR, Dallas; KTAT, Fort Worth; KTRH, Houston, and KTSA, San Antonio—one-half (1/2) hour, including talent and wire charge—\$555.80; fifteen minutes, (1/4 hour) including talent and wire charge—\$308.90.

For individual rates on these stations address:

SOUTHWEST BROADCASTING COMPANY

Aviation Building

Fort Worth, Texas

Luckies Are Always Kind To Your Throat

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." Lucky Strike has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that Luckies are less irritating to your throat.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—
against irritation — against cough



There are 18 of these merry little figures. One comes in each tin of Lucky Strike Flat Fifties.

Night Clubs *by* RUDY VALLEE

Radio Digest

February

25
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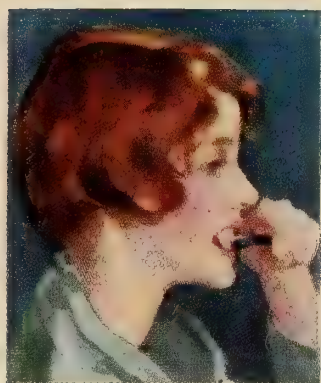
Elitia Doré
WMCA-N.Y.

"That Old Gang of Mine" *by* ROXY

Miss Adams tells you how to procure
your own solar boroscope—FREE



The Dentists' Dentifrice should be your **FAMILY DENTIFRICE**



MANY people remember the time when trips to the dentist were made only to get relief from pain. In those days, no one thought of going for prevention, before pain developed.

And today, there are people who do not think of using Forhan's, until their mouths are beyond the help of ordinary tooth-pastes.

But the well mouth needs Forhan's. It is a dentifrice safe and pure and mild—as fine as a dentist can make it, for it was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

The tiny teeth of children—those precious first teeth which have such an influence on the future health and beauty of the mouth—need the scientific cleansing which they will get with this gentle dentifrice.

The teeth of boys and girls also need Forhan's protection, to supplement the dentist's watchful care. No dentifrice can do a more thorough job of reaching every fissure and crevice of the teeth during these critical years.

In the adult mouth, Forhan's serves a double purpose. It cleans the teeth, of course, but in addition it helps to stimulate the gums. Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, it rouses sluggish circulation, brings to gum tissues a pleasant tingling, and helps to keep them in the coral glow of health.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that Forhan's

is only a pyorrhea treatment. If you suspect that you have this ailment, if your gums are tender, see your dentist at once. When the mouth is healthy—before any tenderness develops—is the time to adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice. It is far better to avoid disease than to treat it after it develops. The use of this scientific dentifrice will help you to keep the mouth of youth well into middle age.

NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan's program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia network.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A



Clearer, softer skin

Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And you are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen."

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin."

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't *you* follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD** — To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES** — If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH** — Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT** — To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK** — To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS** — To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.



INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. R-110
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

February, 1931

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BERNARDINE FLYNN... This is the face that launched a thousand—locomotives. In other words, the charming leading lady of Empire Builders, whose chugchugging from Chicago NBC heralds thrilling drama.



ADELE VASA... Too late, you can't have her any more, no matter how much you like her looks. Paul Green, night manager of Columbia studios has the sweet soprano under contract. Perhaps 'twill be a Radio wedding.



ANNABELLE JACKSON is musical to her fingertips... even makes the teacups perform melodiously when she hostesses it in Cleveland. Oh yes, her pay check reads, "WTAM... for services as concert pianist."



DOLORES CASSINELLI... A dark-haired Latin beauty who started her education in a Chicago convent, graduated to the silver screen and received her "Ph.D." in Being Charming as an NBC songstress.

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Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

LIKE a gleaming jewel in a changing light Radio programs scintillate and glow with new colors according to the evolution of new ideas and demands of public taste. There is a bit of the best from all forms of amusement—music, drama, literature, news, sports and positive cultural training from the primary to the higher forms of education. The light rests a moment on the move of educators to compel broadcasters to appropriate a definite proportion of the time on the air to education. Broadcasters are not so keen about making it compulsory as they are about the methods to be used to present the educational program. The broadcaster insists that a certain amount of showmanship must go with the program or there will be no one to hear it. The educators think that showmanship is unnecessary and supplementary devices would interfere with the fundamental practices of instruction. Important developments may be expected in 1931.

* * *

THIS old world needs more laughs and less grouching and grumbling. There is too much of morbid reading; too much prison pallor on the screen; too much



moron catering and sex debauchery. Let's turn the page and get a laugh, turn the dial for a half-hour of chuckles. And for what better could you ask than old Brad Browne and his dear little Nit Wits of the Columbia system. They take the old world by the nose and shake the care wrinkles off his jowls. Marcella in this issue gives you a pleasant little sketch of Brad Browne. Next month we are going to entertain you with one of the skits which Brad says he

thinks is one of the funniest they have ever produced. Don't miss it.

* * *

Did you subscribe to RADIO DIGEST before the new \$3 rate went into effect? For those who have not already been so advised by our circulation department please be assured that your subscription as it stood on our books up to January 1, 1931, will be extended to comply with the \$3 rate.

* * *

Incidentally we are very happy to announce that subscriptions are coming in from all sections of the country in amazing volume. We are indebted to the many broadcasting stations that have commended our magazine to their listeners. Thanks, gentlemen of the air!

* * *

Almost everybody wants a log in RADIO DIGEST. The votes were overwhelming. A Chain Calendar and Official Wavelength list will be published here in March. Next thing we know there'll be a big demand for fiction again. Wonder how many readers like Radio drama continuities? Suggestions are always welcome.

ISHBEL MacDONALD, daughter of the Labor Prime Minister of England, is a chip off the old block and particularly interested in the rank and file of humanity. At the time we were in the ferment of activity to relieve the unemployment situation in America Miss MacDonald stood up before a Columbia microphone in London and gave us her views as to the right way and wrong way of doing things to help "the underdog." She thinks the world is too prone to dose its social headaches with aspirin instead of determining the cause of the trouble and curing it. She speaks a vigorous message straight from the shoulder. And she wants to know if Americans aren't wasting precious time on useless social work, are we getting anywhere with constructive methods? What about it? You may have heard her talk, whether you did or not you will be interested in reviewing it in the March RADIO DIGEST.



* * *

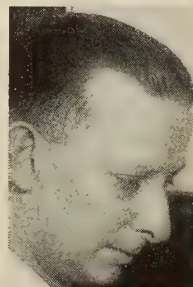
Have you noticed the improved quality of the Amos 'n' Andy feature? There's a reason. Miss Peggy Hull, who is one of the most competent astrologers in America, has 'scoped both of the boys from the exact hour that they were born. Now that the Sun of Arc and the Stars of Kleig have moved out of the Aspect—but let Peggy tell you all about it—in that tight-packed March issue.

* * *

Tin Pan Alley—imagine what David Ewen can do with a subject like that! He's done it. You will get it in the March issue.

* * *

JOHN P. MEDBURY, "Master Without Ceremony," whose humorous contributions are read in almost every household in the land, will be represented in our March RADIO DIGEST. From all indications this number will stand out as the greatest smile cracker yet published. Bright and sparkling but not frothy. You will find information of great interest available in no other form. You will find words of wisdom by some of the best minds. But in and out will be woven a ripple of clean fun to make you glad you have joined our merry party.



Premier Mussolini's broadcast to America was precisely in line with the "Radio Can Kill War" policy suggested by a RADIO DIGEST editorial. . . . WOC, Davenport, has requested privilege of rebroadcasting the RADIO DIGEST mystery play, *Step on the Stair*, which was the first serial thriller ever broadcast. The story was especially written for RADIO DIGEST by Robert J. Casey, famous journalist and novelist. . . . Ted Lewis, the high hatted tragedian of jazz, is said to have been paid \$5,000 for one performance at WMCA, New York.

Broadcasters In Every State

WIN HONORS

Contest Nominations From Listeners

Pour In To Acclaim Favorite Stations

THEY'RE off on the last two laps! Nominations are pouring in. From east and west, north and south, enthusiastic supporters are rallying to tell the world about the stations they consider the best in their states. For weeks interest in the contest has been gaining momentum and now, with the half-way mark passed, and the end in sight, each mail brings in votes. In many states at this stage of the game the race is neck and neck.

There is a fine spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm for favorite stations on the part of thousands of listeners as exemplified in the letters received by the contest editor in every mail. Just read this one from Miss Frances Cherry, of Wayne, Nebraska:

"WJAG at Norfolk is the home of the Printer's Devil. It is WJAG which has such a big Radio family. It is WJAG which has an 'Everything's All Right Club'. It is WJAG which gives a list each day of babies born into its family. WJAG does not have a Tom, Dick and Harry, but it does have a Karl, Ted and Harry. WJAG has a singer, 'Tim' Howard Stark who won the honor of being in the first five boy singers in the recent state Atwater Kent Contest. WJAG has a good girl's trio, the Harmony Trio. WJAG has a wonderful mixed quartette." These are merely a few of the reasons why Miss Cherry is rooting for WJAG. She concludes: "I could rave on for pages and pages about WJAG but why, when it speaks for itself."

Do you listen regularly to the broadcasts of a favorite station? Do you think its programs are the best produced for your entertainment in your state? If you do give your station

a break. Nominate it for the state championship. Do your bit to aid your station to win the honor of being declared the most popular in the state.

Many of the stations are being nominated not only because of their pleasing programs but because their announcers are popular with the station's listeners. "I wish to nominate station

WEBC at Superior as the best Radio station in Wisconsin," declares Miss Eda Melland, of Yellow Lake, Wisconsin. "This is a good, live station, with fine programs and a staff of very good announcers. Without good announcers a station can not hope to gain much popularity."

Miss Madlyn Patton, of Philadelphia, Pa., also pays tribute to the announcers. She nominates WPEN as the first station in Pennsylvania. "First of all," she writes, "I nominate WPEN because our favorite Diamond Meritum winner holds sway the first thing in the morning. The Mystery announcer starts the day and then it's just good, clean fun the rest of the day. The announcers of WPEN are wonderful boys, everyone of them."

If you have not as yet nominated your favorite stations don't delay, but get on the band wagon now. Turn to the rules on page 100 and study them. There are

ways of obtaining bonus votes that will loom large in the final count. Whoopie! We're coming down the home stretch and we'll cross the line at midnight, April 20th. Get those nominations in and then cast the votes that may make your favorite stations the honored ones in your state. Remember that there are four stations to be chosen from each state. Beautiful medallions as shown above will be awarded—one for each winner.



NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state).....

First (call letters).....City.....

Second (call letters).....City.....

Third (call letters).....City.....

Fourth (call letters).....City.....

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Number

5

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters).....City.....

Second (call letters).....City.....

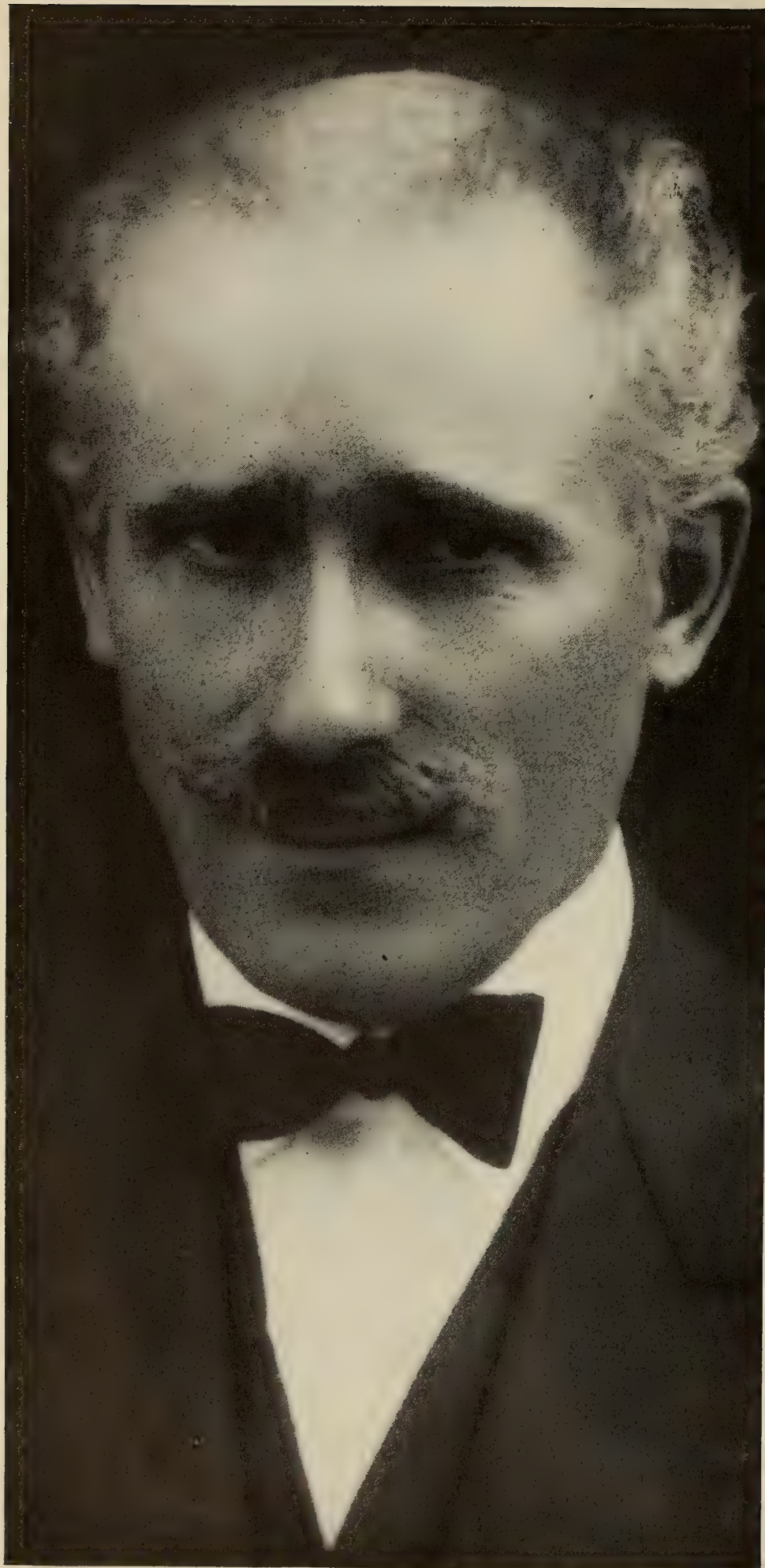
Third (call letters).....City.....

Fourth (call letters).....City.....

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Arturo Toscanini

This portrait, posed three years ago, is considered the best likeness of the famous maestro, one of whose eccentricities is his unwillingness to appear before a camera.

Intimate Glimpses of Arturo Toscanini

Philharmonic Conductor Has Memorized Thousands of Scores—A Despot Who Flies into a Rage at Slight Errors, but Still is Sincerely Loved by His Men

By DAVID EWEN

HE WOULD have attained greatness in any field of endeavor which requires the commanding of men. For Toscanini was born to be a commander. Had he chosen to be the general of an army or the ruler of a nation there can be no doubt that he would have attained that same eminence that he now possesses as the conductor of a symphony orchestra. No one can understand what it is that makes his men obey him so meekly—his men, least of all. In his presence they feel a strange electricity radiating from him; they are humbled by the flash of his brilliant eyes, and by that soft, tired smile of his which is their only reward when, after hours of rehearsing, they play well.

Toscanini rules his men with iron despotism—and yet, very strange to say, they love and worship him. I myself have seen his orchestra slave under him in Bayreuth, during the recent Bayreuth Festival, for ten hours, and yet after this arduous rehearsal one of the fiddlers—wet with perspiration and tired to the point of exhaustion—said to me: "What a man he is! If I could only play under him forever, I would be the happiest of men!"

WHAT strange magic does this leader exert over his men? It is the magic of giving his men a mysterious insight into the music they are performing, an insight such as they have never before had. It is the magic of a simple personality who loves his music with such a passion that his love is contagiously spread to all who work under him. It is the magic of a man who is an artist to his finger tips—and the magic of an artist who is also a great man.

An incident which I witnessed three years ago, will perhaps serve to illustrate most aptly what this magic that Toscanini uses over his men really is. One afternoon during rehearsal, after putting the finishing touches to his rendition of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, the orchestra, inspired by the insight into the music he had given them, rose and cheered him for several minutes. While the cheers persisted, Toscanini looked obviously uncomfortable and tried by frantic gestures to curb their enthusiasm. When the tumult had died down he rebuked them very gently, and tears were glittering in the eyes that so often blaze with anger.

"You see, men," he explained softly, "it isn't me—it's Beethoven!"

TOSCANINI was a great conductor from his earliest days. At first he floundered about in the 'cello section of the La Scala Opera House, in Italy, but then, during the illness of the conductor, he stepped from the 'cello section to the conductor's podium and rehearsed the scheduled opera—from memory. He has remained on the conductor's stand ever since—startling his audiences with performances which were unparalleled even for La Scala; startling the audiences by introducing into the opera-bill such foreign names as Wagner and Mozart, and to the concert-programs such barbarian names as Beethoven and Schubert; startling the audiences by forbidding them to come late or to whisper during performances. He startled his orchestra and singers by his scrupulous insistence upon perfection, by his inde-

fatigable energies which constantly drove them to work harder and harder. He startled his management by the tremendous increase in the number of rehearsals and, consequently, in the expenses. And one and all they relented to his iron will. An entire revolution had come over the La Scala Opera House with its new, young conductor!

Toscanini was born with a very grave defect, especially grave for a conductor. He was near-sighted, so near-sighted in fact that he could not possibly see a score unless it were leaning against his nose. But, as though in divine repentance, the Gods have given Toscanini a memory that is almost phenomenal. That memory is one of the many causes for awe among Toscanini-worshippers. Everyone knows that Toscanini knows by heart some ninety operas, the entire classical repertoire from Bach to the most modern of modern composers and about a thousand other little odds-and-ends. Everyone knows with what rapidity he can memorize a new score. Two years ago he performed Ernest Schelling's *Impressions of An Artist's Life*. The score reached his hands on Sunday and the next morning he came to Carnegie Hall and rehearsed the whole work minutely from memory. He remembered every single note and every single instrument in that long and intricate score! The composer, who played his piano part from notes, looked at this man with gaping wonder. Toscanini's wife tells us that when he gets a new score, he goes to bed, huddles within

(Continued on page 108)



Night Clubs of NEW YORK



Texas Guinan, called "Queen of the Night Clubs" who once made the greeting cry of "Hello, Sucker!" her watchword.



THE night clubs of New York City of the present day are almost a lost art compared to what they were not so many years back. Therefore a discussion of them necessitates a background of former night clubs.

My first speaking acquaintance with night clubs, cabarets, and supper clubs, began in March, 1922. A great, rural state like Maine, with only a few big cities, which, in contrast to New York, could hardly be termed wealthy, knows little or nothing about night life which, to many New Yorkers, seems a natural and even tame part of city life. Most of the important cities of Maine have at best nothing but large public dance halls and exclusive clubs and hotels at which private affairs may be given.

The rise of the night club, or supper club, such as New Yorkers know it, seems to have been actuated by the desire of certain famous individuals to own their own room with their own orchestra, and to serve either food or liquor for those guests who were willing to pay well for the privilege of isolation from the ordinary habitues of public dance halls or hotel grills.

I know little or nothing about the places of the past decade such as Rector's and Delmonico's, the places where Sophie Tucker, Ted Lewis, and so many other stars became famous or were made famous, but my starting point is a good one,



inasmuch as the Palais Royale achieved, to my mind, perfection in night clubs. Certainly it was one of the most delightful places to spend an evening for an individual who sought diversion, the finest in dance music, good food, and a beautiful atmosphere. Previous to my first arrival in New York at Easter vacation in 1922. I had heard a great deal of the famous young maestro who had come from the

West with his orchestra to take New York by storm and who found himself ensconced as a national hero in the beautiful Palais Royale in New York City. The loveliness of its fountain and its acoustically perfect room seemed almost like a dream. Easter vacation afforded me an opportunity for my first visit to New York, and one of the places I resolved to visit was the Palais Royale. I shall never forget the wonderful evening I spent there; Whiteman's band was at its best. Although I went alone I did not feel out of place, and the beauty and charm of everything about it affected me most profoundly. I had some very fine lobster to eat; whether or not liquor was sold surreptitiously I do not know, but I do recollect that it was one of the most perfect evenings of my life.

Later, when a freshman at Yale, I often frequented the Palais Royale with a very charming young lady, and enjoyed it more than ever, as I was then able to dance to the inspiring music of the Whiteman band. The room had been remodeled and was

A Picture of The Gay White Way

By RUDY VALLEE

more enchanting than ever. Joseph Urban, I was told, had made a study of it and every point of beauty in the ceiling and architecture was arranged acoustically.

In the same Fall of 1922, accompanied by some members of the Yale Band, I visited several night clubs on the eve of the Yale-Princeton game at Princeton. At that time the "Boardwalk" was very popularly acclaimed on account of its excellent revues and superior orchestra. There was also the "Moulin Rouge," but the "Boardwalk" was one place which attracted all of us and which we enjoyed tremendously.

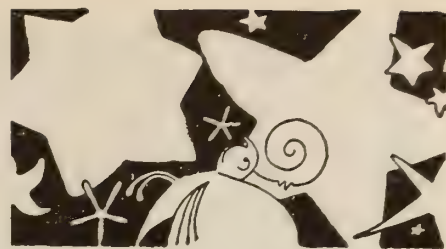
The covert of most of the clubs at that time approximated four or five dollars. If I recollect rightly, the "Palais Royale" asked four dollars, and no one seemed to object to paying it. Prohibition had been more or less enforced for over four years, and yet the "Palais Royale" and the "Boardwalk" and similar Broadway places enjoyed a huge success.

There were the clubs on the outskirts, such as the Pelham Heath Inn and the Westchester Parkway places, but these I would not call typical night clubs; they were, as the name implies, *roadhouses*, to which one motored for dancing and dining. Rather, in my mind, does "night club" signify a club either on Broadway or in the heart of New York itself, with a floor show, a master of ceremonies, various types of acts with professional entertainers and a chorus of girls.

Down through the years 1923-1924-1925, there also came into existence the smarter type of club, often termed the supper club, such as the Club Royal. Then, too, followed the vogue of the attractive tea dances at the Plaza, the

Villa Venice, the Lorraine Grill, and many other places where J. W. McKee, Joseph C. Smith, Ray Miller, Eddie Davis, Larry Stry, Art Hickman, and many others enticed the feet of New Yorkers to dance. Art Hickman attained great popularity during his short lived run in New York; I have often wondered why he did not stay and achieve the same success that Whiteman did, as he was even a little in advance of Whiteman as a forerunner in smart syncopation. In fact it was through his Victor records that Whiteman flooded the entire world with his new idea of dance music.

I would have been very happy indeed had I been able to dance at these various places to the music of their respective orchestras, for there was an atmosphere and air about everything in those days that seems to have disappeared today. The change has been gradual; whether this alteration is due to prohibition, financial conditions, or merely to the differences in fads and tastes I do not claim to know. It would not seem to me to be economic depression, because I believe people will always spend money to entertain themselves and will usually find the necessary amount to go out when they so desire.



Above—A detail of the wall decoration of the now defunct "Heigh-Ho Club" of Don Dickerman. This was the scene of Rudy Vallee's first triumph as a baton wielder.

Below—Plenty of pep and enthusiasm when the Crooning Tenor entertains for New Yorkers at the Villa Vallee—an unusual picture of the author, never before published.



The type of entertainment in the more decorous night club—Moss and Fontanne, ballroom dancers of the Club Lido, who are now on a month's leave in order to appear before the English King and Queen.



Unquestionably the enormous increase in the number, prominence, and daring of speakeasies in the past four or five years have been mainly responsible for the downfall of night clubs and supper clubs as a paying proposition. When one reflects that there are over fifty thousand speakeasies in New York City alone, (over fifty mind you!) then, and only then, can we arrive at a clear conception of exactly what competition opposes the maintenance of an attractive but dry night or supper club. Membership clubs, like the St. Regis Roof and Grill encounter little trouble. They are established by the most exclusive of New York's society and are assured of a financial standing before they even begin the season; in fact, they do not welcome outsiders and are strictly formal, for they realize that that is an effective way of excluding undesirables. Of course, they are not averse to showing a profit, but they advertise only in the smart magazines and are solely interested in securing the right people as patrons.

Places like the Club Richman, the Montmartre, the Lido, El Patio, and many others (not to forget the place at which it is my pleasure to appear nightly, the Villa Vallee), are admittedly dry clubs where it is necessary to bring

your own liquor if you wish to drink. They are obliged to face a proposition extremely difficult of solution—that of adequately appealing to their guests without serving intoxicants.

FROM my observations of middle class and elite society both here and abroad, of society in general, or may I even say human beings in general, there is little or no animation and *hilarious enjoyment* unless there is a stimulant. Please notice carefully that I say "*hilarious enjoyment*," i.e. that New Year's Eve fervour which reminds one of a madhouse. Personally I am happiest where the excitement is moderately restrained, where one enjoys oneself in a reasonably quiet way, with conversation, dancing, good food, and refreshments at intermission. With the proper escort and the proper crowd I believe an evening may be very enjoyable this way, but there are people who seem to feel that unless there is over-loud laughter, an excess of back-slapping, hopping about, breaking of various eating utensils—in short, genuinely riotous pandemonium, then the party is

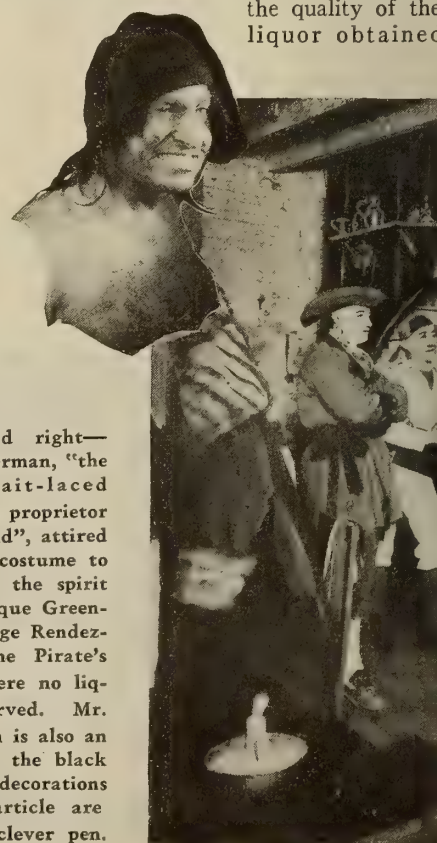
not a success.

I admit that to attain this state of ribald excitement at a party, liquor is a necessary adjunct. I have watched many parties which commenced as respectably enjoyable become white heat orgies. The casual factor is nearly always the contents of a bottle poorly concealed under the table, or the latent effects of potent drinks recently imbibed. I have seen too much of this not to be brought to a realization of the fact that liquor can make people forget their worries, cares and normal selves, and to make them become, as it were, "Mr. Hydes" for the moment; some of the most meek, humble and quiet people have become transformed after a few drinks into the loudest, coarsest and most unreasonable persons imaginable; and it does seem that there are many people who enjoy this sort of an evening. My inevitable contact with such situations has led me to realize that whatever one may think, morally, ethically or legally, about drinking, there should at least be one universally accepted rule; everyone with any innate sense of decency ought

to restrict his own share of liquor to that amount which he is *positive* he can drink without results that will render him a figure of annoyance, disgust or ridicule.

If one enters any quiet, refined club such as those I have mentioned, one will observe that even though everyone has brought his own liquor, and is drinking, the atmosphere is somehow kept quiet and respectable; but go into almost any speakeasy where there is a piano, a group of Hawaiians, two or three negroes around a piano, or even a dance orchestra as some of them have, and there you will find quite a different atmosphere. There are loud peals of laughter and many hectically gay groups. In the midst of it all one finds several parties eating, and eating delicious food at that! And that is where the speakeasy seems to surpass a respectable night club. To the speakeasy the young man takes his girl and begins the evening with the realization of one thing, and that is this—that he pays only for what he gets. The covert seems always to have antagonized certain people, but it is simply a means of paying for the band and entertainment. It is like a ticket to the show. A club featuring entertainment absolutely must have some means of paying for it; the profits on food and beverages like ginger ale are not enough. The young man who takes a girl to a speakeasy is steeped in an atmosphere of smoke and bad air all evening, as most of them are too small to accommodate the crowds they attract; then the young man is astonished that he invariably wakes up with a "hangover" the next morning! Besides, he doesn't save anything by going there. His guar-

antee concerning the quality of the liquor obtained



Above and right—Don Dickerman, "the most strait-laced night club proprietor in the world", attired in pirate costume to carry out the spirit of his unique Greenwich Village Rendezvous, "The Pirate's Den", where no liquor is served. Mr. Dickerman is also an artist and the black and white decorations for this article are from his clever pen.

there is no better than the assurances of a regular bootlegger, and the prices charged for it are, in most cases, so exorbitant that before the end of the evening he has spent as much as he would have if he had gone to a night club.

AS I have remarked before, the food in most speakeasies is of a very high order; the proprietors have sense enough to realize that with good food and good liquor, such as it is, the combination is almost unbeatable! But it is certainly not a matter of economy for the people who go there. They go willing to pay any bill presented them. There is a certain *camaraderie* in a speakeasy—the thrill of gaining admittance by a password, giving your card, or whispering through a little interviewer, being hastily let in and hearing the door slammed behind you—everyone locked together, as it were, with the very slight fear of arrest and the Black Maria hanging over everyone! In other words, the thrill of doing wrong is enhanced by the spirit of comradeship with a group of people whom you know and like, in most cases. Misery (or shall I say the thrill of scofflawing?) loves company.

Of course, too, a great many people like to drink for the sheer joy of drinking, and a speakeasy affords them an opportunity to do so. It also provides reasonably pleasant surroundings with others who want to drink and eat good food at the same time. The places that are combinations of speakeasies and supper clubs resemble both in some respects. I doubt whether these are numerous, and those in active operation constantly court the danger of a raid unless they are well protected. The

easiest way for an enterprising prohibition administrator to secure publicity is to raid a famous place, whether or not liquor is actually sold there. Everyone knows that in every place where people gather there is some drinking of liquor that the guests bring themselves. This furnishes sufficient grounds for the raid itself, as the proprietor of any place is supposed not only to warn his guest against bringing or drinking intoxicating liquors, but to refuse to furnish accessories.

There are the clubs in Harlem. Some do not welcome whites but cater strictly to their own colored group. It is not wise to attempt to enter these. Places such as the Cotton Club or Small's Paradise, especially the latter, furnish a great deal of entertainment for the out of town thrill seeker.

The Cotton Club is a respectable club with a most wonderful revue, beautifully staged with a line of very attractive colored girls. On Sunday nights various celebrities of the theatrical world are there and are always called upon to do something. Duke Ellington's band, one of the finest in the country, perhaps the finest, rhythmically speaking, holds forth and no one could resist dancing to it.

Small's is the place for the country relative you would like to shock. I am not going to attempt to describe just what goes on. Suffice to say that white men dancing with colored girls and vice versa, with singing waiters and a general atmosphere of ribaldry and fun makes Small's a most unusual place.

Down on the other end of Man-



P. & A. Photo

Acrobatic dancers are features in the gayer clubs

hattan is Greenwich Village, with all of its odd and quaint places. Towering among all these odd places are the four that Don Dickerman himself created, devised, designed and built. I was very pleased to assist him materially in the building of the Daffydil Club. His other clubs, the Pirate's Den, which is ten years old, the Blue Horse, and the County Fair, are the most unique places of their kind. Dickerman is a specialist in artistic diversion and only he could create the type of place that he has there.

Dickerman is perhaps the most strait-laced night club owner and proprietor in the world; his clubs are all scrupulously clean in food, entertainment, music, and general atmosphere. He, more than anyone else, realizes just what the absolutely dry and refined night club is up against, as his places do a good business but are hardly worth the effort to keep them going. The Daffydil Club, which closed two weeks ago, was my own Sunday night hobby. It has been my pleasure to invite as many celebrities as I know and meet in the various theatrical fields down Sunday night, when we had a sort of amateur theatrical night with everybody doing a turn. Like the Cotton Club, it

(Continued on page 97)

The beautiful Central Park Casino (below), favored by the Four Hundred, presents a strange contrast to the usual down-in-a-cellar or over-a-garage club



Atop Mount Vesuvius Travelers Knew The Beloved Miketeer By His Voice Alone!

He Cried for Joy At His Welcome Home Party

HELLO, everybody. It's good to be where I can say that to you again. I'm so happy to be home again I can't find appropriate words with which to express myself.

If you should ask me what I missed the most since I've been away I believe I would have to say it was "mike" and that old "gang" of mine. It's a great old world in which we live and I've been seeing a great many of its highly publicized "sights" but, do you know, the greatest sight of all was the one I saw from the deck of the steamship which brought me back to the United States. No, it wasn't the Statue of Liberty in the New York Harbor. It was a thrill to see the lady through the rain that night, but the thrill of thrills came after we passed her, and the little terrier-like tugs were nosing the liner into position alongside the pier.

Someone, I think it was Jacques Benjamin, my assistant who accompanied me on the vacation, said, "Look at that crowd on the pier." I ran to the deck rail as though pulled by a magnet, sensing that somewhere in the assembled throng there might be a friend or two who had braved the weather to speak a cheery word of greeting to this returning voyager. A friend or two, did I say?

The pier end took on the appearance of a misplaced stage-setting. That is, the carnival-like atmosphere prevailing thereon seemed misplaced to me. Surely, I thought, a steamship pier is no place in which to hold a fiesta. Tiny flags were being waved frantically by a hundred hands. Above the din of the noisy whistles I heard my nickname being shouted. Then, above the heads of the crowd on the pier, I saw a banner carrying this message, "Welcome Home, Roxy."

I don't remember much that happened after that. Honestly, I don't. I couldn't see anything clearly. I tried to brush the water out of my eyes. It wasn't rain



The newest picture of Roxy (S. L. Rothafel) — taken aboard ship.

which was interfering with my vision. I was crying for sheer joy and I didn't care who saw me.

The "gang" was there. Out there on the pier, in the rain. That old gang of mine! What a home-coming it was. Every employee of the theatre who could

That Old

By
ROXY

get away from his or her work had made the trip to the pier. Some were still in make-up. In their anxiety to be present when the ship came in they had rushed directly from the stage to a taxi. That's my idea of loyalty and, bless their hearts, they know I'm a sentimentalist. Sometimes I think they like to see me give way to my emotions. But I don't mind. I saw drops of moisture sliding pell-mell down many a grease-painted face. And I knew they weren't raindrops, either.

No matter what the philosophers tell you, I believe when all is said and done, it's sentiment that makes the whole world akin.

My vacation? Oh, it was one of those things, you know, when a fellow has been everlastingly at his job for so long that he believes he should "get away from it all." And that's a funny thing. If you have an idea that taking a vacation is going to get you away from it all I'm afraid you're going to be awfully disappointed. At least, that was my experience.

Of course, I had a wonderful time. But as I look back over my journeyings I find the high spots have to do with people, rather than the sights I so often went out of my way to visit.

There was that trip up to the crater edge of Mount Vesuvius. Ben and I made the ride up in the cable-car fairly trembling with excitement over the prospect of seeing the cone of the great volcano. In fact, the tourists in our car all seemed to be looking forward to witnessing an eruption, which, perhaps luckily for us, did not take place.

Clambering out on the rim we looked over the scene and waited forty-five minutes for something to happen.

But nothing did happen and Ben turned to me and said, "I don't think much of this show."

Now, rushing about Europe trying to see everything worthwhile is rather trying at best and having spent three quarters of an hour waiting for a famous volcano to do its stuff seemed like a terribly

Gang of Mine

Roxy had been abroad for three months in the summer and fall. Most informally I dropped in to see him in his library-office over the Roxy Theatre. It was my intention to tell the genial gentleman how glad the Radio fans were to have him back at the microphone again, but somehow everything was reversed and I found myself listening to Roxy as he told me how happy he was to be home again. My half hour with him was not in the nature of an interview. It was a happy-go-lucky discussion of his vacation, highlighted with Roxy's anecdotes of seemingly trivial happenings—incidents which go to make life so worth the living to this lover of life.

I wish you might all meet and know Roxy. He, in turn, wishes that he might personally meet and know every one of you, too. He's that sort of a man. Perhaps I may be able to paint a word picture of the lovable, enthusiastic, sympathetic Roxy if I let him talk to you—using, as best I can remember, the words and phrases he used when chatting with me. I'll try.

Doty Hobart

long time. I guess we expected too much. Anyway, Ben's remark seemed quite appropriate and I seconded it immediately with, "It's a complete bust."

A strange voice beside me said, "You're right, Roxy."

Turning, I faced one of the gentlemen in the party of tourists. "How did you know me?" I asked.

"I recognized your voice," he replied. Then, as he saw the puzzled expression on my face, he laughed. "Good Heavens, man, I've been hearing that voice on my loud speaker in my home in Battle Creek, Michigan, for several years now. I knew I couldn't be mistaken." And with that he introduced himself and the other members of the party. Various sections of the United States were represented by the little group standing on the rim of Mount Vesuvius. And what do you think we talked about? The "gang". Each and every one had some question to ask about Gladys Rice, Wee Willie Robyn, "Mickey" McKee, Frank Moulan and all their other favorites.

There you are. In trying to "get away from it all" and keep my identity a secret while sight-seeing I had stumbled right into a real homey gabfest that lasted until the cable-car deposited the entire party at the foot of the mountain. I think "a good time was had by all." I know I had a marvelous time telling those Radio friends from the States about the "gang".

But I did get away from "mike". Not

once did I get within twenty feet of a microphone while abroad. The closest I came to one was in Vienna. Ben and I attended a performance of Franz Lehar's operetta, *Das Land des Lachelus*, given in the Theatre Am Wien. From my seat in one of the stage boxes I spotted the microphone and learned that the operetta was being broadcast. It was a rather cheerful sight to see friend "mike" on the job and again my thoughts flew across the Atlantic to the "gang".

THE performance was a gala affair. On learning that I was to be present Franz Lehar conducted as only he can conduct his own work. The tenor, Richard Tauber, a great favorite in Vienna, was recalled innumerable times after his singing of *Dein Ist Mein Ganzes Herz*. Bows alone were not sufficient. Three times he was forced to repeat the song. The first repetition was sung directly to Franz Lehar, in the pit. Then Tauber embarrassed me by standing beneath the box in which I was sitting to sing, with appropriately changed words, *Dein Ist Mein Ganzes Herz*, to me! The third time he told the audience in song that it was all of his heart.

I'm sorry now that I didn't give more attention to European broadcasting, but as I have already told you, I went on a vacation to get away from it all.

Oh, yes, I did hear about an amusing program which is broadcast every noon

from a restaurant in Copenhagen, Denmark. As I understand it this restaurant has an exceptionally fine orchestra and, ostensibly for the sake of the music, a luncheon concert is put on the air. Now it seems that this restaurant is a great meeting place for out-of-towners who are in Copenhagen for the day and while the government, which controls Denmark's Radio activities, prohibits the broadcasting of personal messages, these transient visitors have found a way to circumvent this rule. As the orchestra plays, the guests in the restaurant leave their tables and file past the microphone, stopping before the instrument to emit either a laugh, a cough, a sneeze or some other throaty signal by which wives, husbands or relatives sitting at home before the loudspeaker may identify them. The gentleman who told me this story insists that it is a very jolly affair.

Well, I have seen the Blue Danube. Perhaps this famous river may, at times, live up to its name but when I looked from my hotel window in Budapest in search of its lauded color it was about that of very good coffee.

A friend of mine sent word that he had made a luncheon engagement for Thursday, at which I was to meet a Princess. The message was delivered to me on Monday but I wasn't the least bit interested in Princesses on Monday and as the week continued my interest did not, I am ashamed to say, increase.

Poor Ben! How he must have enjoyed that stay in Budapest. He tried to cheer me up but I simply refused to get happy. Did you ever see a person who thought he was having a perfectly splendid time being miserable? If you have, then you know how to sympathize with Ben for I know I must have been the pest of Budapest those three days.



Gladys Rice, a favorite since the early days of the "gang".

You could never guess what brought me around to semblance of my normal self. It was a Gypsy band.

Thursday morning as I sat propped up in bed the door opened and in walked eleven Gypsies, each carrying a musical instrument. Now I don't advise any doctor to prescribe eleven Gypsies as being the ideal dose of medicine needed for an ordinary case of sickness but I always shall believe that the manager of the hotel, who was responsible for the appearance of the musicians in my room, decided that I needed drastic treatment.

And what do you think they started to play? Yes, you are absolutely right—*The Blue Danube Waltz!*

At the sound of the first strains I rebelled and my shouts had the desired effect of bringing that selection to a sudden and untimely finish. I begged them to play anything but that. And play they did. Wonderfully. Gloriously.

Wild strains of their folk tunes rang out in my room and, in spite of my determination to stay sick, I found myself well again. Literally, the magic of music had put me on my feet again.

Yes, I kept the luncheon appointment and met the Princess.

QUEER, isn't it the idea we have of Royalty? My own idea, up to then, had been that a Princess was one of these stand-offish persons before whom mere human beings like you and me must bow very low and, did Her Highness permit it, kiss her hand.

Perhaps some Princesses are like that but not this one. Of course, when I was introduced to the lady I bowed. But not very low. She didn't look a bit as though she wanted to see me bump my

head on the floor. And she didn't offer me her hand to kiss.

What a regular fellow she was. We talked about music, dogs, golf and motion pictures, even as you and I. I told her about my family and she told me of her own life and of her husband, who is not a Prince at all, but a railway executive in Hungary. Of course I told her all about the "gang."

And that's the way it was during my entire vacation. The people I met meant so much more to me than the sights I went so far to see.

When we were in Berlin I dragged Ben out on a window-shopping expedition. From Unter den Linden we journeyed along Friedrich Strasse as happy as two kids on a lark. Here we could mingle with the crowds and no one would be liable to recognize us. Pasted on the window of a little restaurant I spied a bill of fare and paused to read it. The one item which commanded my attention was "sausages and mashed potatoes" and I must confess, after having lived on the best of the land at the various hotels, I actually craved sausages and mashed potatoes. I never remember wanting anything quite as badly before as I did a meal of sausages and mashed potatoes. And, furthermore, I didn't see how anyone could desire anything else that was on the bill of fare, so I insisted that Ben must also have sausages and mashed potatoes.

The place was fairly well filled and, as we were unable to obtain a table by ourselves, we sat with a very dignified be-whiskered gentleman who had just ordered his dinner.

Now, it is difficult for me to eat at the same table with a person and not strike up some sort of a conversation,

and it wasn't long before the gentleman and I were chatting. Then came an exchange of cards. The one I received was large and as expressive of dignity as was the gentleman himself. It seems he was a retired Obermeister from a little town not far away. I watched him as he read the cards we handed him.

VERY graciously the Obermeister stated that it was a great honor to meet "Herr Rothafel" and "Herr Benjamine." And what do you suppose we talked about? Believe it or not, the principal subject was "beer". We learned that the water which goes into the making of beer is responsible for its grading, which is why, according to the good Obermeister, all beer is not of the same quality. It all depends on which part of Germany the beer is made.

And for once I actually was able to "get away from it all." I'm sure he'd never heard of Roxy and how I did enjoy my "sausages and mashed potatoes" as I listened to his dissertation on brewing. He was a great old scout but I'm glad I don't have to wear the Obermeister's whiskers.

Speaking of whiskers reminds me of what happened as the steamer reached Quarantine on its way into the New York Harbor.

Early in the evening I had gone to the Radio operator's quarters and listened to the program being broadcast from the studio of the Roxy Theatre. It was "gang" night and Milton J. Cross was in charge. Familiar voices singing familiar songs! In my mind's eye I could picture the studio in its nook high above the stage and the realization swept over me that I was really and truly back. Then



The original gang, when Roxy first went on the air. Left to right; top, Eugene Ormandy, Melaine Dowd, Dr. Billy Axt, Mme. Elsa Stralia, Louise Schearer, Frederick Jaegel, Yascha Bunchuk, Bruce Benjamin; seated, Carl Scheutze, Nada Reisenberg, Edna Baldwin, Roxy, Betsy Ayres, Evelyn Herbert, Editha Fleischer.



I heard Milt say, "Welcome home, Roxy. We know you are listening in somewhere down the bay. Welcome home." I was home!

That was the start of a series of thrills and from then on they came thick and fast.

At Quarantine reporters boarded the ship. As the ship moved toward the North River I talked with them and at the same time tried to pull into my very soul as much of the picture of the approaching New York skyline as I possibly could. I wonder what I told those gentlemen of the press? I have no recollection of saying anything.

Then, all at once one of the boys pressed forward.

SAY, Roxy, we've just discovered a violinist who came over on this ship with you. He's a steerage passenger and has just learned that you are aboard. He wants to meet you. Hey! Come on, you! Here's Roxy if you want to see him."

A poorly dressed figure shuffled forward, a violin case under his arm, his face glorified with a set of whiskers which outdid the Obermeister's. A pair of sharp eyes peered at me beneath an old slouch hat.

Those eyes belonged to but one person in the world and I knew that person.

The next minute I had gathered the violinist into my arms in a bearlike hug that must have driven the wind out of the man's lungs. They tell me I was shouting at the top of my voice, "Take 'em off, Erno. I know you!"

It was Erno Rapee. This orchestra conductor who has been with me so many years had obtained permission to board the ship at Quarantine and in an effort to give me a real surprise had disguised

Here's what you'll see when television comes—the Roxy Ballet. And on page 35 is another treat for your eyes—Patricia Bowman.

himself. But Erno couldn't disguise his eyes.

Then came the meeting of the "gang" at the pier. It's ten years now since the original "gang" made its first broadcast. There have been a lot of changes in personnel since then and many additions. It's wonderful though how a "gang" member respects his or her membership. They may leave for other work but when they are in town they never fail to drop into the studio on the night of a broadcast.

Just the other night as Harry Breuer was playing a xylophone solo I spied "Mickey" McKee, whose birdlike whistle was so familiar to the "gang" fans a few years ago, on the far side of the studio. "Mickey" is located in New Orleans now but during a recent visit to New York she had popped in unexpectedly to see the "gang." A fairly quiet reception in honor of her return was in progress but I caught her eye and motioned for her to leave the group and come over to the mike. Then I whispered to her, "Whistle the chorus of this number with Harry." The selection was *The Wedding Of The Birds* and without any hesitation "Mickey" whistled an obligato accompaniment. After the number was over I thanked Mickey for her impromptu bit and told the audience what had happened.

But that's the way with the "gang." They're loyal. Once a member, always a member. And I just can't help telling the listeners-in how proud I am of each

and every member. If I can't be dignified (and who wants to be?) I can get sentimental. And if ever a man had some-

thing over which he can be sincerely sentimental I am that man over that old "gang" of mine.

... Yes, I know I'm watching the clock. The schedule here on my desk tells me that I am due at a "mike" rehearsal in five minutes. And mike is an exacting master. He demands punctuality from his subjects. In more ways than one—"what he says, goes." But I have learned that he'll work hard for you, too, if you treat him as a friend when making your contact with the great listening-in public. The reward for gaining "mike's" good will is both spiritual and practical. Of course you have to be sincere and dead on the level with him. You can't just use "mike" for a good thing. He's too wise. He has a way of going straight to the hearts of the people and if you don't succeed in touching those hearts genuinely, the fault is yours, not "mike's." He delivers your messages just as you give them to him.

HE'S helped me in so many, many ways that when I begin to check up on what he has meant to me I am convinced that he probably has been the most valued and indispensable friend in my long career.

Oh, yes. Before I rush away I'll let you in on a little secret. I'm planning to take the "gang" on the road for a concert tour. And Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink has promised to accompany us. What do you know about that? Yes, she's one of the most loyal members of the "gang", bless her heart. But I must sign off or I'll get in Dutch.

"Goodbye, and God bless you."

How It Feels to in a Crashing

By

Lowell Thomas

*Description of His Most Thrilling
Experience—when he was Almost
Broiled Alive in a Blazing Plane*



I ALWAYS had an idea that I would do a lot of traveling, and I often wondered when and where my big thrill would come. My travels haven't ended yet, so perhaps my most exciting experience hasn't happened yet.

My greatest thrill up to now did not happen in forbidden Afghanistan, or the frozen North or far-off India, as one might imagine. It came quite unexpectedly in romantic Spain in the form of an airplane crash.

Tied for second place are adventures and unusual experiences that began as far back as I can remember. Fourteen men were shot down before my eyes in the riots in the mining section of Cripple Creek, Colo., when I was eleven. A year later I saw some strikers bomb a train, blowing the cars to atoms and hurling their occupants in all directions. How many were killed I don't recall.

Then there were thrilling adventures in Alaska—far above the Arctic Circle, and the battles on the Allied fronts from the North Sea to Persia during the World War. Still etched indelibly on my memory are the historic conflicts in the Arabian Desert between Colonel T. E. Lawrence's wild Arab army and the hostile Turks. It will be a long time before I will forget a night back in 1919 when I was caught in the line of machine gun bullets fired by a group of German revolutionists in the streets of Berlin during the revolution that gripped the Central Powers following the signing of the Armistice. I was wounded, but not seriously.

One of the great thrills of my life was the telling of my illustrated adventure tale of Lawrence and Field Marshal Viscount Allenby to more than a million people, among them the crowned heads of six countries.

Having addressed visible audiences in all parts of the world for many years, I felt something of a thrill the day executives of the Literary Digest summoned me to the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York City for an audition for the rôle of their "Radio voice." For it meant that for the first time in my life I was to address an unseen audience, that no one would be present while I was talking. It was a most unusual sensation.

Each day brings me a new thrill—the thrill of preparing and presenting my nightly broadcast of "Topics in brief—the news behind the news." There is that same excitement, that same battle against time that one encounters each day in "beating the deadline" on a newspaper.

But the airplane crash in the south of Spain still holds first place. It was my narrowest escape from death.

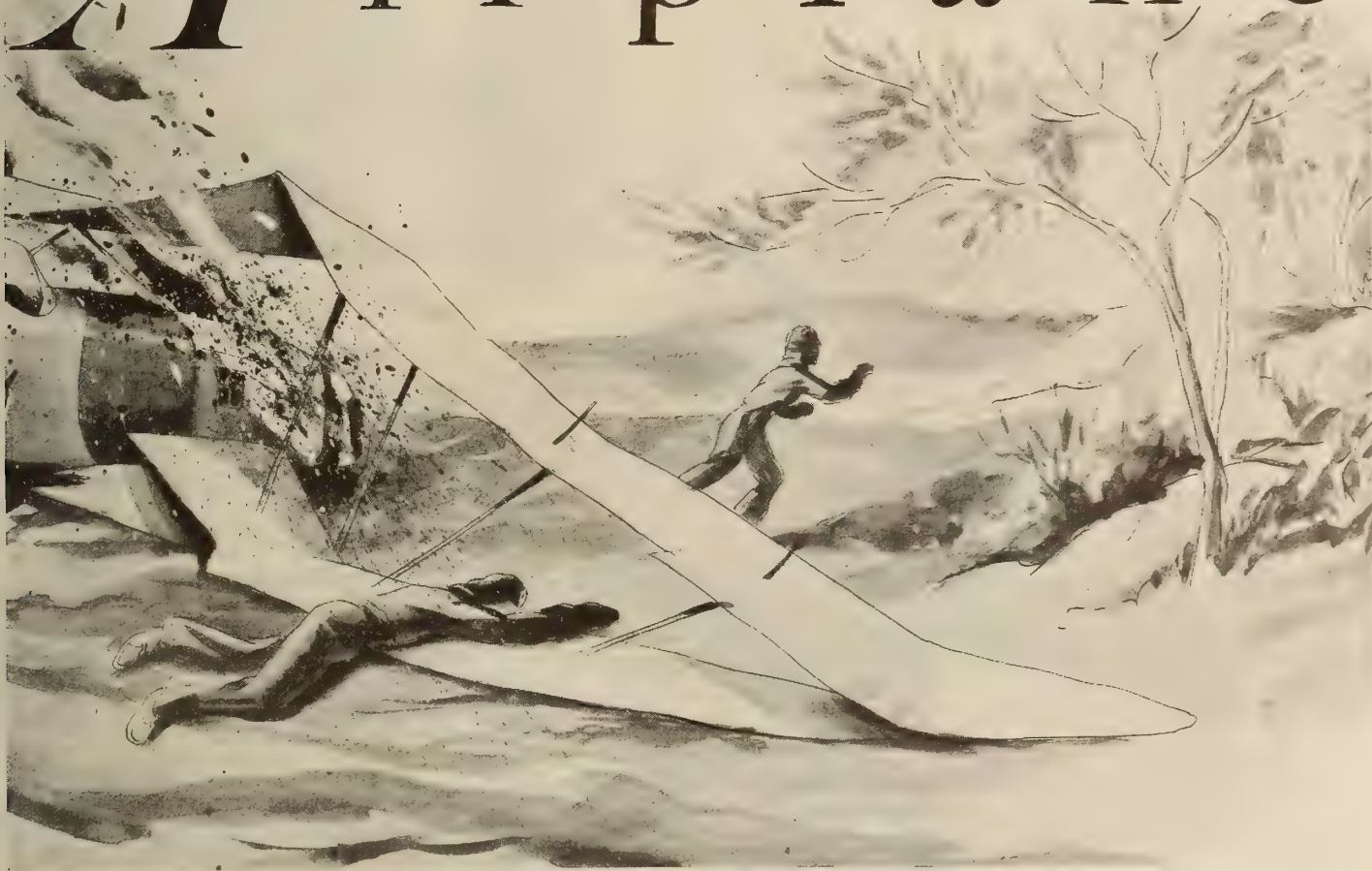
IN 1926 my wife and I decided to go on a flying tour of Europe for the purpose of studying aviation and for pleasure. We spent seven months of continual flying over virtually every mile of Europe's new airways, covering more than 25,000 miles in every type of plane used on the Continent. It was the longest pas-

senger air journey up to that time.

From London to Asia Minor and back, from Paris to Poland, from the Balkans to Manchuria and from Moscow to Spain, we flew through every type of weather with only one mishap—a nose-dive into a lonely Spanish valley on a flight from Paris to North Africa. Mrs. Thomas was my constant companion on these flights. It is a curious coincidence that the only trip she did not make was the flight on which the crash occurred.

Having just flown over Russia, to Finland and then to Berlin, my wife and I sat down one day to discuss our next destination. We had seen enough of Germany for the time being and were in a mood for adventure. Civilized countries begin to get on one's nerves after awhile, and we had knocked about in the outlands long enough to like them best. As usual we ended by growing weary of hotel bell-boys, automats, limousines and movies, and experienced a craving for the barren wastes of Waziristan, the kampongs of Malaya or the even

FALL Three Hundred Feet Airplane



As the plane crashed to earth it burst into flames. We all dived head first over the tattered fuselage. Never in my life had I moved with such speed

wild tundra plains of the Far North.

"Well, where shall we go?" my wife asked, travel literature in a pile before us.

A study of the library of air-route folders we had collected on our travels revealed that there was a regular and apparently quite satisfactory and comfortable sky service between Paris and Morocco. Morocco, it is true, is no upper Amazon or inner New Guinea; but still, Africa is Africa. So to Paris to take an Africa-bound plane.

OVER the river Elbe, a large forest, a fine chateau, a great plain, a small river—the Ober, and a few factories and we were at Hanover, our first stop. From there to Cologne for another brief pause, and thence to Le Bourget Field.

I was for setting off immediately for Morocco, but Mrs. Thomas would have none of it. It was quite true that we were on a flying tour of Europe. There was, however, one thing we had neglected; shopping. Mrs. Thomas impressed this

upon me. Here we already had been in Europe nearly seven months and she had not bought a single new frock or hat. It was all right to fly from Paris to Morocco, as we had planned, but now that we were back in Paris she was not going to hop right off again on the next plane. In fact, she was going to stay in Paris at her own sweet leisure.

"You fly to Morocco," she said, "while I flit about Paris."

And so it was that I started out alone on an aerial voyage, the itinerary of which was to be Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Perpignan, Barcelona, Alicante, Malaga, Gibraltar, Tangier, Rabat, Casablanca, Fez, and return. That was the way the tour was intended, but it turned out somewhat differently. Because of her shopping tour of Paris my wife missed two forced landings, the second of which was the crash.

At Le Bourget Field I climbed into a Bleriot-Spad. It seemed like a toy in

comparison with the big ships of the air in which we had flown for so many thousands of miles lately. Into the air we winged our way and were off on the first leg of our journey. Over miles of beautiful country with trim fields, graceful hills, towns nestled in valleys, lakes and chateaux we flew to Lyons. From there we continued on our way without mishap, making stops at Marseilles, Perpignan, Barcelona and Alicante for mail.

AT ALICANTE, in the south of Spain, we changed planes. After he had made a few adjustments, the pilot, Paul Noailhat, a mechanic from Perpignan, and I hopped into the plane and were off. We had traveled only a short distance and were about to fly over the jagged Sierra Nevada Mountains when something went wrong with the motor. It began to miss and knock and make weird noises, but despite this the pilot kept on

for several minutes until he sighted a flat stretch of desert. We circled round and round until Noailhat decided it was a fairly safe place to land, then came down.

As soon as we came to a stop, the pilot hopped out, pulled off a mask he had been wearing, his fur-lined boots and flying suit, and struck out in search of some habitation in order to telephone back to Alicante for a relief plane. Under a broiling sun, with dozens of Spanish peasants looking with wonder at us and the plane, the mechanic and I waited for the pilot for more than two hours. When finally he returned he brought us the news that he had found a telephone and that a relief plane ought to arrive shortly.

The three of us stretched out in the shade of the lower wing for another half-hour to get what relief we could from the furnace-like heat. While we were watching the antics of the Spanish peasants, who frankly regarded us as freaks, we heard the hum of the engine of the relief plane. A moment later we saw it circling in the cloudless sky—a mere glistening speck a mile above us.

Seizing a pile of faggots he had gathered, Noailhat held them under the engine, opened a valve and soaked them with gasoline. Then he ran into the middle of the level space where we had landed, touched a match to them and sent up a column of smoke as a signal to let the other pilot know the direction of the wind and where to land.

The second plane made a perfect landing. Out of it hopped the chief of pilots from Alicante and an expert mechanic. Instead of trying to repair our ship, they immediately switched the mail and all our baggage into their plane, the idea being that we could push on without delay while they could repair our disabled motor and then fly back to Alicante in our plane.

In fifteen minutes the five of us had transferred the mail, and Noailhat, the mechanic from Perpignan and I were in the second ship ready to take off. Our

Waving adios to the chief of pilots and his mechanic, we went roaring across the desert. We had come down on a fairly level stretch of twenty or thirty acres, but just beyond were big boulders, stumpy olive trees and a mule. We roared nearer and nearer the trees, and it looked as though we were going to pick up the mule and take him along with us on our jaunt through the air. The plane gave no sign of leaving



Shopping in Paris was more thrilling to Mrs. Thomas than my tale of escape.

the ground, although we were running with the throttle wide open. It looked as though we were headed for a smash, the sort that Captain Rene Fonck had with his trans-Atlantic ship at Roosevelt Field. But Noailhat throttled down and switched off just in time.

Noailhat swung the plane around and taxied back to the other plane where he held a consultation with his chief from Alicante. Our pilot insisted that he had used every ounce of power in the engine. The chief then turned to the Perpignan mechanic who was sitting in the rear cockpit with me, and asked him if he was bound for Africa on company service and whether it would make any difference if he got out and waited a few days. Then he told him to get out and lighten the load.

But just as my fellow-sardine was throwing his leg over the cockpit the chief changed his mind, told him to crawl back, and ordered Noailhat to take a longer run this time. He said we ought to be able to get more speed with a longer run and thus manage to get into the air. If we could, it would be all right, he said. If we failed, the mechanic could get out and fly to Fez a few days later.

So once more we went roaring over the bumpy field. This time we seemed to have better luck. Two-thirds of the way across the flat towards the olive trees she bounced into the air and started to climb. My companion from Perpignan smiled and heaved a sigh of relief, because he was anxious to get on to Fez and

had no desire to be marooned in the Sierra Nevada.

A second or so later we were about

three hundred feet above the olive trees, but she was not climbing as she ought to. Then we started to veer to the right. There was something in the way we were turning that made me feel instinctively that all was not well. In turning in the air a pilot always banks over, tipping the plane either in one direction or the other. This is one of the elemental rules of traveling in three dimensions.

But we were turning flat and losing flying speed. We got around and were facing in the opposite direction when, in what seemed like a split second, she nosed down.

The sensation of an impending crash is almost indescribable. For a second you dangle helplessly in the air; then there is a rush of wind in your ears and it seems as though the earth is leaping up at you.

As we started to plunge downward I glanced at the French mechanic sitting facing me. His eyes were wide with terror. His shrill screams penetrated the roar in my ears. Perhaps I screamed, too.

Then the crash came. From blazing sunlight we suddenly had dived into a world of blackness, caused not by unconsciousness but by a shower of earth that erupted over us and the plane like a volcano.

AS THE plane crashed to earth it burst into flames. The pilot yelled, the mechanic yelled and, for all I know, I yelled. Apparently the same thought flashed into the minds of all three of us—that the plane was in flames and that we would be cooked alive.

The pilot and the mechanic, although gravely injured, dived head first over the tattered fuselage at the same time I did. Never in my life, except that night in Berlin when the machine gun started spitting at me, had I moved with such speed.

Scrambling to my feet I staggered a



Mrs. Thomas greeting her husband at the flying field.

faces by now were as red as fire from the blazing sun to which we had been exposed since early morning.

few yards to get clear of the plane, expecting the gasoline tanks to explode at any minute. The pilot and mechanic lay inert where they had fallen, groaning and crying.

For the shortest time I paused to look at what had been an airplane not long before. The engine was still making curious, unearthly noises like the death-gasps of some monster. Gasoline was pouring from the tanks in cataracts. Fortunately it did not explode. This was due, no doubt, to the pilot's instinctive act of switching off his ignition the moment the plane began to nose down. He knew what to do; it was not his first crash.

THE plane was a mass of tangled wreckage. The shock had smashed the tail assembly and broken the fuselage as though it were only a stick being broken over one's knee. The wings were crushed and twisted. The under carriage and wheels had been flattened out like pancakes. The mail and baggage compartments, shaped like torpedoes, and suspended from the lower wing, had been smashed to bits and the Moroccan mails were scattered all around the scene. The propeller had vanished into nowhere—all except a small piece which I later retrieved as a souvenir. Every part of the mail plane was wrecked—except the two cockpits.

After a quick glance at the wrecked plane I ran to Noailhat first because he had been sitting in the front cockpit right behind the engine, and I imagined that he might be in far worse shape than the Perpignan mechanic. Noailhat was holding his head. I pulled the mask off his face and saw a tremendous bulge on his forehead. He was clutching his chest as though he might be injured internally.

After hauling the pilot out of range of the gasoline tanks in case they might explode, I turned to the mechanic who had blood streaming down his face. I dragged him some distance from the burning plane.

It was several minutes before the other two airmen whom we had left on the

ground when we started and the crowd of Spaniards arrived at the scene of the crash. They had been about a quarter of a mile away. At first the country folk stood around, wide-eyed, apparently too frightened to offer any help. They acted as though it were all part of some weird show they had come to see.

Our throats were choked with dirt and sand that had shot up over us. I tried to get the peasants to go for water, but they all stood around shouting to each other but doing nothing. The chief of pilots from Alicante and his mechanic,

For the first five minutes or so after the crash I felt no effects from it whatever except that I was covered with a layer of dirt from head to foot. Apparently none of my bones was broken and I was not cut. I had been too busy vainly trying to do something for my less fortunate companions, to think of anything else. But now that the crowd had gathered around and the other two airmen had gone off in search of water, things began to swim before my eyes and I crumpled up a bit. My heart was pounding like a trip-hammer, and aches and pains were springing up all over my body.

Despite these bruises and aches, I felt a curious glow of exhilaration. I was hilarious and wanted to laugh, to laugh in that idiotic way I had on another occasion when a dose of gas knocked me out on the Italian Front during the World War. And when I looked at the plane and saw how completely wrecked it was, I wanted to do a Highland Fling for joy. It seemed too good to be true that any of us could have been in that smash-up and climbed out of that crumpled-up pile of wood and metal alive.

PROVIDENCE certainly had smiled benignly on us, for our escape was about as miraculous as any escape could be. Our smash was of the kind that had snuffed out the lights for so many airmen ever since man first learned to fly. When you go into a nose-dive at 300 feet above the earth, there is no chance in the world of straightening out your plane, and in nine cases out of ten you are in for it.

The Alicante mechanic, with his big bandanna handkerchief tied over his head like an Arab sheik, arrived in a little while carrying an earthen jug full of water. We poured some of it down the throat of the wounded mechanic, who had become unconscious. Then a motherly Spanish peasant woman moistened her apron and held it against his throbbing forehead and washed off the blood that covered his face.

(Continued on page 103)

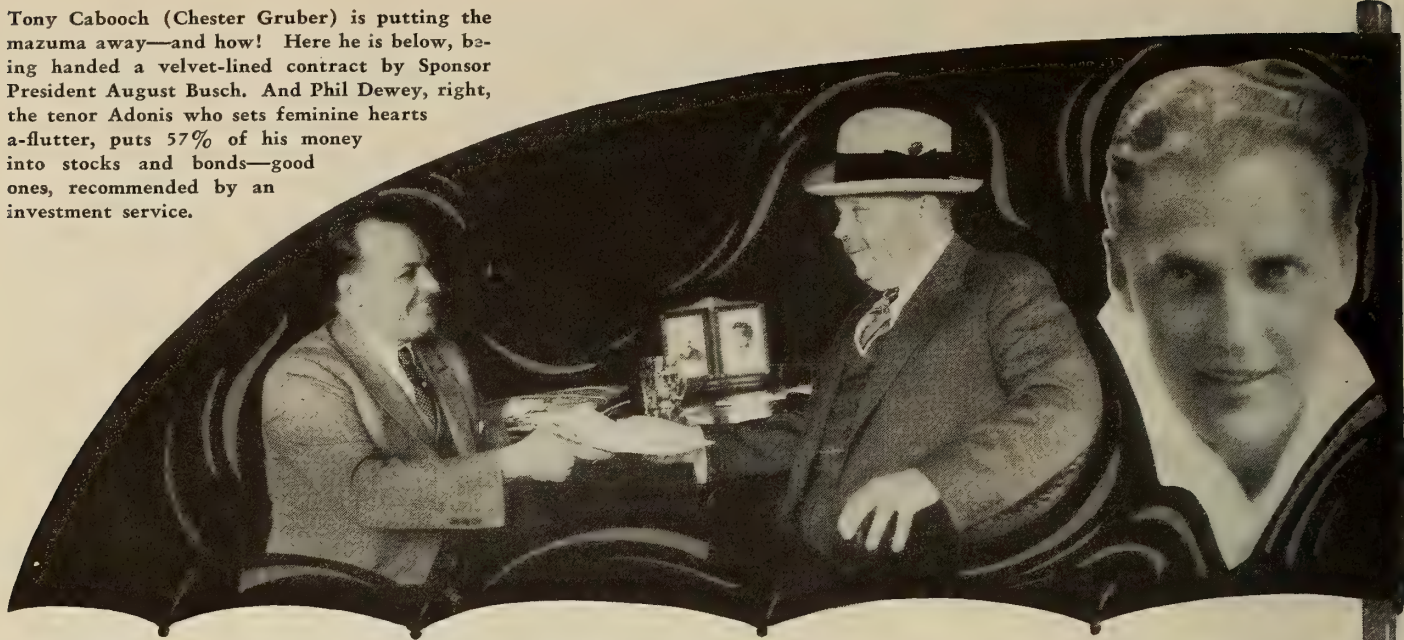


The drifting smoke from a pile of blazing faggots gave wind direction to the other pilot, landing to rescue us.

however, started off on the dead run.

As each minute passed, the injured mechanic, who had been sitting in the rear cockpit with his knees interlocked in mine, grew weaker and weaker and his face began to puff up. Both eyes were swollen completely shut. As the gasoline had emptied out on the sand by then and the danger of an explosion had been removed, I stretched him out in the shade of one of the smashed wings.

Tony Cabooch (Chester Gruber) is putting the mazuma away—and how! Here he is below, being handed a velvet-lined contract by Sponsor President August Busch. And Phil Dewey, right, the tenor Adonis who sets feminine hearts a-flutter, puts 57% of his money into stocks and bonds—good ones, recommended by an investment service.



Preparing for

By EVANS E. PLUMMER

OH FOR the life of a Radio star! Why? Well, it's this way. If figures don't lie—and the statistician isn't a prevaricator—I have it doped out this way:

That Radio stars save 60 per cent of what they make. Play that on your mid-get receiver and worry not over the declining days of those who amuse you via the loud speaker. I know because I asked them. And the answers also showed that the savings are split in this fashion:

Buying homes, 16.6 per cent of income; other real estate, 1.64 per cent; insurance, 7.5 per cent; annuities (this British habit hasn't become popular here yet), 0.4 per cent; other savings not itemized, 8.4 per cent.

Not being an expert trust officer or budget designer, I really can't say whether the above spread is just the way it should be. But as a financially irresponsible magazine writer who has to depend on his poor wife to guard and guide his editorial revenues, I find myself really unable to choose strong enough words to express my amazement at such thrift and providence.

When assigned to the nose-y title of this yarn, "What Do They Do with Their Money?", I began to get worried over the advancing ages of some of the air's best wisecrackers and what was to become of them. However, after taking such a sock on the button as this 60% savings news, I have stopped my anguish. Radio stars are taking care of the future. I see very plainly that I will have to tread the primrose (?) path toward becoming a luminary of the ether, that is, I'll have to if ever

I am to achieve a lifelong ambition of having the president of the bank (that now tolerates me) snap into it every time I enter or leave his polished brass stronghold and humbly shout across the marble to me, "How'd'ya do Mr. Plummer," or "Come again, Mr. Plummer," as the case may be.

Well, the averages are very interesting. Still, I have a catty idea that the figures some of the airshots gave me are ideals rather than facts. In other words, they gave me the kind of a budget they were TRYING to keep, rather than the one they really WERE keeping. Even so, their intentions are good. Good intentions—hmm, what is that proverb about good intentions? Well, never mind about that right now.

BUT back to the monetary battle. Now, after saving 60 per cent of their money, how do you suppose the big mail-pullers toss away the remaining 48.8 per cent of their coin? What's that? You say 60 and 48.8 per cent equals 108.8 per cent which is 8.8 per cent more than the average income? Yes, I know, but that is the way the average figured out, so I suppose some of the boys have incomes or something they haven't told Deke Aylesworth or Bill Paley about. Probably holding out on them—or the wife.

Anyway, clothes take 7.7 per cent; rent (for the non-home buyers), 12.6 per

cent; food, 15 per cent; transportation, 3.2 per cent; recreation, 1 per cent (so you see they are so hard at work they don't have time to spend anything); extension of education, 2 per cent; church and charities, 7.4 per cent.

Another interruption, sorry. You and Rosie O'Grady know that no soprano or contralto can get along with only 7.7 per cent

of her income spent on clothes. You are right. The ladies were a little careless about giving me detailed information. The figures are averaged from answers to questions put to married and single males who sparkle in the ether. The ladies, while they admitted they like nice figures and work hard to get and keep them, plus the awesome info that they spend a "terrible" lot on clothes, waves and facials, refused to get personal and name definite per cents spent hither and thither, here and yon, on this and that.

And get a living room full of this: I told you I was worried about the futures of the crooners, announcers, balladeers, radactresses and batoneers. I was so worried that I asked them what they thought the "popularity life" of a Radio star was, and what the same was for an air principal not starred. Guesses on the star life ran from two to ten years and averaged 4.25 years. Guesses on the principal's span of working years varied from "for-

The Three Bakers, below, are so smart they might be called the three wise men—Baker Pratt, is putting it away with a P, Baker Sherman is Socking it in the bank with an S, and Baker Rudolph is Repeating their tactics with an R. And Mary Hopple, left, took out voice insurance and is saving dimes besides.



that *Rainy Day*

ever as long as satisfactory" down to five years. Two-thirds of the stars gave the first answer, or words to that effect. The other third's guesses in years gave a mean of 8.6 years.

Now pupils, let us do a little problem. If an airshot makes between \$10,000 and \$100,000 (a number do better than that) a year, or an average, say, of \$50,000, how much will he or she have salted away by the time the Radio critics begin to talk about how good he or she "was once"? Let's call the star's life 6.5 years. Then 6.5 times 60% times \$50,000 equals the answer, or \$195,000. Now during the 6½ years the interest, say 5%, on the money as it is saved, will raise the total in that period, even without compounding, to \$225,000.

So with a tear in his or her eye, the star resigns from the mike with a scant quarter-million to keep the wolf away from the door, to the tune of over eleven thousand wolf-chasers each year in interest earned, not touching the principle. Hmm—I must start saving some of these days!

Just think—one million, two million, three million—and say, I almost forgot to tell you all of the financial remarks I heard when I interviewed the bigtimers. The opening to this paragraph reminded me of one pair who are said to be sweeping up all the loose change not glued down under cigar counters. Yes, I mean Amos 'n' Andy, or Freeman F. Gosden and Charlie J. Correll.

"We'd have to spend hours over our files," A & A told me, "to give you an itemized budget, but anyway, here is the

plan. We try to live modestly and both of us spend a great deal of time at home, as you know.

"We try to save as much as we can, and fortunately for us, we believe we started our plan of saving properly. Our savings are distributed over government bonds, common stocks, insurance, annuities and trust funds. All investments are endorsed by one of the largest banks in Chicago, which bank is our advisor, and all are made in reliable companies who are the leaders in their respective fields."

Now for the wisdom and consultation of the Three Doctors—pardon me—the

WHAT DO THEY DO WITH THEIR MONEY?—

They Bank 60 per cent of their Income, they say, because they Think the Average Working Life of a Radio headliner is only Eight and a Half Years!

Three Bakers of CBS who have been tickling you since the first of the year, but have kept grin wrinkles on the faces of Chicagoans for half a dozen years. How about it, Baker Rans Sherman?

"Life is short. Get it while you can. And put it in the sock!" quoth Baker Sherman meaningly, for Sherman a year and a half ago happened to have his money in the wrong bank—the one I borrowed from—and it crashed, of course.

"What do I spend for clothes? Very little," he added. "Maybe seven per cent, which includes a fur coat for the wife."

"In several years, if necessary," kidded Baker Pratt, "I can go back to 'plumbing'. I lived before the advent of Radio and can do so again if the bubble ever bursts—which I hope it doesn't."

And Baker Rudolph simply answered, "My plans for a 'rainy day'? Holding onto it while I get it."

"Pratt, in his jovial dumbness," Rans Sherman spoke for the trio of funsters, "spoke of his days of plumbing ere Radio took him to its bosom. Joe Rudolph has always been a musician and can depend on that, and I always have been in the insurance business, so I guess I can go back to that in a big way, I guess."

"Is broadcasting a safe business? Will it last? To the first question I answer: It's safer than a helluva lot of other businesses Pratt and I have seen go up in smoke. To the second: Radio is one of the soundest and promises to be one of the longest lasting businesses ever developed. If it goes sour on us, we can always, as a unit, go vaudeville for at least a year, and the dough (not speaking as a baker) would be excellent."

"However, we all three are socking it away. Personally, I keep myself so tied up with mortgages, and keep buying good securities on time, that my best friend couldn't borrow five bucks from me. I never have that much to spare!! It is my own ambition to take my wife and family (of one) to Europe and travel for a few

years before we get so aged and wobbly we won't be able to enjoy Paris or climb the Alps. You'll find that of those artists in Radio today that were on the stage yesterday, many will continue their lax, easy come, easy go ways, but then they never could realize that there might be a rainy day in their lives."

Cryptically replying to my questions, the clever author and actor of Sunday at Seth Parker's and Uncle Abe and David—Phillips H. Lord—showed the exact average of sixty per cent going into savings. Of this, buying a home takes 20 per cent of Lord's income, stocks take ten per cent, insurance ten per cent, and other savings total twenty per cent.

"I believe," Lord said, "that the preparation for a 'rainy day' is all important, because if it is not prepared for, it always hangs over one like a gloomy fog."

Here's what another comedian—or perhaps I should say philosopher—believes about saving. You know him—Tony Cabooch of Anheuser-Busch, whose right name is Chester Gruber.

"You ask me, what I do with my money? Well, I've provided my family with a nice cozy bungalow furnished to a king's taste, bought ample insurance, and expect to offer my daughter Florence (recently graduated from high school) a college education.

"By applying the gifts that God has so kindly blessed me with, I am receiving a princely compensation for my Radio work, and, you bet, I am getting a real kick out of life by helping my less fortunate brothers and sisters. Charity has always been my middle name, for I had many a hard knock in boyhood and know just how it is.

"After all, I would rather help someone else than amass more material things than I really need. One of the most enjoyable pieces of work I ever did was broadcasting for the St. Louis Star Clothing Relief Fund last Christmas to get clothing, shoes, food and fuel for the poor.

"Retire? Why I never expect to quit. When a man retires he doesn't live any more! The inspiration and cheer that I get from my fan mail keeps me in condition physically and mentally, and you

can tell the world that 'Tony Cabooch' will keep 'pooshing 'em up' as long as they make Radios—and when a fellow receives over 3,000 letters in one day, well, would you quit?"

No sir, Mr. Gruber, I certainly would not quit, especially if I was paid \$1,500 a week, no sir!

If your set pulls in the 50,000-watters, especially WENR, you know Mike and Herman, the Irish-German giggle squad represented out of the studio as Arthur Wellington and Jimmie Murray. One of the few budget reports I didn't tabulate was theirs. Upon adding up Mike's I found he was spending 265 per cent of his income and that Herman was doing Mike



Mr. and Mrs.—Jo and Vi of Graybar fame,—are friends although (or maybe because) they're not married to each other. Here they are—Jack Smart and Jane Houston—counting their chickens. Sometimes they count 'em before they're hatched, too.

about one hundred per cent better. Not being so good at higher mathematics, I couldn't reach those figures.

However, Mike replied seriously, "When a man has reached my age, the thought uppermost in his mind is 'What is to become of me in my old age?'. The answer is to save your money, and you won't have to depend on charity or relatives—so little Arthur is saving, but, at the same time, giving a little."

And his partner, Herman, said, "Every now and then Herman buys an umbrella for the 'rainy day', and he already has quite a jardiniere full of them—if his friends haven't borrowed them and forgot to return them."

Enough of the comedians, philosophers and males. What about the lovely ladies? Let's ask Jessica Dragonette, prima donna of the NBC Cities Service Concert, and

reported to be the highest paid in the business. How about it Jessica?

"I don't own a home and am not contemplating buying one soon. My present circumstances are more conducive to 'chasing rainbows'. I think I am not exaggerating when I tell you that fifty per cent of my salary goes into study, which I consider excellent investment toward better work and fresh performances constantly.

"Stocks? That's a painful subject at the present, but I'm an optimist and am spending more money now than ever before.

"Clothes for studio and personal appearances are a big item. I dress for my Radio audience always, just as if they could see me, and I always take extreme care to look my best. I believe in insurance—especially for women, for they never have a man's point of view about money.

"But the best investment is *health and hard work*. Everything else takes care of itself—with, of course, slight exceptions."

Which statement proves that the ladies, bless them, have a lot of expenses we males don't have to worry about. Here's Mary Charles, of CBS. Let's ask her what she does with her money.

"I save mine," Mary answered.

"I even have a small coin bank at home and keep it

near my telephone so that I can drop in an occasional nickel. It helps to pay the telephone bill. I also have a checking and savings account, that works this way. I save my pennies, but am inclined to spend large sums without thinking. You know—pennywise and dollar foolish."

AFTER looking over Jessica Dragonette's and Mary Charles' budget schemes, I decided to keep them out of the "averaging". It would look bad for the thrift of the airshots. But Mary Hopple has a plan. Here it is, in her own words:—"For a year or more I've been saving dimes. I don't know how much I have saved in that time, but it has come to this: If I ever let a dime go out of my hand, I'm sure I'd have to be unconscious. If ten cents have to be

spent, it will be two nickels, not a dime."

But she doesn't know how much she has saved in silver, for she admits that as a business woman she will fall down to the bottom of the list. Who then, Mary Hopple, induced you to take out *voice insurance*? That's a whole lot more business-like than some of these stars admit to being. • But maybe the insurance agent was just a good persuader.

Now, for "Mr. and Mrs." of the air, who don't happen to be that out of the studio. I mean Graybar's skit on CBS in which "Joe" is Jack Smart and "Vi" is Jane Houston.

"My husband," said Jane, "not Joe, takes care of my finances, I being the usual feminine dumbbell when it comes to business. He invests in preferred stocks mostly and a good deal of it is in Westchester real estate. My one and only—positively my final appearance—on the financial stage was when my hubby was away from the city during the Florida boom. I decided to augment the family coffers, and before my friends stopped me from making further payments, I dropped two thousand in cold cash, so now I'm cured. Am not a savings bank hoarder, because it's too easy to get it out. It has to be tied up real good to keep me from spending it."

"Your answer to my money problem," replied Jack Smart, "was put on the air under the masquerade of Joe's troubles last December. If you remember, Joe Green got reformed of poker because he lost his shirt. There was a lot of truth behind that fiction. But if I was thrifty, what would I do with the lucre? I don't know what I'd put it in because bonds and real estate are just names to me, but I'm not worried about that because I never have any money to spare anyway."

Poor fellow! He'll have to learn the trick from Amos 'n' Andy. But how about the Crumits—Frank and Julia (Sander-son)—of CBS and NBC?

Quoth Julia, "Would save my money, or I think I would, if the fashions didn't change so often. So instead of stocks, I put my cash in (buying) stockings, and instead of bonds and banks, it goes into perfumes, powders, paints and pins." While her life and Radio partner, Frank, said, "I save for about a week after every new year. Why? Oh, just to buy beer when it comes back. Seriously, however, the income outgoes into various things—bonds, real estate, savings and insurance. Of course, I don't worry about my checks when Julia can meet the mail man first."

ONE more family—the Smiths. By the time this article appears in print I hear rumors that the "Smith Family" of WENR will possibly have gone chain. The family is a big one, but its dad and author, Harry Lawrence, has a different slant on "rainy days". After explaining that he is unmarried, let's hear him philosophize:

"Thrift's a habit like cigarets or pee-

wee golf. Nurse it till it becomes a habit and it's practically painless. A pocketbook with a double chin is the nicest kind of upholstery against socks of a 'crool' world.

"I'm no authority on saving. By accident I once saved, but the bank's blonde cashier got another job, and I haven't saved a nickel since. Save your pennies until you have a dollar and then go out and spend the dollar. There are no pockets in shrouds, as Conan Doyle used not to say. The road to the hereafter carries passengers but no freight. Why save it and have the agony of leaving it here? Who's going to simonize your tombstone with tears because you've left them a thousand or two in your will?

"Save for your old age? Heh, heh, I'm leffing. You can't eat caviar with china grinders. You can't see Ziegfeld's cuticle cuties with glass eyes. You can't make whoopee on crutches. Spend it now and have a lot of fun along with making the country prosper."

After listening to Lawrence, I'm inclined to elect him to the post of chief advertising copywriter and propagandist for the "Buy It Now—Give Men Work" campaign. But here's a fellow who won't let you forget about the moist days in the future—Phil Dewey, NBC vocalist. What does a tenor do with his money?

Well, Dewey puts about 7 per cent into real estate, 57 per cent into stocks and bonds, and 5 per cent into insurance; a total of 69 per cent of his income. The rest of his budget shows: education, 4 per cent; recreation, 3 per cent; clothes, 4 per cent; rent, 6 per cent; food, 5 per cent; transportation, 4 per cent, and charities, 5 per cent.

MY plan, endorsed by an investment service, may never make a rich man of me," said Dewey, "but at least I won't die in the poorhouse. A bank president some months ago said to me, 'What a splendid opportunity you have for building up a solid estate and a steady income for yourself and family. Why, when I was your age, my salary was —.' He didn't consider that when I reach his age, my singing days will be *finis*. However, he was right in that I have a chance to build up a variety of investments for that inevitable 'rainy day', and that is what I am doing—building an income."

Another minstrel of old-time songs, folk and hill, is Bradley Kincaid of WLW, WLS and NBC. Kincaid shows about 60 per cent savings and replied to me thus:

"Being of Scotch ancestry, I am a great believer in the principle of saving—building an estate. No one is fair to himself or those dependent upon him, who spends all he makes. The more he makes, the more he can spend—and should save. Plenty of insurance is in my estimation a mighty good investment, but I have all I can carry,—agents not wanted.

Now let's look over a few announcers. Here's Jean Paul King, of the Chicago

NBC staff, and an up-and-comer or I'm no prophet. Said he:

"I'm saving my money for a home—an English cottage which I'm going to have one of these days. I know one can't last forever. Some of these days I want to retire and when, or if, I do, I want to try to write the 'great American novel'. Radio is a young man's business—we all grow old—so I save."

HERE'S a voice you know—Bill (W. G.) Hay, the chap who starts and ends Pepsodent's Amos 'n' Andy skit six nights a week over three different chains of NBC stations. Having known Bill for years on end, way back from the time he began trilling the world and his r's from Hastings, Nebr., I know he's not rolling in wealth. Several eastern newspapers reported he was cut in on the fabulous A&A income, one paper even saying he drew a third. He doesn't. In fact he gets not one red cent from Pepsodent, A&A or NBC. Hear his reply:

"The report on my income is vastly exaggerated. I use my money to pay my bills so that I can look my creditors in the face. Of course, I expect Mrs. Hay to outlive me, so I carry plenty of insurance. I said *plenty*, and that means that solicitors need not apply.

"I don't own an automobile, but do try to contribute my share to the charities. What is a Radio star's 'life'? Just as long as he can shine and scintillate."

But don't worry about Wayne King. There's a lad who has it all "figgered" out. You see, King is a business man as well as a baton waver. He was handed a C. P. A. certificate by Valparaiso University, and before playing the notes, he used to count and add them. The only chance Wayne has of going broke is possibly in having made a mistake in his arithmetic. No C. P. A.'s ever do that.

Who could be more appropriate to conclude this message of thrift than Lowell Thomas, the Literary Digest newscaster, who has a habit himself of ending his nightly mike appearances with a "punch line" or trick story? Thomas, America's most interesting lecturer, world famous adventurer and story finder, usually takes the vast fortunes he has earned and throws them back into the next uncertain but alluring exploration.

The game is exciting but costly. Sometimes the returns are good; sometimes not nearly equal to the investment. But listen to the globe trotter himself tell you:

"I hope to keep rambling along until I go for my last trek to explore the Far Country whence no traveler ever returns. In the meantime I'm trying to sock it away. But I've tried that before—and I'm a rank duffer at saving.

"As for the 'life' of a Radio star, I haven't the remotest idea, but I like to think they all ought to be at their best when they are between sixty and eighty—like Chauncey Depew, Voltaire, and hosts of others who are famous in history."

You Can Believe It or

says Robert L. (Rip) Ripley

BELIEVE it or not, RADIO is not a new word. The word was pronounced and defined RADIO nearly two thousand years ago. The word goes back into the archives of ancient history and is to be found in the Talmud, the literal translation reading: "Radio . . . a voice that goes from one end of the world to the other".

The ancients' prophecy has come true with the Radio now reaching far out to the end of the world, entertaining and enlightening millions of persons of the two hemispheres.

To me the Radio is a most important medium for reaching the followers of the "Believe It or Not" drawings; a vital factor in imparting a wealth of interesting information brought down from the shelf of time and history.

Radio audiences today demand accuracy and reality of their performers. So in gathering material for the "Believe It or Not" programs, I have had to wander to the far ends of the earth in a relentless search for oddities of an unbelievable nature. My travels have already taken me through seventy-nine differ-

ent countries, and there are still many foreign lands to be conquered.

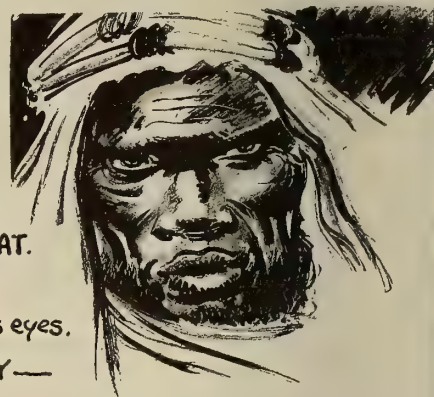
Crashing through to the remote corners of the two hemispheres, my wanderings have brought me face to face with the Ever-Standing Men of Benares, the Human Inch Worms, the Hindu Faquir who held his hand aloft for fourteen years until birds built a nest in his palm; the Moroccan emperor, Moulay, who had 83 brothers, 124 sisters, 2,000 wives, and 888 children; nail-men whose nails grow until they pierce their palms; and sky-facers, who hold their faces rigidly upwards until unable to bend them back.

GETTING off the main highways of Greece, we find the "City of No Women", a city of 7,000 where no woman has ever set foot; we find the city in which the people have been wearing mourning for 600 years in memory of one man, and the town of 25,000 people confined in a single house. And then some bystander reminds us that there is a curious Greek custom decreeing that

men shall wear skirts and women trousers. And we have some material for a "Believe It or Not" broadcast.

Among the South Sea Islands we learn of Queen Vaekhuha, the Cleopatra and Helen of Troy of her country rolled into one, who evidently believed in trial marriages. The South Pacific queen married no less than 400 husbands. Some one relates the story of the Sultan of the Malevidians, the only person in his kingdom privileged to become obese, any other subject growing fat risking immediate execution.

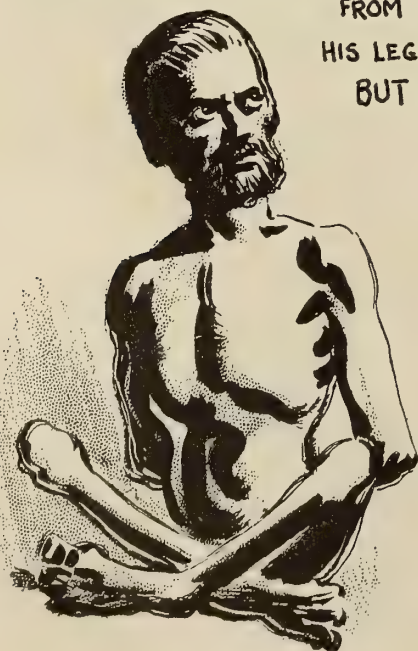
In Switzerland we find that there really was a Swiss Navy, one of the oldest of navies, which navigated on the lakes covering three frontiers, and that there are yet several retired Swiss admirals. As a



Moulay Ismail (Emperor of Morocco) was the father of 888 children.

**I SAW THIS SADHU AT THE DASASHWAMEDH GHAT.
HE SITS LOOKING STEADILY AT THE BLAZING SUN
FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET — without blinking his eyes.
HIS LEGS HAVE WITHERED AWAY FROM INACTIVITY —
BUT HIS EYES SEEMED NORMAL.**

Rip'



Famous Cartoonist Tells How He Collects "Queeriosities" For The Radio Audience

(Written especially for Radio Digest)

I TRAVELED through seventy-nine different countries . . .

I SAW the city of 7,000 where no woman has ever set foot

I PRESENTED to the Radio audience the female Floyd Gibbons, who talks 8½ words per second, without stuttering

I SAW the nail-men whose nails grow through their palms

I PROVED that Washington was not first president of the United States

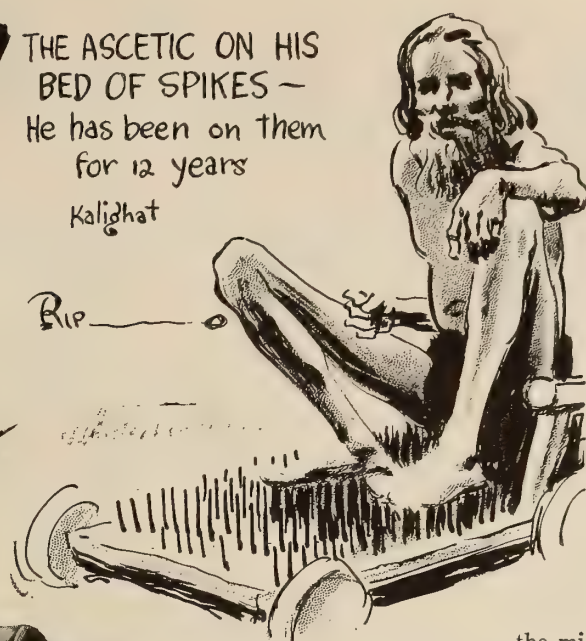
I RECEIVED a 47-word message with an address . . . on the back of a two cent stamp

Not!

THE ASCETIC ON HIS
BED OF SPIKES —
He has been on them
for 12 years

Kalighat

Rip



All over the world Robert L. Ripley pulled out his pencil, rested on the nearest trunk and drew "queeriosities."

John Hancock was not the author; that Massachusetts is not a state, and that there are only 44 states in the Union.

ONE of the pet American illusions was shattered over the air only after long research—that Washington was not the first President of the United States. The traditional story may be all right but John Hanson, of Maryland, was the first President. Although there had been meetings of the Continental

Congress from 1774 on, it was not until 1781, when Maryland signed the Articles of Confederation that a union of all the original thirteen states became an actuality. John Hanson, who signed for Maryland, was then elected President of the United States in the Congress assembled in 1781. George Washington himself addressed Hanson as "President of the United States" in reply to the latter's message of thanks upon the occasion of the victory of Yorktown.

When I told a Radio audience some time ago that baked beans did not originate in New England, that they had baked beans in Egypt thousands of years ago, that King Tut-Ankh-Amen issued his admonition to his priests forbidding them to eat baked beans under pain of death, it seemed that the entire population of Boston and environs swarmed down on me angrily, besieging me with rebuking letters, demanding proof. And once again the truth is far stranger than fiction. The same sort of thing happened when I went on the air and stated that

John Paul Jones was not an American citizen, that his name was not Jones and that he never commanded an American ship. The lull in a storm of indignant letters came only after adequate proof had been sent out.

Of the interesting personalities presented on the "Believe It or Not" Hour, Cygna Conly, only rival of Floyd Gibbons, exponent of rapidity in speech, brought down the house. She spoke at the phenomenal rate of 8 and 1/2 words a second, reading Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in 32 seconds.

ZARO AGHA.

the 156-year-old Turk, whom I discovered several years ago in my travels, was brought before

the microphone and with wild gestures in the affirmative showed no signs of Radio fright.

Fan mail arrives at the "Believe It or Not" office at the rate of 2500 letters a day and more than one million letters, from every nook and corner of the two hemispheres, arrived during the past year.

They came in batches and alone—from newspapers carrying the "Believe It or Not" drawings, from Radio fans, from the diamond mines of South Africa, from the jungle fastnesses of Brazil, from all the great cities of the world, from towns, villages and hamlets. They poured in from lonely squatters and settlers in the remote corners of the earth, from the European countries, the Far East, the lands of the South Seas, and from the length and breadth of the United States.

Mail arrived from towns of almost unbelievable names and addressed in all sorts of ways. A letter postmarked Santa Claus, Indiana, slipped through the mail one cold December morning and almost broke up the equilibrium of the office, while others with the stamp of Hell, Norway, and Darn, Ohio, received their share of comment.

Recently a Radio fan sent in a 47-word message with an address, all written on the back of a two-cent stamp. It came through the mail from San Francisco to New York in regular order, without an envelope. This is the smallest letter I have ever received.

The Radio letters that arrive every day come from people in all walks of life. Early morning strap-hangers and commuters as well as retired business men write in. Government officials, politicians, and business executives as well as the laboring man send in letters.

Most of the mail is inspired by questions of a "Believe It or Not" nature, aroused by the declaration each week of oddities and strange phenomena over the air. They send in their queries, thousands arriving every week. Simple little puzzles and conundrums receive much attention.

(Continued on page 102)

further disillusionment, I find that I will have to explode the story of William Tell through the microphone, because we discover that there were never any apple trees in the state where Tell lived.

Up through sunny France to its great metropolis we find that the original name for Paris was Mudlands, so they called the French "Frogs". More air-chatter for the weekly broadcasts on "Believe It or Not".

BY DELVING into the facts of history I have been able to gather queeriosities for Radio fans. And some of the real facts of history tell us that Columbus never set foot on North or South America; his name was not Columbus but Colon; he was a Spaniard and not an Italian, and never wrote a word of Italian in his life so far as records and his diary are concerned. Turning a few pages we find that the Declaration of Independence was not signed on July 4th; that

Is a Comedian Funny

MRS. FRED STONE

WHAT'S Fred Stone like at home?

On the stage he is a bubbling, irresistible boy, full of pranks and acrobatic tricks. A flash of his smile and the audience succumbs. From coast to coast, in small hick towns as well as sophisticated, blasé Broadway, he enjoys magical popularity.

Comedians have a reputation for being tragedians at their own fireside. Morose. Temperamental and bad tempered. Their gayety and laughter is a mask for the world. Their wives and children know a different story.

But five minutes with Mrs. Fred Stone dispels this legend so far as her famous husband is concerned. Fred Stone is a happy, warm-hearted man on and off the stage, in and out of the calcium's radiant glare. He is adored by his wife and children just as much as he is by his audiences.

When Mrs. Stone speaks of her husband, there is an affectionate look in her eyes. The look of a woman who not only deeply loves her husband, but is deeply loved in return. She does not say it in so many words, but it is evident that she feels she is married to one of the finest and kindest men in the world and that her marriage is a fairy tale come true—the kind in which the Prince and Princess marry “and live happily ever after.”

Certainly the hand of Destiny was in their meeting. Both of them grew up in Denver. She, as Allene Crater, was the daughter of one of the most prominent business men in town. She knew nothing of Fred Stone, born in a log cabin on the outskirts of Denver. Each traveled a different path in life—but both

had their eyes on the theatrical firmament from their earliest childhood.

Then, when Fred Stone was starring with Dave Montgomery in *The Wizard of Oz*, it so happened that he had considerable trouble with the part of the leading woman. He had to engage, in

Opinion of

mind, and a nimble sense of humor. She is modern and progressive in her ideas, but yet she has an old-fashioned view of marriage. She possesses a high sense of responsibility toward her nuptial vows. She has never hesitated to place her husband and children before any other inter-



Carol Stone, the youngest of the three daughters, is at home with her mother.

succession, seven young women. The director offered the part twice to Allene Crater and she refused it. The third time she accepted it, and when she stepped into the show as the eighth leading woman, she little dreamed that the shuttle of fate was flying fast, weaving a glittering fabric of her life.

When Fred Stone learned her name, he immediately remembered her as the pretty blonde girl who used to drive a pony cart in Denver. They talked about home and the old ranch life. That night he invited her out and it wasn't long before they found that they thought and felt about each other in very much the same way.

Certainly if Fred Stone had traveled the world round, he could not have chosen a more ideal mate. Mrs. Stone is a charming, cultured woman, with a tolerant

est in life, even when it meant curtailment of her career.

One can readily believe her, therefore, when she quietly states that there has rarely been a word of dispute or altercation in their home. That her husband and she are just as eager to be together as they were in the first year of their marriage.

“Fred Stone is an intrinsically generous man,” she said when discussing the reasons for their marital harmony. “It is especially true where money matters are concerned. There is nothing so humiliating for a woman as to have her husband dole out money to her in bits. To ques-

to His WIFE?

Reveals Her Frank

Famous Actor-Husband

In an Interview with LILLIAN G. GENN



Mrs. Fred Stone says that in all her years of marriage, she has never known a bored moment.

tion her as to what she did with the last dollar and what she expects to do with the next one. I consider Fred Stone generous not because he writes a big check. But because he never questions me about it.

"He never interferes in the management of the house. He realizes that that is my little world and I know best how

inventive ability that he exhibits in his plays is just as facile off the stage. He's always thinking of things to do. He's never quiet. If he isn't absorbed in something definite, he becomes restless. That's why he always has a dozen hobbies in which he's interested."

Sometimes these hobbies prove to be expensive propositions for the family purse. For example, at one time Fred Stone was imbued with the idea of raising polo ponies. He bought 2300 acres of

land, a whole carload of Texas mares, and a stable of full-blooded Arabians. This came to grief, through misplaced confidence, and the next thing that engaged his mind was a tree nursery. He wanted to plant a forest of pine trees and let them grow on his 2300 acres of land. He ordered five thousand trees and for once in his life nearly bored his family to tears by quoting tree catalogs. Long before it was necessary, he hired a man to dig five thousand holes where he wanted the trees planted.

"Naturally, after weeks of talk," related Mrs. Stone, "we were agog to see these five thousand trees, and we all lined up on the ranch to await their arrival. You can imagine how shocked we were to see someone bring in only a bundle of little switches."

Mr. Stone likes sports of any kind, and he enjoys going on hunting and fishing trips, usually with Rex Beach, his brother-in-law. When he returns he has great tales of adventures with which to regale his family. At one time he chartered a boat for the coast of Greenland and he brought back enough bear skins for every room of the house.

DURING these trips Mrs. Stone goes to the country or the seashore with the girls. Whereas other wives might harbor a grievance at being left alone, Mrs. Stone encourages her husband to take these jaunts. She believes it is refreshing for his mind and spirit to be able to go off with other men and forget the routine of life.

"I don't think any husband and wife should see each other every day of the year," she said. "Each should have a brief vacation to enjoy alone and when they return, to tell each other their experiences. Constant association can frequently smother a marriage to death."

Fred Stone was keenly disappointed that he didn't have three sons instead of three daughters. He had planned a wild and woolly ranch life for them. But today he thanks whatever gods there be



to run it. Similarly, I never try to dictate to him or to control him. He may discuss the pros and cons of a problem with me, but the decision rests with him. Consequently, we each live our lives without getting in each other's way.

"Fred has an easy-going disposition and is really lots of fun. The children adore being with him. There is always something doing when he's around. In all the years I've been married to him, I've never had a chance to become bored. The great

The "Stepping Stones"—left to right, the head of the family, Paula, Mrs. Stone and Dorothy. Since the comedian's serious airplane accident, some member of this feminine trio is always by his side, to pamper and lavish care on him. No wonder he's glad, now, that all his children insisted on being members of the softer, more loving sex!

that he has three daughters. He's petted and lavished with care by them. They even baby him. Since he met with his airplane accident he has never been alone. At present he's on the road with *Ripples*, and since Mrs. Stone is at home with the youngest daughter, Dorothy and Paula take turns in staying with him. Neither will ever leave him alone.

He's brought his girls up, however, as though they were sons. From their earliest days, they were taught to ride and to swim. Out on the ranch they were rough Tomboys and wore boys' clothes. But once they were in the home, they changed to frilly dresses, assumed their manners, and became ladies. With such daughters, Fred Stone is satisfied all around.

He has always loved to play make-believe with the girls. At one time, at the instigation of Douglas Fairbanks, they all became Knights of the Round Table. Mr. Stone was King Arthur and Mrs. Stone was Queen Guinevere. They addressed each other in old English and wrote their letters on parchment. While Mr. Stone was on the road, the children held "the forte" for him. When he returned home, his knights, together with the neighbor's children, prepared to give him a royal welcome. The expensive French dining-room was turned into a gloomy banquet hall, lighted by candles in beer bottles. With swords held aloft in their hands, the knights sang the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Fred Stone, as King Arthur, entered with solemn dignity. He was arrayed in pajamas and a high top hat. On his feet were huge rubber boots. There was a rubber dagger in his belt and his chest was bedecked with medals.

The knights did not giggle at this sight, but the Queen had a strange muffled expression on her face. When called upon for a speech, she could only issue strange sounds.

THIS, of course, was long ago, but there is always a game of some kind going on in the Stone menage. Their world of make-believe does not end with the falling of the stage curtain. They live in it all the time.

Fred Stone has never scolded or disciplined the children. He may try to reason with them; but he usually prefers to let Mrs. Stone handle the job. They have always been given everything they want, therefore, if Mrs. Stone refuses them anything, they know there must be a good reason for it.

They all make it a point to be

together at dinner hour. Conversation is always kept general and light. No problems are discussed. No arguing or bickering is permitted.

"Many people," Mrs. Stone told me, "bring their worries and grievances to the table. Every meal is a scene of sad discord. But our family has made it an unwritten law never to discuss anything disagreeable at the table. The result is that our dinner hour together is the big occasion in the day. I know that I will always look back to those hours as the most delightful ones in my life."

MR. STONE had not wanted Dorothy to go on the stage. She was a frail creature and he thought that the life would be too hard for her. But from the time she could walk, she danced.

As a baby, she traveled with her parents on the road. Mrs. Stone would place her

on a high chair in her dressing-room, pin up her golden curls, and give her the make-up box to play with. She adored experimenting with grease paint on her face. As she grew older, she would stand in the wings and watch her parents play. After the performance she would ply them with questions.

One day, when she was eight years old, she put on a red shirt, a pair of trousers, an old pair of shoes and blackened two front teeth. She came into the breakfast room, where her father was eating, and gave an imitation of him. There were tears in Fred Stone's eyes as he watched his tiny daughter. He knew then that he could not deprive her of a stage career and from that day on he took her in hand and gave her the best that his years of experience had to offer.

Everyone knows how Dorothy took Broadway by storm on the day of her debut. She is now a star in her own right and while she has received dazzling offers to head her own company, she will not consider anything that will part her from her Dad. However, with Paula, the second daughter in the cast, and Carol, the youngest, impatiently awaiting her turn, it is inevitable that Dorothy will have to go on her way alone.

The three girls are very good chums. Mrs. Stone is very proud of that. For she would rather they would quarrel with anyone else, if necessary, than with each other. Dorothy and Paula have many beaux, but they are never so delighted as when they can persuade their Dad to get into a dress suit and take them out.

"**F**RED isn't interested in social life," Mrs. Stone said. "He likes to entertain a few friends in his own home, or spend his leisure outdoors. When we're in New York, he enjoys going to see the other shows. But that's all. He's a man with simple tastes and he leads a very simple life. He doesn't care for anything ostentatious in his home. He dislikes formal, elaborate meals. Our menus are always plain, but wholesome ones."

Another thing he dislikes is to shop. The very thought of going into a dry goods store, terrifies him. Once in, he would rather purchase anything the salesman offered, than gainsay him. That's why anybody can sell him anything. He would like to buy a dozen suits, all the same material and color, and let them do for a year. But Mrs. Stone wisely begs to go with him.

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"Fred Stone loves to see the feminine members of his family well-dressed and pays bills without a murmur"—what a husband to have!

Front Centre For Radio Drama

Putting The Spotlight on Vernon Radcliffe, Who'd Rather Starve in Dramatics Than Feast in Business

By Harriet Menken

MANY people I meet turn deaf ears, not to mention dials, to Radio drama, so that being a flag waver in this field necessitates a crusading spirit. I think this negative reaction has two fundamental causes. The first is the nature and environment of the particular individuals I contact in this dizzy medium we call living. They are sophisticated New Yorkers who, with a shrug of the shoulder, an incredulous lift of the eyebrow, know that after the last liqueur has been quaffed, they may bend their footsteps to the legitimate theatre at their door. And so Radio drama is for them a boring or non-existent factor. And even when they become Radio-wise I think the theatre of the air will only become an accessory for these individuals.

I do not hold with the little clan of serious Radio thinkers whose enthusiasm peoples all corners of the earth with success for Radio drama. In large cities we do not need to resort to the air for Shakespeare and Shaw, for Barry and O'Neill. But no one who has not read the millions of letters from fans or traveled through the breadth of the countryside knows what

good Radio drama means to the people who dwell on sunlit hills, in quiet dales, in torrid tropics, in desert spaces, in leafy forests, in struggling hamlets, in mining towns, and Main Streets where their only Juliets and Camilles must come to them from the theatre of the air where the populace may listen to their drama while sewing buttons on baby's dress or smoking their evening pipes, without fee, at the turn of the dial.

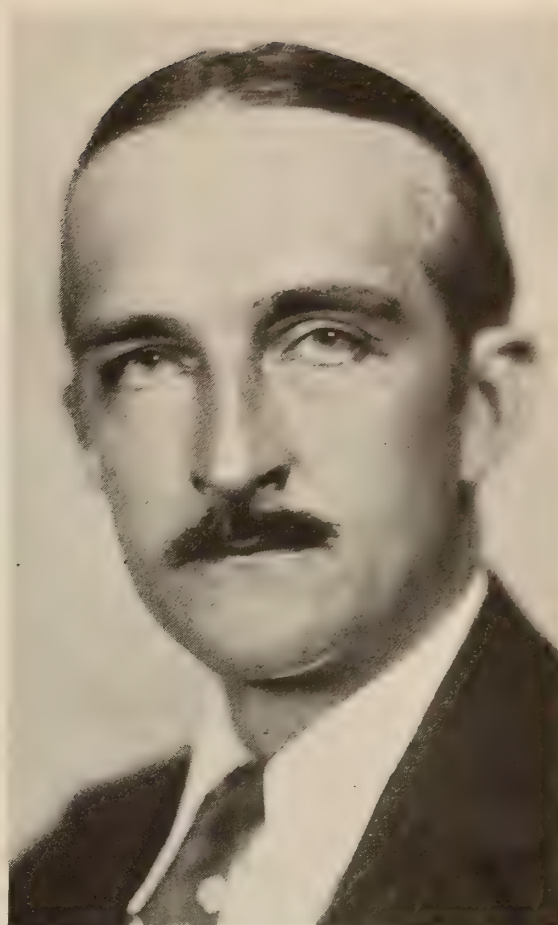
The other reason for the attitude of

thumbs down on Radio drama is, I think, the lack of knowledge possessed by cocktail-drinking, jazz-loving New Yorkers of what is really on the air. Radio is a new art and much of its drama is unspeakably poor, perhaps even a mite worse than the weak sisters in plays the legitimate stage gives us. Most plays, books, and movies fall below our desires, and the same may be said of the infant, Radio drama, but it has this advantage, that it is an infant and not too young to learn.

While there are several dramatic hours on the air worthy of mention, the outstanding figure today, I think, in this field is Vernon Radcliffe. Mr. Radcliffe has given you two hours: *The Radio Guild* on Friday afternoons at WJZ, in New York, and the network of the National Broadcasting Company, and the *Shakespeare Hour*, Sunday nights, also over the National Broadcasting Company Chain.

He has given you in the *Radio Guild* such plays as: *The Climbers*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *The*

Romantic Age, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *An Ideal Husband*, *Michael and His Lost Angel*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Sea Woman's Cloak*, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, *The Green Goddess*, *Hedda Gabler*, *The Doll's House*, and dozens of others; such playwrights as Ibsen, A. A. Milne, Oscar Wilde, Pinero, Clyde Fitch, Dunsany, and St. John Ervine. In his *Shakespeare* program you've heard *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *The Tempest*, *Twelfth Night*, *Hamlet*, *Richard III*, and *The Merchant*



Vernon Radcliffe, power behind the scenes of *The Radio Guild*.

of *Venice*. Whoever you are reading this article and almost wherever you are, you may tune in twice this week and hear theatre at its best.

For Mr. Radcliffe gives it to you that way. When I've attended rehearsals I've watched him direct with a certain spiritual, rarified quality—a trace of idealism—a spark of life—a hint of romance, that makes his theatre of the air glowing and alive, and gives other directors on Broadway and off something to emulate.

Vernon Radcliffe is tall, with aquiline features, a sensitive face and a smile that illumines an otherwise serious mien. He was born in Brooklyn in 1889 where, at Adelphi Academy, when only fifteen, he was chosen to play E. H. Sothern's rôle in the senior class play, and he continued his theatrical proclivities at Amherst College, where he became president of the Dramatic Association. On leaving college Mr. Radcliffe took a Broadway engagement as an actor in *Life*, a Brady production. Belasco subsequently offered the young aspirant a rôle, but the war thundered along and he joined the Signal Corps. When peace was declared, Mr. Radcliffe entered his lucrative period financially. He went in the advertising business and became successful, but the theatre beckoned, and when the Neighborhood Playhouse offered him a rôle he couldn't resist. Then began a period in which the now ether director decided to

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tion WOR, and is on the staff of the *Evening World*. Haunts the studios, has interviewed almost any Radio star you can name.

HARRIET MENKEN, Author of this article, is an outstanding figure in the New York Radio world. She conducts a weekly Theatre Column at Sta-

Radio Rallies Nation to

BETTER TIMES

*Rich and Poor Answer Call to Fight
Hosts of Fear—Millions for Defense*

LATELY America has witnessed a rebound of her invincible war time spirit. The Enemy has been put to rout mainly by the aid of the most powerful weapon the world has even known.

We were invaded. The silent hosts of Fear swept over the land from city to city. Markets retreated to the trenches. No markets, no production. No production, no work. No work, no pay. No pay—destitution, eviction, hunger and the End.

Into the night of this tragic scene crawled the Red Worms of Russia spreading their poison slime of hate and conflict.

Brave men and brave women picked up the faltering banners. Rich men and poor men stood shoulder to shoulder and bent to the fray. Employers pledged to keep their payrolls intact. Many launched vast new enterprises to give

employment to additional thousands. Workers tithed their wages for months to come to share their earnings with those who had no work. "Buy now" became a battle cry to sweep the lines of merchandise into action.

And what was the greatest weapon in the hands of the righteous?

Radio. It knocked at every door, put courage in every heart, filled the war chest with ammunition and turned the breadlines into wagelines.

The Emergency Aid Committee organized the country with quotas to be raised. Broadcast time was volunteered right and left to sound the call "to arms". The largest cities were the ones toward which the unemployed flocked. New York was asked to raise \$8,000,000.

Almost at the first call came an answer from the aged philanthropist, John D. Rockefeller and his son John D., Jr.

They turned over a check for \$1,000,000 cold cash. Then other large donations were received. The women were asked to raise \$500,000. Women of wealth and personally untouched by the pressure of the times gave freely not only of their money but of their own personal efforts.

In the final drive Mrs. Vincent Astor stepped to the NBC microphone and spoke as follows:

By MRS.
VINCENT ASTOR

IT IS a privilege for me to speak in behalf of the wonderful undertaking of the Emergency Employment Committee, particularly from the point of view of the thousands of women and children whose husbands, long out of jobs for no fault of their own, today have some reason for smiling in the face of the widespread economic depression.

To those of us who have

been following the daily papers, there is a tendency to think of the situation in terms of unemployed men. We forget, perhaps, that the hardest battle against poverty, under present conditions, is being fought by the women in the homes made destitute by the inability of the breadwinners to get work.

It is not difficult to imagine what these women are up against. While their men go out each morning to search for work, the mothers must sit at home, caring for babies and small children, nursing the rapidly diminishing stock of food which stands between them and starvation, placating the demands of the landlord for the long overdue rent.

But even more serious than the physical needs is the mental strain which they must suffer. While their men at least have the activity involved in their search for work, these mothers spend hours of the day in feverish anticipation of the news the night will bring. Will John or Jim, when he returns in the evening, report that he has a job? Or will he come into the impoverished home with the same despondent look on his face which can mean only one thing—another fruitless search?

Put yourself in such a woman's place. Isn't there the possibility that you, like her, might gradually tend to place the fault for undernourished, ill-clothed children upon your husband, rather than upon the economic situation that has made him jobless for many months in spite of himself?

Put yourself in the husband's place. After tramping the streets day after day, without success, you'd hardly feel like returning nights to a home where your appearance would mean repetition of a story of discouragement and hopelessness—where all you could see would be the faces of your children and wife growing more wan each day for lack of food. Empty stomachs, heatless rooms, illness, dependency—these are the facts you would face. It is in the undermining of the family morale, as much as in the physical want, that the tragedy of unemployment lies. It is in the struggle against both that thousands of dependent women today are bearing the greatest burden.

There is another person who cannot be disregarded in this present unemploy-



Mrs. Vincent Astor, who appealed to Radio audience for aid to the unemployed in New York area.

Radio helped turn the breadlines into wachelines at the paymaster's window. Scene on New York streets is typical of entire country.

ment situation—the woman who herself is the breadwinner for her family. She may be a widow whose dependents are children—or she may be the oldest daughter of a family whose male head has been temporarily or permanently disabled. Whatever her relationship may be, she is the breadwinner in her own right for individuals dependent upon her. She too has been caught in the unemployment situation, and has lost her job. Unless she gets one, not only herself but her dependents must suffer, and many are already suffering.

Fifty years ago a condition similar to the present would not have affected this woman breadwinner, because she had not yet won the privilege, as a woman, of earning a salary. She has been given that privilege in more recent years. Hundreds like her have been thrown out of work during the last twelve months. Continuing to carry the burden of caring for themselves and their families, they have been unable to find jobs. Both they and their dependents are suffering accordingly.

What is being done for women by the Emergency Employment Committee? First of all, through the generosity of some 50,000 citizens of New York City, more than \$6,000,000 has been contributed to date toward the \$8,000,000 fund sought by the Committee to provide heads of families with jobs during the winter months. More than 20,000 heads of families, including men and women, have been given jobs for three days a week at wages that will ensure an income sufficient to meet the necessities of life. This number, combined with their women and children dependents, makes a total of approximately 100,000 persons, men, women and children, who are being given relief at the present time.

The men are working in the parks of the five boroughs, on the public docks, and in non-profit making institutions. They are cleaning away unsightly debris, improving park paths, repairing walks, painting fences and rails, and doing other jobs for which the budgets of the Sanitation Commission of New York City do not provide, or those of the various churches and hospitals will not allow. The men are paid \$5 a day for a three-day week. The fifteen dollars they receive weekly is enough to give their families the minimum food and heat.

These men are not receiving "charity",

but are working their way. They are sober, industrious individuals who, in the present unfortunate situation, do not want alms but only an opportunity to earn honestly enough money to tide them and their families over the cruel winter months when unemployment is most serious. In creating jobs for these men, and paying them for the work they do out of the fund now being sought, the Emergency Employment Committee is providing directly for the relief of thousands of women and children.

I appeal particularly for support of the Emergency Employment Committee's effort for \$8,000,000 in behalf of the women and children who will be benefited by the provision of jobs for their husbands and fathers—in behalf of the mothers who see their children becoming undernourished and ill for lack of food, warm clothes and heat—in behalf of the children who, at a time when they should be receiving wholesome food essential to their growth and childhood happiness, are hungry and cold.

* * *

Mrs. Astor's talk was eminently successful for the money poured in immediately after. In about three days New York had passed the \$8,000,000 quota and the sum reached \$8,250,000 from that

momentum. Both of the two great chain systems gave \$100,000 each in time to the drive. Following is the statement of the National Broadcasting Company to RADIO DIGEST:

IF THE time on the air which the National Broadcasting Company and its vast network of associated stations have donated to agencies seeking to relieve the distress of the unemployed had been sold commercially the total would be almost \$100,000, NBC officials estimate. Talks by men and women who spoke under the auspices of President Hoover's Emergency Employment Committee, the Women's Emergency Aid Committee and the Salvation Army Committee which was responsible for the game between the Army and Navy football teams have been heard in broadcasts which were presented gratis by NBC. Manufacturers of Philco batteries paid



the Salvation Army committee a huge sum for the privilege of sponsoring this broadcast.

"The roster of speakers who have been heard in these efforts to alleviate the lot of the unemployed includes the names of people who are nationally prominent. Ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, Owen D. Young, Seward Prosser, Arthur H. Lehman, Colonel Arthur Woods, Thomas W. Lamont, His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Grantland Rice, George Gordon Battle, Lady Baldwin, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Gerard Swope and numerous others have spoken.

* * *

Similarly the Columbia Broadcasting System reports as follows:

"BROADCASTING time worth approximately \$100,000 has been contributed to the cause of unemployment relief by WABC and associated stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System during the last two months, it is revealed by a survey of this voluntary service just completed.

"A total of nearly ten hours of Columbia's most valuable periods on the air, ranging in installments from the three and a half hours devoted to the coast-to-coast broadcast of the Army-Navy football game for the Citizens' Committee of the Salvation Army to five-minute periods used by local relief agencies, has been donated by the system to help the unemployed since the national drive to better conditions started.

"Men and women of national prominence have been enabled to voice appeals for aid for the cause through the cooperation of Columbia, among them Secretary of War Hurley, Secretary of the Navy Adams, former Governor Alfred E. Smith, Mrs. August Belmont, Senator Dwight W. Morrow and many others."

* * *

In Chicago practically all stations contributed liberally with time and talent. One of the first reports received by RADIO DIGEST was from WLS, the Prairie Farmer station. It reads as follows:

"A CHARITY Radio circus and barn dance for the relief of Chicago's unemployed was staged by WLS, the *Prairie Farmer* station to an overflow crowd, at the International Livestock Show amphitheater, in Chicago's stockyard district.

"Because a Radio station like WLS serves not only the rural people, but the city folks as well, *Prairie Farmer* has launched this type of benefit show to relieve a metropolitan situation," stated Edgar L. Bill, director of WLS. "In past years with certain critical periods of suffering among the people of the mid-west, WLS has turned its facilities entirely to the task of securing help from those individuals more fortunate.

"A total of more than \$365,000 has been raised by this station during such work. This has been turned to the relief not only of such national emergencies as the Mississippi flood, but also to local conditions."

Seats for more than 15,000 spectators were available in the giant amphitheater. An admission charge of 25 cents was made, all the proceeds going to charity.

Beginning at eight o'clock the parade of talent before the audience and the WLS microphones brought some twelve staff acts, a male octet, two quartets, two old-time dance bands, a girls' trio, and a brass band. Among the popular Radio stars appearing during the entertainment were Hiram and Henry, comedy songsters; the Maple City Four quartet, Rube Tronson and cowboy fiddlers, Arkansas Woodchopper, yodler; Renfro Valley Boys, instrumental duo; Doc Hopkins, old-time ballad singer; the Cumberland Ridge Runners, fiddle band; the Little German Band, Hal O'Halloran, barn dance announcer; Swift Rangers, Ralph Emerson, organist; John Brown, pianist; Steve Cisler, chief announcer; Marching Men, male octet; Charley Stookey, farm program announcer; the Chicagoettes, girls' trio; and Eddie Allan, harmonica player.

In the center of the big arena a stand was erected for the broadcasting. Decorated with shocks of corn, bales of hay, and farm machinery it lent atmosphere to the barn dance setting. This stand was flanked on either side by two large wooden dance floors where eight picked couples performed the old square dances. A loud speaker system was hooked up to carry the music and talk to every spectator.

* * *

Our Chicago correspondent investigated the leading stations in that city and found that all were on the firing line. Radio Station WENR contributed both cash and time. It delivered \$7,000 in cash to the relief of unemployed and time equivalent to \$5,400, making a total of \$12,400. The Daily News station, WMAQ, in a series of 15 day and night programs contributed time rated at \$12,000. Stations WIBO, WGN, WBBM, KYW with others have put the total well over \$100,000.

In Detroit Mr. B. G. Clare writes as follows:

"MORE than \$22,500 worth of broadcast time has been donated by the five Detroit Radio broadcast stations in the interests of aiding unemployment, it has been revealed by a close check.

"Station WMBC, owned and operated by the Michigan Broadcasting Company, leads the field with approximately \$15,000 worth of time donated during the past 18 months. Relief of unemployment was the aim and ideal of the late "Jerry" Buckley, whose nightly broadcasts and political comments are said to have caused his

death at the hands of unknown gunmen. The WMBC fund is known as the Jerry Buckley memorial, presided over by Mayor Frank Murphy and two prominent Detroit business men. According to Reg Clark, station manager, approximately \$10,000 in cash has been received up to the Christmas holidays, and more than \$20,000 worth of food and clothing sent in to aid the cause.

"WJR, the Goodwill station of Detroit, during the past few weeks has donated about eight hours of time on the air, at a value of \$700 per hour. A midnight broadcast was given on Wednesday, December 17th, with an appeal for funds to be directed to the station. More than \$2,100 was pledged by the listeners. Altogether, close to \$2,500 has been contributed by followers of WJR."

* * *

One of the most optimistic responses to the RADIO DIGEST's line of inquiries came from E. H. Gammons, vice-president of the Northwestern Broadcasting Co., WCCO, Minneapolis. He writes:

"WE ARE very happy to say that as yet it has been unnecessary for WCCO to make any particular appeal for relief for the unemployed, for the conditions in Minneapolis are probably the best of any point in the country as far as unemployment and actual poverty are concerned. Our Community Fund drive, which takes care of all charities here, went over its mark this fall by more than \$150,000. Business is good out here and we aren't crying."

* * *

Reports from WGAR, WJAY, WTAM and WHK, Cleveland, and WLW-WSAI, Cincinnati, indicate that this and other Ohio city broadcasting stations have been on the alert and actively engaged in fortressing that sector.

The same may be said of the St. Louis area where Harry L. Ford says that all stations are contributing time and talent as well as cash. Tony Cabooch, who is heard nationally, from KMOX, has not only been broadcasting but driving around the city picking up bundles for the poor. One thousand KWK listeners were marshalled to provide assistance to one thousand needy persons—that was a real Radio army.

On the Pacific Coast our Dr. Ralph L. Power says that broadcasting has raised about \$100,000 for the unemployed. He reports that conditions are apparently not so severe as in the East. All stations from Seattle to San Diego, however, are either donating time or have offered their services.

Thus the greatest weapon for peace or for war has gone through the first test of its power fulfilling all and more than the fondest expectations of its friends. Radio is "doing its bit".

MISS LE GALLIENNE is the director and founder of the Civic Repertory theatre in New York City and frequently she is heard in notable dramatic broadcasts over the chain systems. You may remember her best as Nora in "The Doll's House" over NBC.



Eva Le Gallienne



Patricia Bowman

ON another page in this Radio Digest you will read about Roxy and His Gang. Patricia Bowman (right) is one of the members of his gang who will fare much better when you see what you hear. She is the premier danseuse and Roxy often calls her to the mike for a bow or a song.

Mary Smith

THERE'S a name for you! But there's only ONE Mary Smith like this Mary on the dramatic staff at WLW, Cincinnati. Wait until you see her on your televisacle. She's getting ready to make her bow visually over the air in the very near future, so just be a little patient.



Blue Monday

CHECK and triple checkers for Al (Silas Solomon) Pearce as he shoves William (Prof. Hamburg) Wright into a corner during the Blue Monday Jamboree at KFRC, San Francisco. And there's Pedro (Eugene Hawes), Lord Bilgewater (Monroe Upton) and Edna O'Keefe with two double dark blue shadows, Tommy (Lem) Monroe and Arnold (Lafe) McGuire, for color effect.



Margaret Kappler

YOU just have to, that is, you really do have to hand it to old WEO of Ohio State U. for being the true collegiate broadcaster. And the drama—the Scarlet Mask series, we mean—it's excruciating and everything. Peggy, you know, Margaret Kappler, is the sweetheart and the boys all rave about her. Here she is as Violet Shadrowe.

Russell Pratt

RUSSELL PRATT besides being a Radio comedian of the first rank is also a very popular story-teller to the little Topsy-Turvians of WMAQ, Chicago. Wonder what he's explaining to little Beth and Jim?



David W. Guiom

WHEN he sat down to the piano, threw his high-heeled boots under the saddle, and cocked back his big Stet—nobody laughed. They knew Dave Guiom could ride them keys from rhapsodies to ragtime like nobody's business. You hear him frequent on the NBC range—he's a real cowboy.





YOU can't keep a good man cooped up in opera. So they took Mr. Tibbett and made a Rogue out of him in the singing pictures—and now he has traveled a step farther, with mike, to become one of the Radio clan over the NBC—and how the ladies love him!

Lawrence Tibbett



Anna Kaskas

EVERY time she sings this fair-haired Lithuanian lady of WTIC, Hartford, Conn., scores a new triumph. She left a successful concert career in Europe to win America. She has been featured a number of times over the Columbia system—have you heard her?

Richard Gordon

QUICK Watson—here he is, Sherlock Holmes in person. You who have heard his voice over the NBC during the series of Sherlock Holmes adventures have doubtless wondered many times about the personal appearance of the famous sleuth—here he is!



Lorraine, Erma and Thelma Ashley

YOU may know these three charming sisters as Sally, Irene and Mary at WGN, Chicago. Once they were known as the Prairie Daisies at WLS. They are admirably suited for trio singing and playing—and they write and take part in moving pictures too.

Romeo Greene

YOU hear this full blooded Tuscarora Indian regularly over the CBS on the Carborundum program. His name comes from an ancestor known as Green Blanket because when he came to trade furs at Fort Niagara he always chose a green blanket for compensation.



The Mikado

WHEN KHJ at Los Angeles presented "The Mikado" recently they selected costumes to make the artists feel the parts they represented. They appear here—Kenneth Niles, as "Nanki Poo"; Gogo Delys, as "Yum Yum" and Lindsay MacHarris, as "Ko Ko".



**Martha, Connie and
Vet Boswell**

THESE three sisters are highlights in the Pacific Vagabonds, on the NBC Pacific network. They sing in sparkling tempo and have acquired an audience that manifests itself through the mail enthusiastically.

Sandy MacTavish

THIS bewhiskered gentleman of the heatherland is one of the most popular features of WCHI, Chicago. Sandy MacTavish has the real burr that denotes a broadcasting Scotchman.



Thora
Martens



ONE of the Western stations has thrown a challenge to all the other broadcasting stations, claiming it has the best looking as well as the best sound producing feminine artists in America. In Chicago WENR answers the challenge with Thora Martens, their Heavenly Blues singer, as a starter in the contest.



NOT many great manufacturers are fortunate enough to have their wives get out and boost their products. E. H. Maytag of the Maytag company is the exception. Mrs. Maytag graciously steps up to the microphone and tells lady listeners as one woman to another how to make a pleasure out of wash day.

Mrs. E. H. Maytag



Ne'er Do Well

ALL up and down the Pacific Coast tens of thousands of listeners have been asking for the identity of the singer known as the Ne'er Do Well of KROW, Oakland, Calif. He slips into a little private studio, does his stuff all by himself and comes back. Who is he? Ladies and gentlemen, we take great pleasure in presenting to you Mr. Frank Anderson, known to Radioland heretofore only as the Ne'er Do Well. You'll read more about him in the article on the opposite page.

UNMASKING

The Ne'er Do Well

The Mystery Man of KROW! Who Is He? Where Does He Come From and What is His Name? He is—but Read the Story

By HELEN SPAULDING

LEARN how to be the life of the party in ten lessons. Be Popular!"—so read the alluring advertisements, but—

The "Ne'er Do Well," that mysterious young gentleman of Radio Station KROW, Oakland, California—that lazy sentimentalist and soothing crooner, never had a music lesson in his life, and yet he's flashed across the Radio world of the Pacific Coast in a most astonishing manner. In less than a year and a half before the microphone he is probably one of the most popular of the young individual Radio entertainers.

He croons, he soothes, he sentimentalizes and all but hypnotizes his auditors. He plays many programs of his own compositions! He fingers the keys softly while he talks consolingly to someone in trouble, or sends a cheery birthday greeting, or maybe bucks up someone that's written him while blue and downhearted, and then, when his listeners are in just the right mood, he trails off into another of those tunelessly caressing melodies and, well—he's just about saved the day for at least a couple of folks and sent several thousand others off, feeling right with the world.

The "Ne'er Do Well" is probably one of the most mysterious of Radio stars. No one knows his name. He comes and goes quietly to the studio, chats a bit, smiles cheerily in a way that sends little fluttering thrills up and down the spines of the girls in the office—for he is young and "awfully good looking" they say. Then he goes into the studio, and locks the door!

The locked studio—deep shadows and all snuggled up intimately with "Mike" and there you have the setting for the "Ne'er Do Well." When he plays and croons it's alone—not a soul in the room—that's understood around the studio.

The "Ne'er Do Well" first heard about do, re, me, when he was in the sixth grade in the schools of Minneapolis, Minn., his

home town. The things that could be done with music intrigued him at once.

"It took me three weeks to pick out a tune on the piano," he said. "I nearly drove the family wild, but I finally got it. Then Dad and Mother took a hand and helped me out with other tunes. You see, my folks were musical. Mother used to sing in choirs and Dad played for country dances. Sometimes he was the whole orchestra. He could pound out some pretty good music on the fiddle, accordion or piano. After I learned that

books, so I could reach as high as the keys, and I would play some little ditty!"

In the meantime—to go on with the career of this amazing young fellow—time passed, to use a trite phrase—and we find that he's completed a year at prep school and is ready for a business career. Just about then the Panama Pacific Exposition was being held in San Francisco, so the "Ne'er Do Well" went West and captured second prize in the National Typing Contest, doing something like 132 words per minute. He also cornered a job and did court reporting, stenographic work and became private secretary to quite an important personage.

"When the War broke out I enlisted," he said, "to go to France for big adventure. Somebody found out I could do some fancy typing, so I was assigned to duty with the General Army Headquarters in San Francisco."

Someone else found out he could sing, and night after night he (you see he was not known as the "Ne'er Do Well" in those days) was sent to theatres in a radius of several hundred miles to sing. He made a great appeal, this good-looking youngster in his soldier uniform, and he sang his audiences into a high patriotic pitch. Thus he did double duty.

BUT they couldn't let me go across," he adds shamefacedly about his War career.

Until a year and a half ago the "Ne'er Do Well" had never been in a Radio station. He didn't even own a Radio. One night a friend asked him to pinch-hit on a program. The "Ne'er Do Well" demurred. The idea of playing before the microphone and to an unseen audience appalled him. He was persuaded, however, and, to tell it in his own words—

"It really wasn't so bad. I just forgot there was an audience. I sort of lose myself when I play anyway. It was really

(Continued on page 101)

A CHALLENGE!

TURN to page 67 and take a good look at the pulchritude that adorns KROW in Oakland.

It is an open challenge, and no stations are barred. RADIO DIGEST will be glad to receive the answers to the challenge and publish them

first tune, picking out music came easier and I soon began to play quite a bit. Then they put on programs at church and school entertainments and discovered I could carry a tune pretty well, so sometimes I'd be on for a song, and sometimes I'd be perched up on a couple of big

STRIKES—*Lucky* of B. A. Rolfe

THE MAN Who's Been Havin' His Ups and Havin' His Downs—From Mil- lionaire Down to Rock Bottom And Up Again To Successful Orchestra Leader

YOU know Benjamin Albert Rolfe as a jolly, amiable fellow who doesn't worry about counting his calories and who does a mighty good job of directing a most unusual jazz orchestra.

But if you haven't heard his story from beginning to end it will amaze you to know how many different kinds of pies the adventurous "B. A." has had those celebrated short, pudgy little fingers in. And what he still dreams of doing.

It reads like a Horatio Alger story. Let's begin at the beginning and not put the cart before the horse. Picture "B. A." himself, sitting back with the inevitable cigar in his mouth. (Of course, it really *should* be a Lucky Strike!)

And picture him looking very much like a beaming Santa Claus ready to shower the world with a particularly happy present. No matter how busy he gets he seldom loses that Kris Kringle beam. His story should be told as he told it—with his head back and a reminiscing look in his eyes. He began:

"I was born in Brasher Falls, N. Y. in 1879. That makes me fifty-one, you see. Not so young. Not so young! Oh, well. You don't have much sense till you're fifty, anyway. Especially sense as to the value of money, which I have had much of and lost. Maybe I'll learn from now on."

THAT musingly. Then:

"My father was Albert Benjamin Rolfe—my name reversed if you'll notice—and he was a musician too. So was mother. I was educated between high school in my home town and a Catholic convent. I am not a Catholic, however.

"My school days were very much broken up by the fact that I was one of those pesky little nuisances known as a child prodigy. Believe it or not, but I was only six when I gave my first concert on an alto horn before I was large enough for a



In 1885, at six years of age, little Benjamin Arthur Rolfe was alto horn player in his father's band.

cornet—it was in Chippewa Falls, Wis.

"It is strange that the outstanding memory of that eventful night at the skating rink where I made my debut is that on the table beside me were hot gas lights.

"I was just short enough to get the full

benefit of the heat and I felt as though I were scorching. Music came so naturally to me, however, that I had the usual childish lack of self-consciousness and might as well have been tooting my horn in the parlor back in Brasher Falls so far as stage fright was concerned."

Here Rolfe stopped, and smiled:

"Father had the skating rink orchestra. At six and a half I was the alto horn player in Rolfe's Independent Band. I must have looked like the band mascot. It was father's organization too. I played with the band three years.

"Then father decided to yank me around the country. He was then leader of the band and orchestra with John Sparks Circus. Ah, those were the days! Imagine how that would delight the heart of a small boy. And those were the days when circus trouping was circus trouping.

"WE TOURED the Pennsylvania mining towns among other places. Such adventure. Life! Sometimes even yet I get homesick for the smells of the circus and life in the tents and big rickety wagons.

"In 1891, at the age of 11, father took me to England with Hardie and Von Lear's Frontier Drama. I gave concerts in Europe too. The frontier show made a big hit in England because it was a novelty.

"The only other thing England had seen at all like it was Buffalo Bill. The show carried an Indian Band of eighteen as a special novelty. I remember that they could make more noise than a white band of fifty. Father got along fine with the Indians. He is an honorary member of the Mohawk tribe today.

"After we had played in England a year the folks decided little 'B. A.' could do with a little more schooling. So they brought me back to Brasher Falls."

and Unlucky

By Alma Sioux
Scarberry

Rolfe stopped and shook his head solemnly: "Do you know I actually believe I might still be in Brasher Falls if I hadn't hated wading in snow so much. Most kids like it. But I despised the snow and cold! I got the idea that there wouldn't be so much wading to do in New York, so I left the parental roof.

"However, it took me three years to make it all the way. I started through the medium of the Lowville, N. Y. Silver Cornet Band. Later I moved sixty-seven miles nearer, playing the cornet in the Majestic Theatre orchestra in Utica. By the time I reached Gotham in 1903, the land of my dreams, I was of age.

"WHEN I arrived I had little trouble getting work: I can't weave you the elaborate tale of starving in a garret. I went right into vaudeville with *Ye Colonial Septet*. The act ran eleven years, although I wasn't in it that long. It made plenty royalties for me, however.

"Jesse Lasky, (now a famous movie producer) and I went into partnership at this point in my career. We put out vaudeville acts. Some of our presentations bore such high-sounding titles as *Pianophiends*, *The Stunning Grenadiers*, *Ten Dark Knights*."

It is here that the high spot of B. A. Rolfe's career comes. This is where he made and lost a fortune. He went into the movies as a producer. In telling of it he looked highly amused.

"I began in the picture game about the time Mary Pickford made her debut. Those were funny days. I can remember when we used to paint a stove on the back drop of the set because we thought it wasn't necessary to spend the money to get a real stove.

"But, ah—later I was in pictures when we used to hold a set up for hours at the cost of perhaps \$2000 to get a five-cent ink-well that would match the scene before it. Movies! What a racket to be in!

"My output was thirty-six pictures a year. In those days we worked! I produced under Rolfe Photo Plays and Columbia Pictures Corporation. Some of our stars were big names like Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, Emily Stevens, Viola Dana—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

"If I can get hold of some of those old stills they'll hand you a laugh! In summer I ran the business in New York and in winter in



B. A. Rolfe

California. I was active in pictures five years, letting my musical career slide entirely by.

"Then I proved fundamentally a good musician by resigning. There is something about a musician that makes him love to resign. I threw it up because the company consolidated with Metro and I got mad! That's always an excellent excuse for resigning—getting sore about something."

It was here that "B. A." admitted he made a fortune in pictures. He grinned and took us into his confidence:

"I made plenty of money—goodness knows! A mint of it—and lost it. I had no money when I left California and pictures and decided to try England and pictures. No doubt you've heard of unfor-

merry then. But luck comes and goes."

It was from a friend a little later that we picked up a thread of the Rolfe career that he withheld during the long confab about his life. It was that he "made a fortune and lost his shirt during the Florida real estate boom."

PLUNGING into it with the same gusto he plunged into movies and music, again he was the artist and couldn't hang on to his money. He could take a dollar and make five out of it. But—keep it, never!

After that lesson the still undaunted "B. A." decided to "promote myself for a change."

It was then that he had the courage to

"I want to found a native American school of music. Something typically American. Oh, of course that is a big order and sounds like a foolish dream. I enjoy my jazz orchestra of course, and I wouldn't want to give it up. But, I am, fundamentally, an altogether different kind of musician. Or, perhaps I should say I am two kinds of musician."

"I realize that it took the old world 1600 years to develop Bach. I believe America could do the same job in fifty years. And Radio is the one medium. The only really native American things we have developed are Gershwin with his one little phrase and Cadman with his American Indian music."

Rolfe grew a little wistful:

"I guess, at that, it would take fifty years to develop even a foundation and I'd be a centenarian by that time. But, through the medium of Radio it could be done. So far we have no musical conception of what our musical expression is."

"B. A." has another dream. Quite a dreamer, he is. He has the idea that he'd like to found a whole flock of juvenile orchestras in larger cities of the United States. His reason is a very interesting one. In his own words:

"This racketeer business is beginning to alarm me. Such babies as seem to be growing into outlaws! It is, undoubtedly, the small boy's love of showing off. Turn his energy and that desire into safe channels and you are all set."

"Now, a small boy loves to toot a horn. Why shouldn't he toot a saxophone or a cornet—make his noise on a musical instrument. My idea is to round up these bad boy gangs from the street corners and turn their desire to make a noise and attract attention into a jazz orchestra. Give them a public place and the lime light to show off in."

AND Mr. Rolfe may be right at that. It sounds rather reasonable. If you can't make the little rascals artistic and turn them into symphony conductors—make B. A. Rolfes out of 'em.

There may be those among you who feel, however, that the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun couldn't possibly be much worse than the toot-toot-toot of a sax.

Rolfe is one of the most interesting directors at NBC to watch in the studio. I have never seen him use a baton. He

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Rolfe's Independent Band in 1885. The leader in the big shako, at the left, is A. B. Rolfe, Sr. Next to him stands A. B. Rolfe, Jr., cornetist, brother of the famous leader. Fourth is Mrs. Rolfe, mother and clarinet player, and fourth from the right appears little Benjamin, dignified by the title of alto horn player.

tunate marriages where the girl married a man because she thought he had money—and the man married the girl because he thought she had a fortune.

"Well, truthfully, that's what happened in England. I bluffed these people into thinking I was affluent and they played the same game on me. When it came to a show-down we made the fatal discovery that neither of us could float a picture financially. You can't promote a big company on a shoe-string. I found that out!

I NEVER could hang on to money. I was so interested in the producing angle dollars meant nothing. They didn't even interest me. As I said before, you have to be at least fifty in some cases before the value of a dollar begins to sink in.

"Real showmen are always gamblers, anyway. I've never known a really artistic person to be saving. And if I hadn't joined that foolish army of independent producers I wouldn't have gone under in 1920. I was busted higher than a kite when I came back to New York from merry old England. It didn't look so

start a jazz band in a Chinese restaurant in New York—The Palais d'Or. He not only put over the restaurant but got on the air and started "making an effort to make a name for myself by trying to be different."

In telling of this, the jovial gentleman opined:

"And, of course when you start trying to put yourself over people suspect that you are after notoriety. Funny, isn't it?"

There is no doubt it took a lot of courage for the artistic Rolfe to mix in the atmosphere it became necessary for him to mix in in order to "make good." But, he pulled the restaurant up by the boot straps with him. Both became celebrated. And, letters began pouring in from Radio fans. Lucky Strike tried scores of orchestras before selecting Rolfe.

As happy looking as appears the famous director he is really discontented and like a fish out of water. He said so himself—then explained with his hearty laugh:

"You know about the fellow who said he'd look up a steady job if his boss would let him off long enough. Well, that's me!"

The Rolfe life dream is:

The Magic Carpet of the OZARKS

By Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing



Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing

Dreams do come true—sometimes. And so do wishes. That is why the cities are filled with eager-eyed boys and girls, men and women who have deserted the isolation of farm and mountain cabin to make their way at last to the City of Youthful Dreams and—sometimes—disillusionment. But to those thousands who have been banished to a life in the wilderness by force of necessity or by choice has come the fulfillment of dreams too. Radio has wrought the miracle. The letter reproduced below paints a vivid picture of what Radio means to one lonely dweller in a remote place of the world.

MAYBE you would like to know how an Ozark native feels about the Radio, and just what it means to the far-removed people of the hill country.

Among my earliest recollections are those of an Ozark homestead, where a husky young father cleared the land and a lovely young mother kept our rough



The Gobbler Hunter

plank house shining and homey for us.

The clearing was the playground for my brother and me. We watched its growth with keenest interest, the forest crowding back little by little and day by day, under the constant warfare waged against it in the homemaking of a pioneer family.

We did not venture beyond the clearing in our play. The scream of the panther and the howl of the wolf told us in plain terms just who it was that still claimed the forest and we did not dispute with them. We even loved the sound of their voices and the shivery feeling it gave us evenings when gathered safely in the light of the big blaze in the fireplace and listened to the review of the day and the stories father told us: Tales of his trip to the city, 200 miles away; stories of his boyhood home in an Eastern state where he hoped to take us to visit some day. And the fairy tales

that nobody has told so well since. When he had told us all he knew, he told them over again, often adding little thrilling episodes from his own imagination. The idea of the magic carpet appealed to us most, and while we listened with squeals of delight each time he told it, with or without additional frills, we told it to each other just as often, for of all things wished for, a magic carpet stood at the head of the list. Indeed, it frequently had the list all to itself.

A magic carpet! Just wish to go some place—and there you were. Think of it! We would visit all the cities we had heard about. We would see New York.

Oh, for a magic carpet!

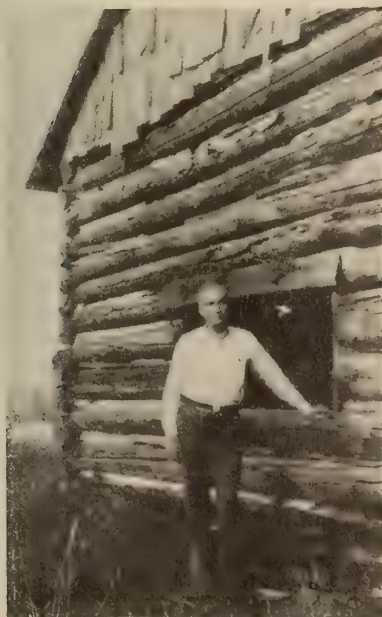
It took many an earnest assurance from our parents to convince us that it was a fairy tale, so vivid a thing had it become to us. Indeed, I think we had to outgrow it, and even then it was something half hoped for.

I was a studious girl, growing up. I wanted to hear great lectures, see great plays, hear good music. If only I had a magic carpet—but of course that was a babyhood tale. Still—

Time went along. Life took me to different points of the globe and finally turned me once more to the hills of my native country. Not to the spot of the old home of my childhood which had become too sophisticated for my partner in the change, but to another portion as wild and remote as the old home site had been.

And it is here that my wish has come true. I have the magic carpet. I turn on my Radio and the music and the beauty I wished for in my young girlhood are brought to the fireside of my backwoods cabin—the sermons I had dreamed of, the lectures I had hoped to hear, the songs I had longed for, except that the terms are reversed. I do not

(Continued on page 107)



An Ozark Settler's Cabin

Star-Gazing for Graham



Graham
McNamee

*Astrologer Finds The Firmament
Gives Dean of Elite Announcers
A Break—He's Lazy but Lucky*

By Peggy Hull

FOLKS, meet Graham McNamee! Yes, I know you think this introduction is superfluous but just wait a minute before you turn the page, for I am going to tell you some things about him that he doesn't even know himself!

He's lazy.

Now don't get mad and bury me beneath a ton of protests. Graham just can't help being indolent. His Sun is in the sign Cancer and in this position, vitality is at its lowest ebb. If he had to do something very strenuous to get before the public, it is safe to say he would be content to remain unknown, but Fate was kind to him. Radio was discovered just in time to give Graham McNamee a break. Anyone knows the easiest and most pleasant job in life is talking, and for Graham it was made doubly easy with three planets in the sign of Gemini.

Gemini rules speech and words. Its influence makes men and women better conversationalists, better writers and when Mercury occupies this position, it gives extreme fluency.

It makes a person fond of travel, of change, of new things, and everyone knows that Graham McNamee flits back and forth across the continent like a flea. You can be certain, there is nothing he likes better than an assignment at the opposite end of the United States.

Remember how many people held back when Radio was first announced? Well, Graham McNamee wasn't one of them. No sir, he stepped right up and learned all about it from the very beginning. It was his Mercury in Gemini which caused him to do this. All his life he will be investigating anything new which makes its appearance in our world.

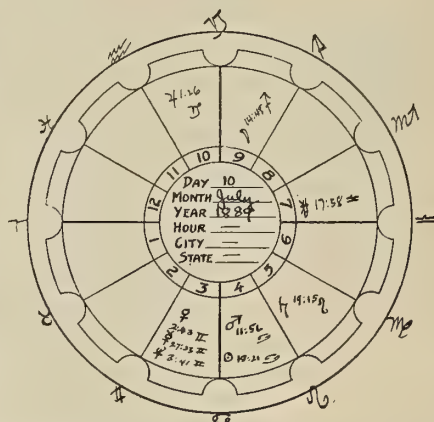
While Astrology isn't new, it is having its re-birth and if Graham hasn't taken it up yet, he'll be sure to investigate it

some time, for his mind is a broad one and he isn't influenced by the opinions of others and neither has he any preconceived notions about a subject. He approaches any investigation with a wide open mind and he possesses such a shrewd and penetrating judgment that he knows he does not have to rely upon others for advice.

His moon in Sagittarius gives him that alert and active personality with which he is associated in everyone's mind who has heard him over the air. And it has a lot to do with the short, crisp way he has of presenting a topic. It makes him fond of animals, especially horses and dogs. It increases his love for sports. As a matter of fact, his success in life depends chiefly upon his association with sporting events and if you stop to recall some of the highlights of his career, you will remember that he first became well known for his broadcasts of baseball and football games.

Graham can also tell you about a horse race with such skill and vivid detail that, although you are a thousand miles from the track, your heart will beat faster, your hair stand on end and you will hover over the Radio literally seeing the horses come down the home stretch.

Sagittarius rules distance and with the Moon posited therein it is no wonder that his public extends wherever the Radio waves go. This position also tends to create the feeling in people that they know him, once they have listened to him, and further strengthens the influence



of Venus, Neptune and Mercury in Gemini. As Gemini rules brothers and sisters and communication, he has literally a great family who feel for him the same warm affection which harmonious kin have for each other.

Venus in Gemini gives him the talent for words which make his Radio talks distinguished

for precision in describing a situation. When Graham gets through telling you about a fast play on the gridiron, you have a good mental picture of what has taken place. This position of Venus is also responsible for the even and permanent affection of his Radio audience. Unlike Rudy Vallee, whose stars show that people either love or hate him, Graham does not suffer from bitter and uncalled for criticism. If people do not particularly like him, this feeling does not take an active form in invectives, they merely turn the dial and forget him, but there is no such indifference when it comes to Vallee.

NEPTUNE, the spiritual planet, posited in Gemini, gives Graham unusual mental faculties and a certain amount of genius. It makes him sensitive to the finer intuitional and inspirational vibrations and gives the gift of oratory and unusual literary ability. There is no field of endeavor where mental ingenuity is required in which Graham could not excel.

His Sun conjuncting Mars in Cancer

makes him fond of lively places. That is why he is fond of sports and horse races and explains the public's interest in him through his connection with them. Just as Floyd Gibbons' horoscope, with the Sun and Mars in Cancer, showed that he would become distinguished through revolutions and wars, so Graham's indicates his fame through sports and the air.

SATURN in Leo gives him friends among people of the upper classes. Heads of governments, high officials and men and women of the Social Register type are drawn to Graham through these vibrations and their acclaim has added much to the success which his popularity with the masses gave him.

There are many people before the public who enjoy only the plaudits of a certain strata of society, but Graham's horoscope shows that from the masses to their rulers, he is liked and admired.

With his Jupiter in Capricorn there is no doubt about his future. This position of the beneficiary planet Jupiter makes Graham, self reliant, ambitious and persistent. No setbacks or disappointments will deter him, neither can any obstacles keep him from the limelight very long.

Capricorn is the sign which gives patience and endurance. People born with their Sun in this sign can struggle a life time for success. They can keep on in the face of thwarted desires, overwhelming obstacles and they can wait for years to realize their dreams. Graham's Jupiter in this position stabilizes his ambitions and gives him a patience he would not otherwise have. It is the guarantor of his future. He may get a few bad breaks now and then, but he will have the tenacity to keep on trying, to stick to what he is doing until the adverse period is past.

Of course if Graham suddenly found himself without a spot on the air, he could very soon make his old audience sit up and take notice by turning his hand to writing, for his horoscope shows that he would be equally as successful in this field as he is on the air:

But writing is hard work. It means steady, relentless plugging every day and Graham has no disposition for such labor. It would take a tremendous amount of self discipline on Graham's part, more than I believe he's got, but if he did whip himself into shape . . . what stories he could write!

Albert Payson Terhune, who has long held the title in the dog story world would soon run for cover. Grantland Rice and some of the other topnotchers among the sporting writers would be eyeing their crowns anxiously, for, if there is anything in Astrology, Graham could write rings around them while he was half asleep. Such, dear readers, is the gift the planets have bestowed upon a man who doesn't need it.

It appears that Graham hasn't been enjoying the best of health lately. His

stars would indicate that he has suffered from a lack of nervous energy; that he tires easily and when he is working, finds getting on the job a trial. These conditions will pass as the planets move on but in the meantime he must guard against accidents of all kinds and should take no chances with his life or limbs. His bump of curiosity could easily lead him into an unpleasant encounter with a new invention and this is no time for Graham to test out a new airplane or play with electrical devices.

The aspects which have been holding him back during the past year will have been dissipated in 1931 and when his Sun conjuncts Jupiter all of his affairs will take on new life. He will feel better, too, and respond to opportunities with the old enthusiasm. The year 1932, however, is the one which will bring him the most pronounced benefits. And some of the good things which come to him in the next twelve or fifteen months will be only the outriders of the greater fortune on the way.

Many people lose their friends when under bad aspects, and they have to travel the road of adversity alone and uncomforted.

But not Graham McNamee. He has a buoyant quality which makes it possible for him to conceal from even his intimates his real feelings. He is not the kind who would let his troubles cast a shadow over his associates.

He has quick sympathy for others in distress and is always ready to help, but he can't be fooled. His intuition is too sharp for that. It would be worse than useless for a man to step up to Graham with a hard luck tale, made up out of whole cloth, and expect him to believe it. He can hear tin drop in a proposition a mile away. But he is seldom prejudiced.

VENUS in conjunction with Neptune makes him fond of music, the arts and drama. Beauty in all forms appeals to him strongly and this aspect also increases his popularity with friends and associates. It makes him thoughtful of other people's happiness, polite, full of kindness and sympathy and inclines to bring benefits from large

combines and successful corporations.

With Venus coming to a conjunction with the Sun in Cancer it is safe to forecast an even greater popularity in the future for Graham McNamee than he has yet known. He will be carried on a wave of affection from the public in general to heights he has little dreamed he would scale.

HE WILL have ups and downs throughout his life, but there are none after this particular period through which he is passing at present, which will give him much trouble.

* * *

***A**STROLOGY, one of the oldest of professions, has made gigantic strides since it has become better known through broadcasting. Read Peggy Hull's monthly horoscopes of your favorite Radio stars. Next month she will tell you what the forces of the sky had to do with the success of Amos 'n' Andy. Don't miss your March RADIO DIGEST.*



Precision in announcing is Graham's middle name—that's the way the stars made him.

Turn About's Fair Play!
Radio Listeners Become
Playwrights and Fashion
Thrilling Dramas for
Detroit Broadcasts.

By B. G. CLARE

HAVE you a little drama stored in your brain cells? Out in Detroit there are two important public servitors who believe everyone has a story to tell. They are making it possible for readers and listeners to turn about and become writers and playwrights.

The two agents who are gratifying the literary ambitions of a good slice of Michigan's populace are Broadcasting Station

WXYZ and The Free Press. The newspaper started the ball rolling by running a contest which they have christened, *It Actually Happened*. It invites housewives, business men, "doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs, rich men, poor men"—even ice men—to participate by submitting a true incident which they have experienced or witnessed. A \$5.00 prize is given daily for each story accepted and printed.

Then Fred Roche, Publicity Director of WXYZ, stepped in. He offers an additional prize of \$25 for the best story published each week. This thriller, or sad or comic incident, as the case may be, is adapted for Radio production by James Jewell, dramatic director of the Radio station; and under his supervision it is presented over the air by members of the Civic Theatre Stock Company.

How did Fred Roche's fertile brain conceive the idea of this novel contest? When interviewed, he re-

fused to commit himself, but we strongly suspect that he had a real idea in the back of his head. Perhaps he was annoyed by the wisecracks who write to station managers and say that they "could do better themselves with only half an effort". Maybe he said to himself, "I don't believe this particular kicker could. But let's give them all a chance."

ONE of the most successful of the *It Actually Happened* Radio dramas was written by Robert Donaldson of Detroit. This amateur made good not only in the columns of a daily newspaper and over the air, but he also had the thrill of seeing his play accepted for a two week run as a "curtain-raiser" before the major offering of the Civic Theatre Stock Company.

Mr. Donaldson placed his true incident in France, in the days when war was rampant and every mother knew the tragedy of seeing her son wrenched from her side. It is called *Vive La France!*

The Radio audience, snugly ensconced in arm chairs, sees in its mind's eye the

"Forgive me, God—It was for France—Vive La France." Jessie Bonstelle as Madame Bertrand and John Griggs as the dying Henri Bertrand.





The supper in the kitchen. Walter Sherwin as the Padre, Jessie Bonstelle as Mme. Bertrand and Joan Madison as Marie in the WXYZ presentation of the prize play, *Vive La France*.

poor and war-saddened home of the Widow Bertrand. It is stripped bare of ornament, save in one corner a *prie-dieu*, where the mother is accustomed to offer up prayers for the souls of her two sons, Jacques and Pierre, who have been sacrificed that their country may live.

In the kitchen, partaking of a humble meal of *potage* and black bread, are Madame Bertrand, the old village priest, and Marie, the young girl who has already known affliction and the pang of separation from her beloved . . . Henri Bertrand, the last of the widow's three sons. Wild and irresponsible as is this youngest boy, he is adored by both his mother and his fiancée.

"Oh if *le bon dieu* would only spare Henri to be a comfort to me in my old age," says the Widow Bertrand.

"Yes," Marie adds her plea. "It is so lonesome here in Chantrey."

"OH, PADRE," cries the mother, "God forbid that I begrudge anything to France, but I have already given my Jacques and my Pierre because France needed them, so please God spare Henri."

Even the old priest, who had never approved of the irrepressible antics of the boy, was forced to take pity on the old mother and the sad Marie, and join in their prayers for the deliverance of Henri.

Supper is over, and the subdued duo of visitors depart, leaving the widow alone. A cough and a scraping of feet come from a dark corner of the other room, which serves as sleeping chamber. A light reveals a man's figure, clad in muddy, blood-stained rags.

Madame Bertrand peered into the man's face. "Henri," she screamed. "My Henri has come back to me. God has answered my prayers and sent you to comfort me. But why did you not write and tell me you were coming?"

The man does not answer, and she suddenly gasps with realization, "Oh, Henri, what have you done? You have run away from your regiment—you have brought shame to the name of Bertrand, a name respected in France for centuries."

Mumbled pleas for sympathy, with reference to brutes of officers, from the deserter, brought only a resolution from the mother to send her son back if she had to drag him herself.

A noise outside. Madame Bertrand shoves Henri into the cupboard that the neighbors may not be witness to her disgrace. She opens the door, to admit—an officer and four soldiers!

"Madame Bertrand, I regret that duty compels me to inform you that your son deserted his regiment ten days ago, and I must demand permission to search your home to find the deserter."

"Surely, Monsieur Lieutenant," answers the mother, "search if you must, but I tell you Henri is not here."

THROUGH the house and the barns the soldiers peered, and at last returned to the room where Madame Bertrand has hidden Henri. "What is in that cupboard?" asks the lieutenant.

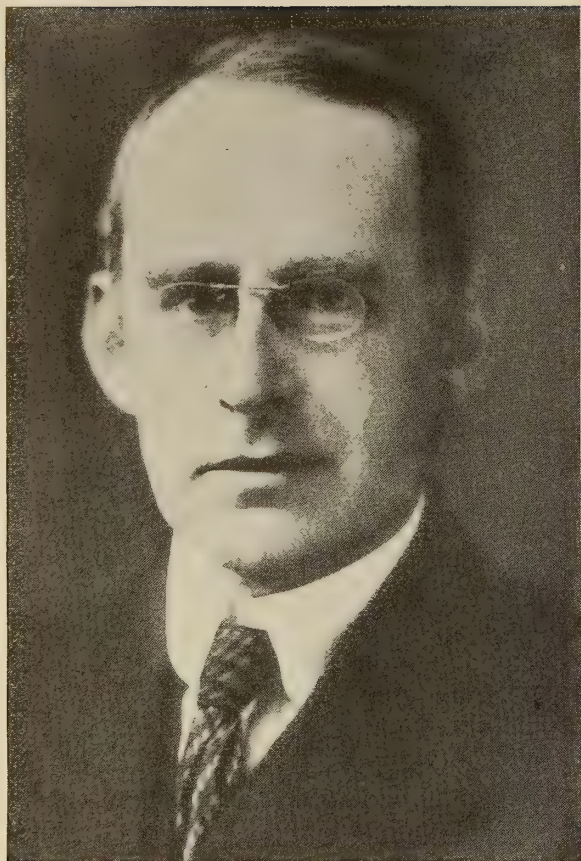
"Nothing but—some old clothes," stammers the old mother.

The lieutenant disbelieved her and made as if to open the door.

"I tell you there is nothing in there that concerns you," she cries. "See, I will prove it to you." Grabbing the loaded gun from above the fireplace, she pointed it at the cupboard and fired all five bullets through the door.

When the opened cupboard reveals a dying Henri, the mother who has killed her son to save him from a deserter's death, prays, "Forgive me, God—Forgive me, Jacques and Pierre—It was for France—Vive La France."

A vivid, realistic play, torn from the war memories of a man who now listens to his Radio in the peace of home. Maybe you, too, have an interesting story, waiting only for encouragement to reveal it. Maybe some Radio station near your home will wake up to this opportunity to bring out hidden talent—who can tell?



Sir Arthur Eddington, who as one of the world's leading astronomers, is eminently fitted to speak for science.

Science and Religion

Must They Conflict? A Great Physicist Gives His Answer...

Sir Arthur Eddington

nine hundred thousand years into the past.

Amid this profusion of worlds in space and time, where do we come in? Our home, the earth, is the fifth or sixth largest planet belonging to an inconspicuous little star in one of the

numerous islands in the archipelago. Doubtless there are other globes which are or have been of similar nature to ourselves, but we have some reason to think that such globes are uncommon. The majority of the heavenly bodies seem to be big lumps of matter with terrifically high temperature. Not often has there been the formation of small, cool globes fit for habitation, though it has happened occasionally by a rare accident. Nature seems to have been intent on a vast scheme of evolution of fiery globes, an epic of millions of years.

As for man, he might be treated only as an unfortunate incident, just a trifling incident not of very serious consequence to the universe. No need to be always raking up against Nature her one little inadvertence. To realize the insignificance of our race amid the majesty of the universe is probably helpful, for it brings to us a chastening force, but man is the typical custodian, which makes a great difference to the significance of things. He displays purpose. He can represent truth, righteousness, sacrifice—for a few brief years a spark from the Divine Spirit.

It may possibly be going too far to say that our bodies are pieces of matter which by a contingency not sufficiently guarded against have taken advantage of the low temperature to assume human shape and perform a series of strange antics which we call life. While I do

not combat this view, I am unwilling to base philosophy or religion on the assumption that it must necessarily break down, but alongside this there is another outlook.

Science is an attempt to set out the facts of experience. Everyone will agree that it has met with wonderful success but does not start quite at the beginning of the problem of experience.

The first question asked about facts or theories such as I have been describing is, Are they true? I want to emphasize that even more significant than the astronomical results themselves is the fact that this question about them so urgently arises. The question, Is it true? seems to me to change the complexion of the world of experience not because it is asked about the world but because it is asked in the world.

If we go right back to the beginning, the first thing we must recognize in the world is something intent on truth, something to which it matters intensely that a thing shall be true.

If in its survey of the universe, physical science rediscovers the presence of such an ingredient as truth, well and good. If not, the ingredient remains none the less essential, for otherwise the whole question is stultified.

WHAT is the truth about ourselves? We may incline to various answers: We are complicated physical machinery; we are reflections in a celestial glass; we are puppets on the stage of life moved by the hand of time which turns the handle beneath.

Responsibility towards truth is an attribute of our nature. It is through our spiritual nature, of which responsibility for truth is a typical manifestation,

I AM speaking on the subject from the standpoint of those interested in physical science, and I should like first to convey the setting in which the problem arises. If you will look up at the sky in the direction of the constellation Andromeda and stand for a few moments scrutinizing the faintest star you see, you will notice one that is not a sharp point of light like the rest but has a hazy appearance.

This star is unique and barely visible to the naked eye. It is not properly a star. We might rather describe it as a universe. It teaches us that when we have taken together the sun and those stars we can see with the naked eye and the hundreds of millions of telescopic stars, we have not yet reached the end of things. We have explored only one island, one oasis in the desert of space. In the far distance we discern another island which is that hazy patch of light in Andromeda.

With the help of the telescope, we can make out a great many more; in fact, a whole archipelago of islands stretching away one behind another until our sight fails. That speck of light which anyone may see is a sample of one of these islands. It is a world not only remote in space but remote in time. Long before the dawn of history, the light now entering our eyes started on its journey across the great gulf between the islands. When you look at it, you are looking back

that we first come into the world of experience. Our entry via the physical universe is a re-entry. The strange association of soul and body, of responsibility for truth with a bit of stellar matter—whether given to us by accident or not—is a problem in which we cannot but feel an intense interest, an anxious interest, as though the existence and significance of the spiritual side of experience were hanging in the balance.

The solution must fit the data. We cannot alter the data to fit the alleged solution. I do not regard the phenomenon of living matter, in so far as it can be treated apart from the phenomenon of consciousness, as necessarily outside the scope of physics and chemistry. It may happen that some day science will be able to show how, from the science of physics, creatures might have been formed which are counterparts of ourselves even to the point of being endowed with life, but scientists will perhaps point out the nervous mechanism of this creature, its powers of emotion, of growth, of reproduction, and end by saying, "That is you." But, remember, the inescapable test is: Is it concerned with truth in any way that I am? Then I will acknowledge that it is indeed myself.

We are demanding something more than consciousness. The scientist might point to motions in the brain and say that these really mean sensations, emotions, thoughts.

Even if we accept this rather inadequate substitute for consciousness as we intimately know it, while you may have shown us a creature which thinks and believes, you have not shown us a creature to whom it matters in any non-utilitarian sense what it thinks and believes.

BUT having disowned our supposed doubles, we can say to the scientist, "If you will hand over this robot who pretends to be me and let it be filled with the attribute at present lacking and perhaps other spiritual attributes which I claim are similar on less indisputable grounds, we may arrive at something that is indeed me."

An interesting point is that the recent revolutionary changes of science have made this kind of cooperative solution of the problems of experience more practicable than it used to be. That really is my one excuse for taking part in this debate, the one side of our complex problem in which we have recently had some new light.

A few years ago, the suggestion of taking the physically constructed man and endowing him with a spiritual nature by casually adding something would have been a mere figure of speech, a veritable vaulting over insuperable difficulties, in much the same way we thought of building a robot and then breathing life into him. But we could not do this with a delicate piece of mechanism designed to

walk mechanically. To adapt him for anything else would involve wholesale reconstruction.

Now, to be able to put anything in you must have a vacuum, and such a material body would not be hollow enough to be a receptacle of spiritual nature.

I know that our conception of the material universe must be very puzzling to most people, but I have no time to explain or define it. I will only say that any of the young theoretical physicists of today will tell you that the basis of all the phenomena that come within their province is a scheme of symbols connected by mathematical equations. That is what the physical universe boils down to when probed by the methods which a physicist can apply.

A skeleton scheme of symbols is hollow enough to hold almost anything. It can be filled with something to transform it from skeleton into being, from shadow

When From The Human Heart The Cry Goes Out

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

Must the man of science give answer to the man in the street . . . "It is a universe of atoms and chaos?" A great British astronomer and physicist disagrees. He says that beyond the physical side of the matter we find "a spirit in which truth has its shrine".

It is the privilege of RADIO DIGEST to present his views, as set forth in a talk broadcast recently over the British network and the Columbia Broadcasting System.

into actuality, from symbols into the interpretation of the symbols.

It seems to me that the time has come when scientists can no longer be able to point to the result and say, "That is you." We will say rather, "That is how I symbolize you in my description and explanation of those of your properties which I can observe. If you claim any deeper insight into your own nature, any knowledge of what it is that these symbols symbolize, you can rest assured that I have no other interpretation of the symbols to propose."

The skeleton is the whole contribution of physics to the solution of the problem of experience. From the clothing of the skeleton it stands aloof. The scientific conception of the world has come to differ more and more from the

commonplace conception until we have been forced to ask ourselves—what really is the aim of this scientific transformation? The doctrine that things are not what they seem is all very well in moderation but it has now proceeded so far that we have to remind ourselves that the world of appearances is the one we have actually to adjust our lives to. That was not always so.

FIRST, the progress of scientific thought consisted in correcting gross errors in the commonplace conceptions. We learned, for example, that the earth was spherical, not flat. That does not refer to some abstract scientific earth but to the earth we know so well, with all its color, beauty and homeliness. For my own part, when I think of a tennis match in Australia, I cannot help picturing it upside down, so much has the roundness of the earth become part of a familiar conception!

Then we learned that the earth was rotating. For the most part we give an intellectual assent to this without attempting to weave it into our familiar conception, but we can picture it if we try.

In Rosetti's poem, the Blessed Damozel looks down from the balcony of heaven on "The void as low as where this earth spins like a fretful midge," and perfect truth alone can enter her mind.

Now let us try something fairly modern. In Einstein's theory, the earth, like other matter, is a curvature in space-time. What is commonly called the spin of the earth is a ratio of the two components.

I am not sure that it would be derogatory to an angel to accuse him of not understanding the Einstein theory. My objection is more serious. So long as physics, tinkering with the familiar world, was able to retain those aspects which concern the esthetic side of our nature, it might with some show of reason claim to cover the whole of experience, and those who claimed that there was another side to experience had no support to their claim.

This picture omits so much that is obviously essential there is no suggestion that it is the whole truth about experience. To make such a claim would be offensive not only to those religiously inclined but to all who recognize that man is not merely a scientific measuring machine.

If it were necessary, I would at this point turn aside to defend the scientist for pursuing the development of a highly specialized solution of one side of the problem of experience and ignoring the rest, but I will content myself with reminding you that it is through his efforts in this direction that my voice is now being heard by you. At any rate, there is method in his madness.

Another striking change of scientific views is in regard to determinism, the

(Continued on page 104)

Who Knows—But YOUR CHILD May Be One of The CARUSOS of Tomorrow

*Here's How To Save Him From The Fate
of The Window Cleaner With the Glorious
Voice Who Couldn't Make Good in Opera*



By FRANK LA FORGE

THEY will come from homes that dot the four corners of this broad land—our future Carusos and Pattis. They will fill the ranks of the Metropolitan and other opera companies, and the Radio will give their voices wings.

But a beautiful voice in itself is no more the open sesame to operatic stardom than a beautiful face is to dramatic stardom. It is only the beginning. Whether its guardian will ever reach the bright lights and the plaudits, depends very largely upon the musical training that has gone before, training that can best be given during childhood,—and therein lies the tragedy of the American singer.

In this country there is current a romantic supposition to the effect that a voice is "discovered", after which the lucky possessor has little else to do but trip gaily up the brightly studded ladder to stardom. This legend probably originated in the fertile imagination of some press agent seeking colorful copy for his prima donna client.

A story is told of our American Ambassador to Great Britain, Charles W. Dawes, whose home is in Chicago where he is one of the directors of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. He was walking down Michigan Boulevard one day when he heard a voice of great power and

sweetness. The Ambassador paused, for be it understood, as a composer, patron of opera and instrumentalist, he prided himself on knowing a voice when he heard one, and assuredly this was one. He looked about to discover from whence such

golden tones were being freely dispensed. Ah, yes, unmistakably, they were coming from a young Italian who was engaged in briskly swabbing off a large front window. Ambassador Dawes became all attention. The fellow certainly had a voice. He engaged him in conversation.

Yes, window cleaning was his regular job; no, he had never studied music. He sang because of a full heart. In fact, he had always sung. It was pent up inside of him and he had to get it out, so he sang.

Ambassador Dawes felt that here was a real find and had visions of being hailed as the discoverer of a future opera idol, so he took the young fellow in hand and began a somewhat intensive musical edu-

cation which he sponsored. He even went so far as to bring about the erstwhile window washer's début as the Duke in *Rigoletto*. Alas, the resplendent Duke was soon back at his old job again, washing windows and singing while he worked, perhaps a trifle wistfully.

No doubt he did have a glorious voice and one of exceptional promise. He might even have been famous today. If this lad's mother had insisted on piano practice, when he was a boy, his story might have been vastly different.

I have heard hundreds of beautiful voices, but voices unsupported by adequate preparation in the simple rudiments. Some of them were indeed exquisite but their possessors did not even know how to read music at sight or keep time properly, two cardinal principles of preparedness that are so essential, they are taken for granted. Assuredly no busy conductor nowadays will stop a costly rehearsal long enough to point out such elementary matters.

Moreover, should a singer decide to overcome this handicap at all costs, he will certainly need an iron determination. He would feel like an adult who is just starting to school to learn his numbers and letters. These are matters to occupy the child mind, not that of the grown person. The results produced are needless handicaps, tears, heartaches and often failures.

Thus you may see why more than voice is needed to accomplish the unusual. Let us consider some further points—the idea of the requirements of a singing career. When he first appeared at the Metropolitan, Lawrence Tibbett, with his glorious

(Continued on page 107)



FRANK LA FORGE, Author of This Article, has been assisting artist to Marcella Sembrich, Mmes. Alda, Schumann Heink and many others. He answers those many inquirers who ask "How can I help my child to become a Radio artist?"

Alexander Woollcott, sits in front of the mike just before he swings into action on the period of the Gruen Guild Watch at CBS.



By

ALEXANDER
WOOLLCOTT

“LAST autumn I sent several old wives’ tales onto the air—the story of the vanishing lady, for instance, and the story of the dead man in the subway. I prefaced each with a question. Each story had been told to me as true. Was it? The question was genuine. It was not the threadbare device of a funny broadcaster trying to whip up interest as one whips up an omelette. I honestly wanted to know. I cannot conceive of asking a question for any other reason.

“Well, the answers came flooding in like pigeons homing to their comfort station—the Public Library. From all the cities and towns on this part of the Atlantic seaboard, from Quincy in Massachusetts and Metuchen in New Jersey and Timonium in Maryland, the answers came in. This would be a fair sample:

“‘Dear Mr. Woollcott:

“I heard your story of the murdered man in the subway. I am a school teacher and I don’t usually write fan letters like this one. I don’t like the way you pronounce words and I think you talk much too fast, and I would much rather hear the Crockett Mountaineers. But I felt obliged to answer the question you asked the other night. You wanted to know if the story about the murdered man in the subway was true. I happen to know that it is true, Mr. Woollcott, but you had some of the details wrong. It didn’t happen in the subway last winter. It happened in a trolley car in Salt Lake City four years ago. I know, because it happened to a friend of a cousin of mine. I have written out to my cousin to get the exact date and the name of his friend for you and will let you know as

More TOWN CRIER TALES

*Have You Heard This One?—About The
Princeton Grad and the Good Samaritan?*

soon as I hear. I hope you won’t think me a silly little thing if I ask you to send me a photograph of yourself. Cordially and sincerely yours,

Henrietta Pee wee.’

“Well, that’s Henrietta’s letter. And if that is a fan letter, I’m Rudy Vallee. I need hardly add that Henrietta’s cousin in Salt Lake City never came across with the details and that I never heard again from Henrietta.

“THE story I am going to tell next is one that has come to me in twenty different forms from as many different sources in the past two years. The last person to tell it and the one who told it in much the same form I am using tonight is Colonel Ralph Isham of London and Glen Head. Colonel Isham is that eagle of collectors who, under the hooked and irate noses of all the great dealers in autographs, recently carried off the greatest prize of our time, ‘The Boswell Papers’, which are now being published a volume at a time. You can

run down to Macy’s and buy them by the dozen, if you want to. They are only \$50.00 a volume. Colonel Isham used to be a newspaperman himself. In his salad days he used to be known as the millionaire reporter of *The New York World*. He is, to my notion, the most expert and engaging raconteur now audible at the dinner tables of this latter-day Babylon. Like myself, his specialty is twice-told tales—at least twice told. It is his supreme gift to pick up a bit of American folklore and so sharpen and enhance it that it emerges a gem. Speaking of twice-told tales, I have been at

once flattered and perplexed by the recurrence of one request in the Town Crier’s mail bag. From sundry and scattered listeners-in, I have been receiving a suggestion that we celebrate Halloween next fall by retelling the ghost story called “Full Fathom Five” which I spun over the air amid the ducking apples and the grinning pumpkins last fall. I wish there was some way I could determine how many of my audience of a year ago would be infuriated by my telling the story again.

“However, to get back to Colonel Isham’s yarn, it’s a story about a watch. In a panic, I seem to hear a large part of my audience beginning to growl suspiciously. Your Radio addict can smell propaganda with a gas mask two miles off. I can hear a lot of you cagey old birds saying ‘If the Town Crier had been engaged by the Camel people, this story would be about a cigarette.’ My answer to that is: ‘You lie in your teeth.’ This story is about a watch. It begins with a young Princeton alumnus telephoning from his room at the Princeton club in New York

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Rita Bell, bewitchingly demure, did the Helen Kane lines and boop-a-dooping in the Radio showing of *Sweeties*.

Station KHJ Successfully Performs The Noble Experiment— “On With The Show” Brings Sound Pictures To The Air

TORTURED with stereotyped Radio presentations, western listeners have at last discovered something new in what KHJ labels *On With The Show*, which is given each Wednesday at 7 P. M., Pacific time, from Los Angeles.

Several of these have taken an entire talkie feature, cut and revised, and brought out in a Radio version which, somehow or other, never seems to lose any of the lustre of the original production even though the time element has been considerably curtailed.

Besides the talkie productions, the station has also put on light operas, musical comedies and operettas during this *On With The Show* series which is billed to run for a full fifty-two weeks.

The Love Parade, Chevalier's noted vehicle, was the initial attempt. In its original film version this production readily lent itself to numerous characters and many scene changes. But of course the Radio adaptation reduces both the number

of people in the cast and the number of scene shifts.

The picture at your neighborhood theatre showed some twenty-two speaking parts. But the Radio version, cutting and doubling, reduced this to exactly ten.

Then again, the original picture script called for ten sequences, while the adapted Radio script culled this to only four. The screen showing viewed exactly 329 scenes, but only fourteen of these found their way into the broadcast program.

All in all, the cutters and adapters, musicians and continuity men, pick out a few definite “shots” and these are portrayed by music, dialogue and sound effects.

The Love Parade went over in a large-sized way. Impersonating Maurice Chevalier was one Charlie Carter. That's the boy's name, although some of the press insist on dubbing him “Charles Cartier”, to create an impression of French atmosphere.

A San Francisco lad of sixteen, his father is a well known physician up in the San Francisco Bay region. He manages his youthful son and heir. For *The Love Parade* young Carter did both the lines and songs of Chevalier, although in some of the KHJ Radio-talkies it was found necessary to use two separate and distinct casts . . . one for lines and the other for singing.

The boy's impersonation of Chevalier was a knock-out. So far his Radio work has been confined to this one piece of acting. But he does it well and with plenty of snap and verve.

The major portion of the score and dramatic action of *The Love Parade* was left intact. Yet a tremendous amount of unique labor and ingenuity were demanded of the staff in order to give the ear that which the screen feeds to the eye.

This included the writing and arranging of motifs and incidental music, the skillful weaving of musical themes into the en-



RADIO

By Dr. Ralph

trance and exit of the leading characters, the placing of melodic symbols so that the listener can easily orient his imagination. Under the stimulus of a mere phrase of dialogue, and a few strains of music, the imagination of the listener creates within him the scene which, on the screen, appears concretely before the eye.

THEN there was the complete Radio version of *The Rogue Song*, but, instead of Lawrence Tibbett, California's proverbial playboy, the lead was taken by Pietro Gentile, young Italian baritone, who was Tibbett's understudy during the filming of the production.

Twenty-five years old in April, Gentile was born in Foggia, Italy. His father was a dilettante musician and his mother a noted sportswoman who was once decorated for bravery by King Emmanuel of Italy, a signal honor.



Ted White is another KHJ staff member who has had singing roles in Radio talkies.



Pietro Gentile was the swag-ger and dashing baritone hero of *The Rogue Song*, produced in Los Angeles by KHJ.

TALKIES

L. Power

While in his teens, Gentile pulled away from parental ties and landed this side of the Statue of Liberty with a magnificent physique, a natural in voice, youthful fire, ambition . . . but no money.

Pietro took a fling at the boxing game for awhile and then followed it up with some singing. Thus some people knew him as the boxing-baritone. He became a favorite singer in society circles and 'tis small wonder that he worked out the combination on the front doors of some of the bigger and better families in Washington and New York.

On Broadway young Gentile did the juvenile lead in Eddie Cantor's *Whoopee*. He is now doing some picture work in Southern California. Not so long ago he caught many distinguished colds while posing for famous artists who delighted in the perfection of his particular style of architecture.

As KHJ's second talkie production, *The*

Rogue Song, also went over quite big, the staff launched out on an ambitious undertaking of talkies, operettas and other similar features for the coming year.

For instance, there was the studio offering of Balfe's *The Bohemian Girl*, which starred Fred Scott . . . one-time Radio singer who seems to have made good with a vengeance in the movie world.

Young Scott's excellent voice and fine dramatic ability helped him to rise from the ranks of Radio entertainment to starring parts on the silver screen and talkies.

While *The Bohemian Girl* was grand opera, the Radio story was so ably reconstructed that it became more understandable, more plausible . . . sort of losing the grand opera curse.

Then they tried the talkie of *Sweeties*, that screamingly funny story of a boys' school right next door to a girls' school. Station Announcer Kenneth Niles did the role which Oakie had in the original. Rita Bell did the Helen Kane lines. Elvia Allman enacted the role of

Miss Twill; Ted White as *Biggy*; Lindsay MacHarrie as *Prof. Austin*.

Although the three previous Radio-talkies had used some outstanding guest artist, they did *Sweeties* as an all-studio cast and everybody acquitted themselves pretty well.

PRACTICALLY all of the sound work for these Radio productions comes from the fertile brain of Charles Forsythe. Not content with the ordinary wind machine, he makes one to operate on an electric motor that does the wind storm in several shades and tones, to say nothing of sundry rain, hail and snow side-lines by way of variety.

This new Radio-talkie idea was evolved by Raymond Paige, KHJ musical director, as he was riding on top of a bus out in the wilds of effete Hollywood in search of ideas.

Assisting him was the station arranger, Frederick Stark, German violinist, with practical experience in music arranging for theatres on both the east and west coasts. He did the musical adaptation and wrote new music atmosphere to fit in here and there.

Production Manager Lindsay MacHarrie, one-time assistant student manager at the University of Washington, collaborated in revising the script to fit the limitations of Radio and adapting the talkie to the air production.

Dick Creedon, feature director, and Ted Osborne, erstwhile news-hound, now on the continuity staff, are diligently burning the midnight oil in search of brand new material to keep the series humming along through 1931.



Charlie Carter (left), who played the lead in *The Love Parade* for KHJ and does Maurice Chevalier impersonations, is only sixteen. Kenneth Niles (right), regular KHJ announcer who did a song and some tap dancing in *Sweeties*.

Broadcasting from

Radio Censorship

WITH the passing of every month the discussion about Radio censorship is growing in volume and in the number of factors involved. As matters now stand, the Federal Radio Commission is definitely limited in its powers to obscenity, blasphemy, treason and the like, although it may fail to renew the license of any station which, in its judgment, is not serving the public interests effectively. As a practical matter, this means that the Federal Radio Commission can exercise little or no censorship over individual Radio programs insofar as they contain objectionable quantities and types of advertising, and involve statements which border close to, or actually constitute misrepresentation. Such censorship today comes under the sole jurisdiction of the chain or individual station accepting a given program.

Certain prominent personages have been clamoring for Radio censorship and there is no doubting that as time goes on this will become as much of a muted subject as it has already become in the fields of book publishing and moving picture production. Experience teaches that in matters of this kind censorship must be either official, which means via some governmental agency, or unofficial, which means via some voluntary agency. Experience also teaches that of the two methods the voluntary plan is infinitely preferable.

Many of the individual stations and all of the leading chains are exercising a type of censorship which is highly commendable and which, in fact, often leans over backwards. Nevertheless, there are a few stations that are very lax in this matter of censorship and, like rotten apples in barrels of good ones, their practices are tending to lower the high plane on which broadcasting as a whole stands today. With a view to studying this situation and also the subject of voluntary censorship as a whole, the Editors of *RADIO DIGEST* suggest that a Board of Investigation be created under the auspices of the National Association of Broadcasters which shall report its findings on this matter.

Perhaps voluntary censorship is desirable; perhaps it is not. Perhaps no form of censorship is needed; perhaps it is. The whole question should be approached with strictly open minds and the Board of Investigation should include a representative group. In addition to adequate representation from the chains, the large local stations and the small local stations, there should also be at least one well selected individual representing each of the following: Advertising

agencies, national advertisers, the Federal Radio Commission, the American Federation of Advertising and the National Better Business Bureau. All of these factors have had extensive experience with regard to the practical phases of censoring advertising copy, and it is probably on this phase that the most important questions arise as to misrepresentation. On the other hand, it would also be well to include individuals well versed in the evolution of censorship as applied to moving pictures, books, vaudeville and the theatre.

It may be difficult to organize such a Board of Investigation and particularly to have it function effectively. Much will depend upon the selection of an able chairman. At least the effort seems justified because it is important for the broadcasting industry to know just why censorship is not desirable and unnecessary, if such is the case. Again, if some sort of voluntary censorship seems desirable, it is vitally important to see that it takes form along lines that are sound and fair to all parties involved. It is quite possible that a code can be devised which stations can ratify individually on a voluntary basis, and it is also quite possible that those stations ratifying such a code will win greater approval with the Federal Radio Commission, with those who originate and spend advertising appropriations and with the American public. Such a code would be revised from year to year as intelligent and extensive study indicated is advisable, and in this manner the need for actual censors or boards of censorship might be permanently eliminated.

Electrical Transcriptions

RECENTLY the President of the National Broadcasting Company came out flat-footed against electrical transcriptions. The policy followed by other broadcasting chains and by many of the leading individual stations indicates a similar attitude toward this method of broadcasting programs. Meanwhile, however, the number of stations equipped to use electrical transcriptions is being steadily increased and the character of such equipment steadily improved. Also, articles are appearing in the daily press describing the progress which has been made both in the art of making electrical transcriptions and in the extent of their use.

The answer to all this seems quite obvious. Electrical transcriptions are here to stay and no doubt the character of programs offered through this method will be gradually improved to a point where they will be hard to distinguish

the Editor's Chair

from programs presented by talent in person. In reducing costs of sustaining programs over local stations during certain hours; in supplying salable programs to a certain number of local advertisers, and as a means of enabling certain national advertisers to syndicate programs on a staggered basis insofar as the time schedule is concerned—electrical transcriptions have a field. Also, the use of electrical transcriptions by national advertisers may be due in certain cases to the fact that chains of stations cannot be lined up for a given program at an identical hour.

Nevertheless, and in spite of these things which insure the future of electrical transcriptions beyond question of doubt, it is quite apparent that talent-in-person will always occupy the premier role from the standpoints of importance and public acceptance. The American people have demonstrated time and time again their ability to feel personalities brought before them via the microphone, and much of the popular success of broadcasting is attributable to this intimacy of relations which has been created between the artists and their audience. Even moving pictures do not have this supreme virtue of personal contact. There is also the highly important factor of timeliness and, of course, electrical transcriptions can never be recorded and delivered to the public simultaneous with an actual occurrence.

In our humble judgment electrical transcriptions will always run a bad second to direct broadcasting in their breadth and intensity of appeal. In other words, they can take up part of the stage but never dominate the stage—and for this reason presentations-in-person must ever be the bulwark of reputation and fame for broadcasting. Both methods have their place, but no one should fail to distinguish between their relative positions and respective limitations.

Midget Radio Sets

THE world wide decline in commodity prices and in manufactured goods and the lowered purchasing power which accompanied the general business depression of 1930 caused many business concerns to aim at a price market for their success. There are many examples of where the public has been offered new types of products at lower prices, and of where the quality of usefulness has not been seriously affected by the reduced prices. There are other cases where price reductions have been effected largely at the expense of quality and utility.

Sacrifices of this sort do not pay in the long run because

dissatisfied customers sooner or later fly back against the manufacturer. Midget Radio sets to a considerable degree fall in this category. While there are a few small size sets that are excellently made that sell at lower prices than those encased in larger and more costly cabinets, the fact remains that many of the midget sets which have been put on the market during the past few months fail to offer worth while values to the public. In other words, the dollar saving which they seem to offer is in truth a false economy.

In buying Radio sets we caution and advise our readers to investigate intensively before deciding on which set to buy. We make this suggestion in order that no one will make the unforgivable mistake of buying a set which does not do justice to modern Radio broadcasting. The many, many millions of dollars which are being spent to bring outstanding talent and great programs before the American public are largely wasted if they reach the listener through receiving sets that distort and ruin the actual programs. Hence, we say be sure to shop carefully and, if necessary, spend the extra dollars asked to insure a quality result as contrasted with a mangled result.

RAY BILL



RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

EVERY Friday morning *Collier's* Magazine appears on the news-stands.

Every Sunday night *Collier's* appears on the air.

The Radio hour is under the direction of John B. Kennedy, Associate Editor.



John B. Kennedy

Who's Who says that he was born in Canada in 1894. That makes him thirty-seven. Which is pretty young to have done all the things that *Who's Who* reports him to have done. For instance, to have been a newspaper man in Montreal, Toronto, St. Louis, Chicago, New York, and London. To have been a correspondent during the World War. To have been associated with Herbert Hoover in relief work in Europe. To have founded and edited in 1921 the magazine *Columbia*. To have been for the past few years editor and Radio director of *Collier's*.

Other facts culled from *Who's Who*

are that he came from Canada to the United States in 1909, that he attended St. Louis University, where he specialized in philosophy, that he married in 1916, that he has two children, that he has been decorated by the French and Belgian governments.

And grateful am I to *Who's Who*, for after my few moments talk with him snatched at the end of one of *Collier's* Radio hours, I found that I had a great many facts about the program but almost none about John B. Kennedy.

Of course I started him off by asking the very practical question: "Are you getting lots more subscriptions to your magazine because of the broadcast?"

"Well," he replied, "it's rather strange. We have had a tremendous increase in circulation, but we find that *Collier's* has grown as rapidly during the summer months when we are not on the air as during the months when we are. It must be the excellence of the book itself that sells it.

"We're in Radio broadcasting to entertain people, not to sell them. Our readers pay a nickel and they get from us two interesting shows a week, one for the mind—through the *eye*, and one for the mind through the *ear*. The good will established by *Collier's* Hour is an intangible thing. It cannot be measured by a yardstick. But from the piles of letters that come into my office, from the thousands of people who have attended this theatre to watch our performances, I'm convinced the yardstick would have to be a very large one."

And then just as I was going to ask him about his favorite hobbies, et cetera, he had to dash off to a previous engagement.

But that doesn't prevent me from saying something about the way *Collier's* Hour is presented. It is the only program I know where you can both eat your cake and have it, too—meaning that you watch the performers as they act, sing, or talk behind a great glass curtain which separates the stage from the audience, and from a loud speaker you hear the program just exactly as it is going out on the air.

Microphone technique, with its necessity for lowering the voice, is such that

most programs are spoiled for the listener who hears them in the studio. Often it is impossible to hear what is being said or sung into the microphone although the performers are but a few feet away. In *Collier's* Hour one both sees and hears.

The program has been on the air for over three years and since March 16, 1930, its performances have been broadcast from the stage of the Amsterdam Theatre every Sunday night at eight-fifteen, Eastern Standard time. To obtain seats one must write to *Collier's*, but so popular is the program that all seats have been spoken for for weeks ahead.

Audrey Marsh

THE race is to the swift. And the race is to the young. At least it seems so with this group of Radiograph people. Bert Lown, twenty-six, Lucille Wall, twenty or so, John Kennedy, thirty-seven, and here's Miss Audrey Marsh, soprano for the Columbia Broadcasting



Audrey Marsh

System, who is only nineteen years old.

She did get an early start. She began to sing at thirteen months. At that age her mother vouches she could carry the tune of *Smarty, Smarty*, which does seem appropriate, doesn't it, for a year-old songbird? Yes, she was quite a prodigy.



Lucille Wall

The breaks were with her in that both parents were musical, her father a singer, her mother a concert pianiste. Her career did not have parental opposition. All through her childhood her talent was fostered. In school her time was taken up rehearsing for amateur productions. Since she had a great deal of dramatic ability as well as musical talent she decided to try for the stage. When only fourteen she had parts in *The Prince and The Pauper* and in *Little Old New York*.

After graduating from school, she took some special dramatic work in New York. This didn't satisfy her. She wanted the real thing. Ann Nichols was getting together a company to take *Abie's Irish Rose* on the road. Little Audrey walked into the office and said she wanted a job. Ann Nichols gave her the lead.

For two years she was "Rosemary" in that world's most popular play. After that came a role in Christopher Morley's *After Dark*, which played in Hoboken.

Then came her Radio discovery.

She was at a party, she sang a few songs, a Radio executive was present. He arranged an audition at Columbia. Abracadabra, she was a Columbia star.

That in March, 1930. Since then she has been a featured singer over WABC.

Lucille Wall

LUCILLE WALL, who delights listeners as the Love Story Girl in *Collier's* Hour every Sunday night over NBC, was

born not so many years ago in Chicago. She didn't intend to have a dramatic career. At fourteen or fifteen she had made up her mind to be a nun. But her ideas changed and she decided to train herself as a pianiste. Then she heard Paderewski give a recital. The Polish genius so overwhelmed her that she gave up all ambition for a musical career.

The stage intrigued her next and to this idea she brought a determination that eventually brought her to Jane Cowl's company for a three-year engagement. Last year she was on Broadway in *Little Accident* and in *The Ladder*.

She tells an interesting story about her early stage experiences. She was applying at the offices of various theatrical agents asking for work. Finally one agent called her up and told her an actress was needed in such and such a play. She thanked him and naively said she'd let him know about it in two or three days. "All right," said the agent, and slammed up the receiver. Taking him literally, that it was "all right," she appeared in three days to say she'd take the job. "Lady," said the weary-eyed agent, "the girl who took that part has already opened in it." Yet, nevertheless, she eventually got a part from him, and made good at it.

Radio was just a happenstance. Over three years ago some friends told her of the *Collier's* Hour and of its need for someone to take parts in the dramatizations of its short stories. She tried out, was accepted, and has been with *Collier's* ever since. A year ago she began the "Polly Preston" rôle, which is a popular feature over NBC on Tuesday nights.

She is a tall girl, but with a sparkle and vivacity that is rare in the statuesque type. The microphone has enabled her to take the kind of parts she prefers to play—the gay young parts—which on the stage are denied to her because of her height.

"Glamorous?" She repeated the word I applied to her career. "Yes, I suppose it looks so from the outside, but it seems to me that all I do is to work and go home to rest. There is no life like the dramatic one for demanding energy and vitality. There may be some professions where one can burn the candle at both ends and still do good work, but acting is not one of them.

"Yes, I have a great deal of leisure, but it is leisure cut up into little bits. I never can look ahead a week at a time. I can't even plan a hair-dressing engagement."

Collier's Radio Hour is broadcast from the New Amsterdam Theatre with an audience on the other side of the glass curtain.

"At first this audience was terribly disconcerting," Miss Wall said. "I wanted to play to it and not to the microphone. Now, of course, I am used to it and it doesn't bother me. But at the beginning it required an effort of will to keep my mind on my Radio audience instead of

the theatrical one! Now I find it easy."

Bert Lown

A MILLION dollars, and then what?" That was the question I asked Bert Lown as I sat across the tea table from him in the supper room of the Hotel Biltmore.

For Bert Lown, leader of the Hotel Biltmore Orchestra, and heard regularly over WABC and the Columbia network, has admitted his ambition is "a million dollars."

The slender blonde young man, who looks like nothing so much as a youngster just out of college, quirked up a corner of his mouth. Said he, "I'm going to buy an island in the South Seas."

I thought that was just his pleasant way of telling me it was none of my business. So I said facetiously, "Where you will sit and sit and sit, and rest yourself, b'gosh."

"No. I'll probably be working as hard as I am now, but it will all be constructive work. Fifty per cent of my energy won't be devoted to fighting competition—as it is in this game, or in any business in the modern world. I want to build something with my own hands, to make



Bert Lown

something out of nothing. I don't know exactly what it will be. But something"—he wrinkled his brow—"well, the sort of thing Jim Dole did with his Hawaiian pineapples."

It began to dawn upon me that this young man was serious.

"But you don't like business, cities, the hustle and bustle of modern life."

"Cities? I hate 'em. But they're

(Continued on page 102)

MARCELLA

*Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask
Her about the Stars You Admire*

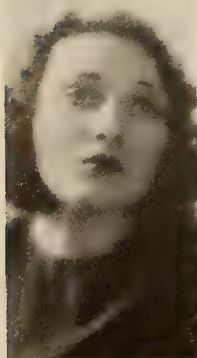
MY DEARS your Marcella is still almost overwhelmed with the affair of the month—and there have been so many things this season of the year. Passing along from the quite doggy doings aboard the Club Leviathan under the auspices of the RKO-NBC my idea of the real old home week was the Sunday night opening of WMCA atop the Hammerstein theatre. Very swank for a family gathering. And my previous peep at the guest list convinced me that everyone who was lucky enough to get a bid simply could not afford to miss it.

★ ★ ★

YOU may know that WMCA has been growing up. There are two floors of studios and the very finest of talent. It is without doubt the most progressive independent station in New York. All due of course to the energetic enterprise of Mr. Donald Flamm, owner and manager. The opening was due to the formal presentation of the new transmitter capable of spreading a program over half the continent or better. Guest artists were summoned from every quarter. Many of the leading celebrities of the air made their start in Radio at the old WMCA. They call it their alma mater.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE W. JOHNSTONE, representing Mr. Aylesworth of NBC, were in the audience of the little theatre shepherding a flock of lambs from the National group. Among these were Rudy Vallee, Alwyn Bach, Lucille Wall and Baby Rose Marie. Ted Husing and Norman Brokenshire mastered some of the ceremonies as representatives from the Columbia fold. Then there was the exquisite Bernadine



Bernadine Hayes

Hayes who was crowned Radio Queen, formerly of Columbia and more recently of NBC. (She is leaving New York as these lines are written with a trainload of talkie people for pictures to be taken in Hollywood—dear me, I've forgotten whether it was Warner Brothers or First National.) Then there were N. T. G., sometimes known as Nils T. Granlund, proprietor of the Hollywood Night Club and other notable ceremonial masters. Beautiful Nancy Carroll sat right beside me. And you can just bet RADIO DIGEST was represented by four members of its editorial staff (and escorts). It was an all night party, dear friends, with much



WMCA Television Theatre, New York

chatter and small talk as well as entertainment from the stage. I think it was about 2 a.m. when Mr. Brokenshire broke into a song which sounded much like "Three cheers for WMCA—long be its wave." Over it all flowed the blessings of a Methodist preacher, Catholic priest and Jewish rabbi—who participated in the program.

★ ★ ★

HERE'S a long overdue reply to a letter from Mr. R. L. McEachun who wrote from Fort Valley, Ga., on the general tendency to biased reporting of sports by broadcasters. He picks out Mr. G. McNamee at the time of the World Series and says there was a change in Graham's voice indicating something or other when Jimmie Fox hit a homer.

Quoth Mr. McNamee to me apropos: "If there was a change in my voice, other than the natural reactions to the many periods of excitement I was not aware of it. Certainly I was not rooting for St. Louis any more than I was for Philadelphia. The Radio announcer always gets it coming and going after any big game. The losing side always accuses the announcer of favoring the opposition. As a matter of fact I consider that I am talking to the whole United States. My enthusiasm is for the good plays wherever they are."

★ ★ ★

IT WAS over a luncheon at one of the women's clubhouses on East 57th Street that I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Petch. She is a short, energetic woman—just full of American pep—although she is English. And the remarkable thing about her is that she was the first woman to broadcast from Norway to America. You must have all heard her here in the United States for she was and probably still is, on a tour of the United States stations, delivering educational talks on various subjects. She is very modest about her work and when I referred to the great service she was giving to humanity—she said, "Marcie," that's the

short affectionate term for Marcella—"I don't like to be thought of as one of those dignified educators—I just love life—and I love the way it's lived in America—I like its enthusiasm, its verve." And as we sipped the last drop of tea, Mrs. Petch hurried away to catch a train to Toledo.

★ ★ ★

THE rolling pin has played many important parts in the history of many homes—but its unique possibility as a baton for conducting was first



Donald Flamm



Gladys M. Petch

discerned by none other than Ted Weems. It was natural for Ted to translate almost anything into musical terms, for one of his forebears, Angus Wemyes—is said to have invented the Scottish bagpipes, and his parents are both music teachers. Besides composing and music-ing, Ted took excursions into the literary field while attending the Towne Scientific School of the University of Pennsylvania, and contributed generously to the humorous publication, the *Punch Bowl*. To Ted Weems and his orchestra were paid the highest tribute afforded to any musicians in our land—that of playing for the Inaugural Ball of the President of the United States in Washington. And so day after day, the writer of *Piccolo Pete*, and his band gather fresh fame. Of course any little sketch about Ted would be incomplete without the mention of Art, his brother who early joined him in their melody journeys. Ted Weems and his orchestra are heard every week Gladys, over the Columbia Broadcasting System, presenting their programs direct from the Hotel Lowry, in St. Paul.



Ted Weems

NORMAN L. of Souderton, Pa. wants pictures and sketches of Harry Vonzell, Brad Browne and Al Llewelyn. And here they are grouped in a quartet, the fourth of which is Reynold Evans of whom a word later. Harry Vonzell started out on his Radio career, as a singer, *believe it or not*, but is now an announcer—and over the CBS. His later capacity was discovered when he was on a program in a local station in Los Angeles. Harry was to sing, with several other artists, but as the time rapidly approached for the opening of the program and no announcer appeared—Harry found himself with a script in his hand instead of the music sheet. He was nervous about it and thought that he had “flopped”, but a week later was surprised when he was given a regular job as announcer. Then in the competition for announcer on the Old Gold program, Vonzell was chosen out of two hundred applicants for the job.

ALMOST every day Marcella receives requests for more about Reynold Evans. Ruth A. of Akron says, “He surely is one of Columbia’s best announcers. I believe

if you asked ‘Reyn’ in a real nice way he would give you a picture without the Sheik’s garb.” Mary E. K. of Tonawanda, N. Y., asks for his photo; and E. E. D. of Buffalo wants a photo of Reyn for her scrap book. Well, here is Reynold Evans—and without any of the fol-de-rols which he wears in Arabesque. Reyn got the fundamentals of readin’, writin’ and ‘rithmetic at Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven. But the wanderlust seized him and he ran away to join a New York Stock company. He says he was terrible in the part that he took, but it could not have been that as this role started him in his theatrical career. Both of his eyes appear to be quite healthy, but he almost lost one of them in a duel with Walter Hampden during the first act of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Reyn also played with Cyril Maude and with Jane Cowl so he has an excellent dramatic background for his Radio career.

EDYTHE J. MESERANDE in the Press Relations Department of the NBC writes to RADIO DIGEST and says, “This is for your little bird that knows all.” Please page Mrs. A. M. B. of Earlville, N. Y. James Wallington, or Jimmy as he is known to everyone, is only 22 and hails from Rochester. For three years he studied at the University of Rochester—that is, he attended, anyway. He always had a charming voice, as his neighbors commented, and like most Radio announcers, he began his public career as a singer. It was at WGY, Schenectady that he sprouted up into a full-fledged announcer,

writing continuities and directing the plays. Came the day—(last summer) he met Miss Stanislaw Butkiewicz, or the future Mrs. Wallington, which is much easier to pronounce, and they sailed off upon their honeymoon on an airplane trip through Canada. Jimmy looks a bit older than his twenty-two years. He is over six feet tall, has blue eyes, light brown hair and a close-clipped mustache. Our Imperturbable Printer must have shaved off the mustache in the process of reproduction here.



James Wallington



Ford Bond

THIS too, is for Mrs. A. M. B. Good evening, Ladies and—Ford Bond speaking. In a Chicago medical college where his parents urged him to go, Ford preferred studying music to dissecting cats. That’s where parents err—of course, this column is not for the purpose of

disciplining parents—but when a lad has a singing voice, why send him to a medical college? When he was twenty-two he directed the community chorus and church choir at Alexandria, La., but sooner or later, Radio “gets” any ambitious person, and beginning at WHAS, Louisville, as announcer, then director of studios, music and general programs, he won his way to New York and hid himself over the NBC. Fifteen churches in New York invited him to sing but he accepted finally the offer of the Marble Collegiate Church to become a member of their choir and sing to the congregation.

CHUBBY PARKER is not on WLS any more, Mel. R. He is living in Chicago, with his family, but is not connected with any station. Bob Boulton is back at college, probably deeply immersed in higher math, Greek, literature and the like. Steve Cisler—says that Bob was a live wire around the studios and quite popular with the ladies on his famous Town Crier Cooking school. Very young and unmarried. Eddie Allan is the Dixie Harmonica King of WLS. He has six hundred tunes packed in his mouth harp. Married! More of WLS in March, Marcella hopes. Bradley Kincaid is dividing his time between WLW and WLS. Even Steven himself has turned Buckeye and joined WGAR at Cleveland.



Upper: Harry Vonzell, Brad Browne
Lower: Reynold Evans, Al Llewelyn



Roger Bower

of Nit Wit Fame—and did you know, Norman, that Harry C. Browne, director of Hank Simmons' *Show Boat* which has seen its *steenth* hundred performance on CBS, is Brad's brother? And would you think that this stirrer of mirth and giggles once studied law at Georgetown University and has an LL.B.? But he didn't want to practise law—he wanted to practise on the banjo—and he's some banjo strummer. Of course, it's all in the family—for the father is quite at home with this instrument—and in the good old days—the people would gather around in the Browne homestead and all would dance to the merry tum-tums of the banjo. Brad went overseas with the 101st regiment and as personnel corporal, he had leisure to write army songs and entertain his buddies. As a matter of fact, Brad is so popular, that his picture is on the Coming and Going page. I think I snatched the better picture, don't you?

★ ★ ★

THINGS looked awfully black—and it wasn't in Pittsburgh, either—when Al Llewelyn's steel foundry—that is he was the production manager—burned to the ground. But he picked up odds and ends here and there and managed to calm the landlady on Saturdays with enough money to stay for another week. At the same boarding house lived none other than Brad Browne—and the only one, probably who didn't enjoy the merriment was the landlady—because the other guests never got to bed with these two comedians around—and there was the candlelight bill to be paid. It was at a Newark station where Brad and Al won public acclaim and as Newark isn't far from New York, they came to this city and broadcast their *Cellar Knights*, *Tramp*, *Tramp*, *Tramp*, and other comical sketches over the CBS. They now have other programs including the Pertussin Playboys which they broadcast daily at 8:15 in the morning. His success is not confined to radio for his golf score is in the low nineties.

★ ★ ★

ANY time that Marcella herself is so busy that she can't see the Columbia stars personally, she calls up Gilbert Cant



Vida Sutton

and asks frinstance, in her very chirping voice—How old is Guy Lombardo—and off rushes Mr. Cant to Guy Lombardo, takes a peek at his birth certificate—rushes back to the telephone—28 years. Are any of his brothers married—and off he rushes again to the four brothers—and asks each one of them if he is in bondage to the matrimonial vow—hurries back to the telephone and says—“No, they're not married yet!” Leonore C. of Oil Springs, Ontario wants to know if Carmen Lombardo wrote *Until We Meet Again*. Did he, Mr. Cant? Mr. Cant says, yes. They're all four brothers—and they make some quartet, don't they, Christine? Christine of Kenosha says that there is a resemblance between Victor Lombardo and the Prince of Wales.

★ ★ ★

BETTY of Stamford writes, “I think Roger Bower of WOR is great—he's a humorous announcer—what I like”.

Here he is just as happy as ever. George Roger Bower is his full name, but for some reason or other he dislikes the name George. Well, George, I mean Roger, is a native of Gotham and even attended the universities here—N. Y. U., and City College. He's had his finger in everything—farm hand, desk hand, logger, etc. He is even a Spanish interpreter. WMCA is his alma mater also. Here he worked for several months as a fight announcer, but he is now thriving at WOR and seems to be quite happy both from his picture and his voice over the telephone.

★ ★ ★

AND here comes Ford Rush. And here is a partial list of people who have asked about him: Eddie of Peoria; Mrs. Daisy R. of Emporia; and Rosalind T. of Detroit. Ford calls himself the “Pal of the Air” and he certainly proves himself to be that judging from the hundreds of

letters he receives from all types of people in different parts of the country. He is now at KMOX “tenoring” away, writes Miss Junkin, program director, “and has such a likable disposition that he is quite irresistible.”

★ ★ ★

SH-SH-SH. Irene Beasley is on the CBS, but I can't tell you a thing else about it. There's a terrible secret—all that I know is that she's on an advertising program and no one will give me the name of it. So, Maud S. of Station, Texas, and Twilla of Salina, Kansas, ef'n Ah wuz you, I'd keep a sharp ear for her voice.

★ ★ ★

MISS VIDA SUTTON has the enviable task of teaching NBC Radio announcers how to speak distinctly and correctly. It was she who coached Milton J. Cross and Alwyn Bach and they both came home with the diction gold medals.

★ ★ ★



Paul Specht

DEE of Newport writes a very chatty letter about Paul Specht. She says, “For those Specht admirers who have not had the good fortune to see their idol on the job, let them visualize a tall, slender, good-

looking young man, of fine Pennsylvania Dutch stock, tucking his violin under his chin with a caressing gesture that shows how well he loves it. He told me his two Pennsylvania Dutch farms are his hobby and Paradise. He has managed to sidestep the racketeering clutter of grafters, etc., etc., which so often impede the traffic along the royal road to renown. He speaks with the greatest reverence of his parents, “a pure old-fashioned mother, an industrious musical father. Paul Specht is a rich man—rich in the things worth while, in happy home ties and associations, in experiences and in accomplishments, in character and in high ideals.” Now, Dee, Dear, I think that is a beautiful character delineation. Even Boswell could not have done better. And I'm returning Paul Specht's pictures to you. Thank you for them.

★ ★ ★

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.



Upper: Carmen and Guy Lombardo
Lower: Lebert and Victor Lombardo



Ford Rush



Such Pulchritude!

KROW Issues CHALLENGE

HERE'S a station that thinks it has the most beautiful staff of feminine entertainers of any broadcaster in the United States. They're KROW-ing so vigorously about it that RADIO DIGEST thought it only fair to beat television to it and let everyone else have a look at the fair staff of the Oakland station.

They offer plenty of variety—blondes, brunettes, titian-haired entertainers ranging the gamut from the soulful, dreamy type to peppy, jazzy girls.

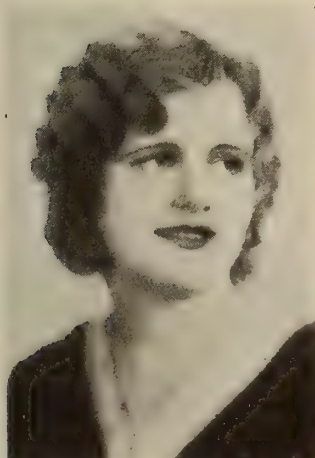
And so they issue a challenge to the incorporated Radio Stations of the broad, wide, U. S. A., to submit photos of their staff members to the searching eye of publicity. We'll then appoint you Radio listeners and readers as a nation-wide jury to pick the most beautiful staff.

Other broadcasters will have to go a long way to beat this array of gorgeous talent. All of the young ladies are actively associated with the station—there are no "imported" beauties, and all of them are well and favorably known to Pacific Coast listeners.

top row, left to right—June Gilman, the girl with a smile in her voice, receptionist, has been with KROW since its opening. Jean Ardath—she's the titian-haired one!—the station's jazz and concert pianist. Mildred Lewis, next, passes on your request numbers to the musical director when you call—she's called "half-pint" 'cause her height is just five feet. Madeline Sivy, the Bohemian Violinist is just nineteen, and a real artist.

Left, reading downward—Betty The Shopper, fashion dictator, who knows what to buy, what to wear and—important—how to get it for the least money! Helen Benson, the Banjo Girl, is very, very blond and the dreamy sort of person a banjoist should be. Lillian Boyd, ravishing brunette, is 21 and has double barrelled talents—a soft contralto voice and piano fingers.

Right, reading downward—Maybelle Gleeson, winsome blond wife of Bill Gleeson, general manager of KROW. Beth Chase— isn't she too demure? No, looks are deceiving, for Beth is the Oakland station's blues-singer and jazz baby—tap-dancer, too. Nola Starr has Irish eyes—is a daughter of Erin who can bring tears to your eyes with her tender, rich contralto voice.



Mingling with *Mid-Westerners*

By

BETTY MCGEE

Chicago Correspondent

OVER in the Civic Opera House we find a very versatile couple—Marion and Jim Jordan . . . they bring to mind the truism that versatility is a necessary requirement for every Radio artist. This harmony team of WENR, formerly of the vaudeville stage, have a repertoire of four or five different kinds of Radio acts. First, they are both members of the cast of the "Smith Family", well known comedy sketch. Then, they sing duets together. When they solo, Marion is a specialist in character songs, while Jim is frequently heard in the ballad type of composition. Last, they present a short comedy and musical sketch known as "Marion and Jim's Grab Bag" in which jokes are intermingled with tunes.

And speaking of artists we think of Leon Bloom, musical director of WBBM. Mr. Bloom is responsible for the fact that though that station broadcasts a number of the world's most famous orchestras including Paul Whiteman's, Ben Bernie's, and Jan Garber's WBBM has to go no further than its studio orchestra to get any kind of music needed and to have it played in a style that takes its place in quality with the topnotchers of the world. Mr. Bloom was a concert pianist before becoming director of his orchestra and has

played in the leading cities of both Europe and America.

And still talking music and musicians, Jules Herbeveaux is quite a character. He combines a polished and dignified exterior with the impulses of the incorrigible clown. Strange as it may seem Jules studied to be an engineer. However, it was over in France that he first picked up a saxophone and he has never laid it down; and probably never can, now that his syncopations are a regular feature

over at KYW. His two greatest interests are his lovely suburban home, and aviation . . . and folks at the studio are already putting in bids for rides in the plane he hopes to buy soon.

* * *

BILLY DOYLE, who is Rudolph in the WCFL team of Adolph and Rudolph, tells a funny story about his partner, Ned Becker. Years ago they drifted together in Chicago and decided to work up a vaudeville act, which was to include "Dutch" dialect and jokes, and a little "hoofing". Billy was a dancer, but Ned wasn't, so a pair of wooden shoes was bought for the inexperienced member of the team and he was set to work clogging.

After a week or so of practice, both boys decided their act, including the clogging (now they call it tap-dancing) would pass muster, so they got a job in a three-a-day down in Paducah, Ky. Billy Doyle danced, and all was well. Then it came Ned's turn, but he stood there absolutely paralyzed . . . he had forgotten every step that Billy had taught him! After what seemed like an eternity, they left the stage, packed their properties, and tried to sneak out of the back door. But the manager caught sight of them and said enthusiastically—"Boys, you saved the show; the part where Ned makes believe he forgot his dance was a wow!" Luck was with them . . . after six weeks in Paducah they earned a good reputation



Above—Marion and Jim Jordan and their piano, are as harmonious at home as they are at WENR studios. Both are good comedians and actors, too.

Top—Leon Bloom, musical director of WBBM, Chicago, is an ex-concert pianist.

The Radio Romeos (left) of WPG, Atlantic City, in their "Personal Appearance Regalia"—they have a memorized repertoire of five hundred ballads.

and played all the large circuits of vaudeville. War separated them, but Radio reunited them and today they are one of the most popular features of the Chicago station.

Pancake Festival Held at KGBZ

WHAT? *Pancake* festival at a Radio station? Yes—besides dispensing entertainment, Station KGBZ at York, Neb., recently went into the wholesale eating business, as witness these statistics—12 tons of pancake flour, 20 barrels of syrup and 1,500 pounds of coffee served to over 100,000 visitors.

But it was all free, served through the hospitality of Dr. George R. Miller, owner of the station. Invitations were broadcast and folks were fed in relays of 400 at a time. Members of the staff, including Henry and Jerome who recently won a *RADIO DIGEST* popularity prize, entertained in person during the eight days of the festival. Visitors came to York from distances of over one hundred miles—a tribute to the originality of the plan in back of the Festival.

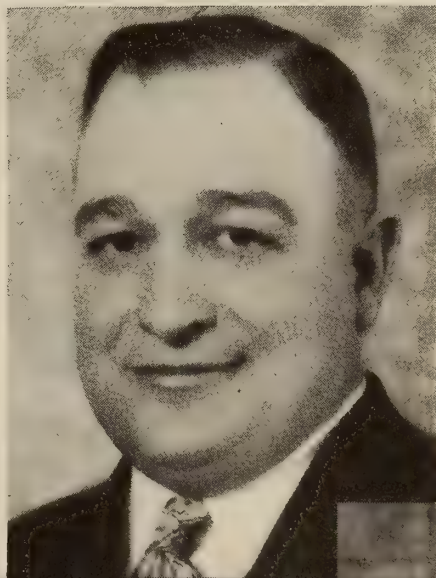
Bobby Jones Gives Radio Golf Lessons

IF YOU have a bad slice or put too much top on your ball or any of the other faults common to merely mortal golfers—prepare to correct them now, under the tutelage of Bobby Jones, who has turned golf pro under the banner of NBC to give listeners lessons. But watch out, don't drive into the china closet or the loud speaker! There'll be more about him in March *RADIO DIGEST*.

OUT in the K-call Country, where stations all begin with K's, *RADIO DIGEST* gives two stations—KHJ and KROW—a big splash this month, each with a feature story. As for the other broadcasters . . .

* * *

John McIntyre, KMPC announcer, does the Sunday night drama reading for his station in Beverly Hills, Cal., with organ background by Leo Mannes. Mac studied elocution in high school; continued at the University of Southern California, where he was student assistant in the School of Speech, and now his first job out of school is in broadcast. A year ago he married Gloria Quayle Montgomery and the ceremony was performed in



front of the microphone at the station.

* * *

Ray Bailey, debonair music conductor for KMTR, used to manage a dance hall orchestra up in Nome twenty-five years ago . . . later directing the Hotel Coronado orchestra down near San Diego way.

* * *

Jack Strock, who assumes full responsibility for KGER's Allay Oop frolic each afternoon out in Long Beach, Cal., comes from a theatrical family. But he never had a yearning for the stage, preferring instead to follow broadcast ways. Allay Oop freely translated means "giddap horsie," and that is what the hour is, a full sixty minutes of fun and horse play.

* * *

Purcell Mayer, KFI violinist, follows his line of Radio and concert work while his sister, Mary, tries a different angle on the same subject. She is music critic on a morning paper in the same city . . . Los Angeles.

* * *

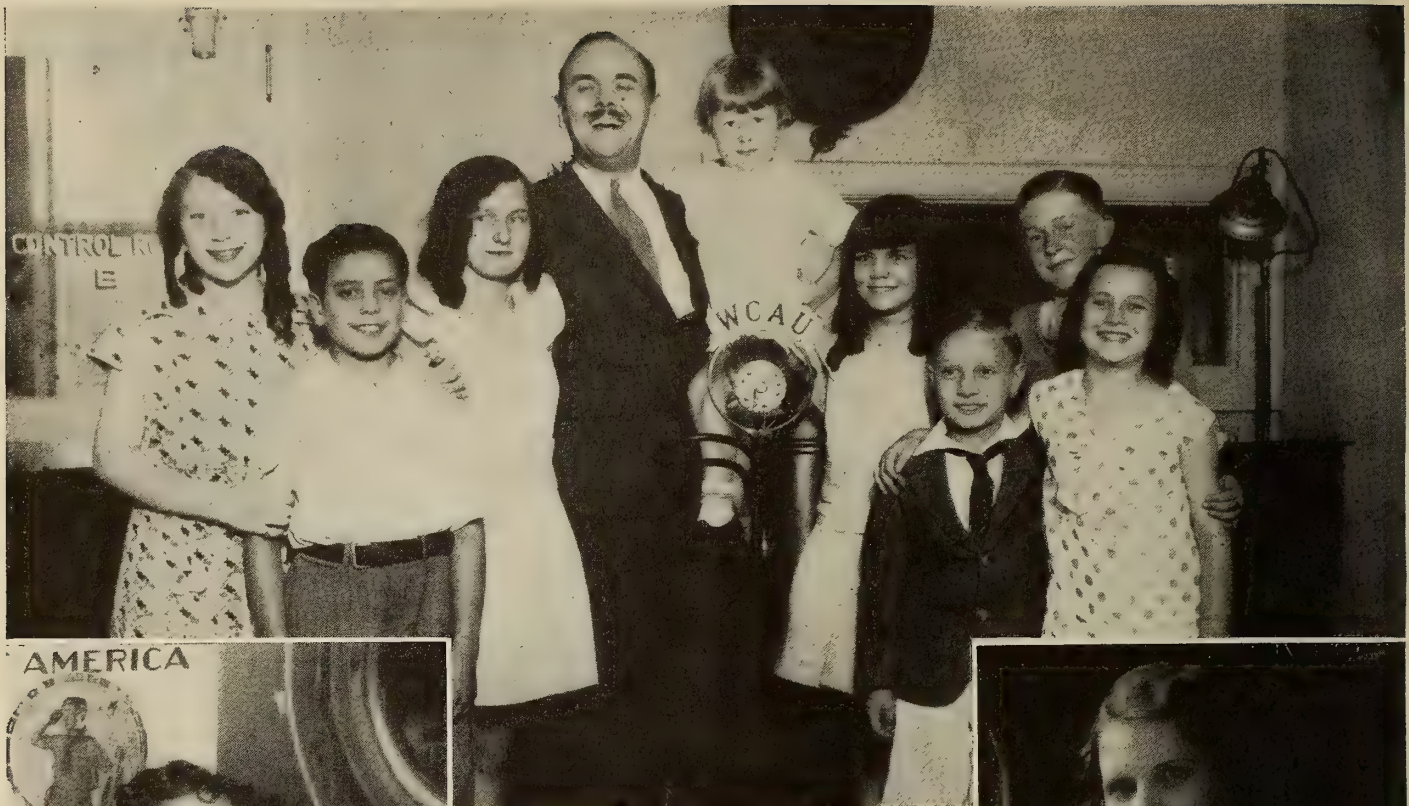
Charlie Wellman, "Prince of Pep," packs his toothbrush and hair lotion in a grip and goes from KHJ to KFSD for awhile. His singing voice in popular tunes of the day has been a KHJ feature for the last three years on regular schedule. Chuck, fifteen-year-old son, remains in Los Angeles while dad goes to San Diego. The boy is studying to be a lawyer.



Above—The principals of the WLW Canova Hour con their cues—left to right, Don Becker, Robert Brown, Harriet Wellen, Bill Stoess and Franklin Bens

Top—Dr. George R. Miller, owner of KGBZ, Pancake Festival Station at York.

Right—"Shure, Molly and it's swell coffee that you do be makin' to warm a cop's heart?"—Molly and Mike, of the KFI-KECA, humorous dialect team.



They're all good, but Bobby Dukes, on Stan Lee Broza's shoulder, is the youngest and cleverest of the WCAU Kiddies.



Tackling the biggest band instrument of all—the Jumbo Sousaphone—doesn't scare Alfreda Hagen, KSTP blues singer.

THE Sunshine Coffee Boys departed from KFAB in Yankton, and then they came back. Eddie Dean, the baritone of that harmony team, can also twang a guitar, while Jimmy Dean, the tenor, is a "harmonica-ist" too . . . Myron Woten of the same South Dakota station, is six years old, assists Daddy and Gladys Woten on their program, and lays claim to being the youngest announcer on the air . . . Earl Williams is another old-time WNAX'er who came back after a year spent with other stations.

Four-Year-Old Is Star of WCAU "Kiddies"

By KENNETH W. STOWMAN

AS RIPLEY would say, "Believe It or Not"—Bobby Dukes has appeared on the stage, screen and Radio and is not yet four. He is chief attraction on the WCAU Sunday Children's Hour.

About two years ago, Stan Lee Broza of Station WCAU conceived the idea of broadcasting a children's program. Within three weeks more than a hundred kiddies were awaiting their turn to broadcast and it became necessary to set a time for auditions to weed out poor material and to develop those which showed promise. The broadcasting time is Sunday morning, with auditions on Saturday, open to everyone. Thus in a nutshell the WCAU Children's Hour had its origin. So popular has this broadcast become that motion picture and stage stars await their Philadelphia arrival so that they may entertain these kiddies.

Last summer nine of the best kiddies, headed by Bobby Dukes, made their first stage appearance at the Fox Theatre in Philadelphia, where in one week they established an all-time house record for midsummer. They played later in Newark, N. J., Wildwood, N. J., Ocean City, N. J., and closed their run at Wilmington, Del., where they filled the house to capacity, a record for child entertainers.



Nashville, Tennessee, is her home, and she likes the South, says Justine Dumm, smiling soprano of Station WSM.

THE dramatic sketches *Abroad With The Lockharts*, heard from WCAU in Baltimore, are written by Gene Lockhart and his wife, Kathleen, who play the roles of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, both in real life and for the microphone.

Gene Lockhart is well known as a composer, one of his most popular song hits being *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*. Kathleen Lockhart is also a musician of note and has appeared in a number of stage productions in London and New York, as well as on the Radio.

WLW Team Discovered Leading Double Lives!

THE end men of the WLW Burnt Corkers team have another occupation. In private life Hink signs the checks of a college for which he acts as treasurer, as Elmer N. Hinkle. Dink is none other than George N. Ross, Oxford, Ohio, tobacco salesman, and when not blacked up, has light brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 160 pounds and is 5 feet 6½ inches tall. Married and has two children.

Hink has dark hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 7½ inches tall and weighs about 140 pounds. Beats his partner by one more child—has three.

* * *

TOM RICHLEY, xylophone player at WLW, is more than conscientious. He won't resort to even legitimate trickery. His own arrangement of "The Rosary" calls for chords on both xylophone and vibraphone. Although fellow musicians could competently play the vibraphone chords for him, Richley insists upon jumping from one instrument to the other and doing all the work himself. "I'd have to do it on the stage, and I can't cheat the Radio audience," he says.

* * *

WHEN his shoes developed a squeak just before a presentation of the Crosley Theatre at WLW, Edward A. Byron, production manager, removed the offending shoes and directed the play in his stocking feet.

* * *

SIDNEY TEN EYCK, announcer at WLW, is known to the Radio audience under more strange names than any other member of the staff of the Crosley radio stations. He gets letters addressed to names such as these: Tenite, Kemite, Tannyke, Tenike, Penite, 10 Ike, and 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 Eyck. Robert Burdette, another Crosley announcer, always introduces Ten Eyck to listeners as Ten Itch.



Here are the end men of the WLW Burnt Corkers—Hink and Dink—otherwise Elmer N. Hinkle and George N. Ross.

IT'S an extraordinary saw that Joe Lenzer plays at WLW. Made of the finest steel, copper plated, its handle of polished wood is decorated with ivory medallions studded with brilliants. That's a record, even for a musical saw.

Everett M. Strout Roamed From Spain to Singapore to KSTP

IT ISN'T often that a youngster selected to be a future president of the United States turns out to be a deep-sea diver—but that's what almost happened to Everett M. Strout, erstwhile diver, sailor, Radio technician, cook, and what not, who is now a member of the engineering staff of KSTP.

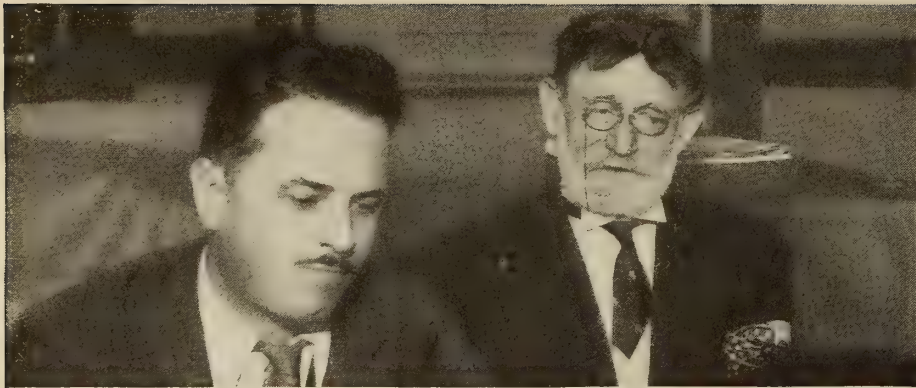
Proud of her young son, his mother boasted that some day she would be the mother of a President. "But I turned out to be a deep-sea diver," Strout related. At the age of thirteen years he ran away from home to start his career as a sailor. That step was the beginning of hazardous experiences and hair-raising adventures which ended not so long ago with his marriage to Miss Catherine Schoop of Oak Park, Illinois.

His stories concern: The weird music of Calcutta with its mysterious dark doorways, and how he spent a night in jail there for talking back to the captain of his ship; the alluring beauty of the women of Spain, and particularly Valencia, the most interesting of all the places which he visited; how his hair prematurely turned gray in the first storm that he encountered at sea; how his diving partner was killed while with him at Detroit; the thrills he experienced as he witnessed a cobra and mongoose fight at Singapore; and how he was stranded at Lake Superior with the propeller shaft of the ship broken and how his S O S calls brought ships to the rescue.

In 1923 Strout constructed one of the first Radio stations in Illinois, a 20-watt station at La Salle. Today he is employed by one of the largest Radio stations in the Northwest, KSTP in St. Paul, where he is known as somewhat of a magician or genius for his remarkable success on the technical side of broadcasting.



The seventeen members of the Aristocrats at WTMJ, Milwaukee, boast among their instruments everything from an accordion to a harp.



Quin Ryan, veteran WGN announcer, introducing Senator-elect James Hamilton Lewis in one of his recent Radio speeches.



Harry Seymour, genial announcer of the WSMB Sunday night Frolics, is losing some of his hair, it seems!



WTIC claims that "Tiny" Berman, 270 pounder, is the biggest Radio musician. But his big bass viol dwarfs him!

(Below) Jimmy Boyer, staff organist of WKBF in Indianapolis, is popular with folks in the Hoosier country.

Broadcast Artists Wind Up WSMB Sunday Night Frolic With Coffee

By MOISE M. BLOCK

Way down yonder in New Orleans Sunday nights bring to Radio fans an inimitable array of local and foreign artists. Banjoes strum—sopranos sing—pianists assail the melodious ivories—dramatists declaim—a real hot band burns up the ether waves—harmonica players wheeze sweet notes of love—and the WSMB Sunday night frolic is on.

At 9:30 thousands of Radio sets reach far into the air and bring in the voice of Harry Seymour, WSMB announcer: "Your favorite station, WSMB in New Orleans, now brings to you its regular Sunday night Frolic" and the show begins. Harry, as he is known around the studio, is one of the station's biggest favorites. To tens of thousands of Radio fans he is known as "The Gloomchaser", and he and his wife, the former Mina Cunard, motion picture player, sing together and are known as "Mr. and Mrs. Gloomchaser".

Harold M. Wheelahan, business manager of WSMB and in charge of all activities, is always on hand at these Sunday night Frolics, for he broadcasts, too. He specializes in duets with his brother Ed, a singer of note in New Orleans.

Those listening in on these Sunday night Frolics miss only one thing: the sandwiches and the piping-hot coffee that is served in a small room near the main studios. The artists on the bill, and some of the guests, make the sandwich table their "hangout" and a bee-line is the usual order for things after one has given vent to the talent.

* * *

Elsie Craft Hurley, WCAO's star soprano, has written Evangeline Adams for her horoscope. Last summer in Atlantic City Mrs. Hurley was "horoscoped" and learned that success would attend her singing and that the next two years would be particularly successful and eventful. However, she is taking no chances and is having another horoscope mailed to her.

* * *

Jack Turner Totes Over 50,000 Fan Letters

WHEN Joe Eaton, chief announcer for WHAS, addresses the microphone with a soft but emphatic, "—and now ladies and gentlemen, Jack Turner," feminine hearts, and masculine ones too, for that matter, skip a beat as the owners lean a bit forward in front of innumerable Radio receivers.

His career as a Radio artist on many stations is one marked by more requests than one can easily conceive of as coming to one man. As a matter of fact, Jack treasures every fan letter he has ever received and totes the whole flock of them around in several large trunks and valises completely packed with some 50,000 or 60,000 bits of appreciation from the Radio audience.

Jack Turner was born in the town of Hannibal, Mo. When he was five years old the family migrated to Quincy, Ill., and it was at about this time that Jack's brand of holler was noticed to be far superior to the other kids. Then—to



Jack Turner, (left), veteran Radio pianist, known to many stations, seems to have settled down at WHAS after wide travels.



"It's coal, coal, coal, in the depths of the earth," sings the Miners' Quartette, popular WGBI entertainers.

Ronald Jenkins (right), was born in Birmingham, but Southern listeners to WBT, Charlotte, like his "Yankee announcin'".



La Crosse, Wis., where Jack began to pound the piano and sing in earnest.

It was in this Badger city that Turner first looked a mike square in the face and sang to it. That was at station WABM, now WKBH. Also at this time they tacked on to Jack the title of "Black Key Turner." This didn't stick, but he's been called all manner of things since.

The lure of the bright lights then called, and down to Chicago where gangsters were a bit more scarce than nowadays, journeyed La Crosse's gift to the air. Chicago stations were not slow to recognize what a feature Jack was and in those days he was one of the most popular entertainers at WHT, Wrigley Building, along with Pat Barnes and Al Carney, and also at WQJT, the Rainbow Gardens, and WTAS in the Kimball building.

Then came Jack's two very successful years at WTMJ in Milwaukee. But the old wanderlust claimed him again and he struck out for warmer climes, intending to make an extended tour of Southern and Western Stations, eventually ending up in California—where so many things do end up. But Jack never got past his first month at WHAS, Louisville, Ky., his first stop. The management of the station and his new and delighted public saw to that. Jack has been with the station an entire year now.

* * *

New England Gains New Radio Network

WITH the addition of Station WICC, Bridgeport-New Haven, to the Yankee network, this chain now has six members . . . the others are WNAC, Boston, WEAN, Providence, WORC, Worcester, WLBZ, Bangor, and WNBH, New Bedford.

Station WICC has the distinction of being the only United States broadcaster to claim two cities as its locale. Some of its programs originate in Bridgeport, others in the city which also boasts the Yale campus; and, of course, it also presents Yankee Network and Columbia System features.

Old Fiddler at KFEQ Used Broom for Bow

By ADA LYON

Before he was five years old John Holder, the "old fiddler" of KFEQ in St. Joseph, began to play a dollar violin which his father gave him for Christmas. He played for his first dance when he was seven years old, for a dollar and a half. The refreshments were a wash boiler full of wienies and a keg of beer and the dance ended in a fight.

He soon learned that dances and fights went together and that the best policy during hostilities was to sit in a corner where he could dodge pop bottles. Once his bow was broken by a beer bottle and then the fight began in earnest, for the dancers all said that they had been cheated. There was no music and they wanted their money back. The next time, many years later, when the same disastrous accident was repeated, Holder was grown up and equal to the emergency. He used a broomstick for a bow and the dance proceeded.

For ten years he almost deserted his faithful instrument. He became a railroad man, but he lost more sleep railroading than playing for dances, so he has fiddled over the radio for the past four years. He is now broadcasting daily over KFEQ.



John Holder, the Old Fiddler at KFEQ, carries one thousand tunes in his head and has won hundreds of "scrapin'" contests.

The Senoritas string trio at KGER (below). Left to right, Elsie Montgomery, Marie Waters, Helene Smith—fair ones all.



Tuneful Topics

“Know Your Songs”



1.—99 Out Of A Hundred

IN MY Radio announcements I have referred to this song as a statistical number. It is obviously the setting of an oft-repeated statistical slogan to song, and the mathematical thought is lost in the romantic one that is conveyed to the listener. The two boys who wrote it, Al Sherman and Al Lewis, have been classified in my mind for some time as writers more of *quantity* than *quality*. They have turned out songs the way a factory turns out a product; they have always had five or ten songs to demonstrate every time they have had the opportunity to display their wares. Not that I am opposed to the prolific writing of songs, but I do believe that if song-writers became more critical of their own efforts, discarding and rejecting until they were satisfied they had something really worth while, there would be less “just good” songs on the counters than there are today.

I have also reproached many of the publishers for being too lax in their selection. “Just good” songs hardly sell enough to justify their publication, but one manager of a publishing house replied to my attack by saying, “We must have a catalogue.” Personally, if I were the judge of tunes for a publishing house, I would rather that we did not publish even one song for the current month, than have three or four *mediocre* tunes, and in that way I believe that I would do away with the salesmanship so necessary to convince orchestra leaders and the public that the songs are good.

Of course, the weak point in my contention is the fact that no one can quite seem to agree on what is a *good* or *bad* song, and many a song has been turned down and condemned by one publisher as being bad, and has become a hit in the hands of another one who worked on it more. Natural songs like *Yes, We Have No Bananas*; *Dardanella*; *The Stein Song*, and many others of that type, that became hits through their own momentum and the fact that they stood out, are the kind which I believe one should look for.

One of the main reasons that I was

A Monthly Department In Which The Famous Leader Picks The Song Hits of The Month and Analyzes Them

pleased to associate myself with the firm of Leo Feist as a staff writer after I had come to New York and organized the Connecticut Yankees, was that fact that I had come to regard the publishing house of Leo Feist as one that published only real hits. In fact, the slogan “You can’t go wrong with a Feist song” was gospel truth to me. I had formed this opinion ever since my high school days, and there could be only one thing responsible for this belief and that was the unerring judgment of one Phil Kornheiser, who, for twenty years, had selected their songs. But the point was that the only Feist songs that came to my attention were the hit songs, and I have since found that Feist, like all other publishers, must include in their catalogue many tunes that they firmly believe will be hits, although I and many others call them “doggy” tunes.

I was very pleased, when meeting Mr. Sherman and Mr. Lewis again as they demonstrated *99 Out Of A Hundred* to me, to find that they were now spending much more time and effort to get one good song than they were in turning out songs by the waste-basket full, and I believe they have a natural hit here, providing that it is, in the jargon of Tin Pan Alley, “plugged” by the various bands that we listen to on our Radios and phonographs.

The few Radio presentations that we have given it have brought a response, not as great, but comparable to that of the *Stein Song*. That is, my barber, the doorman, and others who tune in on our programs have remarked about it, and even a young society girl continued to rave about the number long after I met her a few evenings ago.

It is lilting, catchy, and tuneful; the thought is good and different; there is nothing sickening or disgusting about it, and the thought *99 Out Of A Hundred*

flows easily from the mouth. Hence I look for big things from this song.

It is published by the Robbins Music Corp. and must be played briskly and snappily in order to do it justice.

2.—Hurt

ONE night between shows, in my dressing room suite at the Brooklyn Paramount, as I lay there relaxing, I had my Radio tuned in to a program of organ music being played by the “Poet of the Organ,” Jesse Crawford. To my mind he is the greatest of all organists, at least of those who broadcast, and, too, I believe there is nothing more restful than the broadcast of a well-played organ. Suddenly the announcer told us of the appearance for the first time on any program of a new song called *Hurt*. The title was so odd that it brought me to attention, and I listened very carefully while Paul Small, one of my Paramount confrères, did full justice to the song.

My first reaction was disappointing, but upon hearing it again and again I learned to like it more and more. Later I discovered that it was written by two men whom I know and count among my friends. Al Piantadosi, one of the four Piantadosi brothers who have given their lives and their musical minds to the publishing of songs, needs no introduction to your father or mother. He gave them such songs as *That’s How I Need You*; *When You’re Playing the Game of Love*; *Baby Shoes*; *On the Shores of Italy*, and *Curse Of An Aching Heart*, which they used to sing in the days of the beer gardens and when Al Smith was just an assemblyman.

Although Al Piantadosi has been quiet for some time, he seems to be in his stride again, and is writing quite frequently and collaborating with another young man, Harold Solomon, who has been kind enough to assist me in the revision and transcription of several of my songs. Solomon is responsible for the melody of *Hurt*.

Not only do I play the song because I like it and because I enjoy their friend-

By RUDY VALLEE



Rudy Vallee in a new guise—author and business man.

3.—*When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver*

ship, but also because it is published by Phil Kornheiser who, as I said, directed the policies of Leo Feist, Inc. for many years, finally going into business for himself and getting together one of the best catalogues of songs that anyone along Tin Pan Alley has ever seen. Kornheiser has been the power behind a throne for many years. A small man, and one who physically seems very out of place as a picker of songs, he has, nevertheless, not only picked and started on their way to hitdom many of our greatest songs over a period of twenty years, but is known to and knows every figure in the fascinating land of Tin Pan Alley. He gave such men as Earl Carroll, Vincent Lopez, Joe McCarthy, Theodore Moss, Jimmy Durante, Ernie Golden, Walter Donaldson, Harry Akst, L. Wolfe Gilbert, Mabel Wayne, J. Harold Murray, Fred Fisher, Jimmy Monaco, Grant Clark, Joe Young, Ray Henderson, and Lew Brown their first jobs, and it was through his efforts that I became associated with the firm of Leo Feist. He took blindly from me *I'm Just a Vagabond Lover* and gave me a substantial advance without having heard the song. Naturally, I was only too pleased, as was Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie, Lopez, and all the other orchestra leaders who have a high regard for his friendship, to assist him in presenting his songs to the song-loving public, and from time to time *Hurt* has found a place on my programs.

Recently on one of my Fleischmann Hours I seem to have presented the number in a way that called for applause from the critics. Several Radio editors have commented on that particular rendition of the number, which shows that I have come to like the song or I could not do justice to it.

As its title would convey, it is the unhappy thought of the deceived one. I hear the urchins outside my dressing room window whistling it from time to time, which indicates that it is "commercial," that is, down to the level of the working masses. At the present time it has every indication of becoming a hit.

Hurt is best done at about thirty-five measures a minute.

THERE are so many of the Tobias family that they get in your hair! There is Charles, and Harry, and Henry, and they are all song-writers. Charles, I believe, is the one who has been on the stage as a wisecracker, M.C., and many other things for years; at least, I remember him when he came to a New Haven theatre to bolster up its waning trade for a while. His younger brothers, Henry and Harry, had much to do with *Miss You*, one of my early recordings, and a beautiful song. From time to time they bring forth fine examples of the art of song-writing; in fact I could almost say that two out of four songs seem to have one of the Tobias brothers as a contributor.

In the case of this song, Charles was the contributor of the thought whereby Peter de Rose was able to express to his sweetheart of the air, May Singhi Breen, this promise of undying devotion. Anyone who knows Peter de Rose and May Singhi Breen knows that they constitute not only one of the finest teams on Radio, but two of the sweetest personalities, very happy together and never apart, that one could wish to see.

While the melody is reminiscent of *The Blue Danube*, yet no one could hold that

against Peter de Rose, because there is nothing new under the sun, and it is quite possible to tear apart any song and show a similarity between its various phrases and the phrases of other songs. The thought is very simply and sweetly expressed, and it fits the melody admirably. I had the pleasure of recording it a few weeks ago and I think the record will be a good one.

This song is published by the firm that sponsored and brought to hitdom *Carolina Moon*, namely Joe Morris, Inc., whose manager, Archie Fletcher, is responsible for its appearance. We play it as a medium tempo waltz.

4.—*My Temptation*

THE few months I spent in Boston after my graduation from Yale, before I came to New York to seek my fortune, saw me playing with several Boston orchestras. The big number in vogue then, the Fall of 1927, was *Dancing Tambourine*, written by one W. C. Polla, whose name I had seen as an arranger of various songs. Mr. Polla's main function in Tin Pan Alley life is to make orchestrations for dance orchestras and bands of the various song hits, but he is also the composer of these various novelty songs such as *Dancing Tambourine*, *Bohemia*, and *Gondolier*, but *Dancing Tam-*

bourine was his biggest and most well-known. I believe that this 6/8 song, *My Temptation*, stands every chance of becoming just as popular if the bands will only play it.

Most bands fight shy of the 6/8 songs due to the fact that the younger generation does not care to dance to them, but I believe that orchestras should remember that Radio broadcasts are not dedicated to a dancing public but to a listening public. I picture most of my Radio listeners as reclining on a couch, a divan, or a chair, in a position of relaxation, listening to the program in comfort, and to be soothed, and such numbers as *My Temptation* and *99 Out Of A Hundred* form a good stimulus throughout the course of an otherwise slow-moving and monotonous program.

My Temptation is very reminiscent of *Valencia*. In fact, Mr. Polla intended it to have that same continental flavor, that European air that we have come to associate with the *Valencia* type of song, and he certainly was successful! The song is very lilting and just as good lyrically as it is musically.

Our Victor record of it is due to appear on the market any day now, and is one of the best things we have ever done. You need only hear the song to like it, and the response to our theatre presentation of it and our few broadcasts has been very wonderful. It is published by Harms, Inc., and we play it briskly.

5.—*Blue Again*

JACK ROBBINS, who brought the firm of Robbins, Inc., up to a place of great prominence in Tin Pan Alley, deserves credit for having picked a very danceable and singable tune in *Blue Again*. It was originally featured in the *Vanderbilt Revue*, which unfortunately, like the Arabs, folded up and stole away almost over night. The song, however, like any good thing, refused to be kept down and persisted on long after its sponsor had gone to the musty warehouse.

It is gaining popularity every day, not only through the cleverness of its music, but for its lyric thought. It remained for Miss Helen Groody to show me that it was a good song through her presentation of it nightly at the Villa Vallée. In my first presentation of it I played it much too fast to do justice to it. Properly tempoed, the number provides, as a theatrical writer calls it, "great dansapation." The song was written by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh, and you probably hear it a great deal on your Radio. We do it now at about thirty-five measures per minute.

6.—*Would You Like to Take a Walk?*

THE daring revue, *Sweet and Low* seems to be a breeder of dark horses. Not only will it bring to light a young lady who should have come to public attention in a big way long before this—I mean Miss Hannah Williams—but it

will bring to light one of the most delightful songs that she sings in the course of the revue. In fact, I think it is one of the best things she does.

Harry Warren, Billy Rose, and Mort Dixon collaborated on a cute little thought, typically musical comedy in vein, and yet bordering on the commercial* in the dark horse song *Would You Like to Take a Walk?* A very tricky verse precedes the chorus, and the main charm of the chorus lies in the first three notes of every phrase; these are to be hummed, that is, "Mm-Mm-Mm, Would You Like to Take a Walk?"

Then it goes on to ask the young lady, assuming that it is the boy who sings it, if she would like a sarsaparilla, and if she isn't tired of the talkies as he prefers the walkies.

Done in schottische tempo it becomes very danceable, and you will find your feet, in spite of yourself, tapping and yearning to dance.

Remick, the publishers of it, originally did not intend to orchestrate the tune for dance orchestras, but several of us have made our own orchestrations and have presented it on the air, which in turn will create such a demand for it that Remick will probably be forced to feature the song in a big way. In fact, one of their directors has already told me that they are about to do so. Within the next month you will hear it done plentifully on the air, and its freshness and charm will captivate you as it has me.

I am doing it this particular week at the Brooklyn Paramount, singing it in musical comedy style to Miss Groody, and then dancing with her to a chorus of it, and it gets a very fine hand. We play it at about thirty-five measures per minute.

The original key of E flat is a little tiring on the voice; if you can transpose I would suggest that you sing it in D.

*—popular, i. e. liked by the great masses of people.

7.—*My Ideal*

HERE is another song which seems even more admirably fitted than *Would You Like to Take a Walk?* for the schottische tempo. The sheet copies are written the way we play it, but the first orchestration we received from the publisher made it very long and drawn out. My natural reaction was to play it as it was on the sheet copies, which meant that the band played two measures where there was only one in the orchestration. We call this "doubling up", and we get through the song in half the time it would normally take. I believe that the publisher has since put out orchestrations in the shorter way, which makes the piece seem much more cheerful and lilting. It seems to be over almost before you know it, but it makes an extremely danceable tune, and the thought is out of the ordinary.

While it is a trite expression, and the general trend of the idea has been done many times, yet the writers have handled it extremely well. One of the writers of

the music, Newell Chase, is an old Boston pianist and fraternity brother of mine, and Dick Whiting has had his name on more songs than you can shake a stick at. I met Leo Robin, the writer of the lyrics, in the Paramount Studios while I was making my picture. He was then collaborating with Whiting on a song for *Sweetie*, and he certainly deserves as much praise as the other two boys in producing this very cute song.

You will find that your sheet copy contains only fifteen measures, and to get the right swing you should take about thirty seconds to play these fifteen measures. It is published by the Famous Music Corp.

8.—*Little Spanish Dancer*

THERE are few songs today that can boast of having been written entirely by women. However, *Little Spanish Dancer* is the work of two female veterans of Tin Pan Alley. Mabel Wayne, the young lady who composed *Ramona* and *In a Little Spanish Town*, seems to have a flair for writing melodies in a Spanish vein, and has contributed another which her lyrical collaborator called *Little Spanish Dancer*. Tots Seymour, who wrote the words, was one of Tin Pan Alley's most prolific writers years ago. She retired from the game for a while, came back again, and her first song after her return was the hit of last summer, *Swinging in a Hammock*. I know it seems odd for a woman to write songs, but Miss Seymour, like Miss Wayne, knows her business, and they are both to be congratulated on this song.

It tells the story of the Spanish dancer who dances her way in and out of the hero's heart. It is a cute song when properly played, and one that must be done slowly, at about thirty-two measures per minute.

The owner of the Villa Vallée commented on it last night, and peculiarly enough Miss Wayne was seated at one of our tables with two gentlemen, having made the trip specially to thank me for my rendition of it on several of our previous broadcasts. I feel it is unnecessary to be thanked for doing a song that I enjoy doing, and one that I know people enjoy hearing, and this is a good example.

It is published by Leo Feist, Inc.

9.—*Cigarette Lady*

I RARELY like to bring myself into these pages if I can help it, due to the criticism which is leveled at me by certain individuals, but since I am writing and collaborating with others who have unquestioned writing ability, it is necessary that I speak impartially of my own songs.

Back in the summer of 1924 I was playing throughout the society resorts of Maine with a Boston orchestra, and we had as our pianist a very wonderful one, Carroll Gibbons, who had been pulled out of a local movie theatre in a small suburb of Boston by Billy Losez, direc-

(Continued on page 100)



Little Jeanne Gifford Dante, we apologize! You're with Station WMCA, not WCAU.



Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia presenting Radio Digest Diamond Meritum award to the Mystery Announcer of WPEN. Raymond Bill, Editor, at right.

Mexican Station Broadcasts In English and Spanish

ONE of the few truly bi-lingual stations opened its doors not so long ago. Its call letters are XED, located at Reynosa, Tamps., Mexico, not far from Brownsville, Texas. Its slogan is "The Voice of the Two Republics" and since it has 10,000 watts power, RADIO DIGEST readers all over the United States have been able to tune in on its broadcasts. L. D. Martinez, studio director, put over a novel stunt for the inaugural program.



L. D. Martinez, Studio Director and Station Manager of XED in Reynosa, Mexico.

The station remained on the air for a period of one hundred hours—four days, four nights, and four hours for good measure. Entertainers from Mexico and the United States participated and announcements were made in English and Spanish. The studio orchestra, known as the Border Charros, under the direction of Eulalio Sanchez, kept things going a good part of the time, and guest artists from many near-by stations co-operated. Malcolm Todd of WBAP, Fort Worth, and Curtis Leon Farrington of KPRC, Houston, were guest announcers. Tom Noel, formerly of KVOO, also officiated—and liked it so well in Mexico that he was prevailed upon to remain as advertising manager of the new station.

* * *

ANOTHER unique station broadcast in the annals of Radiodom was the contribution of WIOD of Miami, Fla. Eighty broadcasters in the United States joined in giving a "Miami Radio Party", dedicating part of their programs to the Sunshine city, and WIOD in turn took its listeners on a tour of the United States, with stops at all of the cities from which Miami programs emanated.

* * *

THE Station that came back—that title has been given to KJR, Seattle, Wash., whose hard fight against the wolf at the door was described in a recent issue of RADIO DIGEST. Its most recent triumph was Federal confirmation of license to broadcast on 5,000 watts.

AND talking about uphill struggles to prominence, Station KWK of St. Louis deserves a pat on the back. Founded in 1927 by Thomas Patrick Convey, it started out with one small office, a transmitter room, a studio and three employees. The president himself, Mr. Convey, carried on all duties from office boy to announcer. The total income of the station for the first year was barely \$10,000—which certainly stretched elastically to cover rent, operating expenses, talent and salaries. Today, only three years later, it reports a 1930 income of over \$200,000 and an operating force of thirty-three, with a 5,000-watt transmitter in Kirkwood, Mo.



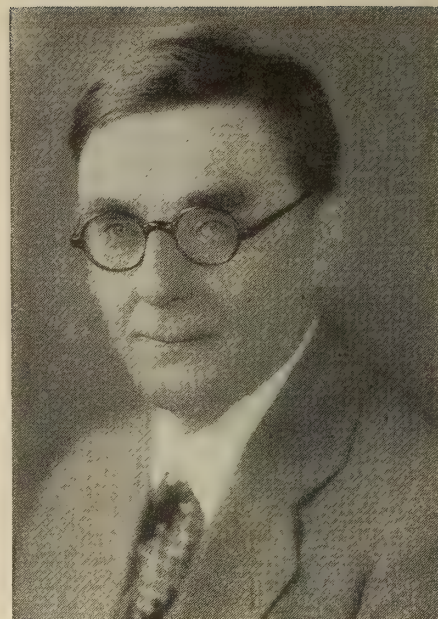
Winston Barron, CFCA, Toronto, Master of Ceremonies of Silver Slipper Weasel Frolic.

CLASSICAL MUSIC SIMPLIFIED

A Monthly Feature By

WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music



Dr. William Braid White

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of the Editor, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

A FEW weeks ago from New York the Philharmonic-Symphony under the direction of Toscanini played one of those programs which delight the heart of the listener. Its two principal items were Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* and the *Eroica Symphony* of Beethoven. For reasons which my readers will, I hope, soon discover to be sufficient, and even perhaps admirable, I shall say something here about these two pieces of music.

It would probably be fair to say that the so-called *Unfinished Symphony* by Franz Schubert is the best known, by name at least, among all large orchestral works. The reasons are numerous. Schubert wrote a great many songs and small piano pieces, and among these are several which almost everybody has heard and has liked. One only has to remember the *Serenade*, the *Hark, Hark the Lark* and the *Ave Maria*. Everybody no doubt remembers that very successful operetta *Blossom Time*, which toured the whole country a few years ago and which was built around the story of Schubert's life and of his music. What turned out to be by all means the most popular and catchy of the tunes in this charming little musical play was nothing more than a slightly modified form of the second theme from the first movement of the famous *Unfinished Symphony*. When I add that the modification by no means improves the theme, which, as one might expect, is much more delightful and melodious in the shape in which Schubert first wrote it down, the reader will understand how it is that the *Unfinished* provides probably the very best of all introductions to the beauties of symphonic music which can be found by any uninitiated seeker after beauty.

I shall therefore venture to join here the great army of those who during the last seventy-five years have united in a universal paean of praise for this lovely piece of inspired work. There may be a few readers who will like to hear about it from my point of view; and indeed there may even be some to whom it will come as actual news. So here goes.

It was just twenty-seven years ago that I first heard the *Unfinished*. It was during that year (1903) when the Philharmonic Society in New York, not yet turned over to a group of rich guarantors but still a democratic association run by the players themselves, had made up its mind to experiment with a group of guest conductors. So it invited Colonne from Paris, Sir Henry Wood from London, Weingaertner from Munich, Kegel from Frankfurt, Victor Herbert from Pittsburgh, Gericke from Boston, Theodore Thomas from Chicago and Safonoff from Moscow. Each was to conduct one concert and at the end of the season we the audiences were to compare one with the other. Poor Theodore Thomas died just before his concert, and Weingaertner, I think it was, took his place. Victor Herbert came from the Pittsburgh orchestra, which he was then conducting, for one concert, and he took the *Unfinished* for his principal item. I was only a youngster, of course, and the music came to me, I have to say, as if it were manna from heaven. If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget the thrill I got from it.

To this day I remember that some one had told me to be very careful not to miss this special piece, and I can see myself again poring over the program notes from my seat high up in the balcony of Carnegie Hall, reading how poor Schubert wrote the glorious music as a token of gratitude for having been elected to some little footling musical society in a second-rate Austrian town; and how then he put

it aside after two movements had been completed, how he never took it up again, never sent any of it to its intended destination and, even more astonishing, never heard it played!

He was only twenty-five years old when he wrote down the two movements, and then laid the lovely thing aside never to take it up again. That was in 1822. Shelley died that year, another favorite of the gods, drowned off the Italian shore. Six years later Schubert too was dead, partly of fever, but more of undernourishment. Poor Schubert! He probably never had so much money as twenty dollars in his possession at any one time. His total effects at his death were appraised as worth the equivalent of about twelve dollars and fifty cents, including a "miscellaneous lot of old music". Among the scattered sheets of this music were afterwards discovered, by the loving hands of Mendelssohn, the immortal pages of the *Unfinished*.

The Sheer Delight of the Unfinished Symphony

There never has been any satisfactory explanation of Schubert's putting aside his work after he had completed only two of its presumably four movements. Writing music was to him no task at all. He wrote down notes as you or I would write a letter to a friend. He wrote *Hark, Hark the Lark* on the back of a menu card at a tavern, and *The Erlking* in much the same unceremonious way and at much the same dizzy speed. Music flowed from him as water from a fountain. He was quite capable of writing down the first two movements of his symphony and the next day forgetting that he had ever written anything of the kind. Quite possibly that is just what happened.

We today are more fortunate. We are also more appreciative than his contemporaries, who let him die at thirty-one in

destitution, just one year after that Titan Beethoven, already famous the world over, closed his earthly career in the Schwarzschaner Haus not so many streets away. The two lie today almost side by side.

Melody, Sweet Melody

That which most attracts about the *Unfinished Symphony* is its astonishing melodiousness. The tunes are sweet almost to lusciousness, the harmonies are as smooth as oil, the tone-coloring is shimmeringly lovely. There are no problems set to the hearer. There is no vast intellectual effort of concentration required. The listener may just bathe his senses in the sheer delight of lovely sound.

I strongly recommend every Radio listener to be on the lookout for this music, which is frequently played by one or another orchestra each season. Those who have never heard it before can, as I said, simply bathe their senses in its luscious beauty. Those who know it and are by now a little bit acquainted with symphonic form may mark the immediate entrance of the main theme in the first movement after the "motto" has been intoned darkly by the basses during the first two or three measures, the singularly lovely second theme from which the *Blossom Time* tune was drawn, the clear cut and simple form, and the charming, simply devised, and intelligible closing-piece or coda. The second movement is perhaps even more luscious than the first, which in fact has its moments of passion and almost of pain. This Andante is pure beauty. Note the opening tune, its contrast with the second tune which comes out a little later on the clarinet against accompaniments in the strings, and the perfectly beautiful reiterations of the first tune by one and then another group of instruments as the movement comes to its quite lovely close.

There is a magnificent Victor phonograph recording of this Symphony, by the way, from the inspired playing of the

Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski.

The Musicians vs. The Engineers

I have been listening again to broadcast music from the New York Philharmonic, the Roxy, the Curtis Institute and other symphony orchestras. It would be all wrong to deny to the broadcasting art the merit of excellent intention, but only a gross flatterer would say that the results are perfect. The truth is that the conductors of orchestras and the broadcasting engineers are still standing apart from each other. This indeed is a great pity, for broadcasting is already the biggest and most important factor in contemporary musical activity. That is to say, apart from any other consideration, the most important, the most active and by far the biggest factor in the practical enterprise of making music and of getting it heard is being done by the broadcasting interests. For that very obvious reason then, the men who have in their charge the great orchestras which are coming more and more into the orbit of broadcasting, ought to be getting themselves into the closest possible relations with this new means of extending music to their audiences.

After all, that is what it comes to. Broadcasting expands the size of the audience to which the musician plays. Ernest Schelling, for instance, is one of the most hard-worked conductors of orchestras that this world knows. Last year his children's concerts, in New York, Boston and Philadelphia attracted some 90,000 young people of all ages from five to twenty years. Now 90,000 young people are a great many, yet they are but a handful compared with the vast audience which broadcasting furnishes, an audience potentially of millions.

Yet the fact remains that when this remarkable man broadcasts he reaches young people by the hundreds of thousands, and does something, at least, to teach them that early love of beautiful music which is one of the finest accom-

plishments any human being can have, or can acquire. This indeed is true, in one degree or another, of all the famous orchestral conductors who weekly during the season guide their great armies of highly trained musical artists through the measures of great music. All these gentlemen with their orchestras either now are, or soon will be, broadcasting regularly. My point is that there is nevertheless something more to broadcasting than the mere bringing of an orchestra into a studio with instruments and notes. The whole process, from the actual playing by the instruments under the conductor's baton, to the hearing of the result at the loud speaker end of each among tens of thousands of Radio sets scattered over half the country, is in reality a single continuous process. Unfortunately, the present way of doing things tends to break it up into two parts. The orchestra plays. It is supposed only to play. On the other hand the transmission of its music to the unseen Radio audience involves a vast and elaborately organized series of electrical engineering processes, which, very naturally, have been designed by, and are under the control of, engineers. The musicians tend to think that they have done their part when they have, so to speak, put the music into the microphones. The rest is left to the engineers.

Technical Improvement in Broadcasting Is Needed

Now there is a mistake here, and a big one. The thing ought not to be quite so simple. It is not quite the same thing as telephone engineering. Telephone engineers are dealing with human speech, and they design apparatus to transmit that speech over long distances. They wisely do not even try to teach the telephone user to speak correctly, for that would be both impertinent and impossible. They therefore confine themselves to discovering what speech sounds are and then they design telephone systems to do the best

(Continued on page 102)



The Toronto Symphony Orchestra, which broadcasts on the Canadian National Railways Chain each Sunday afternoon, is glad of the opportunity to doff formal concert attire and dress for the mike in shirt sleeves. Dr. Luigi von Kunits, conductor, stands in front center.



Ruth Nichols, beautiful aviatrix and record-holder.

Ladies

says RUTH

*Skimming The Winds In A Plane
—Is Easier Than Fighting Traffic
In A Motor Car*

An Interview By

ANNE B. LAZAR

a record-breaking flight belong to a young society girl!

It was with a desire to learn what part the ubiquitous Radio played in this flight that I went to seek this youthful champion of the air.

The interview was arranged by Mr. Trenholm, Public Relations Counsel for Miss Nichols. The time set was for one o'clock. At ten of one I was still at the office answering telephone calls, but the merci-

less minute hand ruthlessly swept away the time—and before I knew it, there were only three slender minutes left.

Now, figured I, it generally takes me a quarter of an hour to wade through the mass of scurrying train-bent beings in the Grand Central Station. I have only three minutes. Could I break my own record and make it in three? It had to be done! I was to meet a speed record-breaker and I was going to be no sluggard myself.

I puffed and fumed and fought through the crowds and after many hair-raising thrills and narrow escapes from collisions with travelers and suitcases, and at the dot of one, I found myself in the presence of Ruth Nichols.

TWO champions meet face to face—Ruth Nichols—and your humble servant; one, the noble conqueror of the air who almost reconciled the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts—leaving only a slight difference of a few hours—and the other,

modest victor of New York's crowds.

The freshness of the high-blown winds was still in Miss Nichols' cheeks as she smiled from those kind, deep-set, gray-blue eyes of hers. Wavy wisps of rich brown hair peeked from her little black hat. Her pretty silk frock betrayed no evidence of masculinity which might be associated with one learned in the mechanics of aviation—and there was even the tiniest hint of jewels.

AND what a handclasp! I was not surprised that the powerful airplane was reduced to a mere servitor under that commanding, skillful grasp. And there is that same commanding expression in her whole face. It does not cease to be a wonder that the part of this business of annihilating distances should have fallen to the lot of this girl with such individual feminine charm! But wonder or not, it was she who outraced the prominent air navigators of the day—Col. Lindbergh and Capt. Turner. She indeed rose to conquer, and although she attributes much of her success to the modern Pegasus which was loaned to her by Mr. Powell Crosley, Jr., of WLW, it was entirely her own mastery and adeptness that drove her winged steed through the sky safely and surely from ocean to ocean with such amazing rapidity.

There is even the slightest semblance of a Lindberghian expression in her face. And like a shadow it is very evasive—for I can't seem to remember whether it is in her smile or the gleam in her eyes, or maybe after all it is only the skyward glance that seems characteristic of all

“EVERY woman should learn to fly!”

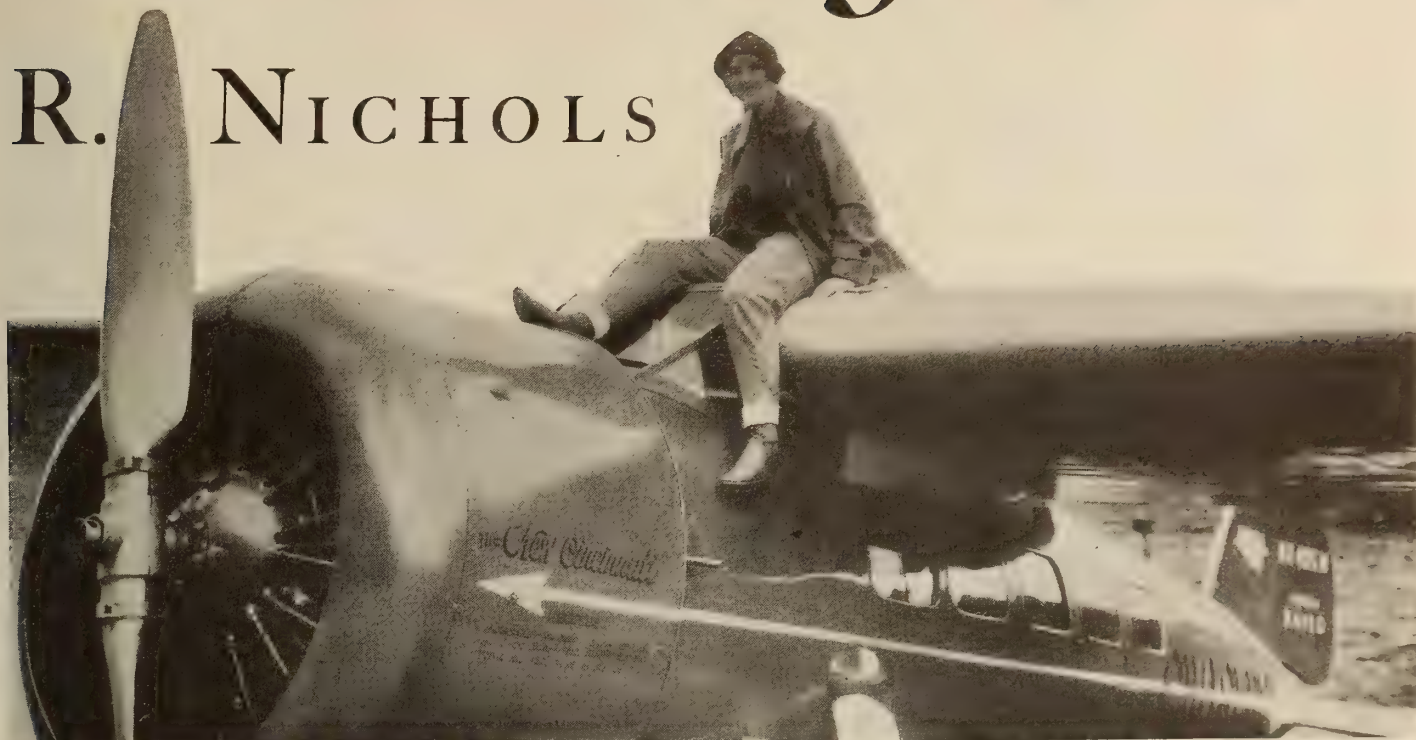
This is the opinion of one of the foremost pioneer women pilots in America—Ruth Nichols—who breaks flight records with as much ease as she presides over one of those fashionable teas that are open only to members of the Junior League.

And what is the Junior League? It is a closed society in every sense of those two words. And you can't even buy your way in—no, not even in these days when buying is so much in demand. This exclusive organization of society's younger set occasionally produces persons who leave their dances, fancy balls and sports long enough to take an active interest in public affairs—but never has it yielded quite as resolute and determined a character as Ruth Nichols.

It seems almost incredible that the hands which directed the powerful airplane across mountains and lakes from one border of our continent to the other in

Must FLY

R. NICHOLS



Underwood & Underwood Photo

earth born humans who learn to ride the winds. But there is this much Lindbergh in her—she refers to her flight as “we” doing this and “we” doing that.

Of course, the first question I asked—even though I was interested in knowing Radio’s part in this new drama of the air—was “Is it safe?” Back in my mind I had the sharp remembrance of my first experience at an automobile wheel. We were whizzing through the mild summer air at fifty—and then the—well, fortunately, my instructor was a Radio star—no other person could have such presence of mind.

Therefore, the safety of aviation seemed to me to be the most important point to be settled for those eager, would-be fliers. That point settled, and the rest must be easy.

Ruth Nichols has her Five Points of Safety. Of course, there may be other points held by other people, but that’s beside the point. There is, for instance, on another page of this magazine a picture of a savage holding to his points by sitting on them.

But back to Miss Nichols and her Pentologue—these points should be followed by anyone who aspires to fly. They are:

1. Always fly only in good weather. Weather reports can always be obtained from airports. (I would strongly advise against relying on newspaper thermometers.)

2. Fly over established airlines only. Along these regular air routes emergency

Perched on the wing of the Crosley Radio plane in which she made the record. Miss Nichols is one of the few women pilots competent to fly this huge racing ship.

fields are located at different points within a few miles of each other.

3. You must fly only in standard equipment. Leave experimental planes to experienced aviators.

4. Airplanes must be daily inspected by some thoroughly reliable person in whom you have absolute confidence. They should also be frequently subjected to government examination.

5. Be sure your pilot is both experienced and conservative. Not all experienced pilots are conservative.

These points followed and flying is just as safe and less tiresome than driving.

“I PREFER flying to driving any time. It is tiresome to drive for any length of time through traffic,” declared Miss Nichols, “and I should say that flying is safer. Now let me tell you how Radio helped me in this flight.

“It proved itself indispensable in two ways,” continued Miss Nichols. “first, in receiving weather reports,” she nodded her head with a twinkle in her eye. “You know that weather is mentioned in one of the Five Points I just gave you; second, with respect to direction and wind velocity.

“There were three instances when I received Radio weather reports which were

critically important. First, between Columbus and St. Louis when I encountered three heavy, blinding snowstorms which I knew nothing about when I started. I had to bring my plane down almost to the treetops. When weather is against you like that, without a knowledge of what is ahead, one is uncertain about going ahead or turning back. But I got a report that clear weather was ahead, and knowing this, I was able to withstand the rigors of the storm.

“The second time when a Radio report helped me occurred on my way from Los Angeles to Arizona. The earlier weather report had indicated clear weather with slight cloudiness over Arizona. But I found very thick, instead of slight, cloudiness. But, assured by my Radio, I pressed through because I knew that clear weather was ahead of me.

“When I left Wichita for New York. I received pretty good weather reports, but I encountered terrific rainfalls between Wichita and St. Louis. Again the realization of clear weather ahead (from Radio reports) encouraged me to push through.

“Now, with regard to direction and velocity,” continued Miss Nichols, “I learned over the Radio whether I should fly at three, five or nine thousand feet high. This advice was exceedingly helpful because if I wanted a tail wind to blow directly behind me, I had to fly at a certain altitude.

(Continued on page 105)

Your Kitchen

By RUTH WITSON

A LIST of daily home-making jobs is an appalling sight to meet three hundred and sixty-five times a year. To the new home-maker even a carefully scheduled day is quite enough to be frightening, but if you were to write me a list indicating time spent on jobs at home according to your present methods, the analysis would be startling. I venture to say, that without knowing it, you are losing valuable time, money and pleasure simply because you have not been able to get your housework down to a business basis and because you are not taking advantage of labor saving devices on the market. I hope some morning, you will drop in at the National Radio Home-Makers' Club in New York and watch the way we run our kitchen and why we tell listeners on the Columbia network how we have made it one of the most efficient in the country.

The first outline made for a working schedule, should be a rough one. List the things that must be done at a specific time and then build the rest of the day's work around these items. For example, at certain periods every morning, when we are broadcasting, it is impossible for any kind of work to be going on in the kitchen. Consequently, we have planned that water be put in the radiator covers, windows dusted, flowers watered and other jobs that must be done in a short time. The heavy work is apportioned to different days. Thursday, the door-knobs are polished, Friday, the door in the kitchen is waxed and on Saturday the silver is cleaned and polished and the refrigerator gets a thorough cleaning. Such a system is like the old rule of, Monday wash day, Tuesday ironing and so on; but no matter how ancient the law, it is still a wise one to follow. If the work is

allowed to pile up to the end of the week, it makes a rushed day or two, or, if by chance you are prevented from doing the work that particular day, the whole routine for the next week, is out of line.

Along with planning the day's work,

and better health. Foods are kept sweet and small bits of left-overs can be utilized to advantage. After the supplies are received, the storing becomes a matter of importance. Package products should be arranged on shelves in orderly rows, putting the large boxes toward the back. Vegetables such as celery, parsley, and lettuce should be washed and put in a covered container with a little water in the refrigerator.

We have found it an excellent plan to prepare such vegetables as beans, carrots or peas, ready for cooking and also to keep these in a small amount of water in the refrigerator. Of course, this time saver is applicable only when you have some kind of mechanical refrigerator at your command.

During the holidays, we kept a juice cocktail, either tomato or a combination of several fruits, all made up, partially frozen in the refrigerator. This practice assures you of always having some appetizer on hand to pick up lazy appetites. Because almost everyone likes a

sandwich or cookie to nibble during the morning or afternoon, we also kept in the refrigerator, several jars of sandwich filling mixed to just the right consistency and ready to spread on bread; or a roll of refrigerator cookies all ready to slice and bake at a moment's notice. Homemakers can follow these before-hand preparation rules. Briefly, this explains why, no matter how many guests visit the Radio Home-Makers' Club, we are always ready to serve them with something delicious to eat. There are other reasons for this preparation; first, it is a very gracious way of entertaining and second, if we do have interruptions, the rest of our work does not suffer.

I remember one cold afternoon in December when the kitchen laboratory had



A spotless kitchen is possible even immediately after cooking preparations

we have allotted time to ordering, purchasing and storing the foods that we keep on hand. Our order list corresponds to your market list.

TWICE a week, we go over the programs for the next three days and order accordingly. You should consult your menu schedule three days in advance and buy enough provisions to last for that length of time. Modern equipment and machines make this labor saving plan possible. With the advent of the electric refrigerator, it is now possible even to add easily perishable foods to the supply of easily preserved foods. This ease in marketing, incidentally, makes for cheaper food bills

*GLIMPSE into National Home - Makers'
Kitchen Reveals Latest Housekeeping Methods,
But Good Old-Fashioned Schedule Is Here to Stay*

a hurry call to serve tea for eight people. Because the work had gone along on schedule just as it does every day, this did not make the least bit of difference. The regular day's cleaning was done, the one extra job of heavy work was completed and everything was up to schedule. In case you do get behind in your work for one day, it is better to do a little extra each day and keep the cleaning up to date.

Accumulation of dust and dirt is certain to breed disease germs. This in part accounts for the sanitary measures and precautions taken in our studios. The temperature in every studio is kept at sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit. After each program is broadcast, the studio is aired to create a clean fresh circulation. When there is scrubbing or washing of woodwork to be done, a little disinfectant is added to the water. Any of the coal tar products can be used as well as the household aids on the market. Strong solutions of soap, soap chips and ammonia make effective disinfectants, although they are not usually thought of in these terms. Ice water that is kept in every studio, is placed in covered thermo jugs. Many guests have asked me if our kitchen is an efficient one because we are experts in this particular line. Well, partly; but the greatest factor is that we have up-to-the-minute kitchen equipment.

WHAT we have in our kitchen laboratory, every housewife can have in her home kitchen.* No matter what kind of equipment you are buying, keep this one point in mind,—buy products that are best suited to your needs, those that will give you the best service and those that will be easy for you to operate. Too often, home-makers are falsely guided by the decisions of their neighbors. Equipment that will stand up under the wear and tear of small family usage, may be entirely unsuited for large family service.

As soon as a new gadget is placed on the market, we make a thorough investigation to find if that particular product will be a time and labor saver to us in our kitchen laboratory work. If the equipment proves satisfactory, it wins a permanent place on the shelf or in the kitchen drawer. Besides the new tricky devices, we have complete sets of bowls, pots and pans suited to every need, measuring spoons and cups, so that at any time, we are ready to make all dif-

ferent types of food dishes. The equipment is so arranged that there are no wasted minutes looking for anything. We have made a place for everything and everything is kept in its place. The equipment is so arranged that it is really a pleasure to work in the kitchen, for a well organized kitchen lifts housework and cooking out of the drudgery class.

THE method we use in determining the equipment best suited to our needs, can be carried out in the home. The machines are fairly light and easy to operate yet durable enough to stand up under long wear. The original price should be considered, the price of operation and service or replacement of parts that may be necessary. Sometimes the selling price may be a little higher than other similar machines on the market, but in time the more expensive equipment may actually save you more money in operation service charges or food bills.

The one important feature that practically every manufacturer is taking into consideration is the bending over necessary to run the equipment. This item is illustrated by the fact that within recent years, the designs in kitchen furniture have undergone drastic changes. Stoves have ovens placed at the side with a side swinging door, so that there is no need to bend over to look at the pie or cake. Refrigerators have cold controls and machinery at the top so that adjustments can be made without bending over. Shelves are arranged so that foods can be stored according to the most scientific laws. Shelves are adjustable to accommodate a number of different types of foods. The new machines are easy to clean. The outer surfaces are washable compositions, the corners rounded with a flat top which can be converted into an extra shelf,—a point not to be overlooked in this era of kitchenettes. The inside of refrigerators also have rounded corners. This means that there are no cracks or crevices for crumbs to hide in. Other equipment such as tables, sink tubs or service tables should be the correct height so that the housewife will be at ease while working and can accomplish her tasks without bending over.

Some tables and stools, some stoves, washing machines and ironing boards, can be raised by nailing or placing wooden blocks under the legs. True, equipment such as sinks cannot be raised, but you can raise the dishpan. You can have

made, or still better, make for yourself, a wooden rack that will support and raise the dishpan to the proper height.

Every home-maker has a right to have sunlight and fresh air in the kitchen. The smaller windows have replaced the larger ones and now windows are hung with gay thin curtains that let in light, sun and air. If you are not fortunate enough to have plenty of windows in the kitchen, you should have some kind of light provided. A center light is almost indispensable. There should be side lights, one over the sink and a second by the kitchen cabinet to give a bright light for close work. The modern home-maker



Heavy kitchen utensils are concealed in lower cupboard

has found that in her home her kitchen is, in reality, her laboratory and workshop. That is why she has demanded improvements that were once considered luxuries.

Every home should have a kitchen library including standard books on cooking, laundry, interior decorating, child care and entertaining. With new equipment and research service everyone can have an attractive home.

* Mrs. Allen will be pleased to help you make your choice in household equipment if you will address your requests to her in care of *Radio Digest*, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.—Ed.

Are AMERICAN WOMEN LAX in Politics ?

"Our Women Have Gone Further than Yours," Says Feminine Member of English Parliament. But She Admits They Lag in Business.

By Mary Agnes Hamilton

Member of Parliament

(From transatlantic broadcast over the stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System)



Keystone Photo

Mary Agnes Hamilton, M. P., and English political leader. She hopes for bigger and better things from our women.

I SHOULD like to begin by saying how real and deep is the pleasure it gives me to have this opportunity of being in a kind of contact with my many friends on your side of the water, realizing how much our people have in common, how much the whole world depends on our working hand in hand.

In the common cause of woman the will to service can be realized if a new body of fully effective citizens can be created which is in the power of anyone, quite regardless of sex.

So far as women are concerned in both countries, they are waking up very fast and taking a larger and larger share in the business of citizenship. It may be merely a national illusion on this one point, but I think the women of Britain have an advantage over you. Our women have gone further in politics than yours yet have. When I say this I am not forgetting the women sitting in Congress or the Senate or the women doing administrative work like Miss Perkins, or educational or opinion-building work like Miss Addams, Mrs. Catt, Miss Morgan, to name only a very few.

I yet venture to say although your women got the vote on equal terms earlier than ours did, we have done rather more with it. Let me remind you how it is with us today. Our House of Commons includes now fifteen women, after hotly contested elections, elections in which, as you know, both men and women have to cast their votes direct for the party candidate.

AT OUR General Election seventy tried to get elected and fourteen succeeded. One woman—an English peeress—once a conservative worker, now a Labor member, was the fourth of those to sit on the benches of the House of Commons, the other three being Conservatives—Lady Astor, Lady Iveagh and the Duchess of Atholl.

At the 1918 election only one woman was returned. Everybody has forgotten her. Nearly everybody asked, "Who was the first woman to be elected to the British House of Commons?" would say

it was one of your countrywomen, Lady Astor! but as a matter of fact it was an Irish woman elected in 1918. She, however, did not take her seat as she was a Sinn Féiner. As a result, the first woman M. P. is forgotten. Such is fate.

Now the women are treated exactly as though they were men. We hang up our hats and coats and deposit our umbrellas in a common cloakroom. We stand when the Chamber happens to be full in debate. Our points of view are entirely in our backgrounds.

Our sex in 1929 had ten in the Labor Party, three Conservatives and one independent. I don't think it is an accident that the Labor Party has twice as many women M. P.'s as the others put together. Labor, after all, was the first political party of our country to treat its women absolutely on an equality with its men. It is the party, too, which puts equal franchise on its party program. Labor led the way in admitting women to parties.

Their equality in the trade unions is

known, and as far back as 1924 Miss Margaret Bondfield, who was elected Chairman of the Trade Union Congress, presided with particular success over the Conference of the Labor Party. It was a great gathering. Again in 1924, the Labor Party broke all records by choosing a woman to be the first member of the British Administration. When the Conservatives came back to power, they had to do that as well as we did.

In 1929 this went further. Miss Margaret Bondfield is today the Minister of Labor. She is the first woman to be a sworn member of the Privy Council. In addition there are two women who are unpaid private secretaries to Ministers, and Miss Susan Lawrence, under-secretary to the Ministry of Health.

It was Premier MacDonald, too, who sent a woman to the League of Nations in 1924. It was the first time a woman had been a member of the British Delegation. In 1929 and 1930 he sent two. To that 1930 assembly women came representing their countries, from Great Britain, Canada, Australia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Holland and Hungary. The Hungarian representative was made chairman of one of the League Committees, and it was very well held by her. Lithuania, Roumania, Hungary—they all sent delegates. Germany sent a woman as technical expert. So far, you will notice, the Latin countries have not sent women to Geneva.

Here, I think, is a complete answer to the old-fashioned and timid-minded folk

who believe you can't get men to work under a woman. You can; you do. The two greatest administrators of the Departments of Labor and Health are working under women and are doing it with complete content because their chiefs are competent persons. The women are doing their share in putting through the House of Commons some of the biggest and most difficult bills which the Labor Government has introduced.

IN THE case of the Unemployment Insurance Act, Margaret Bondfield was responsible for it. She was backed up in regard to the Pensions and Housing Bill, and everyone, I think, admits that in both cases the work was done with complete efficiency and perfect control over the Parliamentary instrument.

I now come back to the question which I ventured in the beginning. Why is it that women have been able to go further with politics with us than with you? I am assuming, of course, that I am right in thinking that they really have done so, that in politics, at any rate, our women have gone a head of yours. I think the answer to this question is difficult.

I get the impression when I am in the States that politics do not stand too high in public estimation with you; that, on the contrary, a great many people who have a very keen public conscience, if I may call it that, keep out of active politics. Well, it is not so with us. With us it is broadly true that any woman or man who wants to get a thing done and dreams, seeks according to the measure of his or her ability to help make those dreams come true. Anyone with that sort of idea, I should think, feels the way to do it is to get it done. If they want to get their dreams realized, they



Representative Ruth Bryan Owen of Florida, daughter of the famous William Jennings Bryan and famous in her own right.

make their way sooner or later into the House of Commons. That is with us the royal road to effective citizenship.

From time to time, of course, you will hear wails about political life not being what it once was. People will talk loudly of their personal disillusion and will ask you, "How can you stand it?" But although we see lots of things in our life and party organization that want alteration, our notion in Britain about how to make public life better, how to make Parliament more effective, and improve things generally, is to take active part in the political battle. If the decent people, the people who see the faults and failings that, of course, exist,—if they keep out, they fail, so we feel, in that duty.

Women here are particularly strong. It is not only that they are priggish (some of us are priggish and try to hide it) but we have an idea we have something to contribute or feel sort of moral. We feel that we ought to go in, to take our share of the rough and tumble, take the rough with the smooth, and do what we can to make things better.

WOMEN with us took longer to start going into politics and prove themselves there than they did in the arts or professions, or medicine. In business, of course, I admit we still lag behind you. Just because Britain tends to put politics so high we expect greatly of it.

That women are out there in public life, is counted, with us, as the present sign of the fact that the general ideas

(Continued on page 104)



Representative Ruth B. Pratt of New York—one example of the public-spirited woman whom Mrs. Hamilton calls on us to produce.



Frances Joyce of Earl Carroll Fame Refuses to Let Haste Rob Her of Her Beauty

High Cost of HASTE

Have You Read the Story about Mrs. Thompson—the Woman Who Never Hurried? And It's Not a Fable Either!

By FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on the Care of the Skin
Heard on NBC every Tuesday Morning

IT MAY be true that there are less than half a dozen people in the world who understand Einstein's theory of relativity. I remember reading such a statement in one of the New York newspapers when Einstein came to this country last December. I do not remember the names of the very few people who were reputed to understand the famous theory of time and space, but I do know that the women who write to me have very curious theories of their own on the problem of time.

"I haven't time to do the things which you suggest. I am busy every minute of the day and I have to hurry all the time to do the necessary things of life. I have no time to be attractive." So one woman wrote me recently, and so a great many women seem to feel. If I were not sorry for these women, I would be impatient with them. For, of course, every single one of them is going to suffer from the high cost of haste.

Strangely enough, lack of time is always one of the results of the high cost of haste. Women tell me that they have no time to be attractive. They give me long lists of reasons and I might believe some of these reasons if I did not know Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. Thompson is ninety-two years old. When she was a young girl, she married a widower with eight children. They lived on a large farm and she had

none of the conveniences which are taken for granted today by the women who write to me. Mrs. Thompson managed a large house, eight step-children, and later, two of her own—and not one of these ten children ever saw her with a shiny nose, or a soiled or rumpled dress, or—and I think this is especially remarkable—with her hair out of curl. And there were no permanent waves sixty or seventy years ago, either! I do not know of any woman in this generation who has as few comforts, as few conveniences, as few necessities, if you like, as Mrs. Thompson had when she was raising a family of ten in a dilapidated farm house. Yet Mrs. Thompson always had time for her appearance.

Another remarkable thing about this remarkable old lady is the fact that, according to her children and her grand-children, she was never in a hurry. And never being in a hurry, she had time for everything worthwhile. Haste has always made waste, of course, but perhaps never so much as in our modern civilization. We are all victims of haste. We hurry doing every one of the thousands of useless things that clutter up our lives. We hurry just as much about non-essentials as we do about essentials. Few of us have developed sufficient serenity to detach ourselves and to see things with a clear sense of values. This was brought home to me several years ago when my father visited me.

He arrived in New York at the Pennsylvania Station. I met him there with a taxi and dashed him across town to my apartment. All the way over I was on the edge of the seat, urging the taxi driver to exercise more ingenuity in getting through the traffic. I didn't realize how much nervous energy I was expending or how foolish my attitude was until after we had reached the apartment and my father asked, "What do you have for me to do that it was so important to save those few minutes coming across town?" Well, I had nothing in particular for him to do and I felt that his question was a just commentary on my silly striving for haste.

Too often haste does not advance us in our efforts nearly so fast as we like to think it is doing. Consider Lewis Carroll's Alice in her hurried trip with the Red Queen. You remember that the Red Queen and Alice were running hand in hand and that it was all Alice could

do to keep up with the Queen who kept crying, "Faster, faster," as they skimmed through the air, hardly touching the ground with their feet. Just as Alice was thoroughly exhausted, they stopped and the Queen propped Alice up against a tree—the same tree they had been under the whole time. For all their racing they had not progressed a single step.

A good deal of our modern haste gets us just as far as Alice's famous flight with the Red Queen—and not a step further.

Why do we hurry? We hurry because we worry and worry arises from fear of

(Continued on page 103)

Free booklets on the care of the Skin by Frances Ingram, will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay \$5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, \$3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and \$1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

VALENTINES OF A JOKE EDITOR

Driven to Desperation

To all those hen-track writin' blokes
Who expect me to read their rotten
jokes
All I can say is—I hope you croaks.

To punk entertainers who have a yen
To see their names in print again
Forging fan letters signed "Good
Citizen"
I soitenly hopes you land in the pen.

To ladies who think they "really can
write"
Poems that tickle my ribs—I'm polite
All that I wish you is poor appetite.

The very next fella' who thinks he can
draw
Cartoons that surely will make me
guffaw
An' shows me a bunch o' tripe—Haw—
Haw!
I'll give him a smacker—right on the
jaw!

♥ *Indi-Gest*

Ever since I can remember I have been receiving comic valentines—never did I get a lace-trimmed heart or even a pink heart-shaped peppermint with "I Love You" on it in purple ink. But this year I'm getting back at some of those smarties with some comics myself (see poem above—adv.). No funny pictures, but if I illustrated them the censor probably would revoke RADIO DIGEST'S mailing privileges. But right here and now I want to tell all you contribs with regular, honest-to-goodness funnybones not to pay no 'tention to my knocks—they're only for the sad guys.

SOCK ON THE NOSE

Weener Minstrels on WENR:—

Gene: Say, Ray, is your brother having any trouble?

Ray: Not lately, but one time he was a butcher in a butcher shop and while he was cutting some meat the knife slipped and cut off his toe and while he leaned down to get his toe he cut his nose off.

Gene: What trouble does he have?

Ray: When he picked up his toe and nose he was so excited he put his nose on his foot and his toe on his face and now he has to take off his shoe every

time he wants to blow his nose.—Armando Govni, 222 Willow Ave., Joliet, Ill.

The telegram read: "Baby girl born this morning. Both mother and daughter doing well." And in the corner was a sticker which read: "When you want a boy, ring Western Union." Direct male advertising?—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHAT MARRIAGE WILL DO TO ANNOUNCERS

Robert Brown, WLW:—"The next number is one you will always remember. It is a number you will always cherish—it will stay with you. The title is 'Forgotten.' Perhaps Mr. Brown can be excused for that one, as he had just been married a few evenings before.—Hull Bronson, 2220 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TONGUE TWISTER

Say it fast:—"Is this a zither"—three times. Now you'll appreciate the trouble a Columbia announcer had the other afternoon. He tried three times without success—Mrs. Horace P. Cook, 412 W. 11th St., Anderson, Ind.

The tablewds (apol. to W. Winchell) don't seem to get much gravy from Radio Stars. No murders, divorces, shooting matches—they don't seem to have such good press agents. But when it comes to the movies:—

Phil Cook: "I see nearly all movie actresses have long slender fingers. I suppose it comes from the wedding rings—slipping them on and off so often."—Carl Horn, 532 S. Lime St., Lancaster, Pa.



Lady in antique shop: Can you show me something in an antique Radio, circa 1921, with original cat's whiskers and crystal?

POEM AND LAFFUSTRATIONS

by
DON DICKERMAN(FROM THE WALLS OF THE BLUE HORSE
NIGHT CLUB)

He looks like a Human with
A trick Head of Hair
He runs around Naked and
He roars liked a Bear.



That's where the Jazz Originates,
They play it Day and Night,
And where they sing the Dizzy Blues
And Shake the Shimmy Right.

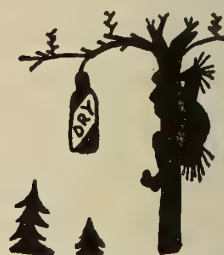
IN A FARAWAY LAND CALLED WHONOESWIAT

He gets up in the morning and
He starts a little Fight,
And he doesn't stop Fighting till
He goes to bed at Night.



They're very fond of Hunting and
They wield a Wicked Spear,
Killing oftentimes with Single Thrust
A herd of Twenty Deer.

The Men go to Market and
They don't need any Dough.
For they eat up One Another when
The Food runs Low.



The Whiskey Fruit is full of Punch
The woods are full of Srees,
You'll find your Steamer Baskets
Growing right upon the Trees.

GOSSIP SHOP

Two visitors on a personally-conducted tour barged into the studio at Columbia the other night just before Toscha Seidel's concert was to begin. Only one person was in the room.

"This is where Toscha Seidel is going to broadcast, isn't it?" one of the guests asked.

"Yeah, this is the joint," said the man in the room. "But take a tip from me buddy: lay off of that program, it's a lot of dizzy classical stuff!"

The speaker was Seidel himself!

* * *

Guy Lombardo got a fan telegram after his broadcast the other day. It came from a neighbor living in the same house with him. Here it is:—

GUY LOMBARDO
ROOSEVELT HOTEL
NEW YORK CITY

YOU SOUND MUCH BETTER
OVER THE RADIO AT TEN
THAN OVER MY HEAD AT
FOUR PM

OLIVE SMYTHE

* * *

Josef Hofmann, the famous pianist, tells one on himself. It seems he was giving a concert and was disturbed by the laughter and mumblings of a man in the third row front.

"You'll have to come and get your money back," the usher firmly proclaimed.

"All right," was the answer, "but why'm I bein' kicked out?"

"You're drunk," said the usher.

"Of course I am," was the retort, "if I wuz shober d'ya think I'd be at a conshert?"

* * *

When George Beuchler, WABC staff announcer, takes time off between programs to have dinner, he takes his stopwatch with him. Mr. Beuchler has learned to calculate to a second how much time will be occupied by each dish. If you sit next to him at dinner, you hear him mumbling to himself:

"Soup, two and a half minutes; salad, three minutes; grilled steak, eleven minutes..."

DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN BIRTH-PLACE

The Mirthquakers, NBC:—

"By the way, Brother Macey, where did you get that black eye?"

"That's a birth mark, Brother Brokenshire."

"A birth mark? What do you mean by that, Brother Macey?"

"Well, Brother Brokenshire, I was coming back from Chicago the other night and I got into the wrong berth!" — Haydon Peterson, 1723-12th St., Des Moines, Ia.

ABSURDITY

Say, Indi-Gest, to kill some time
I Thought I'd write a Jingle,
On Radio celebrities,
The Folks with whom I mingle.

Ray Perkins hands me quite a laugh,
Phil Cook is also funny,
But count me out on Cheerio
E'en though it cost me money.

So many bands have tried to ape
"B.A." Lombardo Vallee,"
I wish someone would dump the bunch
In some deserted alley.

I'd like to sing a line of praise
For Pete and Aline Dixon,
Their "Raising Junior" is one act
My dial is always fixed-on.

And here's three cheers for Arabesque,
And Frontier Days are fair,
Then add a long huzzah! for
Billy Jones and Ernie Hare.

Whoa Indi-Gest, I'd better stop
While I still have my health
Before some reader throws a brick
And ends my trek toward wealth.

"STEW"

Indi-Gest assures you that "Stew" is not the Old Soak. He is none other than Leonard Stewart Smith, popular RADIO DIGEST author.

LIVES AN ANIMAL STRANGE CALLED THE HOTTENTOT



At futuristic Painting they
Are always at their Best,
They'll slap it on your Ankle, or
They'll Etch it on your Chest.



There are no Cops, no Courts or Jails,
Nor Man-made Laws to Taunt-em,
There isn't any Income Tax,
Club Dues or Rent to Haunt-em.

To hear a band of Hottentots
A-Blattin at a Ball
Would knock you for a Homer if
You'd Any Ear at All.



I wish I were a Hottentot,
To see Life's Joys I've Striven,
But those black birds enjoy it so,
They Hardly know they're Livin'!



SLIPS THAT PASS THRU THE MIKE

On November 30th, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen was introduced to us By John B. Kennedy on Collier's Hour thus:

(He placed the cart before the horse, And introduced her as) Mrs. Ruth Owen Bryan, of course.

Mrs. M. J. Swan, 12 Northern Ave., Northampton, Mass.

CAUSED BY PATRIOTISM:—Winnipeg's CKY in Canada introduced an orchestra rendition of *It Happened in Monterey* with the solemn statement that the harmony boys would next play *It Happened in Montreal*.—J. P. Leith, University Station, Grand Forks, N. D.

REPORTED FROM THE STUDIO ITSELF:—WTIC in Hartford made a mistake in switching programs one night. The announcer pushed the button which connects the Hartford station with the NBC Red network instead of the local studio. Upon hearing a strange voice discussing spiritualism, he quickly pushed the right button—but too late—here was the result of his mistake. WTIC Announcer:—"Our next feature, the Travelers' Hour, is introduced by Mr. Paul Lucas (NBC:—) in a hypnotic trance."

LOWELL THOMAS MAKES A MISTAKE. To quote him:—"A person could go into a drug store and buy either epizootic or asafetida." (In case you don't know it, epizootic is a disease peculiar to animals—why buy it at all?)—Edith C. Woodbridge, 2417 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ANNOUNCER PUTS ON RUDY VALLEE RECORD. We hear, "Click—scratch, scratch, scratch, click! Scratch, scratch, scratch, click—" Silence. "Rudy Vallee is cracked!" piped a young female voice. Followed by, announcer: "With due apologies, the young lady says she was referring to the record!"—Edwin V. St. John, 25 Whiting Ave., Dedham, Mass.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH in this news broadcast from WEEL. Announcer: "This large corporation has been operating on a strictly *profit-sharing* basis for twelve months—a procedure that has been eminently satisfactory but that has produced no profits to the shareholders." He didn't even correct his mistake.—William W. Sanders, "Birchbrow," Haverhill, Mass.

What's the good of spending trillions of dollars for wire-rights and buying out a bunch of local Radio stations, if this is all the impression NBC can make on the rising generation:—

A little girl, a patient in our hospital, wrote a letter to Phil Cook, addressed thus:—

Mr. Phil Cook, N.B.C.,
National Biscuit Company,
New York City.

Some Cook, eh what?—A. McCullough, R. N., 43 So. 6th St., Easton, Pa.

A RADANECDOTE

Heard over WLW:—Several years ago Firestone, Edison, Ford and Burroughs were touring through Cincinnati. A light on their car went bad, and they stopped at a little crossroad store. Mr. Ford went into the store.

"What kind of automobile lights do you have?" asked Ford.

"Edison," replied the merchant.

"I'll take one," said Ford. "And by the way, you might be interested to know that Mr. Edison is out in my car."

"So?" said the merchant.

When the light was put in it was found that a new tire was needed, so Ford went back into the store and asked what kind of tires they had.

"Firestone," was the reply.

"By the way, you may be interested to know that Mr. Firestone is out there in my car and I am Mr. Ford—Henry Ford."

"So?" said the merchant.

While the tire was being put on, Burroughs, with his white whiskers, leaned out of the car and said to the merchant, "Good mornin', sir."

The merchant looked at him with a sarcastic grin and said: "If you try to tell me you're Santa Claus I'll crown you with this wrench."—Imp, Grosse Isle, Mich.

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH

The Interwoven Pair:—

Billy Jones: Have you ever heard my favorite piece, Lohengrin?

Ernie Hare: No, but I've heard Minnehaha.—Harold F. Baker, 401 College Ave., Winfield, Kans.

Now, isn't it a pity that Gigli, the tenor, doesn't say his name the way it looks, instead of in good old Italian, "Zhili" (not a G in it)—so we could have put him in that one. Well, now go ahead and get giggly over this one:—

Something for Everyone (CBS):—

"I never thought I'd pull through. First I got angina pectoris, followed by arteriosclerosis. Just as I was recovering, I got tuberculosis and aphasia."

"Good heavens, you don't look much the worse for it."

"I wasn't ill, you idiot! I was in a spelling bee."—Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.

RAH FOR HAPPY HOLLOW!

HERE are a few lines I would very much like to see in print in V.O.L. But I know that what I write is never eligible for anything like that (*No?—Editor*). There is one station and especially one program here in the Middle West that I admire—KMBC, Kansas City, Mo., and the program is "Happy Hollow", written and presented under the direction of Ted Malone.

Happy Hollow is the typical small town, with the general store, little red school, depot where a train comes through once a week, and everything else that makes a "one-horse" town.—The Pestication Pest (Marguerite), Higgsville, Mo.

WE REFUSE TO PLEAD GUILTY

I WAS first introduced to your excellent magazine with the September issue and now I come back for more every month. "Somebody or other", who stated in V.O.L. that most of the news and articles in RADIO DIGEST were about Radio artists of the South and West is crazy—at least as far as the West is concerned. I haven't seen much as yet about the stations I usually listen to—especially about KFRC, my favorite station.—J. R., Sacramento, Cal.

Not guilty this time. December, 1930, issue contained a story and pictures of the KFRC Blue Monday Jamboree—rotogravure section this month displays a fine picture.—EDITOR.

JIMMIE GREEN STORY COMING SOON

I AM a Jimmie Green fan, and wonder why he isn't given the publicity in RADIO DIGEST that he rightly deserves. And Frankie Aquins, one of the featured vocalists in Jimmie's orchestra, possesses the finest, and I think, the sweetest voice I have heard. I have listened to both of them over WENR, WTMJ, and have now followed them, via the Radio, of course, to WGY.—Lucile MacLeod, 5726 Erie Avenue, Hammond, Ind.

FOR RADIO CLUB FANS

I STARTED reading RADIO DIGEST with the October issue and I find it to be the best Radio magazine I have ever seen. I especially enjoy reading the V.O.L. I have become affiliated with two Radio clubs through reading this column and I would like to join several more. If anybody who reads this letter happens to be at the head of any Radio club will they please send me an application card and any other information necessary to join.—Stanley J. Fredrickson, 816 Macon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MR. ARNOLD'S letter gave me an idea. Why not publish the names of people who would like to interchange information on Radio reception and all the "whys" and "wherefores" of Radio?

I would like to receive letters from listeners about the distant stations they can get and the different programs their local stations have—or anything about Radio!

I will gladly answer any letters.—Mr. L. J. Goulette, Route No. 2, Plummer, Idaho.

WANTS "CHEERIO" TO REMAIN INCOGNITO

IN ANSWER to Mrs. Servior Mitchell in the December DIGEST, I want to disagree with her about "Cheerio" taking the wrong attitude in remaining "incog."

When you hear a Radio artist every day for several years can't you just picture how he looks? I can, and sometimes when I finally see his picture—Oh! how disappointed and disillusioned I am. Imagine how many thousands of folks have their own conception of just how "Cheerio" looks,—and they can't all be right. So think what would happen if suddenly some paper came out with the picture of a short fat man labeled "This is Cheerio" and nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine people had pictured him as a tall thin

Voice of the

man! I would rather keep my own mental vision of him. How about the rest of the "Circle"?

Here's to RADIO DIGEST—may it always be as good as it is today.—Mrs. W. H. Stiles, Stone Harbor, N. J.

HE STILL BELIEVES IN SANTA CLAUS

IN YOUR December issue you have a very interesting article about some of the Radio artists and what they want for Christmas. Should Santy Claus make inquiries as to what some of the listeners want, will you please tell him if we find an announcement, in our socks on Christmas morning, of Floyd Gibbons in his nightly broadcasts of news flashes, he will make the whole world happy. Thank you.—A Listener, Dayton, Ohio.

CHEERIO STILL ON NBC AND WDAF AT 9:30 CENTRAL TIME, LITTLE JACK LITTLE ON NBC AND WREN 12:45 SUNDAY

WE USED to get "Cheerio" through WDAF, Kansas City, but can't locate them now. Are they off the air? If not, what chain are they on and what station?

Is Little Jack Little still on the air, and if so, from what stations does he broadcast?—B. R. Coggeshall, Solomon, Kans.

WHERE IS "APOSTOLIC CHURCH OF PENTECOST" BROADCASTING OVER 1040 KILOCYCLE STATION?

ABOUT December 1st (9:00 o'clock mountain standard time) we heard a religious service being broadcast from a station using a frequency of about 1040 kilocycles. KNX, Hollywood was on one side, while our local was on the other side. Can any one tell me where this church is located? We would like to communicate with it. We are pretty sure it was the Apostolic Church of Pentecost. If possible, we'd like to know the Evangelist's name, too.—David Donaldson, 1355 McTavish Street, Regina, Sask., Canada.

RECIPE BROADCASTERS, PLEASE TALK SLOWLY AND GIVE MRS. HOUSEWIFE TIME TO WRITE

IT IS rather disheartening to a housewife who has listened intently to the discussion of a new dish to find, after she has dashed around looking for a pencil and paper (and found them), that the lady at the other end of the Radio connection is talking so fast that it is not possible to take down the recipe or instructions.

The speed at which the average cooking broadcaster delivers her recipes makes it quite difficult for many of the housewives to take down all the information given in long hand.

Of course, the writer is taking into consideration that the time is limited in which the broadcaster is obliged to dictate her recipes, but would it not be better if the dictator gave fewer recipes, enabling the housewife to make a success of these, than to distribute many recipes, which through lack of time allowed are incompletely by the housewife and, as a consequence, unusable.

Incompleted recipes for dishes which cooks are anxious to serve means lost sales of ingredients comprising them, reacting against the manufacturer sponsoring the broadcast.

Is it not essential, therefore, that for the proper promotion of sales the wholesaler or distributor advertising the various products, through the medium of the cookery talks, see to it that recipe dictation is standardized as to time? Bessie A. Crotty, 1 Jacobus Place, New York, N. Y.

P. S.—NELLIE SAYS DON'T BROADCAST RECIPES AT ALL

I WISH some station or magazine would start a movement to abolish recipes from the Radio. Not one person in a thousand "gets a pencil and writes 'one teaspoonful salt, cup of flour'" and the rest of the rubbish one is compelled to listen to regardless of how much one pays for a Radio.

If it is boresome and nerve-racking for women to have to listen to a flock of uninteresting recipes, how irritating and exasperating it must be to men.

If "Good English" supplanted the "Recipe programs" we might all profit with the time which is now wasted.

If we can't afford a cook, in this day and age, we eat in restaurants. PLEASE begin a movement to eliminate "recipes" and replace them with music or "Good English."—Nellie Mae Black, Miami, Florida.

GUESS YOURS IS "MINORITY OPINION" ON LITTLE JACK LITTLE—HE'S NOW ON NBC

I HAVE been reading your RADIO DIGEST for some time and am interested in letters from your readers upon various phases of Radio programs. I like to see friendly criticism but not daggers thrust at each other through the magazine! I think each listener has a right to his or her opinion, and to have likes and dislikes.

Now I wonder just what readers think of "Little Jack Little"? There has been a great deal of discussion about him and many severe criticisms of his line of Radio broadcasts over WLW. One may have a pretty accurate idea of the man from hearing him just once. As for me and all my family and many friends, he could be left off the Radio entirely and not be missed—much! He is a natural born pianist I believe, but if he would only play and not try to talk or sing! I simply can't stand his style of conceit and egotism and self esteem.

We like good poetry over the air but get little of it suitable for broadcasting. We like "Tony's Scrap Book" now over the CBS, and "Buck and Alice" over NBC, and so many others. The fine pipe organ programs over WLW, WGN, WENR and other stations are so good—so are the School of the Air and Phil Cook and "Cheerio"—over the big chains. I don't know what we would do without the Radio. I enjoy reading about the programs and different characters in the RADIO DIGEST. It is fine!—M. F. L. C., Indiana.

SEE MEXICAN STATIONS LISTED ON PAGE 96, RAYMOND

CAN you tell me what station in Tampico, Tamps, Mexico, broadcasts on approximately the same wave as WJZ? (Probably you mean XEM, Tampico—EDITOR). Also, what Mexican station coming in between WTAM and WTIC sounds a cuckoo call during the program at intervals? (Probably XER, Mexico, D. F.).—Raymond Dessinger, Linwood, Kans.

Listener

GO 'WAY WID YER BLARNEY

YOU must have adopted M. Emile Coue's cult, as every day in every way your magazine is growing better and better. I am sure anyone could get a greater kick out of a Mike and Herman program after looking at their pictures on page 67 of the October RADIO DIGEST. Hoping to hear more of your magic power, and wishing you all success.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jennings, Caro, Michigan.

WOW! WHAT A BIG ORDER

I ENJOY RADIO DIGEST very much. I would like very much to see a write-up and pictures of the WCAU announcers, and would particularly like to see published pictures of as many of the WCAU Children's Hour performers as you can secure.

Now will you permit me to talk about something I do not like in RADIO DIGEST? I refer to the fiction. This feature seems to me out of place in a Radio magazine. I believe it could be used to better advantage in giving this space to more Radio write-ups and pictures.

If there ever was a write-up and pictures of Mike and Herman and the Smith Family of WENR and Louie and His Hungry Five of WGN in RADIO DIGEST I missed it, if not, would like to see it.—Charles L. Anspach, Schuylkill Haven, Pa.

We've had 'em all with pictures, Charles. Particularly—WCAU Kiddies on page 71 this issue, and Mike and Herman page 67, October. Check and double check on the fiction—EDITOR.

OH! THE POOR ANNOUNCER—HE IS BLAMED FOR WHAT MAY BE THE SPONSOR'S FAULT

WE, THE public, have our favorite announcers as well as our favorite stations. We are critical—we are super-critical—why shouldn't we be when we are daily enjoying twenty-four hours of free entertainment?

Not one in ten thousand of us knows an announcer by sight, but we know his voice and we form his picture for our mind's gallery from it. We see a good-looking man, rather under middle-age, in evening clothes. He is standing before a galaxy of entertainers in velvet and jewels; he is the Master of Ceremonies, a personage.

A good announcer helps a poor program. A poor announcer hurts a good program. A good announcer, to our mind, is one who is not pedantic, who does not over-air his knowledge. We want our announcer to use good English in a voice which is free from accent. We believe that he should use a few descriptive adjectives, but we do not want our announcer to stoop to cheap wit. We are fastidious.

We do not always turn to something else during the advertising of the sponsor's wares. There are only two reasons why we do not; the first, we don't want to miss the beginning of the program; the second, we are interested.

The success of a station depends on how well the announcer holds our interest—will we ask for Gummer's Toothpaste when we stand before the druggist's display-case? If the announcer has told us in as many words as necessary (and no more) "Gummer, the manufacturer of the wonderful Gummer's Toothpaste which is so well recommended by all dentists, has the pleasure of presenting—" we shall ask for Gummer's Toothpaste. We can't help asking for it because the name, "Gummer's" stands out.

"Music soothes the savage breast." Granted. But a heavenly choir would fail to soothe us during some of the long-winded and disjointed preambles to some of the programs.

Some day a thinking sponsor will explain to his wordy announcer that the Radio has brought out another phase in selling-psychology. He may call it appreciation—it doesn't matter; whatever he calls it, it is a sale made by his program in the way the tailor's extra care in the fitting of an altered coat brings the man back for a new suit.

General Napier announced the capture of Scinde and the end of a campaign by the one word, "peccavi"; meaning, I have sinned. O for the day when we shall hear, "This is Station BLAH Napier is your announcer."

Will the writer of this letter please communicate with the Editor?

MORE WHAS PICTURES, PLEASE!

I AM a regular reader of the RADIO DIGEST and like it immensely. I have only one objection—there are never pictures and write-ups on WHAS artists or announcers, where other stations have them two or three times a year. I hope we will hear a little about them soon.—Miss S. Glenn, Louisville, Ky.

See the picture and story about Jack Turner, pianist of WHAS on page 72 of this issue and other pictures in the Sept. issue—EDITOR.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT—VOICE OF THE "RUDY" LISTENER

WE PUT it to a vote in the V.O.L. columns—this question of the most popular orchestra leader—we'll let you in to count the ballots—here they are:—

UNTIL I found your column in the magazine I did not know the Radio listener was supposed to have a voice. I thought we had to take everything they wanted to hand us and not squawk. If you doubt this statement try to find a good program Sunday morning or afternoon. I think that if they put Rudy Vallee on the air Sunday afternoon, even you ducks that are razzing him would welcome him with open arms.—A. Curnow, Detroit, Mich. . . . Is the V.O.L. intended to be the humor department? Whatever the intention, it has succeeded in being the funniest spot in the magazine since I have been reading it. These bombastics about Rudy Vallee started by the eminent Mrs. Johnson are the source of the amusement.—R. M. Kenworthy, Chicago, Ill. . . . I'll bet most of these people who do the "panning" listen to his programs.—Bea Trumble, Saginaw, Mich. . . . I am always, like all other young people, willing and anxious to read anything that Mr. Vallee writes.—Margaret M. Long, Chicago, Ill. . . .

WHEN we studied about Rome in School, we learned that Roman youths used to take mud baths to make them more gorgeous (A tip for Rudy and these mud-slingers).—Another "heigh-ho" fan, Grass Lake, Mich. . . . He has worked very hard to put himself and his orchestra where they are today and deserves every bit of praise he receives. Come on, you Vallee fans, fifty-million of us can't be wrong.—Carlita M. Halford, East Hartford, Conn. . . . If some girls want to picture him as their dream lover, well isn't that their own affair? Heaven knows it's harmless enough.—C. L., Augusta, Maine. . . .

OH! IT'S a "Beauty Contest" now—well, I'll raise your two cents and have my say. Ugly features, unattractive and homely face (as Rudy's was called) never kept any good man down. How about Abraham Lincoln? And coming back to Radio, would you call Graham McNamee handsome?—Ruth Ramsay, Petersburg, Ill. . . . Razz Rudy? Not while I'm around. His musicians got their instruments at some place other than the 25c to \$1.00 store, as they certainly are not tin panny.—Mrs. R. Whaley, Detroit, Mich. . . . To me he is a mythical knight, and his voice sends me all a-twitcher and a-twitch.—Virtinia K. Henderson, St. Joseph, Mo. . . . A million girls in love with him? Why not? Hasn't a person who has gained a foothold for himself on the ladder of fame some sort of right to expect applause? Hasn't his voice that certain something that weaves romance—its' so—so—oh, what shall I say?—J. M. Swanson, Ludington, Mich. . . .

Etc., etc., from many, many more, including M. E. Brown, Waterbury, Conn., Mr. R. M. Hubert, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . Valeria Bache . . . D. B. Morris, Huntington, L. I. . . . and so on, and so on, ad infinitum.

ONE VOTE FOR "JIMMIE" GREEN AND "SOL" WAGNER

POOR Rudy. It really is amusing the way Mrs. Johnson has all the Rudy Vallee fans up in arms. To be perfectly frank I don't care for him myself.

The best orchestra in the country, in my opinion, is "Jimmie" Green. If you haven't heard him, well, you've missed a lot.

And I must not forget to mention "Sol" Wagner. Tune in on WENR Chicago and if you're blue, you won't be for long.—"Tiny," Washington, Pa.

MORE VOTES FOR LOMBARDO AND COON-SANDERS

I AM writing this in favor of Guy Lombardo and Coon-Sanders. I don't see how a perfectly good magazine like yours can harp so much on Rudy Vallee.

Lombardo and Coon-Sanders have bands that really work together to put over the whole orchestration, not just a few pretty choruses of a good number. Guy Lombardo's band and Coon-Sanders' must rate far above Vallee because of their higher and more complicated type of music.—Warren J. Hanson, Northfield, Minn.

THERE seems to be so much discussion in the Voice of the Listener about Rudy Vallee and Guy Lombardo, I will have to "speak my piece". The Royal Canadians have more rhythm and individuality than any orchestra I have ever heard.

Of course, I know the men have been accused of being jealous of Rudy but does that sound reasonable? If that were true, we would be jealous of the Lombardo boys, too. All three of them are good looking and I know of no one that can imitate Carmen's singing. My vote goes for the Lombardos.—George F. Kunze, U. S. Veteran's Hospital, Oteen, N. C.

ONE VOTE ISN'T ENOUGH FOR HIM— HE TAKES TEN

THIS is my arrangement of the ten best orchestras. Johnny Hamp, Earl Burnett, Paul Whiteman, Isham Jones, Jack Denny, Ben Bernie, Gus Arnheim, George Olsen, Wayne King, Ted Weems.—O. J. J., Meirose, Wis.

WHERE IS ROY INGRAHAM'S BAND?

IF I were to name the five best orchestras on the air I would mention—Coon-Sanders, Guy Lombardo, Wayne King, Roy Ingraham and Art Kassel.

By the way, can anyone tell me what has happened to Roy Ingraham? We haven't heard him in this part of the country, since last spring.—Geraldine Schuman, Milwaukee, Wis.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Synchronization of Stations

THE next few years may see the operation of entire chains of broadcasting stations on the same wave length if the proposed experimental operation of WTIC, Hartford, on the same wave length as WEAf; and WBAL, Baltimore, on the same wave length as WJZ, proves successful. Normally if two stations located quite close together are operated on the same wave length, serious interference is produced, but if their operation is synchronized, it has been determined from experiments made by engineers of the NBC, no interference is created. In fact, it appears that the synchronized operation of two or more stations on the same wave length has the effect of improving reception for listeners located midway between the two stations and normally receiving rather weak signals. Such listeners will, when the stations are synchronized, receive a combined signal from both stations which will make the reception louder and decrease fading.

It is to test the practicability of synchronized operation under ordinary broadcasting conditions that the National Broadcasting Company has requested permission of the Federal Radio Commission to permit the operation of WTIC and WBAL on the same frequencies as WEAf and WJZ respectively. At present WTIC and WBAL share time on 1060 kc. and operate on alternate days; when synchronized both stations will be on the air full time. WBAL will operate half time on 1060 kc. and half time synchronized with WJZ on 760 kc.; WTIC will operate half time on 1060 kc. and half time synchronized with WEAf on 660 kc. This synchronizing arrangement, giving both WBAL and WTIC full time broadcasting schedules, will bring many new NBC features to the listeners in Baltimore and Hartford areas.

Though these experiments prove entirely successful it would not be possible to extend such operation to all the stations on the networks. For example, KYW, Chicago, operating on 1020 kc., now carries a number of NBC programs. But if this station were to be synchronized with the key station, WJZ, on 760 kc., serious interference would be produced in Chicago because the synchronized operation of KYW on 760 kc. would place it too close to 770 kc. assigned to WBBM, Chicago. The only conclusion one can reach is that the gen-

Synchronization is a subject of fundamental importance to Radio listeners since it may have very far reaching effects on broadcasting. By means of synchronization it is possible to operate on a single wave length any number of stations transmitting the same program. Just what synchronization is, and the effect it will have, are described here

eral adoption of synchronized operation of chain stations probably require the reallocation of broadcasting stations. Obviously, the frequency assignments of a large number of stations must be changed to make available a clear channel throughout the entire country on which a group of synchronized stations could be operated.

The final set-up after the necessary reallocation of stations, would be the assignment of one wave length to each chain and all the stations associated with a particular network would operate on this common wave length. Whereas a group of thirty stations now require some thirty different wave lengths, when synchronized only one wave length would be required, releasing the other twenty-nine wave lengths for other programs. This is an important advantage of synchronization; it makes more efficient our use of the limited number of broadcast channels.

Many of the chain broadcasting stations are not in favor of synchronization, for as soon as they operate on a common wave length they lose their individual identity. The chain broadcasting companies will therefore be compelled to purchase and operate their own stations or to take full time leases on stations which can readily be changed over for synchronized operation. To buy new stations or lease existing stations and change their wave lengths involves the expenditure of millions of dollars. Synchronization, without doubt, is something that cannot be accomplished over night.

So far as the Radio listener is concerned, what are the advantages of synchronization that would warrant the expenditure of millions of dollars? In what way does synchronization result in improved Radio reception for the listener? It seems to us

that synchronization yields the following advantages.

First, the entire country could be "spotted" with a number of high-powered broadcasting stations so located as to supply a good strong signal to all listeners. Since all these stations would use the same wave length, there would be no interference between them.

Second, listeners throughout the country could have available full time reception of chain programs.

Third, reception would be improved, since listeners now so located as to receive a rather poor signal would, in most cases, receive stronger signals under synchronized operation.

Fourth, tuning in the chain program would be simplified since all the programs of a particular network would always be received at the same point on the tuning dial of the Radio receiver.

Synchronization will also result in the release of a number of wave lengths now used in the transmission of chain programs and these wave lengths could then be used to give additional programs to the listener. Channels would also be left open if in the process of setting up a synchronized network certain transmitters were purchased, thereby possibly leaving open the frequency assignments formerly used by these stations. If this occurs (few seriously doubt the ultimate use of synchronization), and such frequencies are released, they should certainly be assigned to organizations who can afford to erect and maintain high-powered stations, organizations willing to spend time and money to put good programs on the air.

THE notes on synchronization given on this page obviously carry the picture far into the future. Synchronization must be brought about by evolutionary rather than revolutionary changes in our present methods of broadcasting.

Meanwhile if the proposed experiments with WBAL and WTIC are successful there is no reason why such operation on dual wave lengths cannot be applied to many other stations so located that such operation could be undertaken without causing interference with stations on neighboring channels. In this manner many stations now operating part time will be enabled to operate full time.

of the Radio Arts

Latest Developments in Television

THE last few weeks of 1930 brought forth a number of important developments in television. During December an important conference was held by all engineers working on television problems. This conference, called by the Federal Radio Commission and held in their offices at Washington, D. C., discussed various technical problems concerned with the experimental transmission of television programs. As a result of the conference a number of assignments were changed and the engineers adopted definite resolutions regarding the assignment of licenses and the setting aside of additional bands for further experimental work.

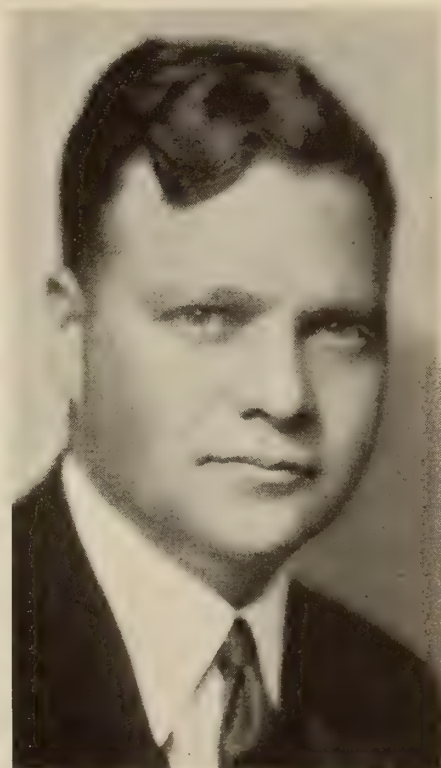
During the television conference, P. T. Farnsworth, associated with Television Laboratories of California as its Technical Director, somewhat startled his co-workers by stating that he had done some successful work with 700 line television pictures and that by special processes and tubes the transmission band required for these pictures was no greater than that utilized by an ordinary broadcasting station in the transmission of voice and music. One of the major problems on which the progress of television depends to a large extent is that it ordinarily requires the use of very wide bands of frequency and the transmission and reception of these wide bands creates problems difficult to overcome.

NOW if a method can be devised to make it unnecessary to use such wide bands, television would probably soon become a practical reality. It is understood that Mr. Farnsworth expects to demonstrate his system in New York some time during the early part of 1931. Needless to say everyone is looking forward with much interest to this.

Reports have reached the Department of Commerce of a successful demonstration in Paris by M. Barthelemy, a well known French experimenter, of a television device which works successfully on an ordinary broadcast receiving set. A report from the trade Commissioner in Paris stated that figures were produced in clear relief and in colors, the images were not blurred and facial features were sufficiently distinct to permit easy recognition of individuals. It is understood that M. Barthelemy claims his apparatus attains a perfection thus far not reached in other

countries. When asked if he could televise an entire scene he replied in the affirmative.

With the closing weeks of 1930 there was brought to light some data on experiments made by engineers of the National Broadcasting Company in the transmission and reception of television images on



Mr. D. E. Replogle, of the Jenkins Television Corp., a pioneer who has probably done more than any other man to aid the advance of practical television apparatus.

short wave lengths. These tests were conducted in the heart of New York City and it was found that the Radio waves acted very much like light waves—being easily absorbed, reflected and refracted. In other words they literally bounced around among the steel buildings in New York.

Reflected waves caused the television receivers to show two or even many images instead of just one. We suppose that in an extreme case a lone pretty girl doing a dance would look like a whole chorus!

With these short wave lengths many "dead spots" were found where little or no signal could be received, these areas of poor reception being due evidently to the

absorption of the Radio waves by steel structures. The shorter the wave length, the more severe are such dead spots, although they were not uncommon in the broadcast band, especially in the early days of broadcasting before stations began to use high power.

Dr. Herbert E. Ives of the Bell Laboratories, and one of the most prominent engineers associated with the art of television, has done considerable work on the transmission of television images in natural color. Color transmission without the use of extremely wide bands of frequency has been perfected and color values in the case of ordinary black and white images have been improved.

In the television demonstration given by Dr. Ives during the early part of 1930, the subject was illuminated with blue light and the photo-cells were of the type sensitive chiefly to light in the blue part of the spectrum. Blue light was used, since the eye is comparatively insensitive to this color and the face of the person being televised can therefore be illuminated with a very intense blue light without causing the discomfort which would be experienced if white lights of the same intensity were used.

THE effect of using blue light, however, was to make the yellow and red tints of the skin too dark. In order to produce a more natural gradation in color values a purple light is now used with additional photo-cells more sensitive to red light added to the system. Purple being a combination of red and blue, we are therefore in effect scanning the person's face with the aid of light at each end of the spectrum and as a result we obtain much more faithful reproduction.

These notes on television make it apparent that a tremendous amount of engineering thought is being devoted to the subject. What this year holds in store in the way of further television developments no one knows, but there is little doubt that tremendous advances will be made. Farnsworth's revolutionary system, about which no details have been divulged, may prove to be practical and television would then be "just around the corner." Readers of RADIO DIGEST may be sure that the editors of this magazine will keep in close touch with all television developments and report them in these pages, as rapidly as possible.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list has been corrected from latest issue of the official U. S. Federal Radio Commission bulletin in effect at the time of going to press (January 1, 1931).—EDITOR

K

- KBTM. Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KCRC. Enid, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
KCRJ. Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KDB. Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KDFN. Casper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDKA. Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
KDLR. Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KDYL. Salt Lake City, Utah
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
KECA. Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1000 kc.—209.7 m.
KEJK. Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—1170 kc.
KELW. Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KEX. Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KFAB. Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
KFB. Great Falls, Mont.
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
KFBK. Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFDM. Beaumont, Texas
100 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KFDY. Brookings, S. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KFEL. Denver, Colo.
500 w.—940 kc.—325.9 m.
KFEQ. St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—560 kc.—440.9 m.
KFGQ. Boone, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFH. Wichita, Kans.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFL. Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
KFLP. Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFIO. Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1230 kc.—267.7 m.
KFIZ. Fond du Lac, Wis.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFJB. Marshalltown, Iowa.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFJF. Oklahoma City, Okla.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—202.6 m.
KFJL. Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFJM. Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFJR. Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KFJY. Fort Dodge, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFJZ. Fort Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFKA. Greeley, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFKB. Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KFKU. Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
KFKX. Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KFLV. Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KFLX. Galveston, Texas.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KFMX. Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KFNF. Shenandoah, Iowa
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFOR. Lincoln, Nebr.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KFOZ. Hollywood, Calif.
250 w.—860 kc.
KFRC. San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.9 m.
KFRU. Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
KFSD. San Diego, Calif.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFSG. Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KFUL. Galveston, Texas.
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
KFUM. Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KFUO. Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KFUP. Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFVD. Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—750 kc.—299.8 m.
KFVS. Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFWB. Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KFWF. St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KFWI. San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KFWM. Richmond, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.
1000 w. until local sunset
KFXX. Denver, Colo.
500 w.—940 kc.—325.9 m.
KFYM. San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KFYR. Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KFXY. Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KFYO. Abilene, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KFYR. Bismarck, N. D.
500 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
KGA. Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
KGAR. Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGB. San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1360 kc.—225.4 m.
KGBU. Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KGBX. St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—228.9 m.
KGBZ. York, Nebr.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KGCI. San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGCR. Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGC. Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGCX. Wolf Point, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
250 w. until local sunset
KGDA. Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGDE. Fergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGD. Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
KGFE. Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KGER. Long Beach, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—220.4 m.
KGEW. Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGEZ. Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGFF. Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGF. Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGFI. Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGFJ. Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—249.9 m.
KGF. Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KGF. Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
KGGC. San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGGF. South Coffeyville, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
KGGM. Albuquerque, N. M.
250 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KGHF. Pueblo, Colo.
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGHI. Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KGHL. Billings, Mont.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
KGIQ. Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGR. Butte, Mont.
250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
KGIW. Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGIX. Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGJF. Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
KGBK. Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGL. San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KGKO. Wichita Falls, Texas
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KGKX. Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KGGY. Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KGM. Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KGM. Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGNF. North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.
KGN. Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KGO. San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
KGR. San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGRS. Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
KGU. Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KGW. Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KHJ. Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KHQ. Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
KICK. Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KID. Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
KIDO. Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
KJBS. San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
KJR. Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
KLO. Ogden, Utah
100 w.—1370 kc.—214.2 m.
200 w. until local sunset
KLP. Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KLRA. Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KLS. Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
KLX. Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KLZ. Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KMA. Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KMBC. Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
KMIC. Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KMJ. Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KMMJ. Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
KMO. Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—1340 kc.—348.6 m.
KMOX. St. Louis, Mo.
5000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
KMPC. Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
KMTR. Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KNX. Hollywood, Calif.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
KOA. Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
KOAC. Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KOB. State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
KOCW. Chickasha, Okla.
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
500 w. until local sunset
KOH. Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KOIL. Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KOIN. Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
KOL. Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KOMO. Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
KONO. San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KOOS. Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KORE. Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KOY. Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KFCB. Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.—421.3 m.
KPJM. Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KPO. San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
KPOF. Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
KPRC. Houston, Texas
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
KPSN. Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—220.4 m.
KPWF. Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
KQV. Pittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.
KQW. San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
KRE. Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KREG. Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KREP. Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KRGV. Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KRLD. Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KROW. Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
KSAC. Manhattan, Kans.
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
KSA. Birdville, Texas
1000 w.—1250 kc.
KSCJ. Sioux City, Iowa
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
KSD. St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
KSEI. Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
KSL. Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
KSMR. Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KSO. Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
KSOO. Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
KSTP. St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
KTAB. Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
KTAP. San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTAR. Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
KTAT. Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
KBI. Los Angeles, Calif.
750 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBR. Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
KTBS. Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
KTHS. Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
KTLC. Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTM. Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
KTNT. Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
KTRH. Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
KTTA. San Antonio, Texas
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
KTSL. Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTS. El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KTUE. Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KTV. Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KUJ. Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
KUOA. Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
KUSD. Vermillion, S. D.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
750 w. until local sunset
KUT. Austin, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—199.9 m.
KVI. Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
KVL. Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KVOA. Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KVOO. Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
KVOS. Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWCR. Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
KWEA. Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
KWG. Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KWJJ. Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
KWK. St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
KWK. Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
KWKH. Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
KWLC. Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
KWSC. Pullman, Wash.
2500 w.—1390 kc.—245.8 m.
KWVG. Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
KXA. Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
KXL. Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
KXO. El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
KYA. San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
KYW. Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
KYWA. Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—1620 kc.
KZM. Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

W

- WAFF. Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WAAM. Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
2000 w. until local sunset
WAAT. Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—1070 kc.—319 m.
WA. Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
WABC. New York City
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
WABI. Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WABZ. New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WACO. Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
WADC. Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WAIU. Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
WALR. Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WAPI. Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263.7 m.
WASH. Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WBAA. W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WBAK. Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WBAL. Baltimore, Md.
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WBAP. Fort Worth, Texas
10,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.

WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m. WBBL.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—247.8 m. WBMM.....Chicago, Ill. 2500 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m. WBRR.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m. WBZZ.....Ponca City, Okla. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m. WBCM.....Bay City, Mich. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m. WBIS.....Quincy, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m. WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m. WBNY.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m. WBOQ.....New York, N. Y. 5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m. WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m. 1000 w. until local sunset WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WBRL.....Tilton, N. H. 500 w.—1430 kc. WBSE.....Wellesley Hills, Mass. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m. WBT.....Charlotte, N. C. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m. WBTM.....Danville, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m. WBZ.....Springfield, Mass. 15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m. WBZA.....Boston, Mass. 500 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m. WCAC.....Storrs, Conn. 250 w.—600 kc.—500 m. WCAD.....Canton, N.Y. 500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m. WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m. WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m. WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr. 500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m. WCAL.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m. WCAM.....Camden, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m. WCAO.....Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m. WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m. WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa. 10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m. WCAX.....Burlington, Vt. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WCBM.....Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m. WCBT.....Zion, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m. WCBM.....Baltimore, Md. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m. WCBT.....Springfield, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn. 7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m. WCDA.....New York City 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m. WCFL.....Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—970 kc.—301.9 m. WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m. WCKY.....Covington, Ky. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.6 m. WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. WCLO.....Janesville, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WCLS.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WCMA.....Culver, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m. WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla. 500 w.—1120 kc.—223.7 m. WCOG.....Meridian, Miss. 500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m. 1000 w. until local sunset WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WCRW.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WCSC.....Charleston, S. C. 250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WCSH.....Portland, Me. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m. WCSSO.....Springfield, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m. WDAE.....Tampa, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.—245.8 m. WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m. WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas 250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m. WDAH.....El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WDAY.....Fargo, N. D. 1000 w.—1280 kc.—319 m.	WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va. 250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m. 500 w. until local sunset WDBO.....Orlando, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.—267.7 m. WDEL.....Wilmington, Del. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m. 350 w. until local sunset WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m. WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn. 2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m. WDRS.....Hartford, Conn. 500 w.—1330 kc.—226 m. WDSU.....New Orleans, La. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m. WDWF.....Providence, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m. WEAF.....New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m. WEAL.....Ithaca, N. Y. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m. WEAN.....Providence, R. I. 250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m. 500 w. until local sunset WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio 750 w.—570 kc.—526 m. WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio 1000 w.—1070 kc. WEBC.....Superior, Wis. 2500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m. WEBE.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc. WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. 200 w. until local sunset WEBW.....Beloit, Wis. 350 w.—600 kc. WEDC.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WEEI.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m. WEHC.....Emory, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—249.9 m. WEHS.....Evanston, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—211.1 m. WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m. WEMC.....Berrien Springs, Mich. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m. WENR.....Chicago, Ill. 50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.5 m. WEPS.....Auburn, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WEVD.....New York City 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m. WEW.....St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m. WFAA.....Dallas, Texas 50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m. WFBM.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m. WFBP.....Cincinnati, Ohio 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WFBG.....Altoona, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WFBJ.....Collegeville, Minn. 100 w.—1370 kc. WFBP.....Syracuse, N. Y. 1000 w.—900 kc.—220.4 m. WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m. WFBP.....Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m. WPDF.....Flint, Mich. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WPDV.....Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m. WPDW.....Talladega, Ala. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m. WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m. WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m. WFJC.....Akron, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m. WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—483.6 m. 2500 w. until local sunset WFLA.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WGBS.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m. WGBF.....Evansville, Ind. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m. WGBI.....Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m. WGBS.....New York City 500 w.—1180 kc.—499.7 m. WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WGCP.....Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m. WGES.....Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m. WGH.....Newport News, Va. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WGHP.....Fraser, Mich. 1000 w.—1240 kc. WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m. WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WGN.....Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m. WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m. WGST.....Atlanta, Ga. 500 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m. WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y. 50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m. WHA.....Madison, Wis. 750 w.—940 kc.—319 m. WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m. WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y. 5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m. WHAP.....New York City 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m. WHAS.....Louisville, Ky. 10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m. WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m. WHB.....Kansas City, Mo. 500 w.—950 kc.—348.6 m. WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m. WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m. WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m. WHBU.....Anderson, Ind. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m. WHDH.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m. WHDH.....Minneapolis, Minn. 500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m. WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m. WHFC.....Cicero, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—211.1 m. WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m. WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio 1000 w.—1390 kc.—215 m. WHN.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m. WHO.....Des Moines, Ia. 5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m. WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m. WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m. WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m. WIBA.....Madison, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—234.2 m. WIBG.....Ellans Park, Pa. 50 w.—930 kc. WIBM.....Jackson, Mich. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m. WIBO.....Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.—570 kc.—535.7 m. 1500 w. until local sunset WIBS.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc. WIBU.....Poyntette, Wis. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas 1300 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m. 2500 w. until local sunset WIBX.....Utica, N. Y. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. 300 w. until local sunset WICC.....Bridgeport, New Haven, Conn. 500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m. WIL.....St. Louis, Mo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WILL.....Urbana, Ill. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m. 500 w. until local sunset WILM.....Wilmington, Del. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m. WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—560 kc.—230.6 m. WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m. WIS.....Columbia, S. C. 1000 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m. WISJ.....Madison, Wis. 1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m. WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m. WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.4 m. WJAD.....Waco, Tex. 1000 w.—1240 kc. WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr. 1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m. WJAR.....Providence, R. I. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m. 400 w. until local sunset WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m. WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m. WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—620 kc.—491.5 m. WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.2 m. WJBC.....La Salle, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WJBL.....Decatur, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WJBO.....New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m. WJBT-WBBM.....Glenview, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m. WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WJDX.....Jackson, Miss. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m. WJDD.....Mooseheart, Ill. 20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m. WJES.....Gary, Ind. 500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m. 1250 w. until local sunset WJR.....Detroit, Mich. 5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m. WJSV.....Mt. Vernon Hills, Va. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m. WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WJZ.....New York City 30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m. WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m. WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich. 1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m. WKAU.....Lancaster, N. H. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WKBB.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m. WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis. 1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m. WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m. WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m. WKBQ.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m. WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WKBV.....Connersville, Ind. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. 150 w. until local sunset WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m. WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—1040 kc. WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m. WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m. WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—204 m. WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m. WLBK.....Kansas City, Kans. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m. WLBG.....Petersburg, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset WLBL.....Stevens Pt., Wis. 2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m. WLBW.....Oil City, Pa. 100 w.—1260 kc.—238 m. WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. WLBZ.....Bangor, Maine 500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m. WLEX.....Lexington, Mass. 500 w.—1360 kc.—212.6 m. WLEY.....Lexington, Mass. 100 w.—1420 kc.—218.8 m. 250 w. until local sunset WLIB.....Elgin, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m. WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—235.4 m. WLOE.....Boston, Mass. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset WLS.....Chicago, Ill. 50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m. WLSI.....Cranston, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214 m. WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m. WLW.....Cincinnati, O. 50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m. WLWL.....New York City 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m. WMAA.....Cazenovia, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m. WMAF.....S. Dartmouth, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m. WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—900 kc.—288.3 m. WMAL.....Washington, D. C. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m. 1000 w. until local sunset WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m. WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset WMAZ.....Macon, Ga. 250 w.—800 kc.—336.9 m. 500 w. until local sunset WMBA.....Newport, R. I. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. WMBC.....Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WMBD.....Peoria Hts., Ill. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m. 1000 w. until local sunset WMBF.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m. WMBG.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WMBH.....Joplin, Mo. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m. 250 w. until local sunset WMBI.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m. WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. WMBQ.....Auburn, N. Y. 100 w.—1370 kc.—228.9 m. WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. WMBR.....Tampa, Fla. 100 w.—1210 kc.—218.8 m. WMC.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m. 1000 w. until local sunset WMCA.....New York City 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m. WMNN.....Fairmont, W. Va. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m. 500 w. until local sunset WMPA.....Lapeer, Mich. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. WMSG.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m. WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m. WNAC.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m. WNAD.....Norman, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.—269.9 m. WNAT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc. WNAX.....Yankton, S. Dak. 1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m. WNB.....Binghamton, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. WNBH.....New Bedford, Mass. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WNBO.....Silver Haven, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WNBZ.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m. WNJ.....Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m. WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn. 2000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m. WNR.....Greensboro, N. C. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m. WNYC.....New York, N. Y. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m. WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex. 5000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m. WOAN.....Whitehaven, Tenn. 1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m. WOAX.....Trenton, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m. WOBT.....Union City, Tenn. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset WOBU.....Charleston, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m. WOC.....Davenport, Iowa 5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m. WODA.....Paterson, N. J. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m. WODX.....Mobile, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.—214.2 m. WOI.....Ames, Iowa 5000 w.—560 kc.—465.8 m. WOKO.....Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m. WOL.....Washington, D. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m. WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WOOD.....Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m. WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.—230.6 m. WOR.....Newark, N. J. 5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m. WORC.....Worcester, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m. WORD.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.2 m. WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo. 1000 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m. WOV.....New York City 1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m. WOW.....Omaha, Nebr. 1000 w.—590 kc.—535 m. WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind. 10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m. WPAD.....Paducah, Ky. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m. WPAP.....Cheside, N. J. 250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m. WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m. WPCC.....Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—570 kc.—535 m. WPCH.....New York City 500 w.—810 kc.—470.2 m. WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m. 250 w. until local sunset WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J. 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m. WPOE.....Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 100 w.—1420 kc.—218.8 m.
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WPOR..... Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WPSC..... State College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WPTF..... Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
WQAM..... Miami, Fla.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—535.4 m.
WQAN..... Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WQAO..... Palisade, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WQBC..... Vicksburg, Miss.
300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
WQDV..... Tapelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WRAF..... LaPorte, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WRAW..... Reading, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—
WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
WRBQ..... Greenville, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBT..... Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRBU..... Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WRBX..... Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WRC..... Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
WRDO..... Augusta, Maine
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRDW..... Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WREC..... Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WREN..... Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
WRHM..... Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WRJN..... Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
100 w.—1310 kc.—
WRNY..... New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
WRR..... Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—361.2 m.
WRVA..... Richmond, Va.
5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WSAJ..... Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSAN..... Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WSAR..... Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WSAZ..... Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
WSBC..... Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSBT..... South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WSDA..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSEN..... Columbus, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—
WSFA..... Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSGH..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WSJS..... Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.

WSMB..... New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WSOA..... Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—
WSPA..... Spartanburg, S. C.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
1000 w. until local sunset
WSSH..... Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1420 kc.—212.6 m.
250 w. until local sunset
WSUI..... Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—580 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN..... Clearwater, Fla.
100 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WSYR..... Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WTAG..... Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ..... Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW..... College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTBO..... Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WTFI..... Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC..... Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMJ..... Milwaukee, Wis.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
2500 w. until local sunset
WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1490 kc.—204 m.
WTOC..... Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE..... Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ..... Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL..... New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
WWNC..... Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL..... Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA..... Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258 m.
WXYZ..... Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m.
CFBO..... St. John, N. B.
50 w.—889.9 kc.—337.1 m.
CFCA-CROW-CNRT,
Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—840 kc.—357.1 m.
CFCF..... Montreal, P. Q.
1650 w.—1030 kc.—291.3 m.
CFCH..... Iroquois Falls, Ont.
250 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m.
CFCO..... Chatham, Ont.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CFCT..... Victoria, B. C.
500 w.—629.9 kc.—476.2 m.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
250 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CFJC..... Kamloops, B. C.
15 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CFLC..... Prescott, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.

CFNB..... Fredericton, N.B.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CFOO-CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask.
500 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co.
Ont.,
400 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CFRC..... Kingston, Ont.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
30 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.
25 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CHMA..... Edmonton, Alta.
250 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CHML..... Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CHNS..... Halifax, N. S.,
500 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CHRC..... Quebec, P. Q.
100 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot, Butte,
Sask.
500 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.
CHWK..... Chilliwack, B. C.
5 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CHYC..... Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CJCA-CNRE, Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CJCB..... Sydney, N. S.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CJCI-CHCA, Calgary, Alta.
500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont.
500 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CJGX..... Yorkton, Sask.
500 w.—629.9 kc.—476.2 m.
CJHS..... Saskatoon, Sask.
250 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.
CJOC..... Lethbridge, Alta.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CJOR..... Sea Island, B. C.
50 w.—1030 kc.—291.3 m.
CJRM..... Moose Jaw, Sask.
500 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CJRW..... Fleming, Sask.
500 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CJRX..... Winnipeg, Man.
2000 w.—1171.6 kc.—25.6 m.
CKAC-CNRM Montreal, P. Q.
500 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKCD-CHLS Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKCI..... Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CKCL..... Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CKCO..... Ottawa, Ont.
100 w.—889.9 kc.—337.1 m.
CKCR..... Waterloo, Ont.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.
CKCV-CNRC, Quebec, P. Q.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CKFC..... Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKIC..... Wolfville, N. S.
50 w.—930 kc.—322.6 m.
CKGW..... Bowmanville, Ont.
500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m.
CKLC-CHCT Red Deer, Alta.
100 w.—840 kc.—357.1 m.
CKMC..... Cobalt, Ont.
15 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CKMO..... Vancouver B. C.,
50 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CKOC..... Hamilton, Ont.
50 w.—880 kc.—340.9 m.
CKPC..... Preston, Ont.
50 w.—1210 kc.—247.9 m.
CKPR..... Midland, Ont.
50 w.—1120 kc.—267.9 m.
CKSH..... Montreal, P. Q.
50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.

CKUA..... Edmonton, Alta.
500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.
CKWX..... Vancouver, B. C.
50 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.
CKX..... Brandon, Man.
500 w.—540 kc.—555.6 m.
CKY-CNRR Winnipeg, Man.
5000 w.—790 kc.—384.6 m.
CNRA..... Moncton, N. B.
500 w.—629.9 kc.—476.2 m.
CNRD..... Red Deer, Alta.
—w.—840 kc.—357.7 m.
CNRO..... Ottawa, Ont.
500 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CNRV..... Vancouver, B. C.
500 w.—1038 kc.—291.3 m.

Cuba

CMBA..... Havana
50 w.—1175 kc.—255 m.
CMBC..... Havana
100 w.—887 kc.—338 m.
CMBD..... Havana
50 w.—622.4 kc.—482 m.
CMBO..... Havana
50 w.—952 kc.—315 m.
CMBS..... Havana
50 w.—680.2 kc.—441 m.
CMBW..... Marianao
50 w.—1027 kc.—292 m.
CMBY..... Havana
200 w.—611.9 kc.—490 m.
CMBZ..... Havana
100 w.—1027 kc.—292 m.
CMC..... Havana
500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.
CMCA..... Havana
100 w.—1136 kc.—264 m.
CMCB..... Havana
150 w.—952 kc.—315 m.
CMCE..... Havana
100 w.—1098.7 kc.—273 m.
CMCF..... Havana
250 w.—643.7 kc.—466 m.
CMGA..... Colon
300 w.—832.8 kc.—360 m.
CMHA..... Cienfuegos
200 w.—1153 kc.—260 m.
CMHC..... Tuinucu
500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.
CMHD..... Caibarien
250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.
CMI..... Havana
500 w.—815.2 kc.—368 m.
CMK..... Havana
2000 w.—731.3 kc.—410 m.
CMW..... Havana
1000 w.—599.6 kc.—500 m.
CMX..... Havana
250 w.—914.3 kc.—327 m.

Mexico

XEA..... Guadalajara, Jal.
101 w.—250 m.—1200 kc.
XEB..... Mexico, D. F.
1000 w.—450 m.—895 kc.
XEC..... Toluca, Mexico
50 w.—225 m.—1333 kc.
XED..... Reynosa, Tamps.
2000 w.—312.3 m.—960.6 kc.
XEE..... Linares, N. L.
10 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEF..... Oaxaca, Oax.
105 w.—265 m.—1132 kc.
XEG..... Mexico, D. F.
2000 w.—362 m.—828.7 kc.
XEH..... Monterrey, N. L.
101 w.—265 m.—964.6 kc.
XEI..... Morelia, Mich.
101 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.
XEJ..... C. Juarez, Chih.
101 w.—350 m.—857.1 kc.
XEK..... Mexico, D. F.
101 w.—300 m.—1000 kc.

XEL..... Saltillo, Coah.
10 w.—275 m.—1091 kc.
XEM..... Tampico, Tamps.
501 w.—356.9 m.—841 kc.
XEN..... Mexico, D. F.
1000 w.—410 m.—731.7 kc.
XEO..... Mexico, D. F.
101 w.—305 m.—983.6 kc.
XEQ..... Ciudad Juarez, Chih.
1000.
XER..... Mexico, D. F.
101 w.—280 m.—1071 kc.
XES..... Tampico, Tamps.
500 w.—337 m.—980 kc.
XET..... Monterrey, N. L.
500 w.—336.9 m.—890.4 kc.
XEU..... Veracruz, Ver.
101 w.—375 m.—800 kc.
XEV..... Puebla, Pue.
101 w.—290 m.—1034.5 kc.
XEW..... Mexico, D. F.
5000 w.—385 m.—780 kc.
XEX..... Mexico, D. F.
500 w.—325 m.—923 kc.
XEY..... Suridera, Yuc.
105 w.—548.6 m.—546.8 kc.
XEZ..... Mexico, D. F.
500 w.—548 m.—588.2 kc.
XETA..... Mexico, D. F.
500.
XFE..... Villahermosa, Tab.
XFF..... Chihuahua, Chih.
250 w.—325 m.—915 kc.
XFG..... Mexico, D. F.
2000 w.—470 m.—638.3 kc.
XFH..... Mexico, D. F.
250 w.
XFI..... Mexico, D. F.
1000 w.—507 m.—791.7 kc.
XFX..... Mexico, D. F.
500 w.—357 m.

Television Stations

Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.
W3XX..... Wheaton, Md.
5000 w.
W2XBU..... Beacon, N. Y.
100 w.
W2XCD..... Passaic, N. J.
5000 w.
W9XAC..... Chicago, Ill.
500 w.
W2XAP..... Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.
W2XCR..... Jersey City, N. J.
5000 w.
Channel 2100 to 2200 kc.
W3XAD..... Camden, N. J.
500 w.
W2XBS..... New York, N. Y.
5000 w.
W3XAK..... Bound Brook, N. J.
5000 w.
W8XAV..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
20,000 w.
W2XCW..... Schenectady, N. Y.
20,000 w.
W9XAP..... Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
Channel 2750 to 2850 kc.
W2XBC..... L. I. City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XAA..... Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.
W9XC..... W. LaFayette, Ind.
1500 w.
Channel 2850 to 2950 kc.
W1XAV..... Boston, Mass.
500 w.
W2XR..... Long Island City, L. I.
500 w.
W9XR..... Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.

Radio Drama

(Continued from page 29)

starve in the theatre rather than feast in business. He took whatever he could get, acting and directing with de Mille, with Alan Dwan, with little theatre groups, notably the Comedy Club and the Snarks where he directed Hope Williams before she became famous.

During this period he was requested by the Gold Dust Twins company to put them on the air with a "real drama." Mr. Radcliffe thinks that on this sketch over WEAH he probably put the first sound effects on the air. He recalls bringing vacuum cleaners in taxicabs to prove to the doubting salesman that he could create the sound of an automobile

on the ether waves by such means.

Two years ago Mr. Radcliffe was asked to direct the *Melodrama Hour* for the National Broadcasting Company and the rest is history. As he demanded better and better plays, *The Melodrama Hour* quietly turned into the *Radio Guild*, just as simply as the duchess' pig in *Alice in Wonderland* turned into a baby. Now *The Radio Guild* boasts such great guest artists as Eva Le Gallienne, and Dudley Digges.

"Radio drama is a natural evolution," Vernon Radcliffe says. "It is the next step after the motion picture, and just as important a form of drama. In every age the theatre adapts itself to its audience. We used to have it on moving wagons, in ballrooms to suit the populace and now we have reached the stage when Radio drama is the form most suited to

our twentieth century audiences—national audiences, who create by popular demand, the theatre of the air. Great things are coming of it, and greater will come."

This is the opinion of an enthusiast. To some of you Radio drama will never bring this soul-reaching satisfaction, to those of you who live in big cities its shadow will probably never loom in such enormous proportions on your mental horizon. But to millions it is a means of coming in contact with what the best theatrical minds have to offer, an open sesame to illusion and romance.

ANOTHER discussion concerning the development of Radio drama will appear in the March issue of RADIO DIGEST. Many authorities predict Radio entertainment will flavor more of drama and speaking skits than ever before during 1931.

Night Clubs of New York

(Continued from page 11)

became the rendezvous for New Yorkers seeking a Sunday evening to dine and dance. There are few finer bands than Hal Kemp's, and it was very popular down there.

In the Daffydil Dickerman outdid himself—one of the cutest, oddest, and quaintest places one could ever imagine, with great big plaster plaques of what Dickerman conceived the *daffydil* to be, with blinking eyes that blinked every time the bass drummer lowered his foot on the bass pedal, and with crazy Dickerman drawings and paintings all around the room.

To mention Greenwich Village without speaking of the Village Nut Club would bring down upon my head the condemnation of that very worthy establishment. Every night at the Village Nut Club until the wee hours of the morning there may be had a great deal of clean fun. The crowd is very mixed, with a sprinkling of celebrities, day laborers, professional people, and all types. If you have listened to one of their broadcasts, you get a vague idea of the way their program is carried out each evening. True to their name, everything is spontaneous, quite inane, and really funny. I enjoyed myself tremendously the evening I visited it.

Back in the center of Manhattan among the places I have already mentioned, one of the sweetest bands in the world—Emil Coleman at the El Patio, where Rosita and Ramon hold forth nightly. Then there is "the sweetest music this side of Heaven"—Lombardo's at the Roosevelt Grill. The Hollywood Cafe, perhaps the most unique and the nearest approach to the old night club in its success, with the big butter and egg men, conventioners from out of town who come in great big blocks, wiring ahead for reservations for fifty and a hundred people; with the most daring floor show consisting of the most beautiful girls to be found in any show or club in New York; very clever acts, the best that such a discriminating eye as that of Nils Granlund, better known as N.T.G., can find and pick. In fact, N.T.G. himself is a show all alone, and a man that I enjoy watching work.

IT IS one place where a theatrical celebrity may go without fear of being called upon to do anything, as N.T.G. has made that a hard and fast rule, never to call upon any celebrity to do a turn no matter how hard the crowd may call and applaud for that person to do so. Their bands are changed there often, but there is always good music.

Then there is Jansen's Hof Brau, an old rendezvous. The Paramount Grill and the New Yorker, like the Roosevelt, are hotel grills with hotel food and good

music, and like the Villa Vallee, well-ventilated and aired. Personally I am a crank on fresh air; a smoky, hot, sticky atmosphere ruins the evening for me. I must be where the air is fresh and that is one of the things I am happiest about at the Villa Vallee—the fact that our air is constantly being changed and a person never comes out with smarting eyes.

THERE are so many clubs that it would take pages for me to talk about them. The Central Park Casino, with its gorgeous interior, its superb band, Leo Reisman and his orchestra, than which there is none better, Leo himself being one of the greatest showmen that ever stood before a band. And the Club Richman, where Harry intermittently holds forth (when he is there the place itself takes on a new atmosphere). Harry Richman and George Olson have been responsible for the tremendous run of popularity at this cozy and intimate place.

Coming from the country myself I can speak rather authoritatively when I say I know what the average small town person's conception of a New York night club is. Whether his conception is due to plays, motion pictures, novels, newspaper stories, or word of mouth publicity I do not know; I do know, however, that people in the rural districts and in small cities conceive a New York night club, in its strict sense, to be a place filled with bad air, smoke and excitement, where lewd women with nothing on disport themselves under the delighted eyes of fat butter and egg men from the Middle West, shaking everything at them but the club's license; a place where, from the moment one enters until the departure, they take everything from you but the gold in your teeth; where you are liable to receive anything from a sandbag over the head to a Mickey Finn, which is a potent powder slipped in a drink to put the victim out of the picture temporarily!

These "gyp" clubs, as they are called, did flourish at one time in New York City, and many of our popular Broadway entertainers today can talk for hours about what used to go on inside them. Let me assure you that this type of club has gone by the board, and the only place where an out of town bumpkin might run into such a place would be in a racketeer speakeasy, and the country gentleman who finds himself in a jam in one of these places has no one to blame but himself!

There are a host of new places springing up and closing down nightly, but I hope that I am touching on the most popular ones now running.

Only last night the Paramount Grill

opened with an entirely new policy. For a high class hotel to adopt a no covert charge policy, which the Chinamen have made so popular in their chow mein dance palaces, is revolutionary. The Paramount has taken a step that will probably help them become very successful. One of the finest floor shows in the country, headed by the able and versatile Benny Davis, with a very fine band, Florence Richardson and her boys. From my observations of the debut, the Paramount Grill is going to have a tremendous run.

I SHOULD really leave the description of and location of these clubs to one who makes it his business to tell you where to go in New York, Rian James of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, whose little booklet, "Where To Go" is perhaps the best guide to the restaurants and night clubs of New York City, but since I am asked to write this article I feel that I must at least tell you something about them.

There is one club in particular that is worthy of some detailed consideration. It is located on the site where Texas Guinan herself once held forth. Small, close and very plain, it is perhaps the most successful of New York night clubs and is the nearest to the popular conception that people in the country have of New York night clubs. It is known as the Club Abbey.

Unquestionably its easy location, near Broadway, and its all night policy, in contrast to the two and three o'clock closing of the other clubs, are responsible for the popularity that it has been enjoying for some time. It has become the rendezvous of all the Broadway wiseacres, columnists, and most of Broadway's racketeers are to be seen there throughout the course of a week. The central personality who dominates its dance floor between dance sets is unquestionably in a large measure responsible for the success of the club. A striking figure—a tall, broad-shouldered young man who goes by the name of Jean Mallin. Just how to describe him is extremely difficult. He has a very ready and brilliant wit, and permits himself to be the target for fast repartee on the part of anyone who chooses to fence with him.

He seems to capitalize on a supposed effeminacy which he accentuates and heightens, to my mind deliberately. My observation of him on the occasion of my one visit to the Abbey has led me to believe that he does this, realizing that he is making a living and a good one, by carrying out and heightening a character which I believe is not really his.

Although the rest of the floor show is quite daring, fast and full of double en-

tendre, yet this Mallin and his drollery and facetiousness makes the Club Abbey an unusual place to visit. Almost any night one will encounter such persons as Winchell, Hellinger, and all those who are so typical of Broadway's night life.

The blasé out-of-towners seeking something entirely different should try to find a member to go with to the most unique establishment that it has ever been my pleasure to visit, namely Belle Livingston's place on 58th Street, between Park and Lexington. She has brought a Continental atmosphere into an old house. One of the objections she always found most people had to offer about establishments where one could eat and dance, was that the air was bad, so in this three-story house of hers she took particular pains to see that every room has direct contact with the outside, thus ensuring all her guests of that most precious stimulant to a good evening—fresh air.

THE room where one dances is perhaps the most unique, presenting a Turkish Harem effect, due to the lamps which hang from the ceiling, the lighting effect, and the paintings on the wall. Around the edge of the room built to the wall, are luxurious lounging places with large, silk pillows and small benches in front with ash trays. There is a room entirely in red, with a fireplace at the rear end at which the cooking is done right before the eyes of the diners. It is her modern English eating room and is very attractive.

I forgot to mention that the entrance into the establishment is through a large, iron gate, like that of a prison.

Upstairs are lounge rooms and places where one can converse without being disturbed by the diners or the dancers. Then there is a room for backgammon, and another one for ping pong, and a beautiful, intimate golf course, with little water hazards in which, on the opening night, she had live eels—but the eels went the way of all flesh, i.e., down the drain pipe!

Her shows vary from a small group of acts to something of a circus nature; in

fact, one of my friends, on his first night there, was amazed on entering to see a whole troupe of African savages doing a war dance in the middle of the floor.

Belle Livingston herself has a very colorful and interesting background and history, and is one of the most gracious lady-hosts that one would expect to find in such an unusual place. The few times I have been there, there have been tremendous crowds, with many celebrities scattered among them, which indicates that if one gives the public something different, good business brings itself.

To close this little discussion of night clubs and not mention the "Queen of the Night Clubs," as she styles herself, that very unusual woman, Texas Guinan, would be almost a sacrilege. I have found Texas Guinan to be a very human person, one who has a great respect for the feelings of others. She has become successful and capitalized on the adoption of a policy of pep, animation, whirlwind speed in floor shows, beautiful girls with little or nothing to wear. If there was ever a person qualified for a degree of Professor of Night Club Psychology, it is certainly she!

I marvel at her audacity in calling her nightly audiences "suckers," as some of them really are, but she seems to be able to do it without harm to herself. She thrives on noise, bedlam, and pandemonium, and her opening act is to throw to her audience every noise-making device that it is possible for her to purchase.

She picks her girls with an eye to beauty of face and form. Some of them are very clever, others merely fill out the picture. The girls who work for her say that she is a very wonderful person to work for, very human and sympathetic, but she is a Simon Legree for work and sets a good example by her own indefatigable zeal throughout the course of a long evening to the wee hours of the morning. It has been my pleasure to introduce her and to be introduced by her at theatrical and charitable affairs, and she has shown me the courtesy of leaving me alone when I didn't want to be introduced, which is more than many persons would do. She has had streaks of success

and streaks of trouble and misfortune, but through it all she remains smiling, dauntless and a hard worker. We meet each other at benefits at which we perform on Sunday nights for various worthy causes. There on the stage with her "girls," as she calls them, she puts on a show sometimes lasting for a solid hour, one which always keeps the excitement at a high pitch.

SHE still is, and probably will be for some time, the "Queen of the Night Clubs."

I have tried to give the out-of-town cousin an idea of what New York now holds in the way of entertainment after theatre. If I have omitted mention of any particular place, it is done unintentionally. I am writing this article while carrying the same schedule that I carried while writing my book—a schedule of 18 hours a day, most of which is spent in the theatre, and the rest in the Villa Vallée until the wee hours of the morning, getting up early certain mornings for broadcasts, recordings, and rehearsals.

It is impossible to think of every spot where one could find good, wholesome recreation. That is why, again, I say it would be very easy to secure Rian James' very terse booklet, "Where To Go," because I believe he has not omitted one place worthy of a visit, and he classifies the eating places according to nationality, thereby offering to the out-of-towner who desires the food of his particular country the opportunity to secure it very easily, as New York has restaurants of every nationality of the world.

If this has helped to give you a picture of night club conditions in New York, then the sleep I have lost by the effort to dictate this has not been in vain.

Radio Queen Writes Song

Bernadine Hayes, chosen as the most beautiful star in Radiodom, numbers among her talents that of song-writing. Her number will appear some time in April and it is expected that it will be a "natural"—a success from the start.

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More Town Crier Tales

(Continued from page 57)

to the garage around the corner and leaving word that his car should be sent around at once. At the last minute, he had decided to drive down to a little celebration which some of the old grads of his time were holding that evening at Old Nauseau—pardon me, I mean Old Nassau. If he lost no time in jumping into his dinner clothes, and if he was lucky with the traffic lights on his way to the Holland Tunnel, he would get down to Princeton in time for the soup.

He could catch up on the cocktails as the evening wore on. Well, he did catch up on the cocktails and was in a fairly rosy glow by ten that evening. His classmates, who at eight had seemed a pasty, bloated and tiresome group of contemporaries, had mysteriously changed in the intervening two hours, and by ten he found he liked them a lot. By eleven, they seemed to him the wittiest, the most distinguished group he had ever mingled with. By twelve they were all singing "The Something or Other King of England" with their arms around each other.

The chapel bell was striking, it was one o'clock when he slid in behind the wheel of his one seater and struck off along the long road to New York. He had been driving about an hour and was speeding along a lonely bit of road in the Raritan River section—if I ever retell this story, by the way, I have some thought of calling it "The Raritan Samaritan"—when disaster overtook him. It wasn't a highwayman. He hadn't even run over somebody. He would much rather have run over somebody. What happened to him was a blowout. With a sigh that sounded like a wind from the sea, one of his tires collapsed. He came to a jolting halt and groaned.

HE WAS miles from anywhere. It was years since he had changed a tire, and he never had been good at it. He never had been good at anything like that. All he was good at was selling bonds and singing "The So-and-So King of England." The first thing to do was to get the spare off the back.

It had been there so long that it had rusted to the clamp. He engaged in a Laocoön struggle with it that lasted ten minutes. By the end of the ten minutes the spare tire was free, but his dinner coat was a wreck and a pennant of torn flesh was fluttering on his left hand. With a few good old Princeton curses he bound up his wounds with an already muddy handkerchief and began looking for his jack. He assumed he had one.

It had been years since he had had occasion to use a jack, but he assumed that even that band of robbers at the

garage in New York would not let him go out without one. He looked for it everywhere—in the tool box, under the cushion, under the seat—everywhere. In a kind of sleepy half-witted helplessness he even found himself looking in his pockets for it. All in vain. There was no jack. For all he knew, there never had been. He had spoiled one good dinner suit, one fairly good left hand, and one already damaged temper battling with that spare tire only to find that he might just as well have left the darned thing in place. He couldn't put it on anyway.

He was wondering whether to hoof it to the nearest village or just to die quietly from exposure and chagrin, when

RUDY VALLEE

Tells The Stories
Back of the Songs

in the

TEN HITS OF THE MONTH

Regularly in

RADIO DIGEST

far in the distance he saw a point of light. A point that grew and grew as it came nearer and nearer. It was a south-bound car coming his way. Perhaps it would give him a lift. It was going the wrong way but at least it could take him to shelter. He stepped out to do a bit of wig-wagging, hoping all the time that his recent scrimmage with the spare had not left him looking too much like a bandit. He didn't want to frighten the good Samaritan that was coming his way. As the car drew close he became a human semaphore of distress. Sure enough his potential help slowed up, stopped. The car was also a one seater and the driver of it, as he came forward into the light of our hero's lamps was revealed as a bespectacled and benevolent-looking fellow just the type to extend a helping hand. Would he give our young friend a lift? Well, surely he would, but what was the trouble? Just a blowout? But

that was nothing. Oh, no jack? Well, but he had a jack. It would be the work of a minute. And not only did the kindly stranger produce the jack from his own car, but he did most of the work that had to be done, saying that wayfarers should help one another and humming a tune to himself as he made his words good.

Old Nassau didn't do much but hover around and nurse his wounded left hand. In no time the stranger was climbing back into his own car and Old Nassau had nothing to do but pick up a few tools and go on his way. He wondered how much time he'd lost. He stared around in front of his lamps and reached for his watch. It was gone. His anger was explosive. Just when he was thinking what a kindly chap this stranger had proved to be, just when he was thinking what a friend!—old world this was, after all, this had to happen to him. His mind worked fast. There was not a second to lose. The dirty crook was already at his wheel.

HE REMEMBERED in a flash that in the pocket of the door of his car there had been or was a loaded revolver. It took him one second to get it. In another second he was on the running board of the Good Samaritan's car, with the revolver stuck in the Good Samaritan's startled face. "You dirty bum," he said. "Wayfarers ought to help each other, ought they? You dirty bum. If I hear a word out of you I'll fill you full of lead. Just hand over that watch." With shaking hands the Good Samaritan dove into his vest pocket and came across.

With the watch in his pocket and the pistol still aimed, our hero backed across the road, slid into his seat, and started his engine going. In another moment, his bitterness assuaged, his wounded hand forgotten, the watch in his pocket, he streaked off to New York at sixty miles an hour. From time to time he kept saying to himself "the dirty bum" or "wayfarers should help each other, my eye" or once and again just those words "the dirty bum". It was almost six in the morning and the sleepy city was stirring with a new day's life when he drove his car into the garage, walked two blocks to the club, woke up the night watchman, went up to his room, and prepared to turn in.

It was what he saw when he got there that rooted him to the spot and sent his heart into his boots. The dreadful thing he saw was something lying on the dressing table—something which, in the haste of his departure for Princeton, he had left lying along with his keys and loose change. It was his watch.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 76)

tor of the orchestra. Gibbons had several melodies and ideas, and as a result of one afternoon's collaboration we wrote a chorus called *My Cigarette Lady*. The tune always haunted me; we never played it on the engagement as it was merely a song we both carried in our heads.

In the fall we went to London, and when I returned in the Spring Gibbons stayed on and became director, not only of a great English orchestra, but the dance recording head of the Victor Co. American publishers published two of his songs which you may have heard, *A Garden in the Rain* and *Peace of Mind*. While they were not sensational, they were pretty tunes and well-liked.

A few months ago Gibbons passed through New York on his way to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios to write for pictures. Meeting him at a party at Roger Wolfe Kahn's recalled to me the song we had written together, and I began a broadcast of the chorus, which was all we had written. The response was so overwhelmingly favorable that one of the subsidiaries of the Radio Music Company, with whom I am contracted to write, namely Davis, Coots and Engel, asked me if they might publish the song.

I found it impossible to get in touch with Gibbons, so I set myself down to write the melody of the verse and the two verses themselves. The chorus, as we originally conceived it, might mean that the cigarette lady was the girl that he had loved and lost, or it might be just his conception of the girl-to-be. I chose the latter and more happy viewpoint, and

really believe that I did even better on the verse than I did on the chorus, which sometimes happens. I can think of several compositions where the verse was much better than the chorus, though that is not usually the case.

I am expecting daily to receive a copy of the finished song, as it went to press over a week ago. We do it quite slowly, at about thirty-two measures a minute, and I find that the key of D is the best range for the voice.

10.—*Little Things in Life*

IRVING BERLIN offers to the world the panacea (if there is any) for the present large-spread depression. Some people say that the depression is merely a myth in our minds which would be dissipated if we would tell ourselves that there is none. But I know that there is, and we find in the song, *The Little Things in Life*, the solution to the entire matter.

The trouble with us is that we want large, marble houses, with a whole coterie of liveried servants, butlers, footmen, and what-not; too many empty rooms, too many cars, too many yachts. Mr. Berlin expresses in song the belief that the little things in life—simple rooms, a little rain, a little sunshine, and finally the baby's cry, all these things if taken in moderation by the little man and little wife will bring the two happiness.

My first reaction to the song was unfavorable. Like all Berlin songs this has to be heard several times before it grows on you. When I heard the song later on the air, done to its best advantage by one of the best Radio bands, I realized its possibilities, became one of its strongest supporters, and it has found a promi-

nent place on my own Radio programs.

The fact that it is climbing up the list of best sellers (today I find it fifth from the top) indicates that the public is in a receptive mood for this type of song. What more can be said than that? The Berlin organization has another hit on their hands.

We play it quite slowly, about thirty-five measures a minute.

Again I want to congratulate Mr. Berlin.

Is A Comedian Funny To His Wife?

(Continued from page 28)

She then sees to it that he selects some variety in his clothes and that the salesman doesn't talk him into anything.

He loves to see the feminine members of his family well dressed, and pays their bills without a murmur. But his own clothes never mean a thing to him.

He likes to consult Mrs. Stone about his shows, even though he knows he will not act upon her suggestions. It is really that he wants to think out loud and to see what her reaction is. He must have a little audience for whatever he does. Certainly he could never have a more interested or eager one than his family.

He's a democratic, humble man. A man whom his family honors and respects, no less than the world. He has great reverence for women and treats his mother with rare, old-fashioned courtesy.

It isn't to be wondered, therefore, that Mrs. Stone said to me, in parting: "I could ask nothing more of life than that my girls should find as good a husband as I have."

Vote For Your Favorite Station in Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	\$3.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct....	6.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct....	9.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct....	12.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct....	15.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year		

and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. \$30.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

The Ne'er Do Well

(Continued from page 45)

kind of fun and I hadn't been playing or singing much about that time. I was introduced to the manager of KROW, and some of the other artists, and they all made me feel at home, as they do every one who comes around our station. I got a kick out of it and then went home and never gave it another thought. Not long after, however, I received another SOS from my friend and again I played. That night the manager, Mr. Gleeson, came in to talk to me and asked if I'd play a program for them once in a while. Pretty soon I was billed regularly and that is all there is to my getting started in the Radio game."

All? It's really only the beginning of a very interesting story. For the "Ne'er Do Well" has become the Elsie Ferguson of the air, the judge advocate of Romance Land, the settler of lovers' quarrels, a greetings-broker for California, and the recipient of an unprecedented amount of fan mail, especially from his lady listeners.

"It's awfully surprising," he said modestly, "I never realized so many people would write to me. One young couple carried on quite a correspondence with me—first the girl and then the man. They were having quite a quarrel and both seemed awfully in love. So I'd sing a song that would recall some special thing to them and maybe I'd say a few words about forgiving or forgetting, and things began to go along fine. Then I didn't hear from them for a long time until one day a letter came in, stating that they were going to be married and would I play their wedding march for them over the Radio. Of course, I did.

"Then sometimes people want me to remember a friend on their birthday or anniversary or send a word of cheer to a sick person. I like to do it and it makes me feel good to think maybe I'm really helping out some folks."

The "Ne'er Do Well" has become the rage of the Pacific Coast—his rapid popularity is said to be most amazing. He not only sings and plays, but he composes. He can play for hours his own compositions. He has had a number of songs published including the *Ne'er Do Well*, from which he gets his name; *I Wish I Knew, I'm All Alone*, *Funny Waltz*, and *Sentimental Sweetheart*.

He belongs to the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

He is a sport fan, follows the current news and goes on long auto rambles, exploring unfrequented roads and byways of the California hills and yet—

He's just the "Ne'er Do Well"—Radio's Lone Greetings Broker for the Pacific Coast. His name? And what does he look like? Well, just take a look at page 44 and your questions will be answered.

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Believe It Or Not

(Continued from page 25)

Among the latter are many epistles branding me as a colossal liar and fake. But I really don't mind this as it is a form of flattery. They simply didn't know the truth when they heard it. Whenever they come in with a signature and address, which is seldom, they are immediately answered and the verity of the statement in question is proved. I have yet to be caught in a lie.

There are many incredulous tales to be told of the broadcasting studios, of the daily show that goes on inside. Over a year ago, John B. Kennedy told the story in *Collier's Weekly* of Nathaniel Shilkret. While leading his forty-piece orchestra through the intricate rhythms of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, the lighting current failed and the studio was instantly wrapped in complete darkness. "Without a moment's halt," said Kennedy, "Shilkret and his men carried on, in the darkness, and finished Gershwin's complicated masterpiece without losing so much as half a note. From this number they passed to others—with nothing but two candles stuck on the conductor's rack so that the musicians could follow his signals and his baton. The listening millions were unaware of the slightest hitch."

It takes about 200 Radio and telephone engineers to handle a coast to coast network program, exclusive of the engineers in the local studios. And sometimes it is found more convenient for broadcasting a program on the Pacific Coast to bring it all the way east and back again, crossing the continent twice.

Believe it or not, Radio listeners-in hear sound broadcast before it reaches the ears of those persons in the studio twelve feet from the microphone. For, the minute that it gets on the wire, sound becomes an electrical impulse which travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second.

Believe it or not, according to the statistics gathered by Radio Retailing, 4,438,000 factory Radio sets were sold during the past year.

Radio is soaring skywards—ascending fast, and it is my belief that the next great star of Radio will be able to ask—and what is more important, receive—\$25,000 a week for his services. I base my argument on the vast economic power of the broadcasters, glancing at their tremendous resources, at their possibility of attracting an audience of 60,000,000 persons, and safely declare they can afford to pay the price.

It makes interesting food for thought and meat for the dreamers, as it was not so long ago that the amusement world raised an incredulous eyebrow because Sir Harry Lauder was able to take back to his fortress in Scotland \$30,000 for a thirty-minute swim in the Radio sea. Lauder received this staggering sum only once.

He was not asked to send his little black bag on a regular weekly trip to the studio cash box.

Al Jolson startled even that section of Broadway that is familiar with his huge earnings when he received \$7,500 for singing three songs on the microphone.

There have been numerous occasions when the Radio men have paid enormous sums for individual performances, but no single artist has yet signed the dotted line for a regular weekly salary of five figures. Yet I feel the day is not far off. From the standpoint of the amusement world it will most emphatically be THE DAY—*Der Tag*.

There are on the lists of the broadcasters any number of artists who are receiving in excess of \$1,000 a week. Big money as reckoned by Broadway, but not so big as reckoned on the Radio waves. Big money to them means salaries of more than \$10,000 a week. The broadcasters will be ready to pay it—and plenty more, when they find the stars. Meanwhile they are busy with their binoculars. Believe it or not.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 63)

where you make money. In four or five years, if present conditions keep up, I'll have my million. Then I'll step out and let my brother take over. He can make his pile and buy his island if he wants one."

Present conditions are rather strenuous, as he is in charge of seventeen orchestras in cities as far apart as Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Los Angeles, Rio de Janeiro, Paris, London. Before long he expects to have an orchestra in practically every large city in the world, working through the United Hotels Company. Then there is his Radio work—his sustaining hours over Columbia, his commercial program with the Smith Brothers—his personal appearances at various private and public dances, his phonograph recordings.

He goes to bed late and gets up early. Two or three hours sleep a night is enough for him. He says he got his training getting up to milk the cows.

"Take today; it's typical of most of my days. It's five-thirty now. I'm here till six, when I leave and go to my office for dictation. Then I dress and am in White Plains for a dance at eight-thirty. I am in Greenwich, Connecticut, from ten to ten-thirty for debutante party. Then I'm at Ossining for fifteen minutes at a public dance. Then I'm back here at the Biltmore from twelve to twelve-thirty, when we also go on the air. I'm at another dance from one-fifteen to two. I'm at the Plainfield Country Club in New Jersey, from three to six. I get back to New York at seven. I sleep till nine-thirty and then get up in order to make my appointment at the Victor studios at

ten." He glanced at his watch.

"But your health," I gasped. "You can't stand up under that continuously."

"Yes, I can. I go to a doctor once a month and have him look me over. I'm careful about diet. I don't drink or smoke. It's just a question of getting used to it. But it doesn't leave you much leisure."

"I don't see how it leaves you any. But if you do get some, what do you do with it?"

"You'd be surprised. One of my secret vices is riding a bicycle."

So far all his heavy responsibilities have put no mark upon Bert Lown. He's twenty-six and could pass for even younger. People, upon being introduced to him, often think he is the son of the orchestra leader and ask for his father.

All his success has come to him within three years. Three years ago he was selling cash registers. One of the secrets of his success is his ability to delegate authority.

He wrote those two popular numbers, *By By Blues*, and *You're the One I Care For*. His new theme song for 1931 is *With You By My Side*.

And I, for one, hope he doesn't buy that South Sea island very soon.

Classical Music Simplified

(Continued from page 79)

that can be done to transmit these sounds, even though they may know that it would be much better in most cases if the speaking voices and the speaking practices of both men and women could be improved.

With broadcast music, the matter is different. The object of broadcasting is to convey to you and to me the nearest possible reproduction of the effect which music has when it is heard in the right sort of concert room from the seat in that room which is known to be acoustically best situated. In order to achieve this object both the musicians and the engineers have to learn that there is a great deal more to it on the one hand, than the mere putting of sounds into a microphone, and on the other hand than merely dealing with the electrical output according to readings on energy measuring meters.

It is my deliberate opinion that there is grave danger to the growth of musical art on the one hand, and to the artistic pleasure derivable from listening to broadcasts of good music on the other hand, unless a study can be made, on a large scale, of the whole problem from the joint standpoints of the engineers and of the musical artists. I consider that the only principle upon which any such study can be successfully made is the principle of equality between the musicians (producers) and the engineers (reproducers) of broadcast music.

A Crashing Airplane

(Continued from page 19)

After we all had taken long drinks from the earthen jug, we piled the scattered mail in a heap. Then in a springless Spanish cart, drawn by two ponies, we were hauled across the desert and over a bumpy road to the little town of Alcantarilla in the province of Murcia, about fifty miles inland from Cape Palos and the seaport of Cartagena. I had ended my air jaunt from Paris to Fez in a lonely valley between two ranges of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in Andalusia, land of the Moors, and within an hour's flight of ancient Granada.

When we arrived at Alcantarilla they took us to the only hotel, a little two-storied Spanish inn, the *Hospedaje y Casa de Comidas*, where they gave us each a drink of cognac and a bed. Summoned immediately after our arrival, several Spanish physicians came, dressed the wounds of my companions, closed the shutters to darken the rooms, and forbade anyone to enter.

That was the last I saw of them. The doctors said that although Noailhat and the Perpignan mechanic were quite gravely injured, they were sure they would recover before long. They assured me they would be well cared for at a local hospital. Some months later I heard from Noailhat. He had recovered and all but forgotten the crash. The mechanic from Perpignan got well, too.

After a brief stay in Granada, I set out for Paris. When I got there and told my wife what had happened in the lonely valley in the South of Spain she said:

"How interesting. But you have arrived just in time. Come down to the Rue St. Honoré with me. I want you to meet Mademoiselle Augustine and see the pretty frocks I have picked out. And don't forget your travelers' cheques."

So next day, in a taxi-cab piled high with boxes filled with fluffy things, plus one hat for Monsieur, whose derby had been wrecked at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, we turned up at Le Bourget Field ready to take off for London on the last leg of our 25,000-mile air tour of Europe, Asia and Africa.

High Cost of Haste

(Continued from page 86)

what might happen. We do most of our hurrying because our minds are jumping ahead to unfavorable conclusions. However, we have a marvelous resilience of spirit which gets us over our real troubles, and very little of our hurry and worry is caused by actual losses or tragedy. The things about which we worry the most are in almost every instance but trifles which are exaggerated by our active imaginations.

Hurry should be unnecessary. As I've said, we hurry because we worry, and

worry arises from fear of what might happen. Why do we constantly fear that we are going to meet something that we cannot conquer? Haven't we managed to meet what life has offered up to now? Why should we feel that we cannot continue to meet the needs of this hour and the next hour, and the next? When we worry and we hurry, all we accomplish is a tenseness of mind which prohibits the accomplishment of whatever it is we want to do. Therefore, one of the soundest mottoes for us all is the old one, "when angry, count ten"—only to this motto should be added, "When worried and hurried." In the time that it takes you to count ten, you should be able to restore order to your mental state and to quiet your frenzied, unthinking impulses.

Without exaggeration, haste can ruin your entire life, it can spoil your chances of happiness, and, it can do more than almost anything else to mar your attractiveness. Haste dulls the eyes, wrinkles the face, checks digestion, causes your glands to manufacture poisonous fluids, and puts you in a frame of mind which is obviously harmful to your appearance.

Coming back once more to Mr. Einstein and his theory of relativity, I want to remind you that haste concerns time, and time is, after all, relative. A woman in Texas with every modern convenience writes to me that she has no time to be attractive. Mrs. Thompson, raising ten children on a run-down farm without any conveniences, always had time to be attractive. Whether one understands Mr. Einstein's theory of relativity or not, it seems to me that these two examples demonstrate more or less adequately a certain relative value of time and that they have a pertinent application to this article's title—The High Cost of Haste.



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Talking Movies—an invention made possible only by Radio—offers many fine jobs to well-trained Radio men, paying \$75 to \$200 a week.



Science and Religion

(Continued from page 55)

view that the future is predestined and that time merely turns over the leaves of a story that is already written.

Until recently this was almost universally accepted as the teaching of science, at least in regard to the material universe. It is the distinctive principle of the mechanistic outlook which some years ago superseded the crude materialistic answer. But today physical theory is not mechanistic. Now it is built on a foundation which knows nothing of this supposed determinism. So far as we have yet gone in our probing of the material universe, we cannot find a particle of evidence in favor of determinism.

THERE is no longer, I think, any need to doubt our intuition of free will. Our minds are not merely registering a predetermined sequence of thoughts and decisions. Our faculties, our purposes are genuine, and ours is the responsibility for what ensues from them.

I think we must admit that, for we are scarcely likely to accept a theory which would make the human spirit more mechanistic than the physical universe.

I now turn to the question, "What must we put into the skeleton scheme of thinking?" I have said that physical science is aloof from this transmutation. If I am positive on this side of the question, it is not as a scientist that I claim to speak. It was by looking into our own nature that we viewed the first failure of the physical universe to be co-extensive with our experience of reality. Something through which truth may act must surely have a place in reality if we are to use the term reality at all.

In our own nature, all through the conduct of our consciousness with a nature transcending ours, there are other things which claim the same kind of recognition—a sense of beauty, of morality, and finally at the root of all spiritual religion, an experience which we describe as the consciousness of God.

I would say that when from the human heart the cry goes up, What is it all about? it is no true answer to look only at that part of experience which comes to us through certain sensory organs and reply—it is about atoms and chaos, it is about a universe of fiery globes moving on to impending doom; it is about non-computed algebra; but rather it is about a spirit in which truth has its shrine, with potentialities of self-fulfilment in its response to beauty and right.

It is the essence of religion that presents this side of experience as a matter of everyday life. To live in it we have to grasp it in the form of familiar recognition and not as a series of abstract statements. Its counterpart in our outward

life is the familiar world and not the symbolic scientific universe.

The man who commonly spoke of these ordinary surroundings in scientific language would be insufferable. It means a great deal to me to conceive of God as Him through whom comes power and guidance, but just because it means so much I have no use for it if it is only fiction which will not stand close examination. Can we not give some assurance that there is such a God in reality and that belief in Him is not merely a sop to my limited understanding?

The fact that scientific method seems to reduce God to something like an ethical code may throw some light on the nature of the scientific method. I doubt that it throws much light on the nature of God. If the consideration of religious experience in the light of psychology seems to remove from the conception of God every attribute of love, it is pertinent to consider whether something of the same sort has not happened to our human friends after psychology has systematized them.

It does not fall within my scope to give the questioner the assurance he desires. I doubt whether there is any assurance to be obtained except through the religious experience itself, but I bid him hold fast to his own knowledge of the nature of that experience. I think that that will take him nearer to the ultimate truth than codifying and symbolizing.

It is true that in the relativity theory we continue our attempt to reach purely objective truths. With what results? A world so abstract that only a mathematical symbol can inhabit it.

IN THE other great modern development of physics, the quantum theory, we have, if I am not mistaken, abandoned the aims and become content to analyze the physical universe into ultimate elements which are frankly subjective.

If it is difficult to separate out the subjective element in our knowledge of the external world, it must be much more difficult to distinguish it when we come to the problem of a self-knowing consciousness where subject and object, that which knows and that which is known, are one and the same.

I have been laying great stress on experience, speaking of the problem of experience. In this I am following the dictates of modern physics. I do not wish to imply that every experience is to be taken at face value. There is such a thing as emotion and we must try not to be deceived. In any attempt to go deeply into the meaning of religious experience, we are confronted by the difficult problem of how to protect and eliminate delusion and self-deception. I fully recognize that that problem exists, but I must excuse myself from attempting a solution.

The operation of cutting out delusion

in the spiritual domain requires a delicate surgical knife, and the only knife that I, as a physicist, can manipulate is a bludgeon which it is true crushes illusion but at the same time crushes everything of non-material significance, and even reduces the material world to a state of uncreativity.

I am convinced that if in physics we pursue to the bitter end our attempt to reach purely objective reality we should simply undo the work of creation and present the world as we might conceive it to have been before the Spirit moved on the face of the waters. The spiritual element in our experience is the creative element, and if we remove it as we are trying to do in physics, on the ground that it always creates an illusion, we must reach what was in the beginning.

Reasoning is our great ally in the quest for truth, but reasoning can only start from promises. At the beginning of the argument we must always come back to our innate convictions. There are such convictions at the base even of physical science. We are helpless unless we admit also, as perhaps the strongest conviction of all, that we have within us some power of self-criticism to test the truth of our convictions.

That is not infallible, that is to say, it is not infallible when associated with human frailty, but neither is reasoning infallible when practiced by our blundering intelligence. To make sure that we are not without this guidance when we embark on the adventure of spiritual life, uncharted though it be, it is sufficient that we carry a compass.

Are American Women Lax in Politics?

(Continued from page 85)

against our sex are really done. Nothing so definitely implies the gaining of equality as the existence of women in politics. Nothing for us could mean quite so much. No woman M. P. sees herself in the least as a peculiar person either in the House of Commons or out of it. In fact, where women have been in politics it is taken absolutely for granted, and in that respect, I think we have made a step forward. If I can establish the position of women in the life of the country as between your country and mine, one might get a different picture. What I have been trying to talk to you about is the position of women in politics rather than anywhere else. Along that line I think the women of Britain have established themselves and now are taken for granted, and are looking across with eager and hopeful expectations of finding the influence of women in the politics of other countries go at least as far as it has gone in our country in the past few years.

Ladies Must Fly

(Continued from page 81)

"I certainly consider Radio to be an indispensable factor in flying," concluded Miss Nichols, "and I'd like again to express my gratitude and indebtedness to Mr. Crosley whose plane made possible this flight."

"How did you happen to get the Crosley plane?" I inquired.

"Capt. Brock was ill in the hospital and therefore was unable to operate the machine. Knowing that the plane was available, I asked Mr. Crosley if I might have it."

Mr. Crosley's plane, "The New Cincinnati", has written many important chapters in the progress of aviation. It established the present round-trip transcontinental record of 31 hours and 58 minutes from Jacksonville, Fla. to San Diego, Cal. and return, made last June with Capt. William S. Brock and Edward F. Schlee as pilots. It also participated in the Los Angeles to Chicago non-stop race in August and was the official Radio ship in the National Air Reliability Tour in September.

And now Miss Nichols has added to this long list of attainments the record transcontinental flight for women which she made in 13 hours, 22 minutes and 31 seconds, breaking Mrs. Keith-Miller's record by 8 hours, and bettering Col. Lindbergh's mark by more than an hour! She is second only to Lieut. Hawks in the transcontinental speed record.

Miss Nichols is a graduate of Wellesley where she was a bright scholar and majored in the social sciences. She has always taken an active interest in sports, and still goes in for hunting, polo, swimming, riding and other outdoor activities.

The incident that probably first awakened her interest in flying occurred in Atlantic City some eleven years ago, when she flew off in a plane with no less distinguished a person than Eddie Stinson, pioneer aviator. Mr. Stinson was preparing to take off in the plane when this young slip of a girl, as Ruth Nichols must have been at that time, insisted upon going up with him. While they were up, he looped with her. Miss Nichols did not have her Five Points then which include a *conservative* pilot, and perhaps this first experience inspired her to set down this fifth commandment!

Miss Nichols lives with her family in the exclusive countryside of Rye, New York and is a firm believer in a home, marriage, dishwashing, and all the etceteras of domestic life, but she believes very firmly that every woman should learn to fly, that is, if her health is normal. "As the field is limited," continued Miss Nichols, "I don't think she ought to take it up as a profession. Although women may distinguish themselves in flight-breaking records, I don't believe that they will ever drive mail-carrying or commercial planes any more

than they would drive trucks or sail ocean liners across the seas. They will find their places in the educational, promotion and executive departments.

"Aviation is not a profitable business. The aerial chauffeur does not receive very much over a hundred dollars a month and a bonus on a mileage basis.

"I would like to see everyone fly as much as possible, but women taking up aviation should not expect to find it commercially profitable, or they will be disappointed."

What other startling surprises this famous young aviatrix is going to spring on the interested on-lookers, remain to be seen, but this much can be surmised; that this record-smashing is not going to be confined between the constantly shrinking borders of our continent. It may be that one bright morning, Miss Nichols will take off a few hours from her daily work to fly across the Atlantic and say "howdy" to Paris.

Strikes—Lucky and Unlucky

(Continued from page 48)

uses his fingers, nonchalantly flicking jazz demons from the air, as though he is not exercising even as far as the wrists.

He explains his directing thusly:

"Sometimes I use a baton to shift gears. The original idea of the baton was to extend the arm. Imagine a conductor with a wooden arm. No life! There is expression in the fingers. I lift a finger at the violins. My men all know what that means. I wave a finger at the clarinets. I make a fist and sweep at the drummers.

"There has been a great deal of comment upon my introducing everything from jew's harp, or a saw, to funny little whistles in my orchestra. They create not only melody and rhythm—but humor. A dance orchestra should have an underlying current of humor. Humor is happiness. Dancing must be happy."

And, wow, what an opinion B. A. Rolfe has about setting the classics to dance music. He considers it vulgar and inexcusable! Sort of sacrilegious, he feels too. He has all the bound-in-the-wool, old fashioned ideas of musical traditions despite the fact that he is a jazz artist now.

Lucky is the largest dance orchestra on the air. It takes a lot of men to play all the little doo-dads "B. A." drags around. At first there were thirty-six men. Now there are fifty musicians and a lot of singers.

Can you help keeping an eye on this busy fellow to watch what he'll do with the fortune he is recuperating? Just sort of a curious eye to see what he'll tackle next.

Want to bet that he'll found that Native School of music and perhaps be going around again some day with a button trying to find a shirt to sew it on?

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The Pipes of Pan

No More Farcical Auditions for Amateurs, Please—Keep Radio Censors Within Bounds And Let Them Strike A Happy Medium

GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

CENSORS are always a bane, to someone or another, although it cannot be gainsaid that they serve a useful purpose, and that, sans censors, decency and dignity might, occasionally run amuck.*

Many professional censors, however, have a bad habit of taking their authority too seriously, and, sooner or later, they become despots. The responsibility of passing on the mental diet of their fellow-man is a huge one, and the liability, at times, goes to their heads.

Take, for example, the Radio censor. True it is, as the big chains claim, that one never knows who may tune in on a program. A little child is as apt as not to dial in the giddy comment of a careless announcer. America's youth must be protected, and so on.

Yet we have seen specimens of the Radio censor's handiwork that would make a horse laugh. They have read evil into harmless song lyrics, and double-entendre into innocuous "gags". They have placed the stamp of smut on innocent recitations and inoffensive continuity.

Can't censors *ever* strike a happy medium?

* * *

FLATLY and irrevocably this writer herewith declares against auditions in Radio studios, or anywhere else, for that matter.

Auditions are farces—all of them. We've attended dozens, and have yet to be present at a "discovery" of any significance whatsoever. Auditions, it appears, are the last resort of the untalented; when all else has failed, the aspirant to Radio fame submits to one.

A person with genuine talent soon finds an agent to interest himself in that person's future. Experience has shown that only once in a decade is a genius unearthed at those ludicrous sessions that occur regularly at Radio stations, and result in nothing but a costly waste of everyone's time.

Granted that those in authority are qualified to pass on the merits or demerits of those who offer their wares. What then? Nothing ever happens but the routine taking of names and addresses, and the amateur then waits pitifully to receive the summons that never comes.

It's unfair to the deluded victim, to begin with. He or she must appear at some inconvenient time and waste hours waiting for The Opportunity. The as-

pirant to Radio laurels is then told to "make it snappy" and under this tremendous nervous strain, usually is licked at the very start. Efforts of the amateurs are taken as jokes by the "holier-than-thou" critics who pass judgment.

It's all too pathetic—and meaningless. Nothing *ever* happens. Let's stop it!

* * *

IT CANNOT be gainsaid that there are certain commercial broadcasts that are widely disliked, and yet they continue on like Tennyson's brook, with their sponsors apparently oblivious to public opinion.

We know of several concerning which a unanimity of opinion prevails, and that opinion is that they represent a shameful waste of air. Perhaps you, too, have a pet peeve in this regard, and find, after conversation with your friends, that they concur.

The programs we have in mind are bad because their sponsors, instead of sticking to the merchandising of their own produce, have suddenly become self-appointed master-showmen, to the neglect of their businesses and everything else. Fascinated by their new power, they abuse it, and tell veteran purveyors of entertainment, who stand by amused, how the public is to be catered to. The result is more often than not pitiful; again a little knowledge proves to be a dangerous thing.

We know of one internationally famous orchestra that flopped disastrously under commercial auspices, and lost considerable prestige. Now on its own, the same organization offers weekly a highly commendable broadcast, and its director explains the difference by saying, simply: "No longer are we being interfered with by autocratic amateurs who tell us what and how to play. Not being troupers, the smell of the theatre is foreign to them."

* * *

WHEN is a song "old"? How long after a ditty has passed into forgetfulness should it again be revived?

Songs with a tradition, like *After the Ball* and *The End of a Perfect Day*, never

grow old. There's a ripe and mellow flavor to compositions of this type, which make them delectable dainties for the ear no matter how hoary they may be.

But it's different as far as last year's popular song is concerned. Nothing is so ephemeral, at best, as the Tin Pan Alley product; it's usually as short-lived and evanescent as a newspaper. Of course, there are exceptions, such as *Missouri Waltz* and *Three O'clock in the Morning*, but there are only a few such tunes in a decade.

When it comes to the tin-panny type of song, however, its usual life is a season, if it exists that long. Next season it becomes irksome, and the following year it is nothing less than painful.

Chronic song revivalists on the air should take this into consideration. Irving Berlin's old songs are always pleasant, but when you attempt to resurrect the meaningless drivell of a year back, you're annoying—not entertaining—your Radio patrons.

* * *

AN EXECUTIVE at one of the important Radio stations discusses our article in last month's *RADIO DIGEST* referring to the indiscriminate choice of songs on Radio programs.

We commented, if you remember, on the frequency with which certain songs are offered, and declared that the repetition of the "hits" of the day gave many listeners-in a sinking feeling around the region of the stomach.

The executive mentioned above offers a solution. Here's his remedy:

"What Radio stations need more than anything else," he told us, "is an official who could be designated a 'program editor,' and whose function it would be to prevent Radio over-doses of certain tunes.

"Under this plan each orchestra and vocalist would submit their programs to this individual, sufficiently in advance," he continued. "If he notes thereon any absurd reiteration of titles, he should be permitted to 'blue-pencil' them unmercifully."

In connection with this same thought, the writer is in receipt of a letter from M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Co., who says, among other things: "We are doing our best to prohibit duplication and I thoroughly agree with you in regard to the policy of overdoing music by repetition."

* Critics are not always right, nor are they always wrong! Publishers usually place their remarks in a "column" where complete freedom of expression can be maintained without regard to the Editors. Through this method censorship is not allowed to dull the sharp edge of criticism and the true function of critics in stimulating keener thinking is protected.
—EDITOR.

Ozark's Magic Carpet

(Continued from page 49)

need to go to them. They come to me.

I am more than twenty miles from our railroad station and half as many from the nearest state highway. The winter roads of the hills are impassable, but my magic carpet knows no distance.

Neighbors "drap in" to share the joy of it, the Gobbler Hunter oftenest of all. "I wuzn't more'n sixteen, I reckon," he'll explain, "when I was knowed fur and wide as the Gobbler Hunter, 'count of me a-gittin' so many wild turkeys."

He fills his pipe with the native home-grown, long leaf tobacco, smokes it empty and takes a "chaw" of the same brand.

The fire grows warmer; he moves back, his aim still true. Never does the Gobbler Hunter miss the coals pushed out from under the front log, and the sizzle of "ambeer" is heard at regular intervals. The wolves howl in the forest back of the cabin, foxes and owls chiming in on the chorus, but they must take their turn on the program.

But the Gobbler Hunter is again giving his own personal explanation of the Radio. Always I wait to listen. "It's spooky," he is saying. "Plumb spooky. They jist ain't no other way to git around it. You can't tell me that you can turn a little somethin' away off in this lone country and hear what's a-goin' on in the world—and expect me to swaller it. It jist ain't so. It don't rhyme."

Always, when the Gobbler Hunter doesn't "swaller" something, it "don't rhyme."

I laugh and tune in on New York—and ponder, half agreeing with him, and feeling again the need of parental assurance. But this time, the other way 'round. I need to be told that it is true; that I shall not wake up and find that it is all a fairy tale—this magic carpet.

There is a break in the weather and we give a party. Without invitations. Nobody is ever invited in the Ozarks and everybody always comes, from the oldest grandfather down to the youngest baby, young and old having their good times together.

We dance—and listen to the Radio.

We play games—and listen to the Radio.

We say good night—and stay to listen to the Radio.

At last they go, reluctantly, and once more I give thanks for this salvation of the isolated, this greatest of all great discoveries—the Radio.

Carusos of Tomorrow

(Continued from page 56)

voice, was heard only in minor rôles, as is invariably the case with newcomers. He might have been singing them yet had not his mother seen to it that, as a boy, his musical training was not neglected. On a certain Tuesday morning at rehears-

al, Tibbett was informed that he was to sing Valentine in *Faust* Friday night in case he could prepare the part, which was new to him. That gave him approximately three days to work up a part for which there should be at least three months' preparation. He was flushed with the news when he appeared at my studio. He took the score home, sat down at the piano and hardly left it, in fact, until he had made the rôle his very own. It was a grind, but Tibbett's success on Friday night gave the management confidence in him.

Lawrence Tibbett is not a pianist but the knowledge of that instrument gained by him in former years was the golden key of fortune without which his name would not be the byword it is today.

The singer must necessarily wait until the voice changes or settles before it is advisable to study singing seriously or before very much can be told about the voice. Boys particularly would find it an advantage if they would save their singing voices until they have changed. That is why it is so vital that the ground should be prepared. Many boys with beautiful voices are encouraged to sing publicly and allowed to sing too long with the result that the voice breaks and never returns.

How are we then to prevent this failure of those with beautiful voices?

It is a matter primarily for the parents to decide, for it is chiefly their responsibility. The wail that I hear most frequently is, "Oh, if my parents had only made me practice." If every mother, who finds it at all possible, would see that the education of her children includes the study of music, preferably the piano, since it is the beginning and end of most music, more American singers would succeed.

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Occupation

Arturo Toscanini

(Continued from page 7)

his blankets and begins to read it as though it were a book. In two hours, he has finished reading the manuscript—and he knows every note that has been written there!

Everyone knows, moreover, how when he first came to the Metropolitan Opera House in 1913, he started the rehearsal of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*—the most intricate and the longest opera score in existence—without the music, and that he knew every bar and every passage in the whole opera! But not every one knows that his memory is phenomenal in other respects too. It was in 1913, when he was rehearsing a Rossini opera at the Metropolitan, that the first 'cellist made a mistake. It was a slight mistake and Toscanini, far from mentioning anything, did not even seem to notice it. The maestro had evidently not heard, thought the 'cellist with relief.

The following season when Toscanini was back with the Metropolitan he rehearsed the Rossini opera once again and when he came to that very 'cello passage, in which the 'cellist had made a mistake a year before, he raised a warning finger to the musician! Another anecdote—which, because I myself heard it, know that it is no legend but a true happening—is even more unbelievable. Two years ago, the trombonist came up to Toscanini and regretfully told the maestro that he would not be able to play that day.

"Why?" asked Toscanini with surprise.

"One of my valves is broken," the trombonist explained. "I cannot possibly play lower C."

TOSCANINI thought for a moment. Then he answered: "That's all right. You'll be able to play. There's no lower C appearing in your music for today!"

Toscanini is, of course, a tyrant as a conductor. I say "of course" because every great conductor must be. He will not permit anyone to do anything which he does not sanction. At the Metropolitan Opera House, a famous opera-singer was imported to sing the principal role in Gluck's *Orfeo*. During one of the solo passages, the soprano held her high C a trifle too long to suit the maestro and so he interrupted her outburst with the orchestral interlude. The soprano rushed backstage, burst into violent tears, and swore she would never again sing under such a conductor.

In La Scala, especially, was he known for his tyranny. He was known to throw books and music-stands at the unprotected heads of erring musicians. At one time he almost pierced out the eye of a first violinist with the end of his baton because the maestro had, in a moment

of rage, called him a rather indelicate name. But all this despotism is only because Toscanini is an artist at heart and in soul and, consequently, an imperfection wounds him more deeply than any possible pain.

But the members of his orchestra have noticed that during the past two years, his terrible tyranny has been tremendously diminished. He has become infinitely more patient and gentle. He is now kind and docile. He will explain, even a hundred times, how a certain passage should be played and then, when the performer makes a mistake, he will explain once again. His patience is almost superhuman. I myself have heard him rehearse the flute solo in Pizzetti's *Concerto dell'Estate* thirty-six times! Nor will he stop until he has attained perfection. He speaks quietly, explains clearly and tersely, and seldom loses his temper.

Of course, there are still times when his temper explodes and when it does—every once in a while—his musicians feel the real force of the famous Toscanini fury! During a rehearsal of a modern work by Respighi, the orchestra failed to comprehend a certain interpretation, and Toscanini worked faithfully and patiently over it for more than an hour. At last, seeing that all his work was in vain and that the orchestra still did not understand, he emitted a heart-breaking cry of pain and such a furious volley of imprecations and Italian oaths that the very walls quivered. The effect of that outburst was electric, and when his heat cooled somewhat and he explained once again his interpretation, the orchestra played as it had never played before.

One other time I saw Toscanini in anger. It was in discussing with Arbos, the celebrated Spanish conductor, a certain passage in the *Ninth Symphony* of Beethoven. Arbos, venturing that Toscanini had missed a certain effect, sang to him the passage as he thought it should sound. Toscanini volubly and heatedly told Arbos what he thought—in not very gentle language.

At rehearsals, Toscanini works minutely over each passage, each phrase, each note. He sings continually, both while explaining his interpretations and while the orchestra is playing—in a nervous and high-pitched voice. In explaining his interpretations he also dances and postures and pantomimes. For a vulgar sound he will tell his men to play like this—he will inflate his cheeks and kick out his right leg—for a delicate sound he will quiver his fingers nervously in the air.

Toscanini has a most miraculous ear for sounds. Each different tone has a definite meaning for him and that meaning he tries to convey to his orchestra. The

cornet should play like a sigh, the oboe should try to laugh and the violins should be angry (and Toscanini shakes his fist in mid-air). And so sensitive is his ear, that the entire orchestra may play *fortissimo* and yet he will know if the cornet has played the sigh or if the oboe has laughed correctly.

Toscanini is a happy man if the orchestra plays well; he has no other happiness in life. At the end of the rehearsal he will nod with approval to his men, applaud their efforts and then leave the stage joyfully. But if they play badly, then the man becomes a different person. He scowls at everyone, he will not look to the right or to the left but will furiously leave the stage; he will not come into contact with anyone for that day. For example, during the intermission of one of the Philharmonic concerts last year—when one of the cornetists made a mistake—Toscanini rushed furiously from his platform, silently walked towards his private room and there punched madly into a thin walnut cabinet until it became mere splinters. But such days are rare, after all—for as Toscanini himself says (and who should know better than he?) the Philharmonic is one of the greatest orchestras in the world.

SOMETHING more intimate about this man: He is married and has two daughters—one of whom acts as his advisor, councillor and dearest friend. During one of his tempestuous tempers, they will avoid him fastidiously—until Mrs. Toscanini walks into his private study, soothes him and finally announces that "the war is over." He earns, from the Philharmonic Symphony Society, \$2,000 for every public appearance; rehearsals, however, are free. He also does not get paid for assuming the leadership of the Bayreuth Festival.

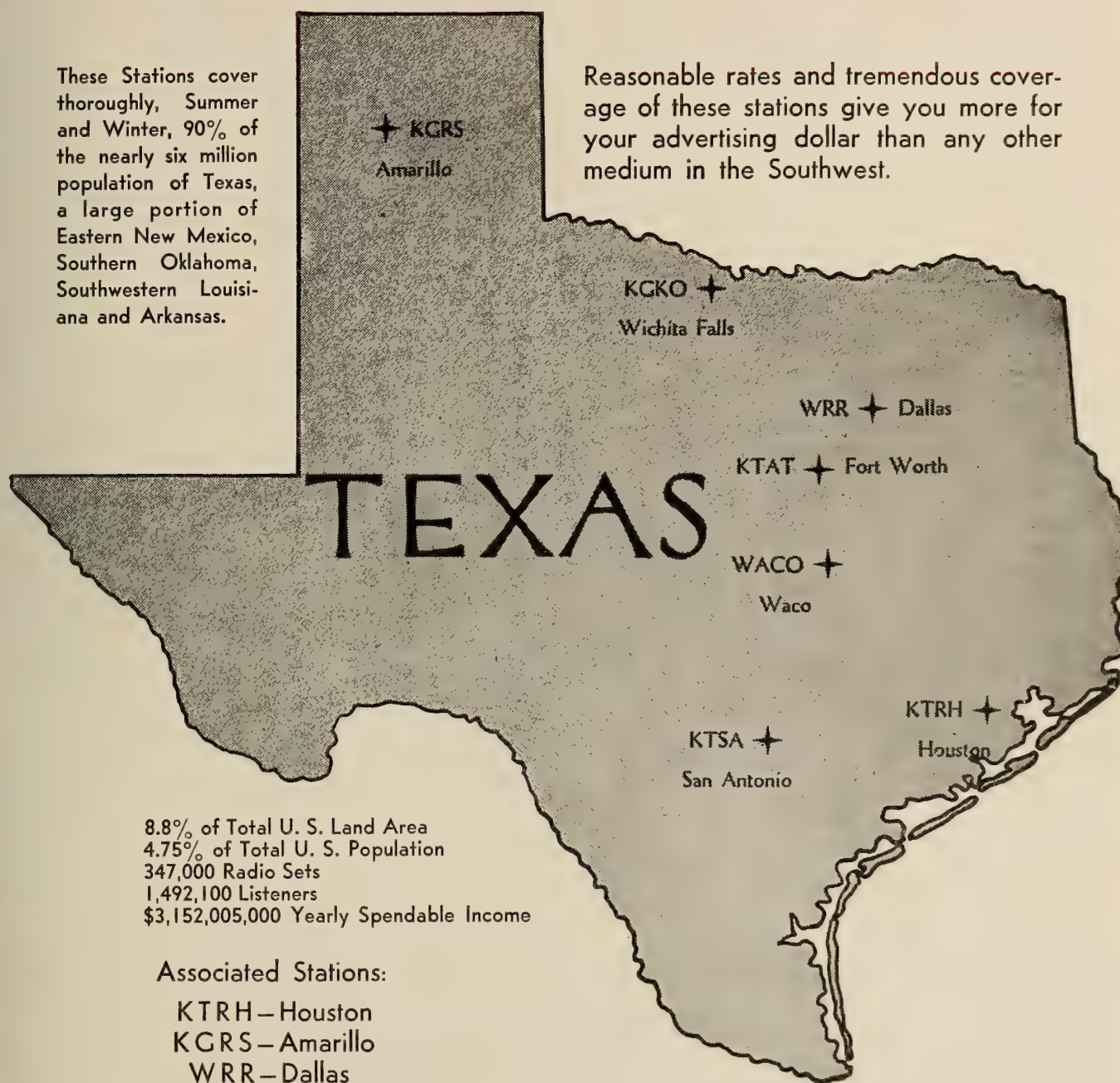
He has very marked penchants and prejudices, nor does he ever attempt to conceal them. Sometimes he is brutally frank. He is a dear friend to Willem Mengelberg, the conductor, yet when he heard Mengelberg conduct the *Fifth Symphony* of Beethoven he openly called him a "pig". He hates Tschaikovsky violently and any mention of the Russian's name causes him to fly up in anger; he detests jazz—and once at a party of a rich society woman he refused to shake the hand of George Gershwin; he dislikes all modern music, too—and yet his programs are cluttered with "first-performances" only because he feels it his duty to perform them. He worships Beethoven with a schoolboy awe and reverence. After Beethoven comes Wagner.

He detests publicity, applause, ovations; he never caters to the will of his audiences; he never reads the criticisms of his concerts; he sticks, with scrupulous fidelity, to every desire of the composer he conducts. And he loves music with the simple passion of a young romantic lover.

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SECRETS *of* TIN PAN ALLEY

Radio Digest

March

25
★
CENTS

Mary Charles
WABC—N. Y.

Edgar Guest

Isobel MacDonald

Bobby Jones

I WANTED TO BROADCAST AND DID

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION

but

KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



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Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And you are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen."

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin."

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't you follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. R-110
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST



HELEN SADA...
Just a typical member of Roxy's Chorus... not a disciple of Ziegfeld, as you would think upon noting her beauty. Born in Scranton, had her first professional engagement at Roxy's, and has operatic ambitions.



MILDRED JOHNSON is just a newcomer to Columbia, but she's wormed her way into three programs a week already, and gained the reputation of always being underfoot at 485 Madison. Such a sweet and charming contralto.

March, 1931

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AMY GOLDSMITH
... That naïveté isn't feigned, for she's the youngest soprano at NBC... just 19. A living disproof of the theory that young prodigies fall by the wayside, for at seventeen she won the National Radio Contest.



RUTH LEE BREN
is the real life name of Sally Perkins, the belle of KMBC's Happy Hollow. That hair that looks so dark is a real Auburn and—just imagine—she's less than five feet tall, but big enough to be actress and pianist.

a Big Job Open for Every Radio Trained Man

5000

Service Men Needed



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF STUDENTS WORKING IN SERVICE DEPT. OF COYNE RADIO SHOPS

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Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere \$20 or \$30 a week. Let me show you how to make **REAL MONEY IN RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!**

THOUSANDS OF JOBS OPEN Paying \$60, \$70 to \$200 a Week

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation Work, at \$45 to \$100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—**THOUSANDS OF JOBS PAYING \$60, \$70 and on UP TO \$200 A WEEK.**

No Books - No Lessons All Practical Work

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence School. We don't attempt to teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the finest outlay of Radio, Television and Sound equipment in any school—on scores of modern Radio Receivers, huge Broadcasting equipment, the very latest Television apparatus, Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment, Code Practice equipment, etc. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give

you—right here in the Coyne Shops—all the actual practice and experience you'll need. And because we cut out all useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 8 weeks' time.

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And now Television is on the way! Soon there'll be a demand for **THOUSANDS OF TELEVISION EXPERTS!** The man who learns Television NOW can make a **FOR-TUNE** in this great new field. Get in on the ground-floor of this amazing new Radio development! Come to **COYNE** and learn Television on the very latest, newest Television equipment.

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Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City.....State.....

Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

CCHEER up—there's no need to worry about your favorite entertainment. All along the line broadcasting has been doing well financially as well as artistically. The fact that the two leading chains reported a gross income for the year of \$26,667,391 and the local stations received from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000 makes it possible for them to hire better talent and perform better service technically. These figures do not take into consideration the money paid to artists by outside sponsors. They represent a 42 per cent increase over the 1929 revenues.

* * *

Will Senator Fess be able to force through his bill demanding 15 per cent of the broadcasting facilities of the United States for educational purposes? Perhaps you will know the answer by the time you read this. The National Association of Broadcasters is opposed to the bill.

* * *

ANITA LOOS, who is known to every listener in America as the author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, is being interviewed by Miss Genn for her views on the question *Is the American Woman Happy?* Miss



Loos holds a pessimistic view and does not hesitate to declare that the American woman is not happy. Why? Well, she is going to tell us why and you will read what she has to say in our April RADIO DIGEST. There would be two sides to the question, of course. Cosmo Hamilton, the famous novelist, maintains that the American woman is happy. In fact, he has given the subject a great deal of serious thought and in a succeeding

issue of RADIO DIGEST Miss Genn has planned to give you his reasons, as expressly stated for your benefit, why he thinks that American women are indeed happy. Are they happy and don't know it? Cosmo will answer in full.

* * *

Bears! Harold McCracken, the Big Grizzly Bear Man from the Rockies, will tell us about some of his exciting adventures in hunting grizzlies in our April number. He's discovered a new way of hunting under better sporting conditions with bigger thrills and no bloodshed.

* * *

It appears from where we sit that our Peggy Hull is due to arrive as a real national celebrity of the air. She has just had her first broadcast as a representative of RADIO DIGEST at WMCA, New York. Letters from listeners along the Atlantic seaboard state they were "thrilled" and want to hear her again. Miss Hull has been through nine wars and her advent to the air was highly recommended to RADIO DIGEST by Floyd Gibbons, who praised her as the only officially accredited woman war correspondent in the World War. He later devoted his own program to a story of her adventures in Siberia and China.

A FAIR listener from Norfolk, Virginia, writes to ask if we won't print something more about Ray Perkins. "He has the funniest line of chatter I ever heard from my



Radio," she writes. That's just what we thought when we printed one of his sketches a while back, and then an interview about his life in his own words. So we asked Mr. Perkins to drop in and see us and bring along his portfolio. Next month you will see what he has written for readers of RADIO DIGEST. He doesn't know which of these three titles to give it: *How to Live on 5,000 Watts a Day*, *Thru Etheria on a Kilocycle*, or *Broadcastorail*. * * *

Mr. Mike, the genial interloper between the Radio and the sound picture, is bringing the stars of the screen and the stars of the air closer together. We know that Paramount represents a substantial part of the CBS and that RKO is a significant factor of NBC. What has happened since Radio has become so "high hat" that a screen notable can't pop on or off just for a bit of publicity merely by asking for it? You'd be surprised. Don't miss the story in our next issue, *That Hollywood Voice*.

* * *

Nick Kenny, Radio editor of the New York *Mirror*, wrote this epitaph for the Late Lobo I.; whose woof was known to Radio listeners from coast to coast:

"But if there's a dog's heaven

Up there in the skies,

We know that Old Lobo is there."

We're going to give you a story about this famous dog in our April RADIO DIGEST—and if you're a dog lover you can't afford to miss it.

* * *

AT 5 o'clock E. S. T. on any Sunday afternoon you hear over the NBC network the voice of Harry Emerson Fosdick. It is a safe bet you would hear him better at home over the Radio than you would hear him by trying to get into his church on Riverside Drive, New York. The auditorium seats 3,000 and is packed to the doors every time he is announced for the pulpit. He's a rugged, wholesome man with a genuine love for his fellow beings. His Radio congregation probably is the largest in America. We are going to give you a character study of Dr. Fosdick in the next issue of RADIO DIGEST. * * *



It is hard to understand why some of the good stations seem to get all the bad breaks. Good old KYW of Westinghouse, Chicago, one of the first broadcasting stations in the world, sister of KDKA, was kicked out of the fine channel it originally had, then pushed around a couple of times, and as we go to press WWJ of Detroit is demanding the channel KYW now uses for the entire time.

Next Month Decides

STATE CHAMPIONS

Be Sure To Nominate your Favorite Stations Now—

Remember April Will Be The VOTING Month

RADIO DIGEST'S station popularity contest for the State Championship will soon draw to a close. Midnight, April 20th, winds up the contest. Have you a favorite station? Is there any station you want to see at the top of the heap in this contest? If there is, don't delay any longer, but nominate the station you consider the most popular in your state now and clip Ballot No. 6 below.

Thousands of listeners are registering their selections in this contest. From Maine to California, and from the Canadian border to the Rio Grande enthusiastic listeners are voicing their selections. Every vote counts, so prepare your ballots now and get ready to shoot next month when you get the last coupon ballot.

The Radio stations themselves are keyed up about this contest. They want to win. But they can't win unless you help them by nominating your selections and voting for them.

It is a small thing to ask, but it means a great deal to the Radio station. Just let your mind wander back over the many happy hours of entertainment made possible by the men and women in the broadcasting studios. Think of all the planning; all the downright hard work; all the heartaches; and all the enthusiasm and determination that have gone into the making of these programs. Consider these things, then register your appreciation by voting.

The letters we receive indicate the enthusiasm of listeners. Here is one from a young lady in Louisville, Kentucky. Her name is Helen Otterpohl, and she writes: "I nominate WHAS in Louisville, Kentucky, because I think it is the most wonderful station on the air.

"There is nothing in the whole wide world that I enjoy as much as our Jack Turner. After a hard day at school, I go home and listen to his wonderful melodies. And our announcer is great.

I like the New York stations too. Because when I hear them over the Radio, I can imagine myself in that mammoth city. I have never been there and it is my heart's desire."

You can't go wrong by climbing on the bandwagon! If any station has provided the pleasure for you that WHAS has brought into the life of this young lady the least you can do is to register your vote in favor of that station. Whether you like the work

of only one artist, or just tune in because the announcer is a favorite, remember the station is in back of the program. They want to give you better programs—the kind you like. This contest will encourage those who are working toward this end and stimulate them to even greater endeavors.

And if you don't believe the staff helps make the program just listen to what Miss Clara Kienzle, of Philadelphia, Pa., has to say about it: "Like many others I too think the announcers have a lot to do with the popularity of a station. Therefore, my first preference is WPEN because of its wonderful staff. WPEN has a fine variety of entertainment and there is something for everyone. Of course, we have that famous Mystery Announcer and gang, and there is not another program that can equal this one. My other choices are WELK, WIP, WFAN. My reasons for choosing these is because of

a few programs that I like."

Send in your nominations, after reading the rules on page 102. All stations, both large and small, have a chance to win. And even if the station you select does not come out first in your state, at least give your favorite the satisfaction of making a good showing in the contest. The medallion in the center of the page, suitably engraved, will go to the winners together with a scroll of honor. GIVE YOUR STATION A BREAK! Send your nominations now.



NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, *Radio Digest*,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state).....

First (call letters).....City.....

Second (call letters).....City.....

Third (call letters).....City.....

Fourth (call letters).....City.....

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Number

6

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, *Radio Digest*,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters).....City.....

Second (call letters).....City.....

Third (call letters).....City.....

Fourth (call letters).....City.....

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Erno Rapee

A SLIGHT man, but at close range one sees the sharp-edged cheek bones that speak of determination and will-power. They make credible the marvelous versatility of the man who conducts intricate classical scores without rehearsal, who plays the piano with genius and fire, and who has composed such popular song hits as "Charmaine" and "Angela Mia".

Little Man with the Big Stick

Erno Rapee

*Roxy Maestro is Unique Among Orchestra Leaders
—Commands World's Largest Symphony Organiza-
tion but can Switch to Jazz Instantaneously*

EVERY Sunday afternoon, the Radio brings to every listener two superb symphonic concerts. One of them is that of the Philharmonic Symphony Society; the other is that of the Roxy Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Erno Rapee. Strange as it may sound it is the Roxy Symphony Orchestra, and not the Philharmonic, which is today recognized as the largest symphonic ensemble in the world. Almost two hundred men are directed by Erno Rapee's baton—almost two hundred men, constituting what is, in many respects, the most unique orchestra in the world.

Erno Rapee's tremendous orchestra is unique not only because it is the largest in size in the world, nor even because so often it plays so superbly. It is unique, for one thing, because of its unbelievable versatility: on Sundays, for the broadcasts, it may play Bach or Beethoven or Wagner, yet an hour later, on the stage of the Roxy theatre it may be required to play marches, jazz-medleys, popular tunes. It is unique, also, because it plays so perfectly despite the paucity of its rehearsals. For the Sunday broadcast, something like only an hour of preparation is required before the orchestra can play such intricate and rare masterpieces as, for example, Richard Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben* or a Bruckner Symphony.

And when we realize that the average symphonic orchestra rehearses ten hours for each of its concerts, we begin to realize how staggering is the achievement of this ensemble. Finally, this orchestra is unique because it can take almost any standard symphony and play it well from sight; as a matter of fact, it has done this very feat more than once before the microphone. No wonder, then, that Toye, the well-known English music-critic, said—upon hearing Rapee's band—that no or-

By DAVID EWEN

chestra throughout entire Europe could be placed upon an equal footing with the Roxy Symphony Orchestra!

It was Gustav Mahler, the composer, who once wisely remarked: "There is no such classification as good orchestras or bad orchestras; there are only good conductors and bad ones." Who, therefore, is this man who is responsible for the overwhelming artistic success of the Roxy Orchestra?

He is Erno Rapee, who has been its leader ever since its inception in 1926, except for that brief vacation he took in Hollywood when his orchestra fell into the hands of a capable substitute, Joseph Littau. Rapee was born in Budapest—and from his very birth it seemed apparent that he had been born for music. As a mite of a child, he would sing to himself interminably little snatches of melodies, as he played with his toys or as he lulled himself to sleep. When he grew a little older, he began to toy with the yellow keys of the long-neglected piano in his house—first making up little pieces of melodies with his little forefinger and then, with the utmost patience, attempting to find for these melodies a suitable harmonic garb. His life from the very start was absorbed with and devoted to music.

It was inevitable for the parents to notice that a musician had been born into their midst, and Erno's father—an intelligent bourgeois—decided to develop this manifest musical talent of his son. A neighboring music-teacher was hired to teach the boy the piano and rudiments of composition. The boy took to music as a duck takes to water. No exercises seemed to be difficult for those indefatigable fin-

gers; no study too dull or ponderous for that receptive mind. He learned his music with a facility and ease which staggered his teacher. It was not long before Erno outstripped every effort of his guide; before he had completely outgrown him. There was nothing left to do but to enter the boy into the National Academy—perhaps one of the foremost musical conservatories in Europe. Here, it was felt by both teacher and parent, that Erno's musical talents would reach full maturity.

They did. Under the guidance of such great teachers as Emil Sauer, the boy's musical gifts grew ripe—and soon blossomed. He became a pianist of great talent; in his composition he revealed a rich inventiveness; in his conducting he showed that he could bring new freshness to every symphony he touched. He graduated from the Academy with the highest of honors. All of his famous teachers prophesied a great musical career for him.

From that time on he constantly acquired a greater and greater importance and authority in the musical world. First, he officiated as the assistant conductor to Ernest von Schuch of the Dresden Orchestra—but soon because his duties were few and far between, he resigned in order to devote himself to greater activity. For the entire year he toured as piano-virtuoso—appearing with the Vienna, Berlin and Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra, making a very marked impression upon critics and audience. But, somehow, piano virtuosity interested him but little; he was far more eager to

(Continued on page 99)



Flashes from the *HIGHWAY* of

*Noted Explorer Pictures
His Greatest Moments*



"The Evil Spirit must leave your hands."

WHAT was my greatest thrill? You mean my greatest thrill? Let me see—um—er—the time

I was nearly drowned in a coal mine? No, I think the time I was trapped in a hotel fire was a bit more of a squeak. Cracky gee, I don't know, what you would call the greatest thrill. Is it more of a thrill to look into the face of Death and get away than to have merely an exhilarating experience of discovery or witness a seeming miracle?

I have certainly had my share but I think the time I was a passenger in a plane with the fearless Nungesser, famous French ace, and the engine went dead while we were about a mile high—and we fell, and fell, and fell— Oh, man, that was a time my nerves squirmed and

twisted with suspense and racking horror.

Want to hear about that?

It happened just a month before Nungesser returned to France to make ready for that last long ride that ended in another fall of which the world will never know. A brave man was this French war bird. He had a head and a heart that never failed him while he lived. And I considered myself indeed a lucky man to be zooming skyward as his flying companion. Up and up we went. The fields spread out below in checkered squares. Long white lines stretched across the panorama showing the concrete highways. We were climbing at a very sharp angle.

The craft was small and keenly responsive to the hand of the pilot. The powerful engine radiated a quiver of life into every fiber of the structure. There was a song in the whirr of the propeller that gave me a feeling of confidence and security. Birds we were skimming through azure blue and drifting cloudlets. Suddenly the steady rhythm turned to a jerky palpitation. Instantly the plane ceased its ascent and leveled off. I could see Nungesser trying the controls and peeking beneath the cowl. The sputtering grew worse. Then—pop-pop—and the engine was still.

I heard Nungesser mumbling something in French as he jerked away at something beyond the range of my vision.

"Trouble, we have trouble, Mr. Gable.

ADVENTURE by Gilbert Gable

THRILLS

Miracle of the Painted Desert

Sky Tumbling with Nungesser

Trailing The Thunder Bird



THRILLS? No end to 'em.

A mule kicked Gilbert Gable head first off a Grand Canyon trail—and was he scared when he saw the bottom down the wall of that cliff—but he didn't let go . . . An Indian showed him a big rock where "the Thunder Bird" had walked—dinosaurs! Two skeletons and no end of tracks where the animals had tramped around. He discovered a deserted Indian village a thousand years old . . . He flew with Nungesser and tumbled four thousand feet—still he lives.

SO WE picked on Mr. Gable for another thrill story. And here it is as he told it to a representative of RADIO DIGEST.

"That engine, she is dead!" He flashed a quick glance toward me. I said nothing. My tongue was in my throat. My stomach was rising up to meet it, because at that instant we were keeling over and I saw the hard old earth rising up at us at a terrific pace straight over the nose of the plane. The wind screeched hideously.

I realized then we were plunging headlong to the earth—a few seconds more and its rocky knuckles would blot us out of existence and probably of all semblance of human beings. Good-bye, good-bye! How futile and uncertain everything had

always been anyway. And now this was to be the end—nothing uncertain about the end! Not now—yet—I could see Nungesser still struggling with something below the rim of my cowl. His brain was functioning one hundred per cent—perhaps—but—what chance—we'd smash

in half a minute. He gave a mighty tug. The plane shifted a bit, yes it was veering out a trifle—another pull—

Bang-crash! There was a grinding splintering sound. The air had stopped roaring past my ears. We were on the ground. We were alive. We could stand up. The plane was smashed but we had escaped practically unhurt. I think the realization of this fact was the greatest thrill I have ever known.

Poor Nungesser—how many times since then have I pictured him in my mind in that last long flight. I know this—that he fought through to the last minute, the very last second!

To feel that Death has reached out his

long fleshless arm to nab you and you have managed to escape is an experience that gives you one kind of a thrill. Then to behold a miracle through savage superstition is another.

Want to hear about the miracle of the Painted Desert?

I have only recently returned from that desolate country as you may know. The Painted Desert is located in the very bad, bad lands of Arizona. My camp was at the edge of this wilderness. The nearest railroad was 110 miles distant. Navajo Indians were my only neighbors and I think the nearest one was about 75 miles away. The Navajos have a primitive sort of civilization of their own. They are satisfied with what they have and are not interested much in our schools and other forms of culture. They have much to command the respect of some of us who consider ourselves of a better breed. We live according to our light.

Since the white man does not care to live in the discomfort and frugality of the desert the Navajos confine themselves to that part of the country. Although they are widely scattered they manage to keep in contact with each other. They live in crude huts which they call "hogans". I too lived in one of these peculiar huts, and I came to be especially friendly with the Navajo chief, Seginetso, truly a splendid survival of the noble red man.

One day to my great surprise Indians came galloping down to my camp from the four points of the compass. There were 300 of them. They represented various divisions of the Navajos. At their head rode Chief Seginetso. Obviously it was a concerted movement and their mission was one of importance. However, my familiarity with the Navajo conception of good manners caused me to restrain any evidence of curiosity until they were ready to tell me why they had come of their own volition. We chatted of various commonplace things and of the extremely dry weather, and bad crops, the chief employing an interpreter to speak for him. We were sitting before the open fireplace. The group included a number of his leading counselors. Several moments passed in silence while the chief puffed at his pipe. Suddenly he lifted his hand and asked solemnly a question that was interpreted to me.

"Are you a friend of the Navajos?"

"Yes. I am a friend of all Indians," I nodded with equal solemnity.

"As a friend of the Navajos would you be willing to help our people who find themselves in great difficulty?"

"I should be pleased to do anything in my power to prove that I am a true friend of the Navajos."

Moments of puffing the pipe in silence. These Indians are very proud. To ask help of the white men is only a matter of last resort.

"It has been a very bad year. The grain has failed. Our people will suffer from cold and hunger."

And then he reluctantly asked me if I could lend them some grain, some sheep and some wool or any other commodities I could spare until they could repay me from another season of harvest. It was a very ponderous and weighty question. To respond quickly and graciously would be extremely discourteous no matter how willingly and gladly I might feel to

give them all that I had. So I listened gravely and silently and reserved my answer for due and worthy deliberation. I told them I would have to think many things and would give them my answer in a little while. This was to their satisfaction.

For considerable time I sat looking into the fire and pretending to be in deep cogitation. At last I arrived at my decision. I turned to the interpreter:

"It will be very, very difficult, but I shall try to do for you whatever I can."

This pleased the chief mightily. He arose with every expression of gratitude and left my hut. The others followed after him. They were pleased not merely that I had promised to help them but had done so with real Indian grace and proper consideration of the gravity of their request. In the morning I made good on my promise and they rode away.

THE friendship thus engendered repaid my advances many fold. First came the miracle of the Painted Desert. All precedents were broken when I was invited to witness one of their healing ceremonials—for no white man, they said, had ever before been permitted to see this most sacred of their ancient rites.

The girl, who was to be healed by the ceremonial, was afflicted with an infected hand. Her left hand was swollen enormously, and her fingers were stiff and paralytic—sticking out of that swollen hand like clothes-pins out of dough. All about her were grouped thirty-five Indians

—and in front of her was the witch-doctor. The witch-doctor, before the ceremonial began, took a black piece of tallow and drew a line below the stricken girl's lips, and under the lips of everyone in the tent. This was to signify that no one should say anything evil against the poor, sick girl. A crimson tallow was used to draw a line, in the same fashion, under the eyes; and a green tallow to draw a line under the forehead of everyone in the tent—to signify in the same manner that no one should see or think anything evil about the girl. With that done, the ceremonial began.

THE witch-doctor began dancing, making the weirdest antics imaginable—a grotesque dance, it was!—and intoning an equally weird chant in his native Navajo language. This chant had a truly remarkable psychological effect not only upon the sick girl but also upon all of us. First the witch-doctor intoned, in a deep haunting voice:

There is nothing wrong with your foot,
No! there is nothing wrong with your foot!

We are sure that there is nothing wrong with your foot!

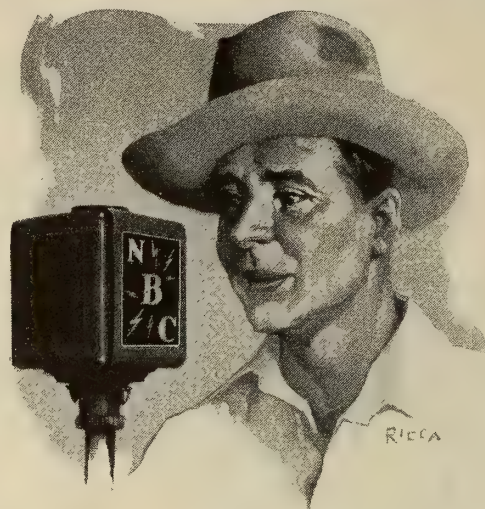
All of the Indians repeated this after him, passionately and with accompanying grotesque gestures, the same lines for about twenty minutes—repeating the lines clearly, slowly, effectively, until they were fully and deeply impressed upon the mind of the sick girl. Then when they felt that the sick girl was fully convinced that there was nothing at all wrong with her foot, they began in the very same way, to tell her that there was nothing wrong with her stomach, either, or with her chest or face. Finally—the entire procedure took several hours—they began to speak about her afflicted hand. The witch-doctor intoned:

But an evil spirit has settled in your hand!
The evil spirit has stayed too long in your hand!

It is time for the evil spirit to leave your hand!

The Indians repeated this tirelessly for another twenty minutes—once again passionately, accompanying it with a wild, barbaric dance. One could see that they really believed that their passion—both in their singing and in their dancing—would drive out the evil spirit from the sick girl's arm.

After this—not doubting for a moment but that their ceremonial would be most efficacious—the Indians began a monster celebration in honor of the departure of the evil-spirit of the infected hand of the sick-girl. A tremendous bon-fire was built, and it almost seemed that the flames licked the heavens. Around this bon-fire—led by the witch-doctor—a weird dance took place in which the entire tribe took part, accompanied by haunting, shrieking



Gilbert Gable at the mike.

Illustrated by Gasparo Ricca



"A few seconds more and the earth's rocky knuckles would blot us out of existence."

music of the Navajos: it was their dance of gratitude to their god for having driven out the evil-spirit from the sick hand. It never occurred to them, or to the sick-girl either for that matter, that the ceremonial might not have been successful. They had blind faith in the powers of their prayers. The result of this blind faith was that towards midnight the girl actually began to move her formerly rigid, paralytic fingers a little. A few days afterwards her hand had recovered fully. That ceremonial clearly showed me that there are things in this world which simply transcend our modern science and our modern civilized conceptions—and which are as mysterious, as impenetrable and as awe-inspiring as life itself.

But it was not the miraculous recovery that gave me the major and unforgettable thrill half so much as the ceremonial itself. It was all so weird, so mysterious, so very strange that it is blazed upon my memory as one of the truly outstanding and unique experiences of my life.

Incidentally, shortly after this ceremonial—and, I suppose as a token of gratitude for what I had done for them—the Navajo Indians gave me a little gift—a proof, so they said on presenting it to me, of their undying friendship to me. It was a doe-skin hide with an inscription written upon it with the blood of the entire tribe. This doe-skin automatically made me a brother of the Western Navajo tribe—a rare distinction for no other white man before me or since my initiation has been honored thus by the Navajos.

(This doe-skin hangs on the wall in Mr. Gable's hotel-room illuminated by a curious dark-gray pigment. It bears the following inscription: "To Clini Nazuni—'Fine Horse'—friend of the Navajo: from Seginetso, Chieftain of the Western

Navajo Tribe in the Painted Desert, and through him all his People, this token is given to one who, by his friendship and love, has become, himself, a brother of the Tribe.—Seginetso." This is one of Mr. Gable's priceless possessions, and one which accompanies him wherever he goes.—Editor.)

THE third of my great thrills was the discovery of the dinosaur tracks—tracks which revealed the fact that those prehistoric creatures had populated Arizona ten million years ago, perhaps more.

It happened that during the building of a trading-post in Arizona, on the outskirts of the Painted Desert, the traders brought a huge rock, on which I discovered, much to my surprise, strange footprints. An Indian who was with me at the time—his name is Gold-Tooth—told me that those strange imprints had been

made by the Thunder-Bird, the same bird whose flash of the eyes caused lightning. He asked me if I would care to visit a certain remote place, in the very heart of the desert, where he could show me hundreds of such footprints. He warned me that the trip was an arduous one; that, as a matter of fact, he did not believe any other white man had made it before. I told him, however, that I would most certainly go with him—irrespective of the discomforts and dangers.

IT was an arduous journey. First it was the stretches of desert—bleak and depressing—terrible in its aspect. Then we came to a sand-wash which extended for ten miles and which was so soft that, at times, we were afraid that the automobile we were in would sink into the very bowels of the wash. However, we came to the end of our journey without

any mishap—only to find that our troubles had only just begun. There, in front of us, was an impassable wall—terrifying in its height. This we set about to scale, and a difficult task it was! Finally, we reached the top. We saw that we were on the edge of an 800 foot cliff. This was the opening of a bowl, with strangely colored layers. The sight of this bowl almost took my breath away—but it was nothing in comparison with what I was to see in a few minutes. Gold-Tooth led me a few feet away. "There," he said to me triumphantly, pointing in front of him, "there are the footsteps of the Thunder Bird." I looked in front of me, and my heart stood still. For I realized for the first time that I had, unconsciously, come upon the footsteps of the dinosaurs—that, unwittingly, I had probably stumbled upon one of the major archeological discoveries of our time, a true revelation of the Lost World.

(Continued on page 107)

I Thought I'd DIE!

By
Alma Sioux Scarberry



Helen Morgan was like a fish out of water until Ted Husing sat her on the piano and gave her a hankie to twist. Then she could open up and sing!

IT'S AN ill wind that blows nobody a good laugh!

And, a broadcasting studio is a good place to giggle away your blues. Once upon a time some of these little Radio funnies seemed tragedies. But, the funniest thing the writer has ever seen around a studio was born a laugh and will die a laugh.

It was one night when Eddie Cantor was appearing in a Radio revue. The thousand-dollar-a-minute comedian stood near the mike ready to go on. He looked a little confused and as though he had something on his mind. Nervous, thought the spectators.

Then Eddie looked around the studio as though he had lost something. The walls were decorated with bridges representing the bridges surrounding New York. Directly in front of the mike was the Queensborough bridge. Suddenly Eddie stepped over to the wall, took his gum out of his mouth and stuck it on a girder of the bridge.

A light of relief dawned in his eye. A ripple of amusement swept through the studio. Mr. Cantor, without turning a hair went through his act. He was given special permission to leave before the performance was over in order to get back to the theatre.

Just before the door was opened for him he stopped, whirled around and walking back to the wall rescued the parked chewing gum, put it in his mouth, and went out without cracking a smile.

One of the heartiest chuckles might have been a murder story. For obvious reasons the name of this very celebrated foreign prima donna cannot be given. You can imagine, perhaps.

The young lady, a gorgeous blonde, is married to a romantic and hot-headed Italian. During her performance she simply would not stand close to the mike. The harrassed announcer finally had to take matters in his own hands.

Not only is the lady gorgeous but she is no featherweight. It was no easy task when the announcer decided to take her by the plump shoulders and propel her nearer to the mike. She did not quite catch on and it was necessary for him to keep a hold on her.

The Italian husband at first sat on the edge of his chair and looked surprised. Then as it began to look more and more as though the announcer was having difficulty in keeping away from the lovely shoulders his face became flushed and he gritted his teeth. Finally he could stand it no longer and he turned to the nearest studio employee and hissed murderously:

"Who is that fool making love to my wife? I'll break his neck!"

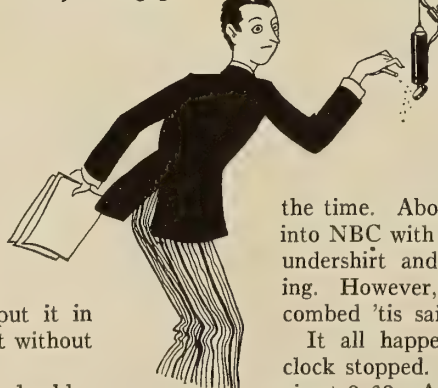
It took several minutes in the control room later to convince the husband that what looked like a love scene was merely a matter of business.

There is the funny yarn on Doc Rockwell that wasn't so funny at

the time. About the time he dashed into NBC with a raincoat on over his undershirt and his suspenders trailing. However, his hair was perfectly combed 'tis said. That's something.

It all happened like this. Doc's clock stopped. He was to go on the air at 9:30. At 9:25 a hostess called and asked him where in the name of sense he was. He laughingly told her not to get excited that it was only 9 o'clock. Then he learned his clock had stopped!

They are still wondering if Joe Cook really mistook one of those funny-looking new mikes for an ash tray, and absent-mindedly flicked his ashes in it. Or if it was just a gag.



for him to carry a little pad around with him to put on the platform so that his broadcast won't sound like a barn dance.

And Heywood Broun, columnist and fellow newspaper man who sometimes loses elections!

If you ever happen to drop in when he is on the air don't think he is getting ready to take a bath. But, he does sort of look like it. Broun removes his coat, vest, tie and pulls his shirt tail out.

The shirt tail, he explains, is pulled out to hide the junk in his back pants pockets. Between sentences he must have refreshments. A little nip of this and that. He is perhaps one of the most natural human beings this old world has been blessed with.

And our famous lady of the horoscopes, Evangeline Adams, has developed a new studio vice. She has taken to chewing gum! Before she goes on she parks it under the table, later rescuing it like our friend Cantor. It is said Ted Husing is to blame. He tipped her off that it was good for the voice. (P. S. Maybe this will get her a good chewing gum hour job.)

These Broadway stars all seem to have their little studio idiosyncrasies, more or less. Helen Morgan was like a fish out of water until Husing sat her on the piano one evening and handed her a hankie to twist. Since then it has never been any trouble for her to tell the little air waves that she "Can't Help Lovin' That Man."

One night not so long ago Fanny Brice kicked off her shoes right in the middle of a song. Then it was noticed the mike was too high for her. Afterward an announcer stepped up and beamed:

"Miss Brice that was very clever of you to kick off those high French heels so that you'd be in exact position. Refreshing!"

Fanny grinned as only Fanny can grin and broke into her dialect:

"Tenks! But it ain't brains does it, mister. Bonions!"

Ginger Rogers, girl comedian, has her

Secret Vices and Awful Mistakes of Stars —they Park their Gum, Make Love, Broad- cast in Pajamas and Strangle The Old Mike

little superstitions. At first the people around the studio thought she was taking leave of her senses when she started running around the mike. Later she explained:

"Oh, I always run around after each number. It's good luck."

Josef Hoffman, pianist, was strangely missing after a number one evening. The studio was in a panic when it became time for him to go on again. John S. Young was delegated to dash forth and bring the celebrity back to his public. Josef was found entirely oblivious to the fact that he was holding up a broadcast, sitting in the studio with Floyd Gibbons trying to count how fast he really could talk. He was counting on his fingers and looked very much as though he were talking a sign language.

THEY are still wondering if Joe Cook really mistook one of those funny looking new mikes for an ash tray one day and absent-mindedly flicked his ashes in it. Or if it was one of the Cook gags.

It is a safe bet that Bill Munday, Atlanta football announcer, won't close any doors the next time he comes to town. Poor Bill!

The first time he was here he locked himself in the bath of his room at the St. Regis Hotel and it was two hours before a maid came to the rescue and let him out. Bill was too shy to yell out the window. Later he grinned:

"Unaccustomed as I am to public bathing—what can you expect?!"

It might be just as well to withhold the name of the theatre where he locked himself out the last time he was here. Because they passed him into the forty-eleventh balcony where he couldn't see a thing.

"I'll leave," says Bill. And he stepped out on a fire escape, banged the door angrily and started down. On the last landing he discovered looking up at him menacingly, two cops with drawn guns. They thought he was a burglar.

However, they didn't shoot. Bill dashed back up the fire escape—then decided to explain before he got shot. He waved and shouted and they let him down without plugging him full of bullets. When he explained who he was and told how he had gotten shut out one of the cops recognized him and chaperoned him from the alley. But, Bill can't see the joke.

John S. Young—now it can be told because it happened three years ago, announced the "Cheerio" program one morning in his pajamas and bedroom slippers with an overcoat wrapped tightly around his nervous form. His alarm failed to go off and he awakened five minutes before the zero hour.

Fortunately, he was living at the Allerton a block from the National Broadcasting Building. He dashed into a cab, then into the freight elevator and up the back way. But he says he will never be quite so young and gay again.

The big laugh on Eddie Thorgersen is rich. He, as you no doubt know, is the favorite announcer of a big cigarette program since the passing of the late John B. Daniel. A short while after Eddie was selected for the cigarette program, he was announcing the arrival of a celebrity at a pier. It was necessary for him to run down to another pier and up three flights of stairs in



It might have been a murder. Announcer wrapped arms around prima donna's shoulders to push her closer to mike, with jealous husband gnashing his teeth in rage.



record time to another mike. Eddie arrived, breathless and all of a doo-dah and told his listeners:

"Whoops, I'm all out of breath! I'll just have to give up cigarettes!"

Fortunately, his bosses were not listening in!

One temperamental prima donna sent word to the studio that all corridors must be cleared of smokers before she arrived and that no one should be allowed in the studio because a cigarette whiff would ruin her. The queen must be obeyed. So her orders were carried out. The announcer arrived a moment after she did and found her pacing the floor puffing madly on a smoke.

ROSA PONSELLE passes through the corridors between smoking musicians with a scarf tightly wrapped around her mouth to keep the cigarette smoke from annoying her.

Amos 'n' Andy are getting to the studio an hour early these days. Some time ago they arrived about ten minutes before time at their Chicago studios and found all the elevators out of order. They had to walk fifteen flights. Never again!

Chaliapin, like Broun, always makes himself comfortable when he sings. He removes coat, tie and collar button. Once the collar button got lost and the studio floor was covered with crawling musicians, announcers, etc. It was Chaliapin himself who, finally, joining the hunt for the elusive button, gleefully crawled under the piano and found it.

They have a terrible time trying to break Rudy Vallee of strangling the mike. He will grab hold of it and bring it to him, rather than move to it. And moving a carbon mike shakes the carbon into small particles and causes it to become insensitive and noisy. They have solved the problem by seeing that Rudy gets one of the new condenser mikes. At first they threatened to tie his hands.

They call Vincent Lopez the "absent minded professor". Vincent will forget almost anything. His continuity is delivered to him at the mike. Otherwise he will lay it down somewhere and no one ever finds it again.

Pete and Aline Dixon are still shivering a little and finding it hard to laugh about that time a few weeks ago when their continuity hung on the ringing of a telephone and they were on the air when Pete remembered that they had forgotten about it. He says he lived a thousand years and thought of a thousand things in about half a minute.

Then, he spied a contraption that had served them as a door bell. Blithely ringing it he sang out:

"Joan was that the doorbell or the telephone?"

And the ever helpful Mrs. Dixon piped back:

"Why, darling, I'm sure it was the telephone!"

Thus the day was saved. Alexander Woolcott, writer, draws pictures as he broadcasts. As nonchalantly as though he weren't the slightest bit interested in the fact that hundreds of thousands are listening to him. He also dresses especially for the occasion. Blue shirt always, and a low collar to give his Adam's apple freedom.

One of the funniest sights of the studios is watching Howard Barlow conductor, as he handles his symphony crowd. He sings, unconsciously all the words under his breath, and imitates all the instruments. His mouth goes constantly. He is as funny as David Ross who, when reading his flowery poetry, makes flowery gestures, quite in keeping with his sugary words. Frank Knight makes grimaces.

And of all things. Weber and Fields can't broadcast standing up. Whether school keeps or not they must sit and rest or they can't work.

The saxophonist of the Interwoven Orchestra never throws out his old hats. He has such a superfluity of wind that the

ordinary mute, which looks like a cork, won't serve—he sticks a battered felt hat on the end of his sax to help hold down his volume.

One of the most devastating studio accidents is the dropped music rack. Since violinists and actors range in height from five feet to six feet six, there must be a screw to raise and lower said rack. Sometimes screws don't hold, sometimes musicians are too lazy to turn them tight—then, suddenly, at a crucial moment, down will go music to waist

level. Musician or actor cranes his neck, beckons wildly to page boys for aid. Boy rushes in to the rescue, raises rack, and everyone breathes a sigh of relief. But all the time the broadcast must go on!

Then there was the lady caller who insisted that Columbia play *Baby's Birthday Party* at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to celebrate her little girl's birthday. "I'm sorry," said hostess, "but at 3 o'clock Toscanini and the New York Philhar-

monic Orchestra are on the air." "Well," said the mother, "can't Toscanini play *Baby's Birthday Party*?"

And there is the color blind engineer who can't tell the buttons that signify the red or the blue network and when something goes awry runs circles around himself trying to find out which light is on. He would lose his job if some of the Powers-that-be didn't have a sense of humor and the other boys around the shop didn't protect him.

Twice in one studio the drummer has waxed too ambitious and knocked his cymbal clattering across the floor, thus spoiling an effect and breaking his director's heart. These things can hardly be appreciated unless you are there to see the frozen, panicky look that crosses the faces of the ones responsible for keeping out all unnecessary noises.

For a minute during a broadcast which was being announced by the late John B. Daniel the WEAf fans got a program they hadn't bargained for. Daniel paled when he thought of it to the day he died. It wasn't a laugh to the earnest young announcer.

He was announcing Lucky Strike when, instead of pressing the button to pipe into WEAf, he pressed the WJZ button and the program went blithely on. Eddie Thorgersen was standing by with a program for WJZ when he heard Lucky Strike coming over.

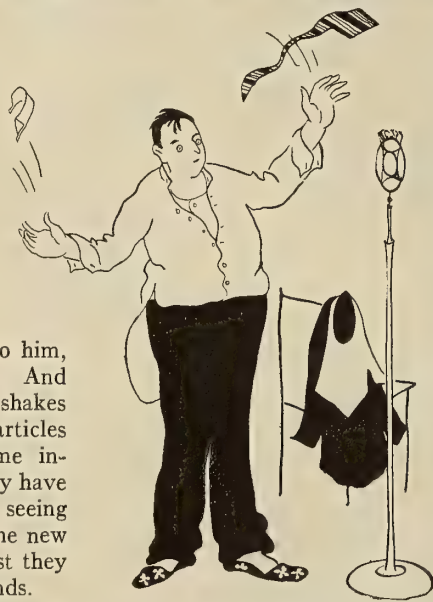
He said a naughty word under his breath when he saw the "calamity" of the green light and with rare presence of mind switched the programs. B. A. Rolfe had to start his program all over again.

SOME of the fan mail received in the studios hands everyone a laugh from telephone operator to program director. In old Chicago at WGN they're still laughing at this one, received by Lawrence Salerno. It read, "Give Lawrence Salerno more time on the air. It's the only time that my wife keeps still and gives me peace."

Another one which panicked them at WGN was that note received by Teddy and Ben from a woman who said she would quit listening unless they quit singing horrid, cruel songs, like *Never Swat a Fly* and *Little Bugs Going To Get You*.

And if you could only cast your eyes on the orchestra conductors. Anything will do for a baton, except the stick itself. Paul Whiteman, as might be expected, uses an almost-sledge-hammer, Guy Lombardo waves a hand-carved engraved cane, Freddie Rich believes fingers were made before batons, and uses his. Howard Barlow uses what the musicians in the rear who have difficulty in seeing it call a toothpick, Claude MacArthur a fountain pen and Mark Warnow a yellow pencil.

You fans miss out on a lot of the comedy that takes place behind the scenes. Perhaps if you listen closely after this you may catch a little of the suspense behind the mike.



Don't think Heywood Broun is getting ready to take a bath. He likes comfort!

Beauty Is As Beauty Thinks

Bernadine Hayes deftly steps in and out of Film Personalities as She Imagines Herself for the Photographer

By Anne B. Lazar

TRY this yourself the next time you have your photograph taken. After each lock of hair has been tucked in its place and the correct shade of complexion has been applied, shut your eyes and mentally picture your favorite motion picture actress.

Then when the photographer bends his head beneath the funereal drapery behind the camera and is ready to click the little red thing-a-majig so that your face may be forever perpetuated in the family album, open your eyes gracefully and leisurely.

You will be amazed at the results! You will find that you

At last, here is the lovely Bernadine herself with her own individual beauty



And this is not Nancy Carroll. You see the picture Bernadine visualized as she sat in front of the camera

yourself had really done all the photographing—howbeit mentally—and that the camera man had merely made the outward gesture. Of course, you will see the picture of your own face—but the entire expression will be a borrowed one—the reflected image of the favorite star you had in mind.

This is exactly what Bernadine Hayes did when she wanted suitable pictures to submit to those ogres of motion picture producers.

Bernadine, hailed Queen of the Radio



No, this is not Greta Garbo. It's just Bernadine thinking Garbo-wise.

Show last autumn in New York, was sipping her hot coffee and milk and chatting away in her quiet, mellow voice just the day before she took the train to Hollywood.

Her perky little brown beret set off her beautiful milk-white skin and her mass of flowing bronze hair.

NO, thank you, I'll not have anything but a baked apple and a cup of half-coffee and half-milk. I mustn't go beyond my calories," she smiled.

"Oh, I'm perfectly thrilled about going to Hollywood. Of course, I have no contract as yet, but they are paying all of my expenses.

"The directors up at First National liked these pictures very much and thought I had dramatic possibilities. And these pictures helped put me over.

"And let me tell you how I took these photos. You know, I believe a great deal in one's state of mind and I applied this theory when I went to the photographer.

"Now, look at this picture here," pointed the consumer of calories to the Garbo likeness. "I just visualized Greta Garbo when I looked into the camera—and—well, don't you see the similarity yourself?"

Surely enough there was an unmistakable resemblance. If dear Greta, the Woman of Mystery, can't find the whereabouts of her wistful expression which she attaches to her lips, let her reward Bernadine for the return of it—for the slightly-darker-than-Titian maiden has certainly captured it and the languorous

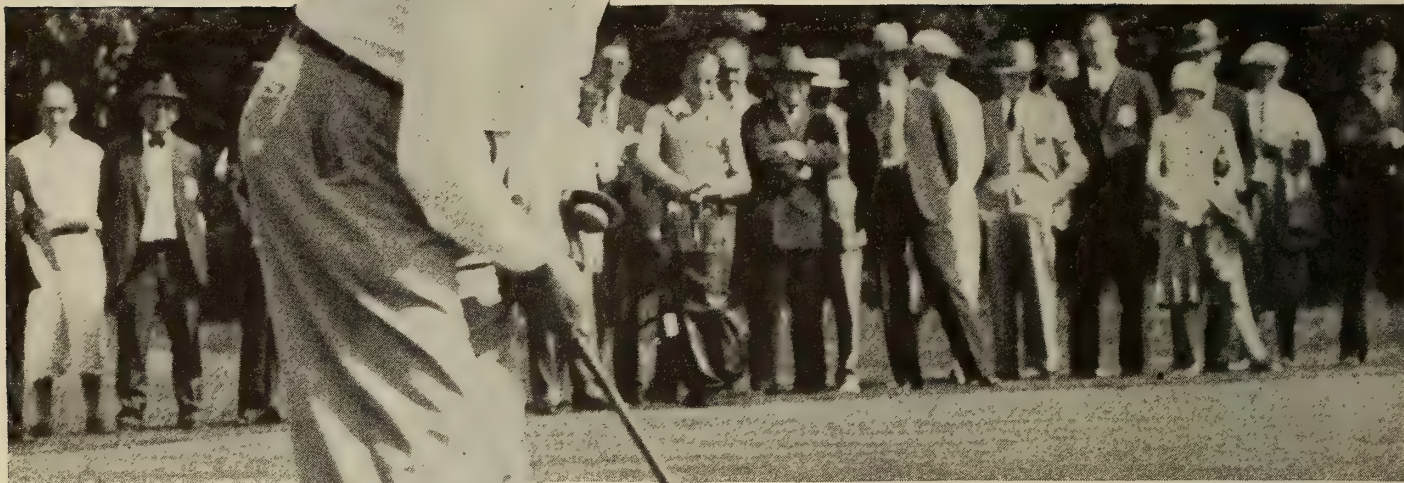
(Continued on page 90)



*Personal Recollections
of Early Days by The
World's Greatest Golfer*

BOBBY

"Putts"



Enthusiasts are following Bobby down aerial fairways just as they dogged his footsteps on the greens.

THE scene is a studio of the National Broadcasting Company, the time 8 o'clock, Wednesday evening, the period of the Lambert Pharmacal Company. A stocky young man, registered on his Atlanta driving license as Robert Tyre Jones, but known to the world of golfers as "Bobby", begins to talk:—

GOLF is a very ancient game, as those things go. It has evolved from a simple Scottish pastime into an international pursuit. Formerly played by comparatively few people on comparatively rough courses in the British Isles, it has steadily grown until now the best estimates indicate that there are upwards of four million playing golf today in the United States alone. And even far-away Japan is rapidly yielding to its charms.

In more or less its present form, golf originated in Scotland, so long ago that there is no record of its actual beginnings. It is known that the playing of golf at St. Andrews was forbidden by royal edict during the latter half of the fifteenth century because it was said to contravene public

morals and to interfere with the practice of archery and other manly exercises. But it is not known when it first was played. Golf, then, has a background of at least four hundred years—how much more no one knows—and except for improvements in turf, putting greens, implements and the ball, it is still the same old game.

And it is a fascinating game, too, that everyone can play and enjoy. The people interested in golf are interested in it from the intimate standpoint of players of the game and not merely as spectators at another fellow's show. You know, as well as I, the thrill that comes when a drive sails far down the middle of the fairway; when a long iron stops near the flag; or when a long putt drops into the hole. You do not have to draw upon your imaginations to supply an understanding of these things.

But, after all, there are two kinds of golf; the ordinary garden variety and tournament golf—and they are in a sense as different as can be. Plain ordinary golf you know, but tournament golf, with its thrills and troubles, is enjoyed by only a

very small group which goes on year after year, each year adding a new member or two but in the main remaining about the same. I am thinking that it will be far more interesting to you if I will devote most of my time to describing interesting matches which I have seen and which perhaps you have not, and in trying to give you a little clearer insight into what the tournament golfer thinks and worries about during a match.

In talking of these things I am necessarily confined in great part to the matches in which I have myself taken part, for, unless someone like Johnny Goodman or Andrew Jamieson has come along in an early round to offer me an unwilling retirement, I have been too much occupied with my own troubles to have eyes or ears for anything that might be happening elsewhere on the course.

I REALIZE that this procedure is likely to put me in the class of the nineteenth hole post mortem pest who loves to describe his every stroke to an unwilling but helpless audience. I know several of these who would like nothing better than to have the opportunity which I have now.

But in order to reassure you, that I will not ramble on too far afield, I may as well tell you that I thoroughly appreciate what Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen meant when she advised those who might think broadcasting easy to lock themselves in a padded cell and try to tell a funny story to a thing which looked like an electric fan. These new-fangled microphones do not

JONES *a Program*

*Describes First Round at Age
of Five on Full-sized Course*



Robert Tyre Jones as broadcaster.

resemble an electric fan, but I have found them to be equally responsive.

Any story for the sake of continuity, if nothing else, should start in the beginning. This is particularly true in my case, because I started from exactly scratch with no experience and very little of anything else, and the building up process was quite a long affair. And sometimes I think that those early matches, coming at a time when I didn't think much myself and didn't give my opponent credit for thinking much either, are among the most interesting.

The earliest part of my competitive experience was gained in those kid matches around the East Lake golf course, beginning somewhere close to my sixth birthday. Perry Adair was my opponent and playmate from the time when our parents allowed us to go on the Big Course, as we called it then. Perry was four years my senior, but at that time he was not a great deal larger nor stronger than I was, so our encounters resulted more or less evenly. Those matches are cherished memories now.

I like to think of them and the times we had, but I am not going to bore you with any sort of an account of them. We didn't think much in those days. We had never heard of the straight left arm or hitting from the inside out. We merely walked up to the ball and socked it, set out after it as hard as we could go, and upon arriving up with it we socked it again. Naturally, at that age we did considerably more socking than walking.

But the time came later when Perry and I were to have our chances to play one another in tournaments. True, they were only invitation affairs, and one state championship, but they were just as important to us then as national championships later became. In those days—1913, '14, and '15—I think that Southern golf was considerably less a part of the national game than it is today. There were many fewer players and even those who played, except for Nelson Whitney and a few others from New Orleans, aspired to little in the way of national championships. For these rea-

sons, the invitation tournaments assumed quite an important position in the golf of the section.

So Perry and I, because of indulging parents, managed to attend most of these tournaments held in Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama and in 1915 and '16 we collided in match play four times, and on two occasions we produced a really interesting match.

DURING 1914 the difference in our ages began to tell and Perry



First golfing picture of Bobby Jones five years old, on the East Lake Golf Course.

began to take his place in the top rank of Southern golf, leaving me, then twelve years old, to continue puttering around with the kids and to marvel at his accomplishments. In 1914 he had reached the final of the Southern amateur, where he lost to Nelson Whitney; but he had beaten in the semi-final of that tournament, George Rotan of Texas, afterwards a member of the Walker Cup team. This was quite a nice beginning for a sixteen-year-old boy.

Naturally, this pace was a bit too fast for me. But when 1915 rolled around I, too, began to put on a little weight and to add a few much needed yards to my drive. My first meeting with Perry occurred in this year in the invitation tournament over the Roebuck course in Birmingham, and although it resulted in a win for me, it by no means marked the time when I regarded myself as the equal of Perry. I was lucky to win, Perry was off his game and I had enough brains to know it. Anyway the golf was ragged over a sun-baked course, so that match does not merit description.

But in 1916 Perry and I met three times—once in the semi-final of the Montgomery invitation, once in the final of the East Lake invitation, and lastly in the final of the Georgia State championship at Brookhaven in Atlanta. Two of these, the first and last, were as interesting as any golf matches I have ever played.

The Montgomery Invitation has long been a popular fixture. It is played in late May or early June and so starts the tournament season. If I remember correctly 1916 was a pretty lean year for Montgomery in a golfing way, for the field was made up almost entirely of Atlanta, Birmingham, and Montgomery players. There were three Atlantans in the last four—Perry and I in the upper bracket, and Perry's father George in the lower. Perry beat me and his father beat him in the afternoon round to win the tournament.

As we started off that morning, I remember feeling that I was in all likeli-

(Continued on page 103)

I Wanted to Broadcast and Did

Mrs. Velma West Sykes, Radio artist and playwright, who tells her studio experiences here.



*From "Home-Body" to Radio Artist
Was An Easy Jump For Her—Re-
hearsed into Silver Tea Pot To Gain
Mike Practice*

By Velma West Sykes

"WHAT makes a Radio Celebrity?
How can I break into the studios?"

All over the country musical and dramatic artists and talented people are knocking on the sound-proof doors of stations and demanding admittance. This personal experience story, by a woman who was lucky enough to be drafted into service, reveals tricks of the trade which novices must learn. Mrs. Velma West Sykes, after one try in a studio, became an addict. She spent two years with KMBC in Kansas City, and her plays are now presented over WLW, KOMO, KGU and elsewhere.

I FELL into Radio work quite by accident. It had never been one of my ambitions to broadcast. In fact, the idea had never entered my head. When offered the homemaker's half hour on a local station, I knew nothing—or practically nothing—about Radio. I was not even a regular listener, though we had a crystal set in the house. But the idea rather appealed to me. While women constitute the big majority of listeners during daytime hours, I had heard the criticism that about all one could get was a recipe or two that might much more easily be looked up in a good cook book than copied

down while being read over the Radio.

That was one place where I fell down and still do.

I simply detested giving recipes over the Radio and always did it too fast for them to be copied. Reasoning that the modern woman spends less time in the kitchen than she now does in other activities—and that perhaps a schedule might be worked out that would include some of the other things in which she invests her time, I accepted the job. I almost said "the challenge", for Radio is so very new that all of us connected with it are more or less adventurers and experimenters.

I T WORRIED me a bit because I had had no microphone experience and my voice is rather low. But this, it seemed, was an advantage. In the early days of Radio, the high, shrill woman's voice had almost kept women out of the studios altogether. Better broadcasting facilities and the discovery that there were women's voices adapted to the microphone opened up this new field to women. Now practically every station has at least one woman on its staff, outside of the musicians.

It might amuse you to know how I tried myself out the day before I was to have my real "try-out" at the studio. My method was to sit down and calmly read

my manuscript into an old silver tea pot handed down in the family. May I recommend this to anyone having to make a first performance? The microphone never held any terrors for me, but it might if I had tried to talk without a prepared manuscript in front of me.

P ERHAPS one reason we broadcasters like to have a manuscript in front of us is that we nearly always speak before three audiences—something that demands more alert attention and concentration than before one. There is the audience out front staring in thru the big plate glass window; the audience in the studio, composed of musicians and other members of the staff who often try to make life miserable for the one in front of the microphone by playing pranks and "cutting up" out of the range of the audience out front, and then there is that "vast unseen audience".

The last is the real critical audience. You have nothing but your voice with which to interest it, and that voice must not slip and stumble and you must not cough into the microphone. In speaking before a regular audience, a speaker may pause to mop his brow or take a drink of water and lose no contact. If he stumbles a little, a gesture will tide him over such a rough spot. But he has none of these things to help him out in front of the microphone.

Radio artists are usually recruited from

three fields; music, drama and journalism. Continuity writers have usually had newspaper experience, experience writing for magazines, or perhaps dramatic experience. Announcers may come from any of the three fields, if the voice registers well. But all must learn over again because their talents must be made to conform to Radio requirements. They must adapt themselves to this new field, which is unlike anything else.

Few people know that in the best studios, all programs, even to the announcer's words, are written out before they are put on. This does not mean, of course, that many announcers do not improvise also, nor that they depend altogether on what is written down, especially on informal programs. But it does mean that the program has been arranged so that it will take just so many minutes, that there will be no hemming and hawing by the announcer while musicians search for a musical number. The orchestra also has a copy of the program and knows the continuity of the musical numbers.

The best Radio speakers usually have their talks written out and timed. As I have frequently told guest speakers about to appear on my programs, "You yourself will be better pleased with your talk if you have it written out. If not, you are likely to be like the movie actress who told her girl friend that if she had her life to live over again, she would marry the same men but in different order. If you do not have your talk written out, you may say all the things that you intended to—tho I doubt it—but you may not say them in the proper sequence."

Many people object to the inferior grade of so many Radio programs. Granting that this is true, the same may be said of our literature, our music and of most arts in general. Radio programs must necessarily be of a varied type in order to please the majority of listeners. The fan mail on programs that are really worth while and up to a high level does not begin to be so big as that which comes in on old time fiddling contests and recipes for caramel nut pies. So you see the program director is literally between the devil and the deep sea. If the advertiser will pardon us, we shall let him stand for the devil, and the fan mail will stand for the deep sea.

THE program director—and the advertisers to whom he sells time—feel that the station is popular if the mail man staggers into the

studio every morning. Newspapers and magazines have circulation figures—based on their subscription lists and their news stand sales. Radio stations have circulation figures based on fan mail receipts. So we can hardly blame the director if he feels he must please the advertiser and the writers of fan mail—then his station will pay dividends.

THERE are people on the staff of every station who would like to strive for "real art", no doubt. But alas, in Radio, as in the recognized arts, one must learn to cater to the masses. And one cannot do that with violin solos by a real artist who has studied for years and is the complete master of his instrument. It can be done only by an old-time fiddler who never took a lesson in his life but who pats his foot to keep time while he plays *Turkey in The Straw*. I really believe that if John McCormick and The Woodchopper were singing on the same station, The Woodchopper would pull twice the fan mail that the famous tenor would. Why?

In the first place, McCormick's program would necessarily be formal. For-

mal programs do not bring a staggering mail man into the studio next morning. In the second place, people who appreciate John McCormick are not in the habit of writing to Radio stations. In the third place, they would find little to say to him. Oh, occasionally, perhaps—but not like The Woodchopper's admirers. They feel that he is "folks" like them—people stand in awe of artists like McCormick.

It was one of the biggest surprises in the world to me to see the kind of letters that people write in to Radio artists—or would you prefer that I said "performers?" Having conducted a magazine department for women for a number of years before taking up broadcasting, I was familiar with the type of woman who bares her soul and her quarrels with her husband to someone she has never met but who has gained her confidence in a way no personal friend can. But I was utterly unprepared for the lack of discretion and even modesty exhibited by my own sex in writing to Radio stations. And it seems to be the woman Radio Fan who writes—and writes—and writes.

I am not referring now to legitimate Radio correspondence, which is the life of every station, in a way, for the letters are

courteous and sensible letters of appreciation, the only kind of applause possible to a Radio program. I am thinking of the proposals of marriage which come in to announcers — and other proposals. I am thinking of the silly, flirtatious and kittenish letters which come in and are handed around the studio with a laugh and a few sly winks. You may think I am exaggerating when I say proposals of marriage, but I assure you I have seen many come in to the men of the station, with names signed and addresses given. One woman wrote, "I just tremble all over when I hear your voice. I know it's becawz I luv you. I think it would be so 'romantick' if we would meet and get married." As the artist who received this was already married, the writer was doomed to disappointment in her dream of matrimony.



Picture shows audience's conception of characters in a Radio drama—Don Bernard, Lucille Husting and Theodore Doucet of the Empire Builders. Actually, studio actors seldom dress in character except for special occasions.

Men do not write into Radio stations in this vein, as a rule. I am not sure why this is, except perhaps breach of promise suits have taught the more cautious sex never to write anything that will not read well in court. Then, men like a more physical appeal than the voice. Women may fall in love with an announcer without even seeing his picture—although these are sent out upon request to admiring fans—but a man wants to see what the owner of a voice looks like before committing himself on paper. An amusing instance of this kind happened in our studios once.

Oh, yes, the phone plays its part in putting fans in touch with Radio artists whom they admire. I have answered the phone at the studio when a girls' sorority, holding a meeting, called upon and invited a male harmony team out to sing—offering to pay them with kisses. And to show you how commercialized Radio artists can become, the boys asked for their regular fee instead, although magnanimously adding that the fee offered would be a most welcome addition.

IT WAS amusing to have one listener write in and ask me what I did with my own children while I was at the studio. Now this was a perfectly natural question and there was no reason why I should resent it at all. Almost any busy mother might wonder how another mother finds time to do something outside the home when she, herself, keeps busy all the time in the home. So I explained on the air that this letter had come in and that I appreciated the logic of it. Then I told them how my own children were all in school and that I drove them to their schools each morning on my way to the studio. Only a few hours were spent at the station so they found me at home in the evening when they returned. I am sure this simple and truthful statement gave my audience more confidence than if I had resented the question as being impertinent.

Women have often been said to have no sense of humor but the difficulty really lies in the fact that they have less chance than men to cultivate it, I believe. It is very noticeable that speakers who are witty and even jocular in a group

of men will suddenly turn serious when facing an audience of women. Morning Radio programs for women are usually pretty serious affairs, dealing with their physical household tasks and well loaded with advice—much of it not disinterested, for there may be a brand of flour or baking-powder to impress upon their minds. Fortunately, the only advertising we were expected to do at our station was the courtesy type, which means brief announcements after a program that has contained no mention of any particular firm or brand of anything.

SO WHEN I introduced *The Gabbies*, I knew I was making a strike in the dark. But sometimes we hit better than we aim, for they become my most popular feature. *The Gabbies* were an ordinary couple typical of all married couples, and for about eight or ten minutes, argued about every subject (one at a time, however) that husbands and wives do argue about. KGU, a Honolulu station, was one of the stations that used them later, so it is evident that even in Hawaii they know something about domestic squabbles. Fortunately, we had an ideal couple cast in the parts and they literally made the characters live, so that people wrote in, laughing and protesting that someone had been listening in on their domestic squabbles.

I know of at least one divorce that was postponed by this Radio couple. A woman wrote in and said, "I want to thank you for saving my home. I was going around morbidly cooking my last meal for my husband when I tuned in on *The Gabbies*. Their argument was so similar to the one we had had, and it sounded so absurd to take it seriously in

the end, that I had a good laugh and forgot all about leaving my husband. He doesn't even know I had planned it yet."

A Radio play has nothing but the voice with which to work and any action that takes place must be told by the conversation, since it is bad technique for the announcer to keep breaking in with explanations. Consequently, all Radio plays must be written especially for the Radio or adapted to it, either of which is not an easy task.

We discovered women liked plays that dealt with problems much like the ones they were trying to solve themselves. One of the best we ever gave, it seems to me now, was written by a professor of literature at Missouri University, and was called *The Kettle Singing*. It was the story of a woman who was ready to move into a new house, the house she had dreamed of for twenty years, but which somehow did not thrill her now that it was all ready for occupancy. Her husband's grandmother, a spry old lady with a sharp tongue, pries the poor woman's secret out of her. She was not happy about the new house because she had brought some termites and put them under the old house so that her husband would not put off building the new house again as he had done for so long. (Termites, by the way, are a kind of ant that eats the timbers out of houses so that they become unsafe.) Then her conscience began hurting her, but it all ended happily, in spite of the fact that she confesses to her husband, the grandmother, who had buried three husbands, says, "Let a mule kick him—don't ever tell a man anything."

While we had an excellent cast of amateur players, all of them had not had dramatic experience. Naturally, this limited some of them, for they were incapable of

taking emotional parts. But on the other hand, they developed a naturalness that we considered preferable to the affectation so many graduates of dramatic schools feel called upon to use. This is particularly obnoxious over the Radio to the average listener. The stage accent and voice is not always the best for the microphone. The Oxford accent may be a very delightful one, as is the Harvard accent, but in the middle west, they do not go over so well to the typical Radio audience. They sound affected, and (Cont. on p. 106)



If you could only see them:—"And now folks, you are listening to a half hour for dinner music by the Three Husketeers, Dr. Veeral's Health Biscuit Trio."

Body and Soul Girl

*Tonsil Surgeon's
Knife Slipped—And
Gave Her Famous
Moanin' Voice*



LIBBY
HOLMAN

*Success Comes at Last—
Wins M. A. at Columbia
Aims for Sorbonne Ph.D.*

LIBBY HOLMAN'S recent success in revue, night-club, on phonograph-records and over the Radio—you have heard her as guest-artist to Alexander Woollcott, Walter Winchell and also over the Fleischmann Hour—is paved upon many years of failure. She came to New York from her hometown, Cincinnati, eight years ago, equipped with a B.A. degree from the University of Cincinnati and a yearning desire to appear on the stage as singer. Her finances were low, so she boarded at the Y. W. C. A. at 610 Lexington Avenue, ate her meals at the cafeteria downstairs and walked all day from one producer's office to another. And wherever she went she was given the same verdict: "You're all right—but your voice is awful!"

Perseverance, however, soon won her a small part as a streetwalker in *The Fool*, but the play was a flop. From there she went to *The Sapphire Ring*, and that, too, was a flop. Her next two shows were the highly successful *Garrick Gaieties* and the *Greenwich Village Follies*—but now it was Libby's turn to flop. She was cast in the rôle of a comedienne because her producers thought that her voice was simply terrible. For a while, it seemed that she attained success when Ziegfeld signed her for the second company of *Show Boat*. But the second company of *Show Boat* never materialized—and there followed more disappointments. Cast in the leading part in *Rainbow*, the show was a failure from the start. She was encouraged to enter vaudeville but she got no further than a trial at B. F. Keith's Fordham because the manager discovered that Libby simply couldn't sing.

It was in the *Merry-Go-Round* that she first made something of a hit. A singing part was suddenly and unexpectedly left vacant during rehearsal time, and Libby Holman, who was one of the chorines, begged for the chance. Herndon listened to her sing, frowned gloomily, said that

a decided hit with her singing of *Moanin' Low*. From there she went to *Three's A Crowd*, where she is now stopping the show every night with her *Body and Soul* number. And the rest spells success.

In attempting to explain the peculiar and poignant quality of Libby Holman's mellow voice, her private physician, Dr. Colby, thinks he has at last hit upon the true explanation. It seems that in her childhood, a physician in clipping off her tonsils likewise clipped off a part of her soft palate—and what, at the time, evoked imprecations and oaths from poor Libby now inspires her to profuse genuflections of gratitude. But this was only one of the series of accidents which made her a star. She was given a part in the *Garrick Gaieties* because she had beautiful legs and despite the fact that she had a "terrible voice." And just when, after her innumerable flops, Libby decided to devote herself to studies instead of to the theatre (going as far as to get her M.A. degree at Columbia University for French Literature), there came her success as moaner.

By HAYNES A. GILBERT

her voice was abominable—but, shrugging his shoulders, confessed that he had no alternative since the opening night was but a few days away. "Perhaps the critics won't notice how awful you are," he told Libby encouragingly. She was given two songs to sing, *What Do You Say?* and *Hogan's Alley*—and the criticisms the next morning had praise only for Libby Holman. So effectively did she sing *Hogan's Alley* that she was soon afterwards tendered a very doubtful compliment. The producer of *Rang Tang*—an all-Negro show—offered Libby a leading part in his next all-Negro show an offer which Libby Holman refused in her politest language!

From the *Merry-Go-Round*, Libby went to the first *Little Show* where she made

YOU will find Libby Holman every day from 12 to 1 at the Russian Cavalry School at Ninety-first Street, indulging in her favorite sport: horseback riding. From there she goes to any nearby restaurant to partake of her favorite dish: sometimes it is frankfurters, more often it is hamburger steak. Her afternoons are spent quietly either in reading, recording or studying. Twice a week she takes lessons in harmony, and once a week a course in dramatic technique. The evenings, of course, find her at *Three's A Crowd* where she is one of the mainstays, and during the night she entertains the guests at the Lido Night Club. Once in a while she sandwiches in a broadcast among all these activities. She goes to sleep at four in the morning

(Continued on page 104)

Right—dramatic scene in the Los Angeles trial-by-air-jury of Vivienne Ware. The cabaret dancer, Dolores DeVine (played by Barbara Weeks) being sworn in by the clerk of court. George Fawcett, on the bench as judge. Below, and on opposite page—leading characters of the New York version. George Gordon Battle, lawyer for the defense, and Blythe Daley as Dolores DeVine

Trial of Vivienne Ware and Its Sequels Are Broadcast under Conditions of Real Murder Case—Listeners Serve as Jury

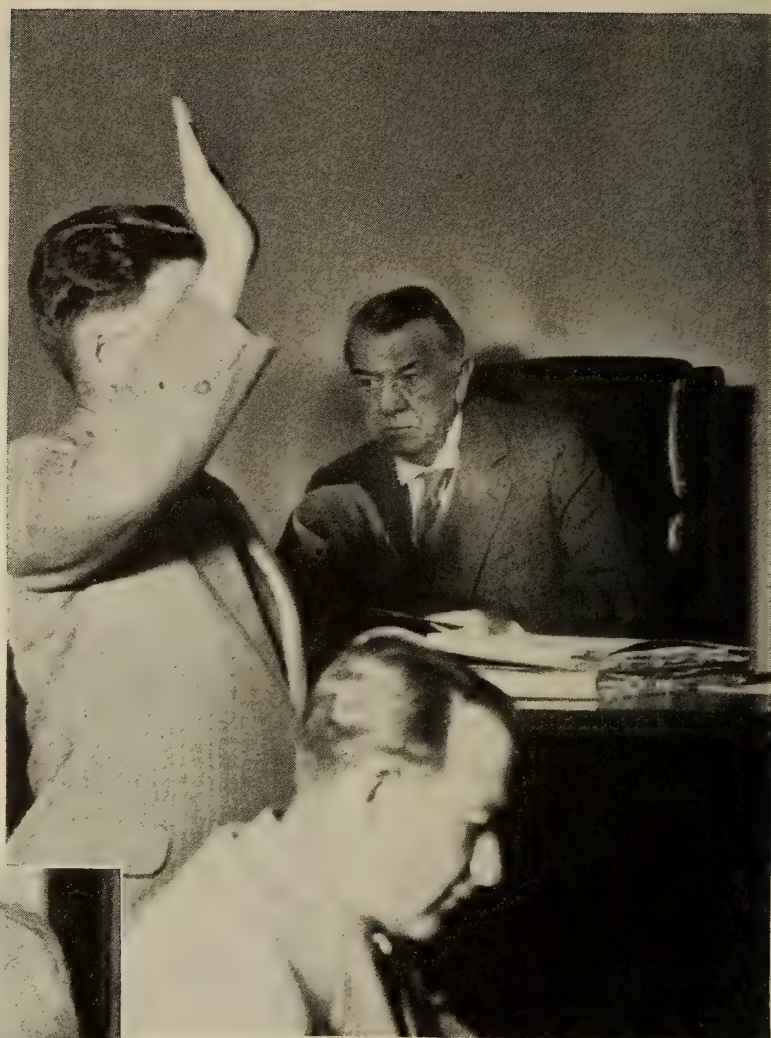
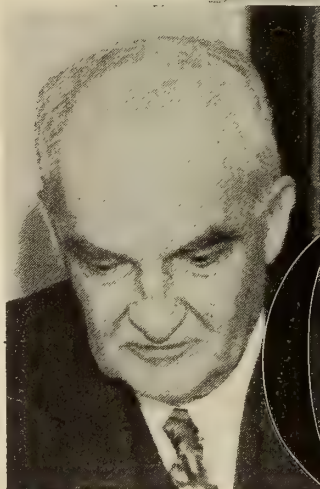
By Doty Hobart

"**H**EAR YE! Hear ye! Hear ye!"—The voice of the court bailiff, booming over the loudspeakers in the homes of several millions of listeners, fired the opening gun of a Radio dramatic program which is now considered to be the most outstanding feature presented on the air in the year of our Lord, 1930.

When this gun discharged its fusillade of "Hear ye's" the imagination of the self-appointed jury was fired with a sense of obligation new to the minds of those individuals, who by the grace of modern genius are known collectively as "that vast Radio audience." For the first time in the history of Radio a legitimate reason had been found for requesting the individual listener to use his or her head!

Oddly enough, the listeners had to be hauled, figuratively speaking, into court to accomplish this. For years General and Mrs. Public have been content to tune in on a program; sit back and listen; read a book and half listen; or play bridge and not listen at all. As far as using the Radio for compelling a listener to actually think—well, no one ever thought of that until Vivienne Ware was brought to trial for the killing of Damon Fenwick. At that, Fenwick was never actually killed. He never really existed, except as a corpus delicti in the mind of a feature writer on the staff of the New York American.

"The Trial of Vivienne Ware" was just another Radio drama until things began happening to it, to the members of the cast and, most important of all, to the



G

uilty

Not

listeners. The inside story of all the various happenings which took place before, during and after the "trial" is in itself one of the most dramatic chapters of Radio history. And now it can be told.

AS frequently is the case, when a radical venture is attempted in any established business, the gentleman, in whose mind the idea germinated and who became the prime mover in promoting the original production, was and still is, in no way connected or familiar with Radio broadcasting. Other than having visited a broadcasting studio on one or two occasions his knowledge of broadcasting is that of any average listener. But his work as a newspaperman made it

possible for him to sense what the public might like. The gentleman's name is Edmund D. Coblentz. He is the editor of the New York American.

Last October, on one of those infrequent days in the life of a newspaper editor when a few leisure moments present themselves to the chief of staff in which to relax, Mr. Coblentz picked up a newspaper and settled back in his chair to enjoy the privilege of reading for pleasure. If you don't think that is an editor's idea of luxury, ask the man who is one. For once he was not scanning copy and make-up with a critical eye. To speak freely, very freely in fact,



Let the People Decide

Guilty or Not Guilty?

Put the verdict in the hands of the people of the county—not merely a dozen hit-or-miss voters. Give the man whose life is at stake a true verdict by the people.

Such an evolution of American jurisprudence has been illustrated as a future possibility through the aid of Radio. The demonstration took place in the NBC broadcasts of the mock trial of Vivienne Ware. Real lawyers, real judges and ethically correct court procedure put the case up to the listeners—and the listeners mailed their verdict.

? — or — Guilty?

Mr. Coblentz had pocketed his official eye. And with that trained organ momentarily at rest he passed up the feature stories with their blazoning headlines and sought the mental stimulus offered in, the small items of the day's news.

OF THE thousands of news stories which pour into a daily newspaper office via wire and wireless only a limited number reach the press-room. Lack of space prevents many an interesting little item from living in type. But Fate must have had a hand in preserving a cabled dispatch from Copen-



hagen, Denmark, stating that a murder trial had been broadcast in that city. The published news item which caught and

held the attention of Editor Coblentz was brief in the extreme. Just a sentence or two. That was all. Apparently the rewrite man to whom the dispatch had been turned over had been unable to enthuse at any great length over the unusual event. The item was used as a space filler.

Out of this space filler grew *The Trial of Vivienne Ware*. Mr. Coblentz does not remember whether the item specifically mentioned the fact that the Copenhagen trial was a real or a fictitious one. But he does remember that the item interrupted his unofficial reading. What had started out to be a few moments of

relaxation suddenly took on the aspect of official business.

A conference of departmental heads was called and Mr. Coblentz outlined his idea, suggested by the news item, for the sponsoring of a fictional murder trial on the air by the New York American. The idea met with unanimous approval. It was decided to broadcast the trial as a serial, of six half-hour daily episodes.

KENNETH M. ELLIS.

New York American feature writer, was given the job of creating the plot and putting it in dramatic form for possible microphone consumption. It is interesting to note that the man elected to prepare the Radio continuity for the trial wrote and staged the largest outdoor spectacle produced in the United States, the *Pageant of the Apostle Island*, at Bayfield, Wisconsin, in 1924. The pageant, which outlined three hundred years of history, had a cast of 2500 Ojibwe Indians and 500 whites.

While the script was being written Editor Coblentz went to M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, and outlined the plans he already had in mind for the presentation providing appropriate air time on WJZ could be obtained.

The fact that the editor proposed to use the best possible legal talent available to enact three of the principal rôles in the serial drama was a much greater factor in enthusing Mr. Aylesworth with the probable success of the broadcast than did

his prospective client's announcement that the circulation department of his paper would give money prizes for the best verdicts submitted by readers at the conclusion of the trial. Please note this, for the manager of the circulation department comes into this story a little later.

Now WJZ is the key station for one network of NBC and its use for the broadcasting of a purely local evening program, such as the one proposed by the New York American, depended entirely on such time on the air as had not been sold to a national advertiser. Mr. Aylesworth promised to see what he could do for the editor in finding a suitable half hour which would not conflict with the programs of other clients. At the same time he requested that a copy of the script be sent him.

WHEN he had read the submitted manuscript of the trial I have only to quote Mr. Aylesworth to let you realize the ever increasing enthusiasm of the man for this new venture: "The manuscript establishes, I believe, a new standard in the creation of Radio plays. The simplicity and fidelity of the theme, together with the colorful word and character pictures, stand out in this new field of adaptive writing."

The assignment of local air time on WJZ was made and the facilities of the NBC program department were offered the new sponsor.

Before availing himself of the offer Mr. Coblenz approached the internationally famous lawyer, George Gordon Battle, and suggested to this eminent attorney that he read a copy of the script of the Radio trial and check up on the court

procedure and legal terms used in order that the broadcast be correct in its courtroom technique. At the same time Mr. Battle was requested to read the part of the defense attorney, it being quite possible that he might be asked to become a Radio actor!

He read the script. He liked the idea. He agreed to play the part! And he said:

"I am frank to say that the perfection of the legal structure of the trial was no small factor in leading me to accept the 'case'. The details of court procedure, of legal phraseology, of the tactics employed in the practice of law, both from the prosecution and the defense angles, are without flaw.

"Very often these things are sacrificed to make a good story. And sometimes a gripping climax is sacrificed to make a dramatic production 'realistic'. But in this case the author has produced a work which does not lack for thrills and mystery—without sacrificing legal forms to achieve it.

"If it was not constructed so as to leave a very open question indeed as to whether the defendant in this case is or is not guilty, I don't believe it would have interested me. But I shall feel, in going on the air in this 'case', that it has some educational value in presenting a unique picture of circumstantial evidence."

Then, something epochal happened in Radioland. A United States Senator, Robert F. Wagner, read the script, was asked to act as the presiding justice in the fictional trial, and accepted the position! He, too, had something to say:

"I am deeply interested in the experiment from a judicial viewpoint. For many months there has been a feeling

that the *broadcasting of actual trials from courtrooms of the country* might have an excellent effect upon the course of justice, the conduct of important trials and the conservation of public time.

"I have never seen a more perfectly constructed fictional trial, in which the problems of evidence, examination, cross-examination and court procedure are made to yield, from their essential nature, strong dramatic interest. As George Gordon Battle, who has agreed



Thomas D. Nash, defense-attorney in Chicago

to undertake the defense, has already pointed out, the legalistic structure of the trial is perfect.

"But the thing which is interesting me, to the extent that I am willing to preside, is the public value of the broadcast."

For the third member of the trio of legal rôles necessary to the trial, Editor Coblenz sought the services of a former Assistant District Attorney, of New York, Ferdinand Pecora. After reading the script Mr. Pecora was as enthusiastic as the other legal minds already retained in his willingness to become a Radio actor.

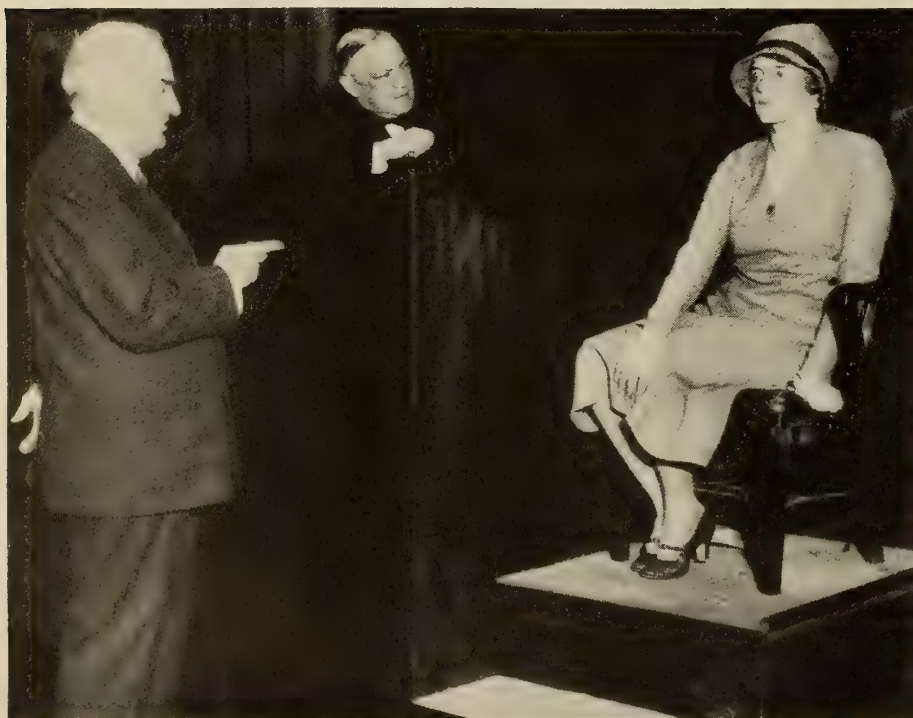
"It's a great case," he said. "The use of circumstantial evidence, which is one of the most important functions of a district attorney, is well thought out. It's one of the neatest problems of prosecution to make legitimate use of such evidence.

"The author has presented a district attorney hampered by lack of prima facie evidence, confronted with the problem of safeguarding the welfare of the State by exhausting every possible shred of circumstance which, in a very reasonable probability, would establish the guilt of the defendant. The district attorney also is confronted with the necessity of overcoming the natural sentiment which any jury would feel for a beautiful young defendant.

"IT WILL be a stimulating experience, to try earnestly to secure a conviction in the minds of the largest jury ever to try a case. As the State, I expect to demand and secure a conviction in the trial of Vivienne Ware."

By now, with the assurance of genuine legal talent taking part in the Radio jury trial, the enthusiasm of those concerned in presenting the venture shot to a point well over par. Mr. Aylesworth agreed to permit the broadcast to take place in the NBC theatre, on the stage behind the huge glass curtain. This theatre, located in Times Square, Broadway, was once a roof garden where the famous Midnight Frolics held forth.

For the trial the stage was to be set as



Principals in the New York trial. Left to right, George Gordon Battle, Senator Robert Wagner, and Rosamond Pinchot, daughter of ex-Governor Pinchot

a courtroom and realistic action of the broadcast play was to be tried out with the use of seven microphones. In this way a visible audience was privileged to witness natural movements about the stage by the performers while the listeners to the broadcast, without realizing why, were treated to perfectly timed pauses during these movements; the latter also being of great advantage to the actors.

It takes something unusual to arouse the interest of Radio listeners in New York City beyond the point of a rather apathetic acceptance of any and all programs. But with the initial broadcast of this unique serial, skilfully staged by John Golden, the famous theatrical producer, and William S. Rainey, NBC production manager, the city's Radio listeners for once lost their apathy. The trial was discussed on trains, in clubs and on the streets—everywhere, by people in all walks of life. Those who did not listen to the first episode heard about it from friends and before the week was up the *Trial of Vivienne Ware* was the chief topic of conversation wherever people gathered.

The broadcast was well done. Rosamond Pinchot, daughter of governor-elect Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania, and herself a leading lady from the Broadway stage, played the role of the defendant. Blythe Daly, another noted Broadway actress and daughter of the late Arnold Daly, created the part of Delores DeVine. Well known actors who portrayed other characters in the piece were Joseph Ganby, T. Daniel Frawley, Dallas Welford, Jack Kearney, John C. Connolly, John MacBryde and Robert Burton. Minor female roles were played by Kate McComb and Mattie Keene.

BUT it was not the fine acting of this beautifully balanced cast which gripped the listeners. Two details of the production were responsible for arousing interest. First of all, the people were hearing a dramatic vehicle which had all the earmarks of being a genuine trial. Secondly, each and every listener was asked to take part in the trial—to become a member of the jury in whose hands rested the fate of the defendant. It was put up to every listener to do his or her part in analyzing the evidence submitted and, at the conclusion of the trial, when the presiding judge had made his charge, to take a definite stand either for or against acquittal. This was indeed something new in Radio. And the listener, instead of trying to get excused from jury duty as he is apt to do, began framing excuses which would keep him, or her, near a loudspeaker during the run of the trial.

Let's leave the listener for a moment and take a look backstage, during broad-

casting of the third episode. An occasion presented itself at this time for some rather pointed remarks from one attorney to the other as to the ability of his opponent. The author had done rather well in the script in making these reflections caustic, but they were not, it seems, caustic enough for Pecora and Battle and these two gentlemen, now thoroughly imbued with the realism of their task took the opportunity to add several individual reflections which were not in the script! In the language of the theatre, they started to "ad lib". The result was, that while these perfectly natural bursts of sarcasm added materially to the realism of trial they made the episode,

previously timed in rehearsal, run over the allotted thirty minutes.

Director Rainey warned the lawyers that they must watch out in the future. This they promised to do but then it developed that they were not satisfied with the summations as written by Ellis in the script. This was no reflection on his work. But each man, prosecutor and defense attorney, felt that the summations lacked his own individual characteristics. So, and this is probably the only time such a thing has ever happened in a Radio drama, these two lawyer-actors threw away the summations already in the script and wrote their own!

Then Lawyer-actor Pecora asked permission to throw away his own script and deliver his speech to the jury just as he would do it in a regular court. This the director refused to permit. He didn't trust this energetic, masterful orator quite that far. It would have been a grand speech, no question as to that, but in a Radio broadcast, whether it be a trial or a symphony, a half hour is still thirty minutes. Therefore, Mr. Pecora read script as does any Radio actor, and did a splendid job.

Here's another funny twist. The enthusiasm of the lawyers, who felt that their reputations were vitally at stake in this fictitious trial, spread to the bench. Senator Wagner threw away that part of the script which contained the judge's charge to the jury and proceeded to write his own.

This charge to the jury by the judge completed the trial, and as far as those concerned in producing the drama, it completed the broadcast. It was now up to the Radio jurymen and jurywomen to submit their verdicts, each

verdict to be accompanied by a two hundred word explanation of the reason for such finding.

In came the verdicts by the thousands. DX listeners in Virginia, in Canada, on ships at sea sent in verdicts. And with nearly every verdict came a letter congratulating the sponsors of the program because of its uniqueness, its entertainment qualities and its educational value. And practically every letter demanded that, if Vivienne Ware be found innocent, Delores DeVine, against whom damaging evidence had been introduced in the trial, be brought before the bar of justice in another trial!

The final verdict by poll was some fourteen thousand for acquittal with about two hundred listeners sending in a "guilty" ballot.

Now here, as it was promised he would do, is where the manager of the circulation department of the New York American

(Continued on page 101)



Bobbe Dean of NBC, on stand in San Francisco



Donealda Currie of WJR, the "Vivienne Ware" in Detroit



Lillian G. Genn, writer and well-known interviewer

MRS. FRANKLIN D.

"My Home"

Governor's Wife, Business Woman, Teacher—But She Always Puts Family Foremost

IS THE home, once glorified and eulogized in song and in story, and cherished by mankind, in danger of disappearing?

There are many who have their finger on the pulse of the times who claim that because the home is no longer the center of activity and much of life is lived outside of it, its foundation is being undermined. That since woman, who has a natural responsibility to it, has deserted it for a job in the business world, it can hardly continue to exist. Certain it is that the home as a place of quiet, refuge and spiritual growth has always filled a vital human need and has done much to influence the morality and character of its members. If, therefore, the power and the spiritual function of the home and family life were indeed declining, it is inevitable that it would have a profound effect on future generations and on the fabric of the nation.

This thought was expressed to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the Governor of New York, for the purpose of ascertaining her views on the subject. She is unusually equipped to speak for the modern woman because she herself is an ideal modern wife and homemaker. She is the mother of five children, teacher and vice principal in a New York school, and a grandmother. She is not only hostess at the Executive Mansion in Albany, but also manages the Roosevelt country place at Hyde Park and their house in New York. She takes an active part in political and communal work and is keenly alive to the trends of the day.

In addition, Mrs. Roosevelt is the head of a furniture making enterprise called the Val-Kill Shops. She founded this, with two other associates, in order to create an opportunity for men and boys of the countryside to develop self-supporting handicraft skill.

Despite these numerous interests, Mrs. Roosevelt has always given her home and children her first consideration. She has never allowed anything to interfere with the performance of her duties in that respect.

It was just after the Inaugural ceremonies at Albany, marking the beginning

of the Governor's second term, and Mrs. Roosevelt had returned to town to be at her schoolroom.

One can hardly believe that she is a grandmother, so youthful and vivacious did she appear. She is a slim, well poised woman, very tall, with a friendly engaging smile that reminds one of the illustrious Colonel, Theodore Roosevelt, the governor's uncle.

The drawing room in which she greeted the interviewer is a rather austere place filled with paintings and old prints of sea scenes, engravings of famous vessels of the navy, and several ship models, all bespeaking her husband's interest in the sea. One recalls, too, that he and two other members of her family held positions as Assistant Secretaries of the Navy.

However, Mrs. Roosevelt seems able to make one forget surroundings, for one very quickly responds to her charming, unassuming manner.

"THERE is no doubt," she said, "that even to the unobservant eye, there are changes taking place in the home. But to my mind, they do not point to its decline. They are, on the contrary, changes that are made necessary in order to meet the new conditions. Our life has become so complex and there have been so many changes in our world, both economic and social, that the home must be adjusted to meet those conditions. Any progressive minded person must view these changes as vital and productive of good.

"When most of the work and tasks of life were performed in the home, and every member had to help in the chores, it is easy to see that family life had to be knit closely together, if only for economic reasons. Recreation was also provided by the family in the home and the members themselves participated.

"But today, with canneries, bakeries, laundries, factories and innumerable labor saving devices, the work has been taken outside of the home. In other words, individualistic production has given way to mass production. There are, as a conse-

quence, no essential tasks for the family to perform in the house. As for recreation, since that is now well provided for by outside sources, there is no need for the family to remain at home to create their own amusement.

"Because, therefore, people no longer find it necessary to spend much time in the home, it does not mean that they are less home loving. As a matter of fact, outside of a small strata of society in the large cities, you find that in the vast majority of American homes, parents and children are almost as much together as they used to be. They may not actually be around the hearthplace, but in the motor car. That makes little difference.

"For home," she continued earnestly, "is not a place, but an atmosphere. It is where the thoughts and fondest impulses are. The actual four walls don't count. That is why one cannot tell whether a home is successful or not, merely by the amount of time that the family spends in it."

"Then the fact," she was asked, "that women have entered the business world or are spending more time in outside pursuits, is in no way undermining the home?"

"NOT at all," she laughed. "If anything, their work is aiding them to make the home a more interesting and attractive place. Whether a woman engages in political, welfare or business work, these outside contacts keep her mind stimulated and help to develop her personality. Life now moves so quickly and so much more is demanded of men and women, that they must constantly be on the *qui vive* if they are to hold their places. This has particularly meant that the wife has to prepare herself to play a bigger role; that she must be able to share her husband's interests and pursuits. Indeed, the success of marriage depends more than ever before upon this personal

ROOSEVELT *says*

First"

Another Personality

Interview by

LILLIAN G. GENN

relationship between husband and wife.

"For that reason the woman who keeps her mind and her interests alive, is a better companion to her husband, and a more intelligent mother to her children. Naturally, she can create a more beautiful setting for the family life.

"To my mind, it is indeed fortunate that the modern woman is able to find an outlet for her energies and thought in outside activities. The small apartments, which have replaced the large, old-fashioned houses require only a minimum of her time and if she were compelled to stay at home, she would soon become a dull and discontented person.

"OF COURSE, when a woman has small children, I believe that she should remain at home with them, even if she can afford a nurse or governess. For it is she alone who can give them the solicitude and spiritual values which are so essential for them. It is she who can better supervise the habits which make for good character.

"Character building begins practically in the cradle. A child can be given bad habits before it is eighteen months old and a little later on a child will acquire more from example and atmosphere at home than school or long lectures can teach. For that reason, it is a mother's primary duty to concern herself with the upbringing of her child and any other work that she may be doing must be relegated to a secondary place.

"If, for the time being, she has to curtail her activities entirely, she at least is not shut off from contacts with the outside world as her mother and grandmother were. The Radio brings the whole world into her home and helps her to keep abreast with the times.

"Thus it should not be such a hardship for her to give up her work to devote herself to her children. However, she should not let herself become dependent

upon their interests, for when they have grown up she will only find herself a drag on them. She must plan and utilize her time so that she can do something creative and interesting. Only in that way can she continue to enrich her own and her family life, even when her children have ceased to need her."

Mrs. Roosevelt emphasized the point, though, that while she thought a mother should devote herself to her children during the early, formative years, yet she must be careful not to smother them with too much attention and love. As she brought out in her recent talk over the Radio, and reiterated to the interviewer, a child that is brought up as a hot house plant will be too frail in courage and stamina to meet the vicissitudes of life when he must step out in the world and stand on his own feet. He expects others to pamper him as his parents have done and when he does not get it, he feels thwarted and defeated.

"We must therefore encourage our children to meet their own difficulties," she said. "We must let them find their own solutions to the problems and gain experience for themselves. We must not always strive to make their path easy for them and to throw opportunities into their laps.

"It may seem hard to do this, but it is for the ultimate advantage of the child.



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the Governor of New York State

When he knows he can do things for himself, he no longer views the world as a fearsome place. He feels sure of his ability to meet any difficulties that arise.

"I also think that no mother should feel sorry that she cannot fulfill every wish her child expresses. His zest in life and that strange character-building process will go on much better when he is always envisaging new fields of endeavor. Nothing is more pathetic than a bored child, and you become bored if you have nothing new to interest you. The mother should open up all the avenues she can for her children, but she should leave them to follow them up for themselves.

"Yes, we have lost a few things but we have also gained many new advantages today."



Irving Berlin—One-time Singing Waiter of the East Side who grew up into the first Tin-Pan Alleyite to make the song-writer more important than the old song-plugger.

The Mulligan Guard. Below—A rare old copy of that 1873 classic—reproduced from the original in the National Broadcasting Company music library, which is a storehouse of treasures often unobtainable elsewhere.



Echoes from the Old

Tin Pan Alley

By Old Timer

TIN-PAN ALLEY winds its way through the very heart of the American scene. True, the hand of change has already erased it completely from the map and true that that street which was once Tin-Pan Alley is today home for wholesale dress dealers—yet, notwithstanding such facts, Tin-Pan Alley remains an inevitable part of the American scene. For Tin-Pan Alley, in its own abrupt fashion, tells us more about America past and present—especially past, when it was at its zenith—than huge tomes can, and tells it to us picturesquely and vividly. It is a name heavy with glamour and tradition. And if Tin-Pan Alley, as a street in New York City which quivered to the awkward strains of industrious tin-pan pianos, is a thing of the past; then its traditions, at any rate, and its graphic name have deservedly lingered on through the years and are still palpitantly and vibrantly alive.

Early in 1898, Broder and Schlam—a world-famous music-publishing house which had been manufacturing a nation's song-hits for the past decade—moved their baggage from San Francisco to New York and opened up a huge office on Twenty-Eighth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. That was the beginning of a grand *hegira* for music-publishers. In all the

corners of the city, they shut the doors of their establishments and, following immediately in the footsteps of their formidable rival, straggled straight to Twenty-Eighth Street. Where Broder and Schlam were, there would they be—for where Broder and Schlam were there would be, most assuredly, all the famous actors and musicians of the country seeking their songs; there would become concentrated the nation's song industry. Within a few months, Twenty-Eighth Street began to quiver and to dance to the volcanic strains of popular music; a mountain of execrable tunes and of more-or-less pretty tunes were being produced there each hour of the day. Next door to Broder and Schlam there was now located the offices of Charles K. Harris whose prolific pen was indefatigable and who had already endeared himself to the hearts of all Americans because of a pretty ballad *After the Ball* which an entire country was at that time singing. A few doors away—at 51 West—were to be found Witmark and Sons, who for years had been known to produce a mass of ingratiating tunes. And somewhere else on the self-same street could one see the huge and coruscant banners of Harry von Tilzer advertising his sensational *My Old New Hampshire Home*, of Joseph Stern & Co. who rode to fame and success upon the back of *Sweet Rosie O' Grady*, of Leo Feist, the novice in this company of veterans, and of other now-prominent music concerns. And, in the midst of all these celebrities, there were sprinkled all over the street the smaller and obscurer firms who for years had been struggling down at Fourteenth Street and who now hoped that Uptown Twenty-Eighth Street would become their

*Secrets . . . Past, Present and Future
 . . . of the Street of Song . . . with
 Sidelights on the Gay Old Ditties*

financial salvation and ultimate success.

The year 1898, therefore, was when this street became, for some mysterious reason, the street of song. All day, the pianos banged and the trumpets wheezed the latest numbers; all day actors and musicians would walk here mechanically when they were in search of new songs. And because this place had become so specialized, this street which cut between Fifth and Sixth Avenues and which lay between 27th and 29th Streets acquired a new and strange name. The innocent New Yorker might still have known it as Twenty-Eighth Street but to the world at large it was henceforth to be immortalized as—Tin-Pan Alley.

BUT Tin-Pan Alley had sounded its first barbaric yawps long before Broder and Schlam migrated to Twenty-Eighth Street. Already had it been existing for many years down at the dim, gas-lit Fourteenth Street which stretched from Union Square to Second Avenue. And there, in this Mecca of burlesque theatres, of bawdy-houses and of cheap dance-halls, were the first of America's popular songs created, written and executed. Remick's had been there long before 1890; Ted Snyder, too, and Witmark and Sons—and around them clustered the myriads of competitors who were constantly struggling with one another in the mad scramble to create the sensational song of the hour.

And inspiration, down at Fourteenth Street, did not create the sensational song of the hour—no more than it did down in Tin-Pan Alley. Mass-production, competition, high-powered salesmanship, division of labor, song-plugging did the trick. And these were rapidly introduced into the song-writing business, by the Fourteenth Street Minnesingers, until it, too, became a leading industry. In this bedlam of noises that constituted the Fourteenth Street song-factory—the incessant braying of bands, the rhythmical sounds of tap-dancing, songsters and instrumentalists trying out new parts for vaudeville work—songs were manufactured with speed, precision and efficiency. There were formulas for every type of song in existence; there were dozens of men, each specialized in a definite type of song, busily scratching away at paper to create hundreds of songs in their own specialized fields—and as, one by one, these songs flew from their pens with the minute regularity of clockwork they were brought at once to the song-plugger whose

She May Have Seen

Better Days

Laugh, if you must, at maudlin old song-titles, but compare *She May Have Seen Better Days* (1894 vintage) with *Go Home And Tell Your Mother* (1930)!

THE MASTER SONG OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

**ONE
TOUGH OF NATURE
MAKES THE
WHOLE WORLD KIN.**

WRITTEN
& COMPOSED BY
**FELIX
McGLENNON**

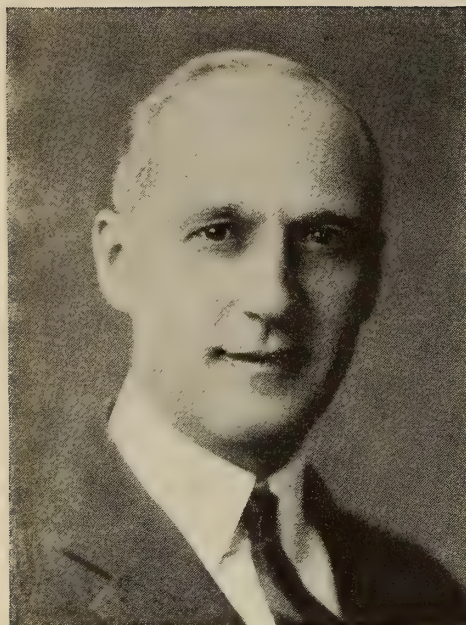
WITH ALL HER FAULTS I LOVE HER STILL

One Touch of Nature
written for famous
Cissie Loftus

DEDICATED TO
MISS MARY MURPHY
"TAKE BACK THE RING"

Take Back The Ring, a pathetic Scotch Ballad of 1888, is an example of the tearful art work on covers of "songs they used to sing" in the old days.

Another 1888'er—*With All Her Faults, I Love Her Still* (She left him, but no other love, his soul can thrill).



Two of the most famous figures of Old Tin-Pan Alley whose songs will live on through ages to come—Charles K. Harris, who wrote *After The Ball*, and Harry Von Tilzer, composer of *My Old New Hampshire Home*.

duty it was to market them successfully.

For between each song and its success stood the song-plugger. Down at Fourteenth Street, and later in Tin-Pan Alley, the song-plugger was, by far, the most important influence in the music-publishing field. To the publisher the composer was nothing more than a piece-worker who could create at any given moment a certain type of song. The performer was but a day-laborer; hundreds of them were floating around each day from one publishing house to another seeking employment. But the song-plugger was the artist of the trade. Upon his personality, his charm, his popularity, his gift at salesmanship depended entirely whether a certain song could become a success or a total flop. A great song-plugger could actually make any song a success, irrespective of its own merits. But, after all, how many great song-pluggers were there on the street?

ONLY the most meagre handful. There was Pat Howley, a freelance song-plugger, the cynosure for all publishers' eyes; there was Meyer Cohen whose distinction was that he made of *My Mother Was a Lady* a national success; and there was Izzy Bailin—later to be known as Irving Berlin. Every evening, after the music shops had closed their doors for the day and after the gas-lighter had passed along the dark streets lighting all the gas lamps, those three song-pluggers, together with the song-pluggers of the various publishers, would assemble at Tony Pastor's Theatre. Tony Pastor was always very tolerant to song-pluggers and he would permit one of them to station himself in a box, another in the balcony, a third behind the scenes—and then when the respective song of each

song-plugger was sung on the stage, the song-plugger was given the limelight and full liberty to plug his song to his heart's content. And then, after the show was over, the song-pluggers would congregate together with the vaudeville actors and singers at nearby beer-gardens. Cigars would be distributed freely; treats for beer and whiskey would be frequent events and during all this burst of generosity the song-plugger was deftly plying his trade: spreading propaganda to the actors and singers for a new song. The end of a busy and expensive night might have found many sad faces among the song-pluggers—but there was invariably a smile of triumph upon the faces of Meyer Cohen or Pat Howley. For hardly an evening would pass when they would not get some actor to interest himself in their latest number. And that, as every song-plugger and publisher and composer down at Fourteenth Street knew, was the first important step in the making of a successful song.

The song-writing game had become an industry; that musical *entrepreneur*—the song-plugger—had been introduced into the field. Fourteenth Street had now definitely paved the way for Tin-Pan Alley. Tin-Pan Alley thus had its tradition; it was fully prepared now to create its own history.

But little did the song-pluggers and song-composers realize that not the songs themselves but the song-lyrics were to immortalize Fourteenth Street of 1890. Who can forget those bombastic, sentimental, elaborately emotional lyrics which, at that time, clutched at and played havoc with the heart-strings? But which today are remembered and cherished as precious bits of Americana? There were such colossal tragedies as *She's More to be Pitied than Censured*—a tearful ballad

about a girl who strayed from the straight and narrow path of virtue. There were such heart-breaking dramas as *After the Ball*—that song-success of Charles K. Harris—wherein (so the elaborate story goes) a young man, walking away from his sweetheart at a ball to bring her a drink, comes back only to find her talking amorously to a stranger; wherein he rants and fumes and refuses to listen to any explanations and, then and there, breaks the engagements and wherein, years later, when he is old and gray he learns that his sweetheart had died of a broken heart and that the stranger had been none other than—her brother!

There were more cheerful bits, such as *The Lost Child*—song-plugged into an overwhelming sensation by Pat Howley and coming from the pens and presses of Stern and Marks—in which a lost child comes to a policeman, in trouble and tears, only to learn that the policeman is none other than his father, who had been separated from his mother because of a petty quarrel, and in which the child brings about a reconciliation, tender and pathetic, between husband and wife! Or, to take that song-sensation of the age, *My Mother Was a Lady*—the handiwork of Stern and Marks's composition and the song-plugging of Meyer Cohen:

TWO drummers sat at dinner in a grand hotel, one day.
While dining they were chatting in a jolly sort of way,
And when a pretty waitress brought them a tray of food,
They spoke to her familiarly in manner rather rude.
At first she did not notice them or make the least reply,
But one remark was passed that brought the tear-drop to her eye,
And facing her tormentor, with cheeks now burning red,
She looked a perfect picture as appealingly she said:

"My mother was a lady like yours you will allow,
And you may have a sister who needs protection now!
I've come to this great city to find a brother dear,
And you wouldn't dare insult me, sir, if Jack were only here!"

Of course, nothing will prevent the bard of Fourteenth Street from fashioning a pretty ending and so we learn, as the song progresses to its second stanza, that the abusive young fellow is none other than Jack's best friend and that he invites the waitress to come with him to Jack so that he might introduce her to Jack—as his bride!

When Fourteenth Street moved uptown to Twenty-eighth Street it left behind its sentimental song-lyric but brought along its efficacious system of manufacturing popular songs. And there on Twenty-

Eighth Street did this system reach its highest point of efficiency. Tin-Pan Alley actually went far beyond anything Fourteenth Street could conceive of in the speed with which successes could be composed, produced and marketed. It had become a huge machine which functioned incessantly, pouring songs out of its busy mouth in innumerable quantities.

The song-factory of Tin-Pan Alley was a smoothly operating organization. It was gracefully subdivided into the various categories of song-writing—the humorous vaudeville ditty, the love-song, the popular-song (and later, when Tin-Pan Alley was to grow out of its adolescence, the mammy and the blues-song)—and each department boasted of a dozen composers, at least four amanuenses to assist the blind gropings of illiterate geniuses, and a head, the supposed authority in the branch of musical composition, to supervise, correct and bellow out orders. Over these various branches of the publishing-house, ruled the head of the sales-department to assign all the work—and the blame. It was the head of the sales-department who constantly kept his finger upon the pulse of a public's whims and who, when he felt that the season for the humorous ditty should be approaching, gave a rushing order to the humorous-ditty department and assembled the cream of his song-pluggers. And then the market was flooded.

TIN-PAN Alley was, therefore, a very delicate mechanism which created the styles and produced the successes to satisfy the style in a nation's popular music. And of this very delicate mechanism the most important cog was still the song-plugger—who was still flourishing despite the change of scene. To the song-plugger, were given the greatest privileges, the highest esteem and the largest salary. The head of the sales-department, the composers, the amanuenses, the performers were all shackled to their offices from nine o'clock in the morning to six in the evening. But the song-plugger, artist that he was, was the free man. His work occupied only a few hours of the day, primarily during lunch-hour, and his office was the street directly in front of the publisher who employed him. He was easily recognizable—standing there in front of his own publishing-house, a long cigar in his mouth, a derby on his head—idling lazily, so it seemed to the careless onlooker, but in truth keeping a vigilant eye over all the people who walked through the street. A song-plugger had to know every actor and singer by sight, at least; the best song-pluggers knew them by the first name. And should an actor or singer pass innocently through Tin-Pan Alley, the song-plugger—with a tempting cigar in his hand to bait the fish withal—would attempt to entice the actor to walk with him into his palace. He would utilize the magnetism of his personality, the persuasive power

of a good cigar or theatre tickets or, even, an excellent dinner, and if these were powerless he would—like the very famous “puller-in” of the Canal Street clothes-shop—attempt to make his actions speak louder than words.

Once the song-plugger had induced the actor to enter the office, the rest became mere routine—a routine in which Tin-Pan Alley was so very efficient. Performers would play for him the latest numbers, tap-dancers would rap out their rhythm, the head of the sales-department would swear religiously that they were embryonic successes. Then the actor, after having tried out the number for himself and after having been pleased, would invariably promise to use it in his next act. The rest was left to the capricious whims of Chance—and to the histrionic abilities of the song-plugger.

That was the method of pushing a song in those halcyon days. For it was the day before the Radio, before the innumerable jazz-bands began to serenade every nook and corner of the country, before those millions of movie-houses sprang up, like so many mushrooms, far and wide—and, consequently, song-plugging was yet the simple task, consisting of nothing more elaborate than securing the interest of the actor in the music. But even without the help of the Radio, jazz-bands and movie houses, the song-plugger, it seems, was not altogether helpless. His own genuine ability in pushing a song to the attention and affection of a whole country seemed to accomplish more wonders than all of our modern wholesale advertising. For with his very simple resources, the song-pluggers accomplished so very much,

that in spite of ourselves and our inmost desires, such faded tunes of the Golden Nineties as *Sweet Adeline*, *Silver Threads Among the Gold*, *The Bowery*, *Anybody Here Seen Kelly?* and *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* are still indelibly, eternally I fear, impressed upon our memories.

TIN-Pan Alley had never been kind to the composer who was outside looking in. Since merit played no part at all in the making of a song-success, what need did Tin-Pan Alley have for outside talent? It had, to be sure, its own staffs of composers who could produce music more quickly and more efficiently than any foreigner could. And speed and efficiency was what Tin-Pan Alley required most in its business of making songs. Therefore when, in 1905, Irving Berlin went from door to door along Twenty-Eighth Street to peddle his first song *Marie from Sunny Italy*, success did not run to meet him with open embrace. The larger firms simply turned a deaf ear; the smaller firms were more affable, if not more generous. However, Berlin did not lose heart. True, his part in the creation of *Marie from Sunny Italy* was a small one (only the lyric was his), but he loved it with the affection of a father for his first born. And so he was determined to see it published. Patiently, he continued disturbing the peace of publishers until, one unexpected day, he reaped his reward. A smaller firm, Ted Snyder, accepted the manuscript—and published it soon afterwards.

The royalties were thirty-seven cents
(Continued on page 106)



A window on Tin-Pan Alley—Meyer Cohen, song-plugger of the old school, at his desk in the office of Charles K. Harris, an organization which is still publishing hits.

She needs only one
name to be remem-
bered—serious, win-
some, gay Armida.



By
MURIEL
ALLEN

That So
Romantic
Senorita

You Hear Her
and You Picture
Gay Caballeros
Romantically Serenading

Armida of the Air

DYNAMIC, spontaneous, the Lilliputian embodiment of Spanish temperament and youthful enthusiasm—that is Armida of the Footlights.

Appealing, tender, the elfin spirit of Romance and Dreams—that is Armida of the Air!

"And which do you like best?"

Armida laughed—a happy, rippling laugh.

"Sh!" she whispered, "you mus' not make me geev myself away—too motch!"

"You see—my audience—yes, I lov' them a ver' great deal. I laugh with them—I sing to them—I dance for them—so—" And she whirled away, a very avalanche of motion, castanets clicking, eyes flashing, tiny feet twirling her lithe, slender little body about like a bit of thistledown.

"I look into their faces and smile—and they smile back at me!"

"But when I sing over WMCA, the leetle round 'mike' (that ees hees name?) that is all I see. No smiling eyes—no happy faces—and so—I eemagine. I say to myself, 'Armida, those people out there—you cannot see them—they cannot see you—so you mus' make them *feel* you—you mus' talk to their hearts—you mus' say to them, over all those miles and miles of space, 'Listen—I lov' you—everybody!'—and then that will make them happy so that they will lov' you

and like to listen to you—lov' for lov'.

"It seems—somehow—because I cannot see the ones I speak to out there in space, that we are even closer than when there is only a strip of footlights between us. You Americans—you have a beeg word for that—para—paradox! Yes, that ees eet!"

"And there is something else too—a something that is just for me. You see, sometimes when I get ver' much excite' or enthuse' in my stage work—*maybe* I make one leetle mistake—maybe take a wrong step or draw a long breath—this way—when I sing—and no one knows. It ees all right!"

"But on the air it is ver', ver' different. Every leetle sound—she go out everywhere! If my breath get mixed up and I say 'mhhm' (like that)—thousands of audience hear me—and that ees not so good!"

OR MAYBE I get some—(how do you say—'mike fright'?) and sing one wrong note. Caramba! maybe they cut me off—like thees!" The slender little fingers snapped sharply in mock disgust, like the click of the wee castanets.

"So that ees for me. Why? Becoz' I want to improve—always—every minute—to make my work better and BETTER.

"On the air I mus' not make one leetle

blunder—and so it make me always more perfect. You see? And that is why I lov' Radio!"

Armida's background is as full of romance as her young and colorful spirit.

Her father, a Spaniard from Barcelona, was an outstanding figure in the Spanish theatre when he met and married her mother, a beauty of Mexican and Italian descent.

ARMIDA herself was born in the stormy republic below the Rio Grande, and was brought to this country for her education.

But the love of the stage was in her blood. An older sister was performing in the little town out in California where the family lived, and Armida begged to be allowed to go with her one evening.

Her request was reluctantly granted, for she was still only a baby. The tiny aspirant for fame followed her sister's act with an interpretive song à la Raquel Meller. The number literally "stopped the show", and Baby Armida became a regular member of the company.

"And that was the beginning"—smiled this diminutive bit of femininity—"when I was seven—years and years ago!" (She must be all of nineteen!)

Later on, when she was quite grown up—sixteen or so—she was discovered

(Continued on page 105)

ARMIDA

EASTERN listeners are now twanging guitars and warbling under the balcony of the beautiful Armida. They found the California listeners already there. Donald Flamm borrowed her from "Nina Rosa" and introduced her to his WMCA-ians. Saccharino Senorita!

De Mijlen Photo





Lowell Thomas

FIRELIGHT memories at a Western camp stir a thousand pictures of war and adventure in the mind of Lowell Thomas, famous author, journalist and war correspondent who is heard nightly over the transcontinental chain systems

Hal Phylle Photo.

Ethel Merman

ETHEL is the Girl in the show, Girl Crazy, and not so long ago you heard her in the Nestlé Choclateer program over WJZ network. She has air personality. She began as a singer in a Russian restaurant in Brooklyn where she was discovered and launched on a career





Vernon Dalhart and Adelyn Hood

"GOOD Night Ladies—" we got the real Barber Shop Blues with Barbasol Ben, Cutie-cle Barbara and the Barber Shop Quartet. You hear them over the Columbia System

Charles Magnante

ACCORDION

Charles, all set for the Lumberjack program over the National Net, also appears in 29 other broadcast programs in the course of the week



Snoop and Peep



HIST! It looks like an ash tray??? Charles "Snoop" Finan and Paul "Peep" Winkopp appear to have made a startling discovery. On WEA—NBC 8:15 hook-up

Yodeling Cowboys

BILL SIMMONS and his cow-hands are back on KROW ranch from Los Angeles where they made Victor records. Bill composed "Rocky Mountain Sweetheart"



Guty Cardenas

THREE times Senor Cardenas was voted Mexico's most popular composer. He sang for Mexico before President and Mrs. Hoover. Now he's heard at KHJ, Los Angeles

Haywirephonic

COWBOY ballads and Old West tunes are featured by the Haywire Orchestra of San Antonio at KTSA. From left: Bob Skiles, Mrs. Bob, Swede Braum, Kid Thompson, Joe Luther





SOMEBODY got a job as a secretary in a lawyer's office in Dayton, O., when this young lady resigned last December to accept the Atwater Kent \$5,000 prize and began her studies. Miss Deis is twenty-five, and hopes to become an opera star

Carol Deis



Gertrude Dooley

NEVER mind, one of these days Miss Dooley will be showing this pretty smile tele visionally. Just now she is putting it over with her voice as one of the featured dramatic staff at Station WLW, Cincinnati

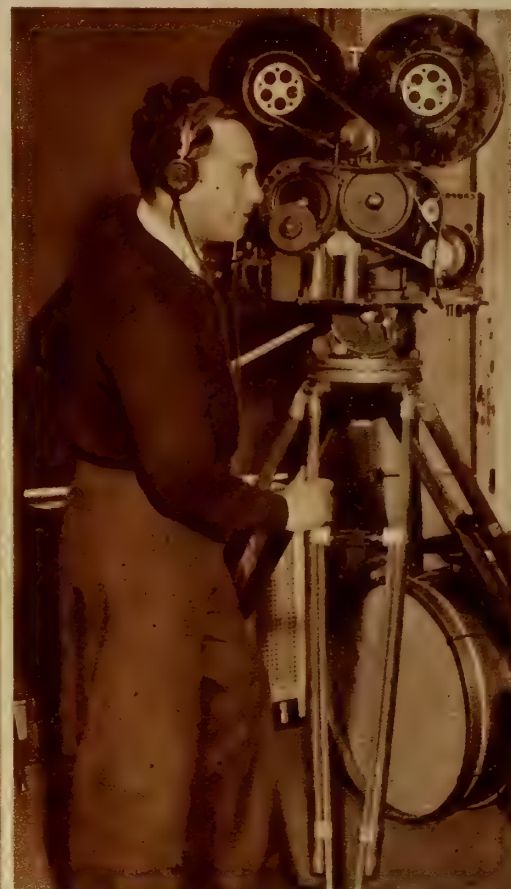
Youngest Announcer

MYRON ARTHUR WOTEN, six years old, is claimed as the youngest regular announcer in the world. He is shown with his sister Gladys, at WNAX, Yankton, S. D.

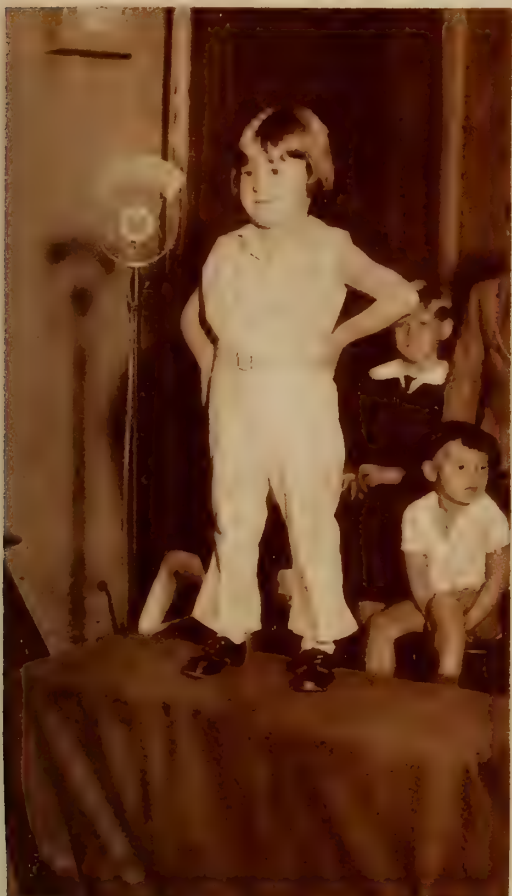


Uncle Mack

UNCLE MACK quit the road as an old time trouper to be uncle for a lot of little Radio boys and girls who listen in at WSM, the popular Nashville station



Bobby
Dukes



So popular has the Children's Hour at WCAU, Philadelphia, become the Paramount Pictures are making a talkie of Bobby Dukes, four

Uncle Zim and Bamby Boy

THESE two may be one of the reasons why Northern people go South to Miami during the winter months. They want to hear these two over WIOD. Bamby Boy is just five



Velma Stowe

ANOTHER "youngest" Radio entertainer (below) is little four-months-old Velma, daughter of Arthur W. "Tiny" Stowe, M. C. on the late shows of KSTP, St. Paul; and Velma Dean Stowe of the Dodo Frolic. Mother and Dad cooperate of course





Harriet Lee

YOU have seen Miss Lee's face on the Radio Digest cover and this picture is merely to remind you that she is getting better looking every day and is still one of the Columbia stars. You remember her on the Weed Chain program, perhaps



WITH twin talents along musical lines it was inevitable that Miss Fields should become a Radio personality. She plays the violin as concert soloist and she also sings as soprano soloist. She won a Juillard scholarship for both. Columbia found her first

Catherine Fields



Lovina Gilbert

OTHERWISE known as Mrs. Russell Gilbert who sings during the Cheerio Hour over the NBC network. She is also heard on other chain programs during the week

Prevention or Cure?

"Don't Use 'Aspirin' Type of Welfare Work—Attack Cause of Social Ills," says Daughter of England's Premier

By Ishbel MacDonald

AT CHRISTMASTIME everyone feels generous, kindly and brotherly. Large sums of money are spent in making people happy. Parties are given and beaming hosts and hostesses shake hands warmly with their less fortunate brethren and speak kindly to them. The next week they swoop past them in a purring car which is upholstered like a dream cloud and graceful in every line. That Christmas party leads to nothing. It is a few hours of warmth, satisfaction and laughter, a few hours when the host and hostess can demonstrate their superiority in a happy, patronizing way instead of in the less pleasant way of drawing cloaks aside while passing a less fortunate brother.

Each guest returns to exactly his old position with happy dreams of sparkling jollification but nothing with more uplifting and nothing more tangible than perhaps an orange or a bag of candies.

Some so-called social work is like that Christmas party. It leads to nothing. A great deal of energy is put into it, a great deal of paid and voluntary labor, and the result is not worth the labor.

I know of an effort organized to raise funds for a certain class of maimed brethren where, out of the 146,000 pounds raised only about 8,000 pounds went to the unfortunate brethren, and the rest went to cover expenses.

This is not what I call social service. Social service should have two functions, the function of curing and the function of preventing social disorders. A third function which creeps in, of necessity, is the function of appeasing. When a human being suffers from headaches, often he takes aspirin when he feels the pain unbearable and thinks nothing more about it. But a wise person goes to the trouble of finding out the cause—eye-strain, indiges-

tion or something else if the head aches and then sets to work to do away with that cause and prevent it from arising again. The cure may be so long that the patient still finds the temporary help of aspirin from time to time necessary while the cure is in progress.

A community should regard its social pains and ills in the same way. Many bands of social workers administer aspirin in the form of treats and parties for their less fortunate brethren, and when the happy effects of the treats are over their brethren are in as much pain as before.

I am not opposed to social work of the appeasing type so long as it is a branch of some constructive social work and does not distract the social workers from the main road and the object of their work. So much for aspirin.

HOW about the cure? One should not try to cure without diagnosing the disease. A good instance of how we try to cure without diagnosis is that we send criminals to prison to cure them of their various crimes. How can prison cure crime? We have been breeding crime by choking and stunting the development of the bodies, mind and spirit of some sections of the community, and the cure we offer them is a change to equally

ISHBEL MACDONALD is worthy of a place in the catalogue of famous women not only through reflected glory, but also in her own right. A prominent welfare worker in London, her recent address to two nations, heard through the Columbia System in this country, has caused much comment. It is reproduced here.—EDITOR.



Ishbel MacDonald at her desk at No. 10 Downing Street, headquarters and home of the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

unwholesome surroundings, but with better security, where they may be sent officially as bad specimens of human beings who should know better than to have grown up gnarled and twisted. This is only one example of the kind of cure that is sometimes administered by social workers and others who are in charge of the well being of the community. But more understanding is being brought into the treatment of criminals.

Where is the criminal to go when he is reformed? The danger is that he will return to his old surroundings and in them slip back to his old habits. Curative work is not enough. Preventative social work is the most important social work of all. While individuals are being cured, while individuals are being cheered with treats, the work of prevention must go on. Bad houses and the many evil influences must be rooted out and replaced by surroundings which are healthy and wholesome for bodies, minds and souls, and by enlightenment and good education.

Millions of dollars are spent on the upkeep of various kinds of institutions which are filled by patients who need treatment because so few dollars are spent in keeping them in good health. The aim of a good social worker should be to divert the stream of sympathy, energy and dollars which flows to cure people crushed by our social diseases, to help those people before they are crushed—by attacking the social diseases which crush them.

(Continued from page 45)

No distinct line can be drawn between curative, preventative and appeasing social services. They are connected and they overlap. But emphasis should be put on the preventative side of social service.

To return to our aspirin, some people laugh when you suggest trying to cure their addiction to headaches. "My dear," they say, "I have been bothered with headaches all my life. It wouldn't do me any good. It wouldn't be me if I hadn't any headaches. I find aspirin eases the pain."

What lack of faith these people have! But as communities, aren't we apt to suffer through lack of faith?

"It is human nature to be criminal. It is human nature to go in for warfare. It is inevitable that we have great wealth at one end of the social scale and crushed humanity at the other end. It is inevitable that we have unemployment. Poor beggars, let us do our best to give them a jolly Christmas." Isn't that how we speak?

But our most appalling lack of faith is in our treatment of the insane. Until very recently we have treated insanity as a sin, something that gives us the creeps and fills us with dread, something that brings shame with it.

I welcome the new light of faith and hope that is held up to us by those of the medical profession and social workers who are fighting against the lack of faith the community possesses. One can practice mental hygiene as well as physical and spiritual hygiene. Insanity, like other human and social diseases, can be prevented if we have the faith and will to do so.

It is the business of electors to vote wisely, for it is the vote of those citizen-electors which affects the welfare of the other citizens of the community. And it is the business of the elected body to legislate or administer for the good of the community.

To my mind, the most constructive social service can be rendered through legislative and administrative bodies. That is why I have chosen administrative work on the London County Council as my career. But when we know the direction of our road and have good surveyors, we can have more than one gang and more than one type of worker upon the route tackling the outstanding obstacles that have to be overcome.

INDEPENDENT societies exist and have existed for generations doing splendid work. They, too, are working for the good of humanity. A very large number of people in all stations of life feel that responsibility towards the community. What I have been unable to decide, after my two short stays in America, is whether you on your side of the Atlantic feel that responsibility more than we do on ours.

It is always difficult here to recruit a new social worker because every public-spirited man or woman seems to slip into some kind of social service of his own accord without being recruited. I have hardly ever found anyone looking for social work to take up. Every one worth while seems to be fully employed in some social work.

Another decision I am unable to make is whether you in America waste your time on useless social work more than we do here or if you are more constructive in your methods. I think you are more scientific but it does not follow that you are more constructive. I have not much faith in statistics and figures.

We both have a mixture of trained and untrained social workers. One branch of social work after the other is being handled through the trained professional social worker and the standard of training is rising and rising. But the voluntary workers still find plenty to do. They are the pioneers, and more pioneer work is being done by them and being proved by them to be worthy of official recognition. Through history we see voluntary efforts of individuals in social service, even on the water supply and drainage of towns, being recognized and taken over by publicly elected bodies or officials. Social service in this century alone has brought about great improvements which we cannot overlook.

Partly, I do not say wholly, through social service has the health of the underdog and his standard of living been improved, but enlightenment brings more and more hopes for satisfaction and more and more demands upon social service. There will always be work for the voluntary pioneer, and the entrance of the professional social worker is in my opinion not killing the fine spirit of social service.

Our problems are not the same, but they can be tackled with the same spirit of faith and determination.



Peggy Hull, from recent photograph in uniform she was authorized to wear as only woman war correspondent in the World War.

Only Woman War Correspondent Peggy Hull

PEGGY HULL who has been presenting horoscopes of the Radio notables in RADIO DIGEST during the past few months is no idle ethereal dreamer just because for the time being she is interested in the movements of the heavenly bodies, as she sincerely believes they influence the destinies of mankind. She was the only accredited woman correspondent in the World War. She has seen men die in battle. She has camped in frozen Siberia. She has literally waded in blood at Chinese massacres.

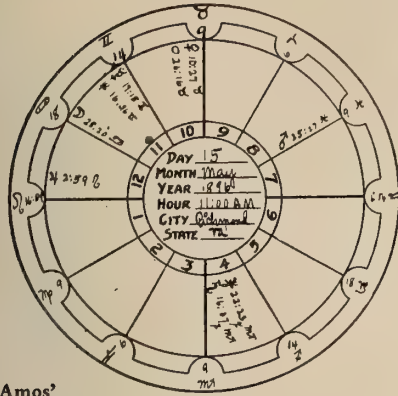
Recently she has been appearing with Mr. Charles R. Tighe, associate editor of RADIO DIGEST, in broadcasts at WMCA, New York. Listeners have heard some of her hair-raising adventures from her own lips. In spite of her masculine courage she is decidedly feminine. Her voice is low and gentle, as Radio listeners have learned.

When Peggy takes on a whim she goes into it thoroughly. That is the reason for her present interest in astrology. She says her own life has worked out precisely according to her horoscope—and because her life has been so unusual she believes it must have been something more than coincidence. She is not a

professional astrologer herself but she knows the rules and the ethics intimately. Her horoscopes are prepared by a woman friend who is an astrologer of considerable note. Through the assistance of this friend Miss Hull has arranged for genuine horoscopes of readers of RADIO DIGEST according to an announcement that appears on page 86 of this issue.

It is interesting to remember that Peggy Hull is the only woman who was formally accredited by the War Department as newspaper correspondent in the World War. Other correspondents paid her the highest tributes. Her war stories were syndicated in more than 100 newspapers.

"Horroroscope" by Peggy Hull Reveals

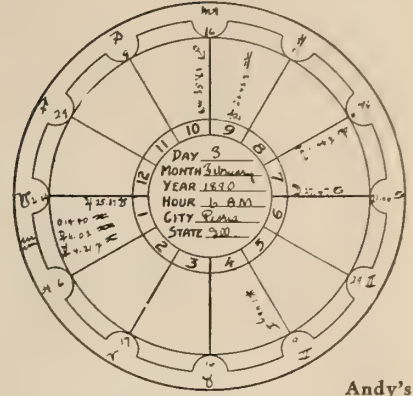


Amos'
Horoscope

WOMAN

*Threatens
Partnership of*

AMOS and ANDY



Andy's
Horoscope

THERE was nothing in the stranger's aspect to inspire either implicit confidence or a warm welcome.

On a long, thin body, clothed in a great, gray cloak, hung hands and feet that flapped like the wings of a bat. Out of a grotesquely elongated face, stared a pair of penetrating eyes, and the corners of a wide mouth drooped with dire portent.

"Who are you?" I asked, too startled and frightened to be gracious.

"Shsh," the creature whispered, raising a spectral forefinger to a nose as long as Cleopatra's needle. "I'm Mercury!"

I recognized him then, this Messenger of the Planets, and the planet of reason in his own right. But what brought him to my study at this unusual hour, his breath spent, his gaunt frame drooping with fatigue, his garments heavy with the dust of a long journey?

He dropped into a chair, and fanned himself with a palm-leaf hand. After a moment, his breath came more easily.

"I am not too late?" he contrived to ask.

"For what?"

"To warn them!"

In spite of his air of mystery—the furtiveness of his entrance, his cryptic speech, the evident importance of this mission, which he had had to execute in such haste—I was not greatly engaged by my visitor from the realm of the Stars.

AMONG all the Great Council of Nine—that planetary hierarchy which rules the affairs of men—I liked him least. The fiery Mars, the inimical Saturn, the graceful, soft-spoken Moon—these, and all the other rulers of the Celestial Domain, I had found it possible

to admire, for their virtues principally, of course, but sometimes for their vices.

But Mercury lacked in his nature enough metal to hold the imprint of either virtue or viciousness: he reminded me of a moldy, old bag of meal, which one could punch into the temporary semblance of individuality, but which would improve the first opportunity to relapse into an indifferent shapelessness.

YET Mercury was not a fool, nor altogether a rogue. Shaken out of his natural lethargy, the sharp sword of his reason had drunk impartially of good and bad men's blood. And tonight, it would seem, he had gathered his cadaverous carcass together and unsheathed his blade in a noble cause.

I looked at him with a little less disfavor.

"When you've completely recovered your breath," I said, "perhaps you will explain who you wish to warn—and of what."

"I have it now—my breath, I mean." And to prove it he dragged himself out of the depths of his chair, with a great swaying and bending of his appendages, and a creaking of his bones. "You must forgive the infirmities of an old man," he went on in a querulous tone, "I've been running errands for that damned Council for centuries—I, whose clear intelligence has fertilized the genius of Uranus, whose sane counsel has held even that infamous, old dastard, Mars, in check; whose cold judgment has led many a child of Venus out of a brothel to sit on the left hand of a King."

"No doubt you have suffered greatly," I remarked. "But what did you come

to see me about? What is your warning? Who must be told?"

His baggy garments disgorged a black bordered handkerchief, and he blew his nose. In some miraculous manner, the gesture seemed to steady him.

"You are writing an article for the RADIO DIGEST," he asserted.

I admitted that it was true.

"The article concerns the fate of Amos and Andy."

This I also acknowledged.

"Then—" he leaned far forward to heighten the dramatic effect—"you must warn them! At this very moment, they stand in fearful peril!"

His black, consuming eyes; the pallor of his cheeks; the unearthly way in which his figure was knit together under the voluminous folds of his cloak; the attitude in which he poised himself as if for flight from the edge of his chair, made me think of him suddenly as a great, gray evangel of Death.

I jumped to my feet, glanced at the clock, and ran to the Radio. It was after 7, and over the air came Andy's deep voice and Amos', higher pitched, in one of their endless discussions.

"They're all right!" I said, with the asperity of one whose concern has been unnecessarily aroused.

BUT I failed to disturb the venerable apparition in his rôle of a prophet of doom. He transixed me with an outstretched arm.

"Tonight—yes; but what of tomorrow night, and the night after that?"

"What do you mean?" I cried.

"Dissension, disruption, dissolution!"

I laughed. "Nonsense! They are the best of friends. I thought you intended to

tell me a racketeer planned to take them for a ride."

But no light of levity answered me in my caller's gloomy face. He arose, took the chair before my desk, glanced at the two horoscopes which I had left beside my typewriter.

"Sometimes there are things worse than death," he intoned. Upon the outspread sheets, he laid a bony finger. "See, it is written there—the danger of disruption! They are entirely unaware of it, and yet it stands at their shoulders."

HE BECAME vastly excited and grew more so, as he studied the symbols of his lore. "You must warn them. Tell them a trap is open at their feet. Tell them they must not fall into it. They have climbed the high places together. They have won fame side by side, and through each other. If they separate, neither will ever be so successful nor so happy again. Tell them so! Tell them everything I have said! Tell them, for Heaven's sake, to beware!"

"But how is all this to come about?" I demanded. "Through whom? And in what way?" Then the suspicion that the scene was too theatric to be real—that I was being made the victim of a hoax—came to me with disconcerting suddenness, and I took refuge in derision.

YOU are as alarming as a gangster's pineapple, and as mysterious as hash. Do you think Amos and Andy are going to start pulling each other away from the mike just to make MacFadden jealous? Somebody will have to slip the poison in the soup. Make public the name of the villain!"

Mercury arose and wrapped himself in his mortician's dignity.

"I had hoped to avoid this issue," he said, in a tone that had the hollow echo of a sepulchre.

"Well, you won't," I assured him. "Come across!"

His enormous feet were flapping in the direction of the door; but he paused, and stood for a moment, as motionless, and as ridiculous as a scarecrow in the corn.

Then his mournful lips contorted themselves in laughter; his cavernous eyes danced with diabolic glee.

"Man's enemy is woman," said the old crapehanger. And disappeared.

I rushed to my charts in a fever of excitement, scanned the spot where my celestial caller's finger had lain. And there it was—the mysterious menace in step-ins.

I have no wish to invade the affairs of either Amos or Andy; and I could not, even if I would, venture to guess her age, her identity, or what part she may play in their joint career. But Amos and Andy, in their relations with each other, will do well to discourage the interference of all women; for their separation—

and their downfall, if it comes—will be the handiwork of a daughter of Eve.

Although I can say no more of Amos' and Andy's peril, due to the possible machinations of a member of my sex, the stars give me authority to describe other interesting phases of their life, which they little suspect one in my remote position can know.

It is seven a.m. of any morning since Amos and Andy first met. Amos, (Freeman F. Gosden) is awake and wide-eyed. He is anxious to get to work.

"Come on Andy," he calls as he springs out of bed, "get up. We've lots to do on that sequence today."

"Uh huh." Andy, (Charles J. Correll) grunts and turns over for another nap.

Amos goes about the business of getting dressed with the natural grace of the Taurian born. He sends an anxious glance toward the sleeping Andy and a little wrinkle appears between his eyes. He doesn't want to nag but he knows perfectly well, that if he doesn't keep after Andy, he'll never get up.

"Andy, it's almost eight o'clock." But Andy doesn't care whether it's ten o'clock. He groans and goes on sleeping. After several more attempts on Amos' part, Andy finally extricates himself from the bed clothing and starts getting up. But he doesn't hurry. Andy hates to hurry. And it seems so foolish when there's tomorrow. If everything can't be done today . . . why bother? There is always tomorrow.

Andy's middle name should have been Procrastination, and if Madame Queen ever gets him to the altar she should receive nothing less than the Congressional Medal.

It would appear to the casual and unpenetrating observer that the combination of Amos and Andy is a trifle lopsided, with Amos doing all the work. But be-

fore you jump to conclusions . . . read on.

Amos, who was born May 15th, has his Sun in the industrious, practical, determined, earthy sign Taurus. He has an abundance of vitality to start with and a strong will. When he starts out to do anything he won't give up until it is accomplished. To further strengthen this tendency in his character, he has the lordly sign of Leo on the ascendant, a splendid combination under which to seek a public career, and this rising sign also helps to bring out Andy's Leo, which is the sign of the theater.

On the other hand, Andy was born February 3rd with his Sun in the airy sign of Aquarius. He has a highly developed imagination and is a confirmed dreamer of dreams. He has remarkable ideas, much originality and a keen sense of humor but without Amos it is doubtful that he would ever get his flights of fancy down on paper. It is Amos who brings him to earth and makes his dreams come true.

THEY should never quarrel and never permit a third party to come between them. For they are both stubborn and once they separated, there would never be a reconciliation. They both have exceptionally amiable dispositions and if any difficulty ever arises between them, it will be through the subtle efforts of another.

Their horoscopes show their early struggles. Each has had to make his own way and rise to a position of eminence through his own efforts. There were no silver or gold teaspoons in the Gosden or Correll families when these youngsters came into the world, but they both had something far more desirable . . . the beneficent Jupiter pulling for them. Inherited fortunes bring no happiness when the stars are set against a person and while Amos and Andy have had many ups and downs, they have also had the incomparable satisfaction which comes from personal achievement.



Andy (Charles J. Correll) never hurries but gets there just the same.

IN ANDY'S chart we find the reason for his being cast in the less popular rôle. His Moon in Cancer is opposed to Jupiter and square to Uranus. This aspect always results in the native appearing unfavorably before the public. A pretty young actress, for example, is cast as an old and offensive woman. A man, with all the natural instincts of a hero, must take the villain's part. It is an aspect you cannot get away from.

The Neptunian influence in their charts
(Continued on page 98)

True Story of Kippy and Robar's

Punctured ROMANCE

*While She Coyly Twittered at
KOA He Crooned to Her About
Roses and Moonlight at KLZ*

By Florence Partello Stuart



Florence Partello Stuart, Author who
Fell Victim to the Charms of The Hero

THIS amusing incident is from the pen of the wife of Colonel G. W. Stuart, Chief of Staff of the 103rd Division, U. S. Army. Mrs. Stuart, whose triple personalities embrace society matron, writer and Radio entertainer, vouches for its truth to RADIO DIGEST readers.

I STUMBLED into KOA, Denver's NBC Station, purely by accident and stumbled into the most alluring romance just-like-that. Now I have undeniably reached the Carpet-Slipper age, when romance and adventure should be enjoyed in retrospect, but who is ever wise enough to eschew Romance when it

is handed to one with a bunch of roses?

I acquired a "red hot" programme, *The Morning Revellers* and was told to carry on. Mrs. Berlin Boyd, creator and manager of this hour, was off for a much needed rest. Said Mrs. Boyd to me:

"Kippy, can you handle *The Morning Revellers* for me?" Like the young lady who was asked to play the piano I replied: "I've never tried, but I'll do the best I can."

When I first faced the microphone I suddenly lost contact with my stomach.

It had fallen through to the basement, and there was I, totally devoid of tummy, facing that invention of the Devil, the microphone. I prattled weakly about the values at the Oregon City Woolen Mills; I lisped inanely of the sparkle of Bluhill coffee. Frantically I made gestures, I raved around that Studio waving arms, stomping feet to emphasize my point, and, I was a total flop. Mrs. Boyd suddenly took on the proportions of a giant, she soared above my head like an eagle. Clarence Moore, my synthetic "Brother Bill" gave what comfort he could, but it was pale, weak comfort. Self consciousness had destroyed my poise and I sounded like a child of twelve.

Enter Hero. On KLZ, the Denver Columbia Station, the wit of Radio holds forth under the name of ROBAR. His is a rollicking program, free and easy. Robar is the most inconsequential person on the air. There is no rhyme or reason to his role, it is pure foolishness, a riot of fun. Anything that pops into his head comes forth and witticisms are bandied back and forth between Robar, Art and Verne. All the West knows the Robar hour, and there is

ever a laugh coming when least expected.

I have always been a great Robar fan, admiring Robar for his spontaneous humor, and, as I was pretty sunk after my dismal failure of the morning, I turned on the Radio. If I was to become a broadcaster, I might as well take a few lessons. What was my amazement to hear this Robar person chatting with Verne about "Kippy", the new KOA Radio personality.

"That Kippy must be a swell kid, Verne."

"She sounded pretty scared this morning, Robar."

"Yes, but she is a beautiful girl, Verne."

"How do you know?"

"Why, can't you just feel her beauty, her youth? I bet Kippy is a tall slender blonde. . . one of those delicious blondes . . . one of those world beaters . . ."

BINGO! Did I sit up and take notice! I flew to my typewriter and before I knew it my next morning's programme was accomplished, and the thing was alive! It breathed . . . it lured. Clarence Moore was amazed when I launched forth. Gone was the selfconsciousness . . . gone the inferiority complex. No longer was I a neophyte. I had ARRIVED. Fear had been banished by the excitement of adventure, for slyly, between each advertisement was a message to Robar, he of the Golden Voice. I had completely forgotten that I was on a job, for this was high adventure.

Since I wrote the program, I could easily put the words into Clarence Moore's mouth. Right then and there, I became

(Continued on page 102)



The Hero—Robar of Station KLZ, Denver—
just "Mrs. Rosenfield's Husband, Lawrence"

By
AUGUSTIN
DUNCAN

Director of Radio Plays
Radio Home-Makers' Club

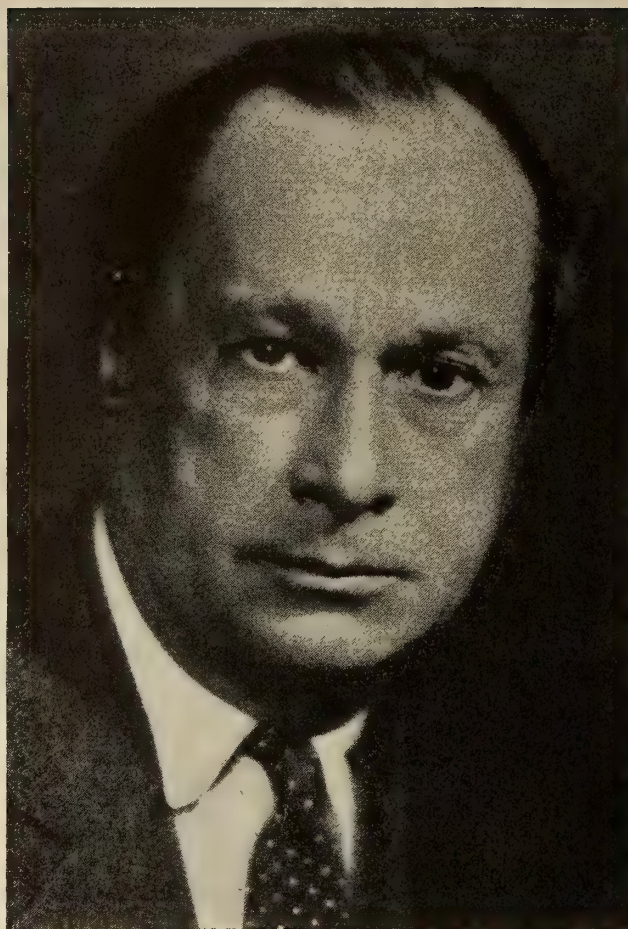
NOT only as an actor, but as a stage director, Augustin Duncan, brother of the famous Isadora, has played many parts and produced many plays—some of the most artistic the American Theatre has known. Recently, Duncan lost his sight. But there has been no diminishing of his professional ambition. Instead, with splendid courage and fine enthusiasm, Duncan has turned his talents to helping the Radio audience "see" plays performed for the microphone—without aid of television. As actor-director for The Radio Home-Makers' Club, Duncan is producing and playing in a remarkable series of Radio dramas broadcast regularly over Columbia's network. He prophesies a brilliant future for the Theatre-of-the-Air.

FAMILIAR as we have become with the marvels of Radio, I fancy that very few of us even begin to appreciate the graphic possibilities of the spoken word.

As a veteran actor-producer, who has devoted many pleasant years to the problems of the stage, I must confess that I was skeptical over the early efforts of the Theatre-of-the-Air. Then, when a curtain descended on my vision of the footlights, it seemed as though my affliction had given me new foresight in imagining the future scope of Radio dramas.

Why shouldn't the drama succeed on the air? As I asked myself that question, I recalled that the earliest plays which history records, relied almost entirely on the actors' lines. Of course these plays had pantomime, and the actors appeared in person; but the scenic effects were *imaginative*, and a simple sign announced the fact that the background was supposed to be a castle or whatever locale the playwright had in mind. Later, the drama was translated from the open amphitheatre to the inside of the playhouse.

After years of experience in producing the most lavish and glamorous stage productions, I am not certain that the drama will not be better served when stripped of its settings and trappings. Then the success of a play will depend on the author's lines and the actors' skill, instead of gorgeous scenic effects which often divert



Behind The Scenes of
**The STAGE
INVISIBLE**

*Blind Radio Drama Director Finds
Handicap An Asset In Producing
Unseen Plays*

attention from a mediocre cast and a trashy manuscript.

SO, IN the dusk of retrospection, I realized that in Radio, it is more true than ever that "the play's the thing". And it suddenly occurred to me that my own faded vision should be a splendid asset in applying my long experience to "staging" more realistic plays for the microphone. For, since television is not yet at our command, isn't it true that the millions who tune-in on Radio programs are *blind* in the sense that only their ears receive such entertainment? That being the case, it seemed to me that I was ideally fitted to visualize dramatic

Augustin Duncan, whose sightless eyes still have the power to command. Brother of the late Isadora, he is as gifted in his field, drama, as she was in the dance.

acts in the minds of this vast audience, by creating vivid pictures in their memories.

In a very real sense, I visualize what I have not seen. In producing a Radio-play, each desired effect must be made clear to the listener's ear. Spoken lines and "property" sounds must carefully set the stage—give the spirit and the environment demanded by the drama. Dialogue must not only voice the actors' thoughts and speeches, but also impart to the audience *everything* that each character does—and the *manner* in which it is done. That is why Radio drama is even more fascinating to the playwright and the actor than the stage or screen. Its very difficulties add to its allure. Its subtleties are infinite, and there is no reason why the writing of plays for Radio cannot produce great dramas which will affect their hearers as vividly, and as forcefully, as those visible performances we see.

I KNOW it is true that until now, but few of the writers and artists of the legitimate stage have taken pains to study the requirements of a radically different method of histrionic expression. However, the work of those pioneers who are giving their hearts and souls to it, is basically important.

They are laying the foundations of a gigantic theatre whose influence will be greater than any ever dreamed of by the foremost actors of previous generations. And the artists of that theatre *now* play to a larger audience than the footlight stars of yesterday appeared before in a lifetime. They do it in one evening—and carry the message of their play to possibly forty million pairs of listening ears! So is it any wonder that I find Radio alluring?

As has been the case with the screen, Radio's greatest performers will probably win their laurels in the broadcast studio. One day, no doubt, their *voices* will be more familiar to the listening public than
(Continued on page 105)

RADIO MAYOR

Straight-from-the-Shoulder Tips on Politics As Seen By Air-Minded Executive

WHAT'S that? Am I a Radio mayor? You bet I am. My record proves that. And the next mayor of Philadelphia or of any large city should be a Radio mayor. He'll be out of step if he isn't.

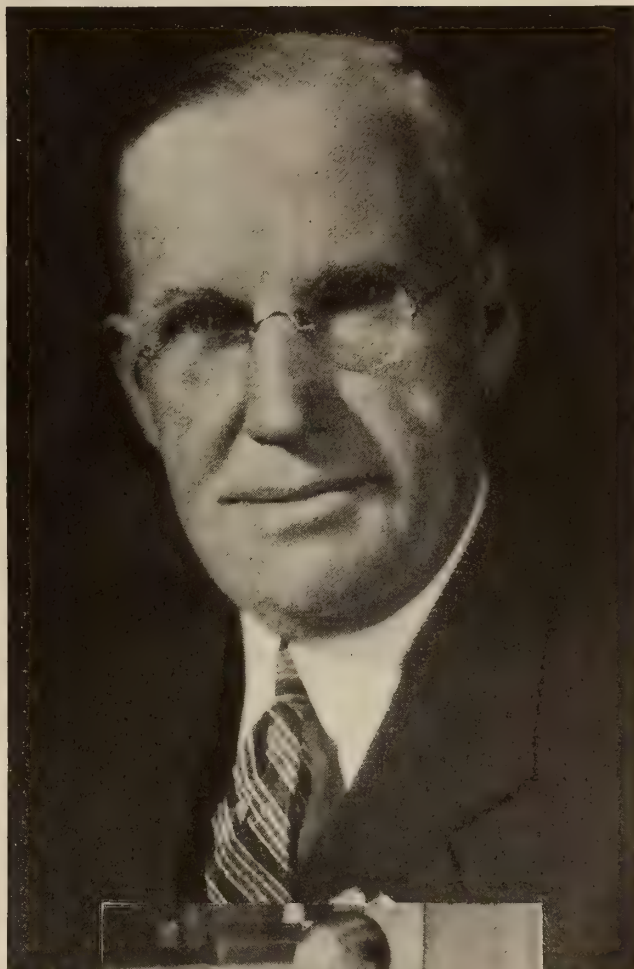
There has been no enterprise of my administration, now in its fourth and final year, that I have not taken right into the homes of the people over the Radio.

I have deemed this both a privilege and a necessity, for broadcasting has become an indispensable means of publicity in public life. Every important office holder should go on the air frequently in order to maintain his contact with the people.

In political campaigns Radio keeps candidates truthful and consistent. Before the days of broadcasting an aspirant for public office could make varying sets of promises in different communities. But he can't get away with it now, because all of his constituents are listening in and contradictory statements will be checked up and used against him.

Radio fascinated me in its early days and it still does, both as a listener and a broadcaster, but I cannot say that my first appearance before the microphone was a great success. I'll never forget it. Back in 1922 I was invited to address a banquet to a newly appointed Philadelphia official and was told that my speech would be broadcast.

I thrilled at the thought and when I left home that evening I informed my wife—another great Radio fan—that her chance to be educated had come at last. All she needed to do, I told her, was to pull an easy chair up before the Radio and listen in—to me. I did my best that night because I imagined the great unseen audience of millions, as well as my wife, would be listening in. When I got home I found that no one outside the



As Told To

CHARLES D. MACKEY

Radio Editor of the Philadelphia Record

banquet hall had heard a word I said. There had been an SOS.

Since then I have faced the microphone hundreds of times and the memory of my first "broadcast" often has been with me.

Shortly after my SOS experience I began an extended series of talks on current events and book reviews over WIP (Gimbel Brothers Store, Philadelphia). Later I was a weekly speaker on current topics over WCAU (Universal Broadcasting Company, Philadelphia).

In 1926 I made an extensive Radio tour on behalf of Philadelphia's Sesqui-centennial celebration of American Independence. Traveling across Canada to

By
**HARRY D.
MACKEY**

*Mayor of
Philadelphia*

Vancouver, down the Pacific Coast to San Diego and into the middle of the United States, I spoke from all of the important broadcasting centers, inviting the people of this vast area to attend the exposition.

I WAS a Radio speaker for Coolidge and for Hoover and one winter I took a trip through the South with the Philadelphia City Business Club, broadcasting the city's achievements and advantages.

As manager of William S. Vare's Senatorial campaign in 1926 I made Radio speeches from local stations in every part of Pennsylvania. I said then and I still believe that Radio was the greatest single factor

in Vare's victory at the polls.

Last fall when Gifford Pinchot, now Republican governor of Pennsylvania, was opposed for election by John M. Hemphill, Democrat-Liberal standard bearer, the public mind was very much confused. Cross-currents were in evidence in every direction. The newspapers as well as individuals and groups were adding to the general confusion. I do not believe there has been a time in Pennsylvania politics when greater confusion existed as to issues.

Republicans were for Democrats and Democrats were for Republicans. Newspapers in Philadelphia, founded by Republicans and with Republican traditions of many years behind them, for some reason had torn loose from the old moorings. They presented the astonishing situation of supporting a Democrat for Governor of rock-ribbed Republican Pennsylvania.

Here was Radio's great opportunity. All this misrepresentation had been brought about by deliberate poisoning of the minds of the people. The press was

(Continued on page 103)



Latest photo (Model 1925) of original Nit Wit gang. Starting left; Chief Nit Wit (Bradford Browne); Lizzie Twitch (Yolande Langworthy); Professor R. U. Musclebound (Harry Swan); Aphrodite Godiva (Georgia Backus); Eczema Succotash (Minnie Blauman); Patience Bumpstead (Margaret Young); Algernon Ashcart (Chester Miller); Mocha de Polka (Lucille Black). Deserters from the gang, gone but not forgotten, are Yolande and Chester. New member is Gabriel Horn (Ernest Naftzger).

Quips from the Nit Wits

ON THE 32nd of January a letter reached the editorial offices of RADIO DIGEST special delivery air mail with the stamps licked twice and marked "Postmaster please rush." "Dear Editor," it said, "I have been listening to the lovely little Nit Wits on the dear old Columbia chain and I think they are a scream, yes I really do. But my husband and I can't agree. He thought last week's program was the funniest yet and I think this week's was. You know, it made me giggle and shake all over, it really did. I put it up to you. Will you settle the difference of opinion and tell us which was the funniest Brad Browne—Nit Wit program? Hurry up, quick, in the enclosed special delivery air mail envelope."—Signed—Lizzie Plushbutton.

That was an important matter. So the editorial board solemnly convened to settle it. Pandemonium, chaos and confusion resulted. We finally decided to call on the Nit Wits at the studios in a body and

ask Mr. Brad Browne, the Supreme Nit Wit of them all and the boss, to settle the controversy and bring harmony to Lizzie Plushbutton and her husband. He picked the one which begins with the gas-collector, and Mrs. Plupp. We print it here for Mrs. Plushbutton, her husband and other interested (or disinterested) readers.

BROWNE: Our college professors are continually breaking out into print to tell us that our conversation is becoming trite, banal, stale, and dozens of other syno—snyomo—cinnomons. In other words, the conversation of the American people isn't so hot. Well, there's a way out of that condition. Let's make our conversation mean something. Here is the way the dear little Nit Wits would do it. The gas man calls on Mrs. Plupp and the following conversation ensues.

MUSCLEBOUND: Mrs. Plupp.

MRS. P.: Yes. Oh 'tis you. Don't tell me you're back again. No. No. Anything but that.

MUSCLEBOUND: But my dear Mrs. Plupp, you know that orders are orders. I come not to add to your misery, but to add to the income of the gas company.

MRS. P.: The income of the gas company! Humph. You know not, my good man, that the shadow of this bill haunts me in my dreams. In my waking hours, and in my in betweens. Yes, like a skulking sinowy thing it swoops down upon me in my happier moments, bringing nothing but misery and disappointment in its wake.

MUSCLEBOUND: Whose wake. Did I mention the fact that we hoped you'd die and have a wake. No, no. This bill has caused you to become slightly balmy, Mrs. Plupp. We never want any of our customers to kick off. Never. Never.

MRS. P.: Never.

MUSCLEBOUND: Well, hardly ever. Come; Mrs. Plupp. All I ask, all I seek is eighty-five cents to balance your account with the gas company.

MRS. P.: Ah, you treat this matter

THIS is Serious—Laugh if You Dare! Nit Wits Present Great American Drama of The Ages—"And The Villain Still Pursued Her!"

lightly. Know you not that you are asking for something which I do not possess.

Well, that goes on a while and whether it really means something or not is a question. But then the Nit Wits start a different type of conversation, chock-full of real meaning. In fact every word in it has fourteen lines of definition in the dictionary. This time it's Mocha de Polka and Gabriel Horn on deck.

MOCHA: Ah my dear Mr. Beehive, I'm so simultaneous to see you.

GABE: And I'm so euphonious to see you too Mrs. Mop.

MOCHA: My, my, and how is your pan-demonium?

GABE: Very stenographic, Mrs. Mop. Very stenographic.

MOCHA: Oh, I'm so simultaneous.

GABE: And how is your hypocritical linoleum?

MOCHA: Oh, impalpable. Oh, yes indeed.

GABE: Well, your scrupulosity is O K, isn't it?

MOCHA: Impalpable.

GABE: Good bye, Mrs. Mop.

MOCHA: Simultaneous, Mr. Beehive.

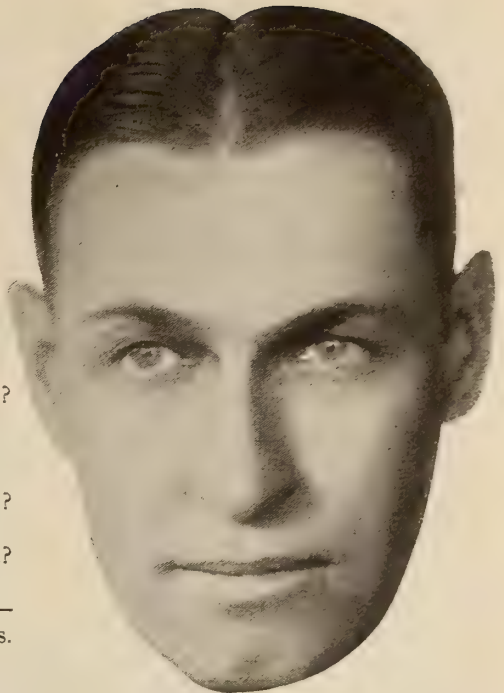
Well, such a conversation really doesn't mean much, but it does get us out of the rut into which our American conversation has fallen. Now for another type of conversation. There are in this country numerous folks who are very busy and while they'd like to carry on a conversation with some dear friend or sweetheart, time will not permit of much talk. So Brad Browne recommends the monosyllabic type of conversation and appoints Sandy MacTavish and charming Patience Bumpstead to do the honors.

SANDY: Hy—
PATIENCE: 'Lo.
SANDY: Queen...
PATIENCE: King...
SANDY: Lone?
PATIENCE: Sure.
SANDY: Rose?
PATIENCE: Thanks
SANDY: Age?
PATIENCE: Ten.
SANDY: And?
PATIENCE: Six.
SANDY: Oh!
PATIENCE: You?
SANDY: Young.
PATIENCE: Much?
SANDY: Quite.
PATIENCE: Thanks
SANDY: Walk?

PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Talk?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Dance?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Eat?
PATIENCE: Yes.
SANDY: Now?
PATIENCE: Thanks
SANDY: Walk?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Run?
PATIENCE: No.
SANDY: Cab?
PATIENCE: Please.
SANDY: Right.
(Beckons cab)
CABBY: Where?
SANDY: Food.

CABBY: Oke.
SANDY: Name?
PATIENCE: May.
SANDY: Thanks.
PATIENCE: Yours?
SANDY: Mike.
PATIENCE: Thanks
SANDY: Cold?
PATIENCE: Some.
SANDY: Squeeze?
PATIENCE: Well...
SANDY: One?
PATIENCE: Yes.
SANDY: There.
PATIENCE: Ohhh.
SANDY: Kiss?
PATIENCE: Well...
SANDY: Wait—
PATIENCE: Why?
SANDY: Cause-boy.
CABBY: Yes?
SANDY: Slow.
CABBY: Right.
SANDY: Now?
PATIENCE: Now.
SANDY: Yes—
(Smack)
SANDY: There.
CABBY: Out.
SANDY: Fare?
CABBY: Buck.
SANDY: There.
CABBY: Thanks.

SANDY: Tip.
CABBY: Thanks.
WAITRESS: Yes?
PATIENCE: Oh.
WAITRESS: Soup?
PATIENCE: Yes.
WAITRESS: Fish?
PATIENCE: No.
WAITRESS: Meat?
PATIENCE: Yes.
WAITRESS: Which?
PATIENCE: Pork.
WAITRESS: And—
PATIENCE: Beans.
WAITRESS: Yes.
PATIENCE: Peas.
WAITRESS: Yes.
PATIENCE: Bread.
WAITRESS: Yes.
PATIENCE: Tea.
WAITRESS: Right.
You?
SANDY: Me?
WAITRESS: Yes.
SANDY: Nope.
WAITRESS: Why?
SANDY: Fast.
WAITRESS: Why?
SANDY: Fat.
WAITRESS: Oh.
PATIENCE: Grand.
SANDY: What.
PATIENCE: Chow.



Chief Nit Wit Brad Browne
as he really looks.

SANDY: Eat.	SANDY: No—
PATIENCE: Right.	WAITRESS: Yes!
WAITRESS: Check.	PATIENCE: Ohhhh
SANDY: Oh—	WAITRESS: Cop—
PATIENCE: Sick?	COP: What?
SANDY: Yes.	WAITRESS: Him.
PATIENCE: How?	COP: Well?
SANDY: Pain.	WAITRESS: Pinch.
PATIENCE: Where?	COP: Why?
SANDY: Heart.	WAITRESS: Broke.
PATIENCE: Gee—	COP: So?
WAITRESS: Well?	SANDY: Yup.
SANDY: Ohhhh—	COP: Come!
WAITRESS: Pay!	SANDY: Where?
SANDY: Can't!	COP: Jail.
WAITRESS: Why?	SANDY: When?
SANDY: Broke.	COP: Now!
WAITRESS: Broke.	SANDY: Gosh.
SANDY: Sure.	PATIENCE: Mi-ike.
WAITRESS: Cop.	SANDY: Ma-ay.

This could go on indefinitely but what's the use. That would really be a great way to carry on conversations—all in monosyllables—think how easy it would be on the tonsils.

And now comes the grrrand climax, with the great Nitwit parody of Hank Simmons' Showboat. This is a classic which will be preserved in the dead letter files of the nation. It is really authentic, for it's all in the family—Harry Browne, Showboat director, is Brad's brother.

BROWNE: And now ladies and gentlemen, the dear little Nit Wits too have been listening in on the Radio and they are going to give you their version of Rank Persimmons' Slowboat—the Sleighbell. Here we go. Rank Persimmons Slowboat the Sleighbell lies hooked up to the Levy—

NIT WITS: (Softly) That's levee.

BROWNE: Oh yes. Lies hooked up to the Washington Monument tonight. She



Chester Miller, Formerly Algernon Ashcart,
who deserted the Nit Wits for Chicago.

is gaily decked out in green, blue, pink, red, yellow, orange, violet and flesh colored bunting. The stage hands are making their last minute preparations for the performance while outside Rank Persimmons' concert band is giving the unusual evening concert before the big show starts.

Music and Conversation.

BROWNE: This way, folks to the Rank Persimmons' Comedy Company presenting for the first time on a row boat at unpopular prices that great American drama—*The Villain Still Pursued Her*. This way folks. This way. Unpopular prices of ten dollars, twenty dollars, and thirty dollars.

MUSCLEBOUND: Are you Rank Persimmons?

BROWNE: That's me, gosh darn it. Who be you?

MUSCLEBOUND: I'm the sheriff and you're wanted.

BROWNE: What fer?

MUSCLEBOUND: Fer parking your Slowboat the Sleighbell without no tail light.

BROWNE: No tail light? Why Sheriff, you was lookin' at the wrong end.

MUSCLEBOUND: So I was. My mistake. So long.

BROWNE: Be ye goin' to stay fer the show? Won't cost you nothin'.

MUSCLEBOUND: I'll stay, but I'll pay.

BROWNE: You don't need to.

MUSCLEBOUND: Nobody can say that Sheriff Glucose didn't pay fer his seat.

BROWNE: Suit yerself.

Right inside everybody. Right inside.

Music—Orchestra tuning up.

BROWNE: Everybody scrappy?

VOICE: Sure, why not? Ha, ha, ha.

BROWNE: Well, it's just great to see so many of you all tonight, gosh darn it, and I want you all to make the slowboat your home while we're in your city. Tonight, folks, we're goin' to give you, whether you like it or not, that great drama called—it's called—what's the name of that show Musclebound?

MUSCLEBOUND: *The Villain Still Pursued Her*.

BROWNE: Yeah, the Villain still pursued her. Now we ain't got time to tell you who's who in the cast of characters but if you keep your peepers open you'll spot us as we come on the stage. Well, I got to get back stage now and comb the sawdust out of my whiskers so I'll leave you and ring up the curtain on the first act. Oh yes, the first act is laid in the iron foundry of a man named Sterling. This is the mill where they put iron in raisins. Well, you'll see two villains, Blake and Flint hanging around as the curtain goes up. All right, clear the stage.

Blake discovered with his hand in Flint's pocket.)

FLINT: (*Musclebound*) Ha ha ha. See all the pig iron. I wish I had it.

BLAKE: (*Browne*) Don't be a hog Flint. I'll squeal on you if you're not careful.

FLINT: Ha ha ha. Always gagging. So Sterling fired you.

BLAKE: Yes, he fired me. I found out his secret process for taking the squeak out of his pig iron and he fired me. But I had time to engrave a plate for making counterfeit money and here it is.

FLINT: Ha ha ha. You're a good villain Blake, and I like you. Now all we got to do is get the men to strike and then I'll make you the third asisstant pig-pen keeper.

BLAKE: What's that?

FLINT: I mean pig-iron superintendent.



Before and after—just little Georgia Backus with and without her Aphrodite Godiva Make-up.

Now I want you to plant this counterfeit plate in Sterling's mill.

BLAKE: That's easy. I'll plant the plate in the place. But hark—somebody is approaching.

IRISHMAN: (*Musclebound, who takes two parts*): Where does Mr. Sterling live?

BLAKE: Ah, an Italian! Three blocks to the right, three blocks to the left, then three blocks to the right.

BLAKE AND FLINT: AND THEN THREE BLOCKS TO THE LEFT.

IRISHMAN: Thanks.

FLINT: Maybe this Italian here would plant the plate in Sterling's place.

BLAKE: Good. My good man would you plant the plate in Sterling's place?

IRISHMAN: Plant the plate in Sterling's place. Do you mean place the plate in Sterling's plant?

BLAKE: Wait 'till I consult my comrade here. Flint, shall he place the plate in Sterling's plant or plant the plate in Sterling's place?

FLINT: Yes by all means.

BLAKE: Yes by all means.

IRISHMAN: That's what I thought. (*Aside*) Ah, they're gone! I'm really

Reggie Riggs disguised with a long beard but in love with Louise, Sterling's oldest daughter. And he hates me.

(*Someone approaches.*)

REGGIE RIGGS: My, my, you're walking loud, fair Louise.

LOUISE (*Patience*): Who's this man with long whiskers? Hey come out from behind the bushes and tell me who you are. He won't answer me. Say, your whiskers are trailing in the dirt. Can I loan you a hair net?

(*Fire engine sounds.*)

BROWNE: Hey, wait a minute, that fire engine doesn't come until the second act. Get out. Please. Go on with the show.

REGGY: Say listen, Louise, don't tell anybody. But I'm Reggie and I'm in love with you and I've got false whiskers on but don't tell anybody.

LOUISE: I won't. Good bye Reggie.

REGGY: Good-bye Louise. Here comes those two villains again. Hello villains.

BLAKE: Hush, don't give us away just yet. Wait till the last act. Now I know that old man Sterling doesn't like you. If you'd like revenge just leave this package in his mill.

REGGY: Oh, this is the plate you want me to plant in the place.

BLAKE: That's right. Here's the key to the door and everything.

REGGY: Gosh you villains sure know everything don't you.

BLAKE: This will fix Sterling. Curse him. Ha, ha, ha.

FLINT: Go long now, my boy, and do the planting of the plate, etc. Listen Blake. Now get the men to strike.

BLAKE: Strike what?

FLINT: Anything, just so long as they strike. They'll find the counterfeit plate in Sterling's place and the detective will arrest him and we'll get the mill and set fire to it and . . . and . . .

BLAKE: Yeah, ain't we got fun. But look out, here's Sue Sterling the youngest daughter of the old man. Let's go into the mill office.

SUE: (*Aphrodite*) Hy, Flint with the flat feet. Where ye goin'?

FLINT: Into the office.

SUE: No ye ain't. Only over me dead body.

(*Applause*)

SUE: Thanks, whoever done dat. Do you see this hammer? Well, I'm achin' to test it out on your dome. Oh, here's me boy friend Steve. Hy Steve!

STEVE: (*Sandy*) Hoot mon, me own Susie.

SUSIE: What's you got Steve?

STEVE: A stave.

(*Continued on page 104*)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

Over in England they have two-hour broadcasts without benefit of station announcements or any of the other little distractions we have here, like weather reports and election returns.

Not so long ago they presented a burlesque on our method of broadcasting and one old lady died of the shock. In the middle of an opera, announcer burst in with, "Rioters are collecting in front of the Savoy Hotel." The old lady's heart began to palpitate.

When fifteen minutes later he again interrupted with "They are burning the Savoy Hotel," the poor woman collapsed. American broadcasting was too much for her!

But just suppose our government controlled the broadcasting stations as the English government does! New York would play Jimmy Walker's song *Will You Love Me In December As You Do In May* all day long, Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood would be the broadcast centre for the West Coast. Previews would predominate, with stars making shy (?) speeches into mike.

Boston would dole out recipes for baked beans and codfish cakes . . . Chicago would provide the humor with Mayor Big Bill Thompson as chief performer. Me for the American way.

TROY THIS ON YOUR PIANO!

Waitress: Hawaii, gentlemen! You must be Hungry.

Customer: Yes, Siam. And we can't Rumania long, either. Venice lunch ready?

Waitress: I'll Russia to a table. Will you Havana?

Customer: Nome. You can wait on us.

Waitress: Good! Japan the menu yet?

Customer: Anything at all. But can't Jamaica a little speed?

Waitress: I don't know, but Alaska.

Customer: Never mind asking! Just put a Cuba sugar in our Java.

Waitress: Sweden it yourself! I'm only here to Servia.

Customer: Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am.

Waitress: Not and I don't Caribbean. Youse guys sure Armenia. Samoa your wisecracks, is it? Don't Geno-a customer is always right? What's got India? Do you think this arguing Alps business?

Customer: Canada racket! Spain in the neck.—*Francis Loomey, 66½ Atwater Street, New Haven, Conn.*

JUST A RIB OFF THE OLD ADAM

Radio Scandals, WHN:

Nick Kenny: Do you think Eve is important because she was the first woman?

Arthur Paul: No, she was merely a side issue.—*Jacob S. Polofsky, 426 Broadway, New York, N. Y.*

Recited by Charley Hamp:

Mary had a little dog,

She called him by the name of Tony

One day he went to cross the street

Honk! Honk! Boloney!

—*Charles L. Burwell, Magnolia, Ohio.*

DOCTOR, DOCTOR, GIVE 'EM THE ETHER

Owner of Radio Station: Well, what did the Radio Commission do about our application for a new license?

His manager (joyfully): Oh, they gave us the air—*Adrian Anderson, 1903 14th Ave., N., Birmingham, Ala.*

HE HAD SPRINGFIELD FEVER

Here's a whisper Indi heard. It seems Michael Bataeff, of the Russian Cathedral Quartet was taking part in *Microphobia*, NBC's vaudeville burlesque of studio life.

The production went on tour, winding up at Springfield, Mass., but Bataeff sent a substitute for the Friday night performance, as he was busy in New York. Substitute left Springfield Friday, Bataeff was to appear for the Saturday night performance. By curtain time he wasn't there. Frantic phone calls to New York brought the response that Bataeff had left for Springfield. But he didn't arrive, and the Russian Quartet had to sing as the "Russian Trio".

Back in New York next day the director, Nicholas Vasilieff received a telegram asking, "Where in blazes is your show?" The wire was from Springfield, Ohio.

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay \$5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, \$3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and \$1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

THE FARMYARD RADIO

Old Farmer Mike, adown the pike,
Gets all the help he needs
To plant his hops and reap his crops
And decimate his weeds.
He has a Radio in his barn,
To fill his cows with pep;
He has loudspeakers on each plow
To keep the teams in step.

They fox-trot up and down the fields—
They bolted one day, though,
When that loudspeaker started with:
"A-hunting we will go!"
He put one in the henhouse, too.
The rooster near went crazy;
But since that day, you cannot say
One biddy has been lazy.

His steers come home from where they room,
To hear the news each day.
And horses, cattle, pigs and hens
To bed all gladly go
When they hear the bedtime story
On the farmyard Radio.

—*Alfred I. Tooke, 200 Dewey Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii.*



WOODEN IT GET YOUR GOAT?

Radio star to announcer:

"Say, I saw the awfulest thing happen the other day! Mr. Stone and Mr. Wood were standing on the corner, talking, when a cute-looking girl passed by, and what do you think happened?"

"Stone turned to Wood, Wood turned to Stone, they both turned to rubber, and the girl turned into a drug store!"—*Mrs. O. M. Sergeant, R. R. 5, Rosedale, Kans.*

HERE'S A GOOD GAG

"Some burglars got into my store yesterday, tied me to a chair, and then gagged me."

"Then what did you do?"

"Why I sat around all night and chewed the rag!"—*Mollie Zacharias, 3106 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo.*

The next one is reminiscent of the oft-reported mike slip, "The next one will be the song *Never Swat A Fly On A Phonograph Record*"—it might crack!

Dutch Masters:

"Do you think the Radio will ever replace the newspaper as an advertising medium?"

"No! You can't swat a fly with a Radio"—*Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindewold, N. J.*

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

One on Believe-it-or-not (Robert L.) Ripley. A Brooklyn fan wrote asking permission to see him broadcast, and ended the letter this way, "My wife and myself have always been interested in unusual things. We haven't missed a circus in the last thirty years. We have a peculiar fascination for curiosities, freaks, etc., and how we should like to see you, Mr. Ripley!"

SINCE SYLVIA SANG!

O'er Radio station "C-O-D",
There came a vespering voice to me,
Hymning of love, in tones of bliss;
Emphasizing a lover's kiss;
Describing a sylvan trysting-place;
Accentuating love's fond embrace . . .
Lonely and "blue", I brooded there,
As Sylvia's singing cleft the air.

Then in a throbbing, tragic tone,
She sang a song of a lover flown;
How she'd won—but to cruelly lose;
Left alone with the low-down blues;
Heart bereft—ah, the ache; the pain!—
Sylvia sobbed the sad refrain
Over the ether-waves to me—
Radio station "C-O-D".

Sadly her notes ceased to intone
Over the magic microphone;
"If you're troubled", she cooed, "with
ills;
Bilious and blue—take Piker's Pills" . . .
Swift I sped to the drug-store close,
Bought a bottle, and downed a dose.
The low-down blues have deserted me—
Since Sylvia sang o'er "C-O-D."
—*James Edward Hungerford 631 So. Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles, California.*

CUTTING REMARKS

Something For Everyone (CBS):
A girl met an old flame and decided to high-hat him.

"Sorry," she murmured, when the hostess introduced him to her, "I DIDN'T GET YOUR NAME."

"I know you didn't," he replied, but that isn't your fault. YOU TRIED HARD ENOUGH!"—*Reported by "John Anon".*

HOW ABOUT THE SOCKS?

Charlie Hamp:—"Shoes are usually thrown at bridal parties, but they have to furnish their own spats."—*Frances Cherry, 605 Logan St., Wayne, Neb.*

BATTLIN' JACK THE KNAVE

Weiner Minstrels, WENR:—

Gene: Buddy, is your wife listening in to-night?

Buddy: Naw, she's out with a bunch of prizefighters.

Gene: Prizefighters?

Buddy: Yea, she went to a bridge party.—*Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton Ave., Lexington, Ky.*



She: There's quite a difference between a janitor and a superintendent, isn't there?

He: Yes—about \$75 room rent!—*From the Mirthquakers, NBC—reported and illustrated by Frank J. Slama, Box 843, Havre, Mont.*

A FITTING TRIBUTE

WMMN, Morgantown Announcer:
"Mrs. Brown wants to hear the song, *I Can Get Along Without Work, And I Do*. She requests that this number be dedicated to her husband."—*Lena Jones, 1325 Arkansas Ave., Dormont, Pa.*

MONKEY BUSINESS

Weiner Minstrel Show, WENR:—

Bill: Have you still got that pet monkey?

Gene: No, he got electrocuted last night.

Bill: No! How?

Gene: He sat on some fruit cake and the current went up his tail.—*Julia Zaic, 2403 St. Louis, Hibbing, Minn.*

ACH, DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE!

Lou Raderman, violinist, nearly ruined Frank Crumit recently during an NBC Fleischman Hour broadcast. Raderman was to play the *Toreador Song* from *Carmen* as a background for *The Gay Caballero*.

Raderman was sitting down with his music before him when the engineer informed him, through a page boy, that for reasons of volume he would have to stand.

He stood—but didn't have time to raise his music rack too.

He played the only thing he could think of—*Ach Du Lieber Augustine!* That Crumit could go through with *The Gay Caballero* after that without a laugh, was certainly a miracle!



GOSSIP SHOP

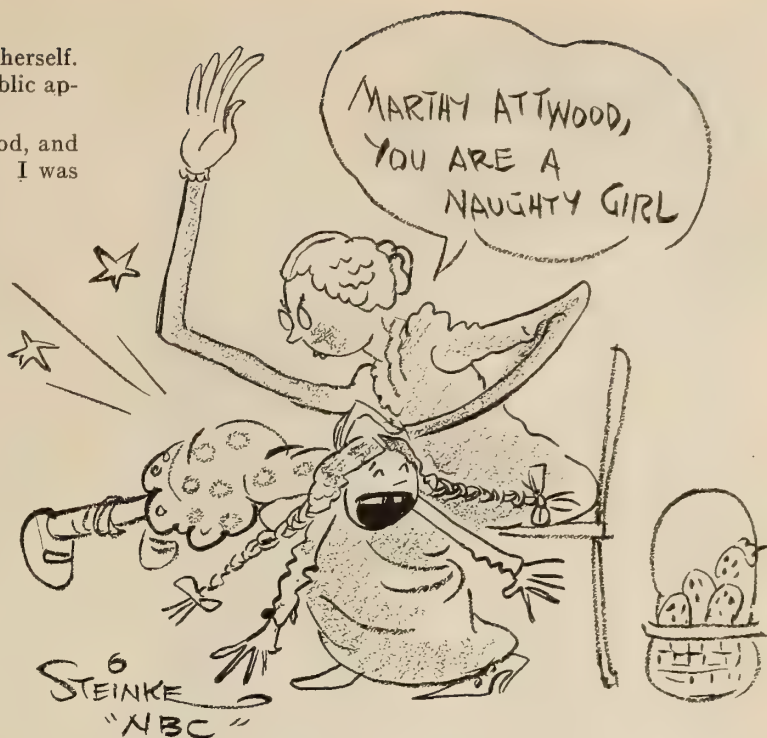
Here's one Martha Atwood, NBC soprano, tells on herself. She was just eleven years old when she made her first public appearance in her home town of Wellfleet.

"Wellfleet," says Martha, "is a small town on Cape Cod, and the town strawberry festival in June was one big event. I was on the program for a song called *"Who'll Buy My Strawberries?"* and carried a box of strawberries decorated with fancy crepe paper and ribbons.

"When the time came for me to sing I suddenly became panic-stricken. It seemed so silly. Me, a big (?) girl, holding a box of strawberries and preparing to sing a song about them! I became so self-conscious that I decided not to sing at all and started to run away. But mother had different ideas.

"She caught me by the arm and gave me a severe spanking while everybody looked on. I was then hoisted up on the platform and made to sing. But I fear the effort wasn't so good, for I sobbed *"Who'll Buy My Strawberries?"* instead of singing it. I didn't make a very convincing salesman!"

That cured Martha of all kinds of audience-fright, including mikitis. Even at her very first try at the mike she thought of "Mamma spank" and succeeded.



VASS IS DAS?

Here is a bona fide letter, received by RADIO DIGEST:—

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

Am a steady listener on the Literary Digest every evening at 6.45 P.M. Heard your announcer say that anyone writing in to the Literary Digest would receive a RADIO ANNOUNCER.

Trusting to hear from you, and thanking you very kindly, I am,—
Mrs. F., New York.

Oh lady, lady, you must have us mixed up with a matrimonial agency. Anyway, take our word for it—Radio announcers don't make good husbands.



"Listen, Brother Brokenshire, I've a counterfeit quarter and I can't get rid of it."

Brokenshire: "Don't you ever go to church?"—*From the Mirthquakers, NBC—reported and illustrated (sight unseen) by Frank J. Slama, Havre, Mont.*

2 x 4 = ATE

The Interwoven Pair:—

Ernie: Do you know they call the new baby in our house 2 by 4?
Bill: Why?

Ernie: Well, she feeds him at 2 and by 4 he's hungry—*Frances Cherry, 605 Logan St., Wayne, Neb.*

RAISING THE ANTE

From KNX, Hollywood:

She: "I'll bet I'll marry you."

He: "I'll bet you five dollars you don't!"

She: "I'll raise you ten!"

(*They were married and she raised him ten!*)—*J. Kline, Box 495, Shelby, Mont.*

O. K., KERNEL!

Something For Everyone (CBS):

"I know where you can get a good chicken dinner for only fifteen cents."

"Where?"

"At the feed store."—*R. McCarthy, 12 Pinehurst Ave., New York.*

* * *

To be very frank, I certainly think that

'Twas mean of Bugs Baer
To squeal o'er the air:

"She Sleeps in the Valley—by request!"—*I. Waitt, 19 Pleasant St., Reading, Mass.*

MARITAL OR MARTIAL STRIFE?

WENR Minstrels:

Gene: What city has done more than any other to keep peace in the world?

Al: Reno, Nev.—*Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.*

SING, FAR, FAR AWAY

KHJ Merrymakers:

Mac: "Don't you like my singing? Why, I have a fine voice."

Kenny: "Yeah, you oughta have a fine voice. Every time you sing you strain it."

And on the same subject, from KPD:

Sally: "Oh dear, every time I open my mouth, I put my foot in it."

Cecil: "Wear bigger shoes, and try whistling."—*Dorothy Graham, Box 226, Morgan Hill, Cal.*

SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

A HOWLING SUCCESS—

Said Captain Dobbs of the Shell Ship of Joy on KGW: And now we hear Mark howl. The singer's name was Mark Howell!—*Gladys Eberly Bicol, 146 Molalla Ave., Oregon City, Ore.*

WAS HER NOSE RUNNING?—

WTAR announcer; in a news broadcast, "Clara Bow at the trial alternately wept, laughed, wrung her nose and powdered her hands."—*W. C. Powell, Box 11, Lynnhaven, Va.*

THIS KID HAS SOME CHEEK—

Announcer, on Missing Persons broadcast, "The missing lad is fifteen years old, has a small spot on his cheek weighing about 120 pounds!"—*Lyman E. Denver, Milford, Kan.*

CLOTHES CALL FOR THE ADVERTISER—

Local firm at KFH was advertising a fur coat sale. Announcer concluded with suggestion that a fur coat would make an ideal present for wife. Then the quartette immediately sang, "My Baby Don't Care For Clothes!"—*Constance Randall, 225 No. Estelle Ave., Wichita, Kan.*

HERE'S A HOT ONE—(Not a mike slip, but a printed error in NBC daily program) Program sponsor is Heel Hugger, Inc. (Heel Hugger Harmonies).

ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE;

Radio program in Pittsburgh Paper, "Station WCAE—8 P.M.—Dudy Vallee's Orchestra." Some Dudé! But even that is better than being Rudé!—*Arthur Gramire, 017 East End Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.*



John P. Medbury, columnist and newest Radio wittyboy, uses his typewriter as a weapon against sadness.

GRANDMA laughed when I was born, and so did the company in the parlor. They snickered when I addressed them in Scandinavian. As I had never played an instrument before in my life the nurses were amazed when I picked up the stethoscope. I rendered *My Heart Stood Still*, and because the beat was inaudible it was enjoyed by all—that is, until I showed a spark of life. My conflagrant personality caused my guests to burn up.”

The speaker is John J. Medbury, who recently affixed his X to a contract that calls for his officiating as “Master Without Ceremonies” for the California Melodies. This program is broadcast over the nation-wide Columbia network from Station KHJ, Los Angeles, every Friday night.

This nifty play-by-play description of his advent into the world at Utica, New York, in 1894 is typical of Medbury, who

refuses to take life seriously. He is the only chiropractor in the country who works exclusively on funny bones. He cures all his patients’ ills without their suffering chills upon receipt of his bills. Medbury’s early training all began in California or, as he terms it, “Out Where the Jest Begins”. This phase of his career preceded that much-heeded cry, “California, Here I Come”, by approximately eight summers. In addition to writing for syndicates and magazines, he has written acts for such vaudeville headliners as Willie and Eugene Howard, Savoy and Brennan (now Brennan and Rogers), Yorke and King, Phil Baker and countless others. He has contributed the comedy dialogue, black-outs and skits for many Broadway revues, including the Greenwich Village Follies and George White’s Scandals.

HE FABRICATED the comedy dialogue for a number of pictures, the most recent of which are *Reducing*, starring the team of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, and *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath*, with Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood.

*With MEDBURY
It's Just An*

Old Panish Custom

*“Master Without Ceremonies” Roasts
‘Em Alive, Puns, makes Gags, but
Says “Its All In Fun”*

By Robert Taplinger

John P. Medbury writes and Radios on everything from the midget who had his face lifted to read Dr. Eliot’s Five-Foot Book Shelf, to the absent-minded wife who forgot to shoot her husband. True, he is addicted to puns. He admits they are the lowest form of humor, but nevertheless “a form of humor”. He’ll introduce the California Melodies program in a most irrelevant manner. Like this sample:—

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen,” says Medbury, “I just blew in from Chicago. There will be a slight pause now, while they purify the air.

“It’s quite breezy tonight, and I’m wearing these ear-muffs to keep the wind from whistling through the wide open spaces.

“I hope you’ll excuse me if I sound a little upset this evening, but my wife and I had a quarrel—and just as I was leaving the house, she hit me over the head with a ‘Bless Our Happy Home’ sign.

“You’ll notice that my leg is all chewed up, but don’t pay any attention to it—I was giving a farewell dinner to the wolf at my door.

“And now, folks, for some music—Bob Bradford is going to sing, *To Make a Long Story Short*.

“Bob is one of the most influential men in California—He was a dollar a year man during the war—and is now suing the government for fifty cents over-time.

“While singing this song he will be

accompanied by Ray Paige's Orchestra of thirty-six pieces—it's really forty pieces, but we always knock off ten per cent for our friends."

For years, John P. tells us, he has been under contract to several seats of learning as rewrite man. He edits the wisecracks on college boys' Fords (Henry should appreciate plug), and supplies most of the humor for their slickers which sometimes appears all wet. He's the fellow who burns laughing gas in his automobile. He claims this puts the speed cops in a jocular mood.

Medbury's only enemy is sadness. This he battles day in and night out, using his typewriter for a weapon. The best 'type' of defense to use, he says. He writes by the quart and gets fifty smiles to the gallon. Through his Herculean efforts a great many people have come to realize the health value of a laugh. He tells his listeners that a frown is but a grin that has traveled in the wrong direction, and adds that "we have our professional grouchers, but even a pessimist likes to laugh on his day off."

He keeps the studio noise machines working overtime producing noises like, well, "the barking of seals". And then he says:

"I'll have to apologize again, folks, for all these unnecessary noises, but there's an animal trainer up here tonight—He's training some Christmas seals for the Red Cross.

"Well, here comes Vici Kid—the prizefighter—He seems very proud of that black eye—I don't blame him—it's all hand work.

"They tell me there's one fighter who always carries a piece of cheese in his boxing glove, so that his opponent can have cauliflower ears, au-gratin.

"I was talking to Vici Kid's wife this afternoon—Do you know that she never goes to her husband's fights?—She says it breaks her heart to see somebody else beating him up.

"I wish you could see Vici up here tonight—He's turning that 'shiner' of his into a social event—he's going around to everybody in the studio—inviting them to the opening of his eye."

(Four or five notes from piccolo player.)

"That noise you hear, ladies and gentlemen, is coming from one of the musicians in the orchestra.

"About three weeks ago, the piccolo player borrowed fifty dollars from me and hasn't been able to return it—so tonight I made a deal with him—and he's paying me off in piccolo notes."

(Four or five more notes from piccolo player.)

(BANG! BANG! BANG!)

"I just cancelled his notes."

Shatter-proof glass has been installed in the KHJ studio from which California Melodies emanates, they say. There used to be one or two casualties each night from the sharp-edged missiles of wit Medbury lets loose every so often. But the

members of the ensemble have grown tough, rhino hides from bouncing off shafts like this:

"That was a song from the Three Cheers, folks—One of the finest trios in the country—the boys were on the verge of splitting up this week and turning it into a duet—they figured they could cut down their overhead by eliminating the middle-man."

(Meow!—Meow!—Meow!)

"I'm awfully sorry—That duck of mine follows me everywhere.

"It's not really a duck—it's a homing pigeon—but we move so often it doesn't know where it lives."

(Meow!—Meow!—Meow!)

"I'm wrong folks—that's not a pigeon—it's a cat—it's my mistake—I'm color blind.

"My eyes are getting very bad lately—I guess I'll have to see an optimist.

"The reason I brought the cat up here tonight is that I wanted to use the PAWS

for station announcements." He pauses.

His existence is a maze of wisecracks, gags, and laughs. He heaps tribute after tribute at the altar of Mirth. And he finds no difficulty in luring Hollywood's famous screen folk to the microphone as guest artists with California Melodies. They enjoy participating in the same program with him, and attempts to suppress their laughter in the studio usually proves futile. Here's what happened when he introduced June Collyer, the Paramount Picture star. Said John P.:

"June's mother and father are listening tonight back East and I'd have her broadcast them a kiss, but after her fans in the Middle West got through tuning in on it, there wouldn't be much left by the time it reached New York.

"Would you step up to the microphone, Miss Collyer?—You don't mind my calling you Miss Collyer, do you, June?"

Whereupon this dialogue ensued:

(Continued on page 107)



"Isn't it the custom," asks Miss June Collyer, Paramount star, of J. P. Medbury, "for the critic to interview the star?"

Broadcasting from

Mr. Orton Takes a Dig

NOW we know what is the matter with broadcasting in this country. We are lowbrow. We are thirteen-year olds. Our Radio heritage has been sold for a mess of pottage. The only thing left for us to do is turn the whole works over to the politicians in Washington and let them start us off again on the right foot. We should operate as the British do on the Tight Little Isle.

At least so we are informed by Mr. William Orton in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Orton knows whereof he speaks because he comes from England where he gets the kind of programs he likes. He has just about given us all up as impossible. In fact he almost gets mad in the course of his denunciation as it appears in our venerable and respected contemporary.

Anyway Mr. Orton, being scholarly minded, chanced across a careless phrase published under the sanction of the Federal Bureau of Education. The phrase appeared on an instruction page and said: "Write out your exact wording. Begin with one or more striking statements. Present your specialty on the level of thirteen-year-olds. Do not overrate the intelligence of your listeners." This was enough for Mr. Orton. He couldn't get a piece of writing paper quickly enough. He chose the subject, *The Level of Thirteen-Year-Olds*. And the next thing that happened, bingo, it was in the *Atlantic Monthly*, America's old aristocrat of the periodicals!

And now we are getting the hard bitter facts. Enlarging on his subject Mr. Orton says: "The conception of the public that necessarily arises from the commercialization of broadcasting is that of the mass; and this conception, so long as it is dominant, is utterly fatal to cultural advance."

In plain words Mr. Orton insists that the majority always is wrong. Broadcasting, therefore, should be considered primarily for the lesser number rather than the greater number of listeners. There can be no mistake about that view because he says a little further on "the redemption of the mass cannot come except from the minorities." That may be an axiom from Mr. Orton's point of view but it could scarcely be reconciled with the rock bottom principles of this republican form of government where the majority rules. And this condition applies not only to government but to all our social organizations from political parties to bridge clubs.

But the principles involved are not all that distract Mr. Orton. The faster he writes the hotter he gets and we come across this sentiment: "It is not that programmes are bad . . . The trouble arises on grounds much more fundamental than that; it springs directly from the commercialization of broad-

casting itself, and the consequences which flow therefrom.

"The wholesale exploitation of sound in the various perversions of money getting is a far worse thing than the desecration of the countryside by billboards. It is at once more intimate and degrading. The unctuous bleating of the high priests of salesmanship would be ethically less intolerable were it their own wares they were crying. The fact that their voices, like their machinery, are for hire renders it a form of prostitution essentially akin to its older prototype."

And so far, far into the night mumbles Mr. Orton, never stopping to think that perhaps after all it may be no more of a sin to sell the product of one's larynx than the steam of an exploding brain cell in a column of type for a magazine obtainable at the corner news stand for forty cents.

The whole upshot of Mr. Orton's blast seems to be derived from the fact that a group of educators rather tactlessly muddled into a situation at Washington where, instead of a reception committee waiting with open arms to hand them 15 per cent of all broadcasting time, they found a rather stern and hard-headed group of business men who were ready to play ball but insisted on playing according to rules of the game as approved by the crowds in the bleachers and the grand stand. Nearly two years ago RADIO DIGEST printed a statement by a representative of the National Broadcasting Company to the effect that education was the greatest thing about Radio at that time. From that time, and before, some of the best minds in the United States have been engaged on the problem of how to "sell education" to the listener. The conclusion has been that "showmanship" was necessary. The group of educators who went to Washington to see what could be done about it resented suggestions from those who had been making Radio a business and a profession in a big way for years. They particularly deplored a statement by one of the vice presidents of the NBC who was quoted as saying, "Every person entrusted with teaching by Radio should be required to pass an examination on his ability as a showman. When education joins hands with Radio it enters the show business." And Mr. Orton says:

"Here, at any rate, is one of the reasons for the sorry story of Radio education in America, as revealed in recent reports of a committee appointed (ten years too late) by the Secretary of the Interior and an investigation by the American Association for Adult Education. The kind of education that can be made to conform with the conceptions of Messrs. Sarnoff and Ellwood is not the sort of thing in which the best minds of the country can be deeply interested." There seems little likelihood just now that an Educational Bureau of Broadcasting will be created in Washington to function along precise academic classroom lines. Nor is it at all probable that Mr. Orton will see the time when the United States will go into the broadcasting business for set owners at \$2 per year per set. We still like the idea of competition for program interest—even if we are only on the level of thirteen-year-olds.

the Editor's Chair

For the Radio Pulpit

WE ARE asked by the pastor of a Methodist church in a Texas city to make suggestions for a half-hour religious service on the air. What a marvelous opportunity to do a great deal of good! To do the right thing in the right way is the problem that confronts our friend—and it is a problem. Perhaps RADIO DIGEST readers would like to make suggestions and let us pass them on to him.

In spite of the widespread cynicism which the sophisticated so loves to display, we are, deep-down, a religious people. Our country was founded by spiritually minded men and women who lived and worked in close touch with an Omnipotent Being conceived and believed to be the very essence of perfection. The blood and carnage of wars have not obliterated that consciousness. Misguided and sometimes astray, we have, in the main, kept the faith of the fathers.

Religious services on the air are well received. They are vital to the comfort of many of the aged and invalid who otherwise are unable to attend regular religious services at the churches. In some rural communities daily morning devotions are directed from broadcasting stations and are largely followed.

Our pastor friend asks for ideas to be incorporated in his sermon that will make his half-hour "different and effective" and not "flat, as some religious broadcasts seem to be." What he means, but did not say, is "how can I exercise what broadcasters call 'showmanship' without being undignified? I must acquire and hold my Radio audience, but must I resort to devices that are cheap or unworthy?"

Sincerity is the greatest asset of any preacher or moral leader. We have no patience for tricks or tawdriness in such matters. The listener must feel the beating heart back of the voice—the unmistakable tone of honest feeling. The pastor who would succeed with a Radio audience must first have a clear conception of his message and then present it with the very utmost feeling of sincerity.

A generation or two ago our fathers, or grandparents, were well convinced that the Devil was a real personality. Nowadays we don't hear much about him. But the same old sins in new disguises are still here. They beset us at every turn. Some of them have been disarmed of their deadliness but others are just as bad. The pastor who would lead a 1931 Radio flock would do well to spot these modern wolves and shout a note of warning. The sheep's clothing today may be a magistrate's robe or a policeman's uniform or it may be just a metaphorical covering like a shady business deal, condoning of a vice, a slacking at the polls.

There should be singing in this half-hour on God's air. Singing is an expression of the spirit within us whether the music be secular or popular. Prayer we would not recommend to a general Radio audience, unless it is a pause for a moment of silent prayer by the individual listener. Pulpit prayers, even under the most favorable circumstances, too often sound stagey. Prayer is for one's own communion in the secret of his chamber or under great emotional stress.

The message, we believe, should constitute the main part of this religious program. The success of the message, of course, would depend primarily on the conception and ability of the person who presented it. A real ringing message will cause the whole world to listen.

Broadcasters on Their Guard

YOUR Radio entertainment is in the hands of your broadcasters. What affects them affects you. Therefore both the broadcaster and the listener have common interests. In order to maintain a high order of service leading broadcasters have united into an organization called the National Association of Broadcasters. The activities of the association seem to be growing. The headquarters have been moved from New York to Washington, where a watchful eye is kept on proposed legislation.

Someone in one of the Southern states read that in some countries set owners paid a tax on their receivers. What a grand scheme to procure a little extra revenue! Automobiles are taxed three or four times through state, county, city and gasoline; why not tax Radio receivers? The broadcasters complained that their business would be affected by such a tax. It was found that a broadcaster's business is interstate. Just all the legal technicalities that were involved we do not pretend to know, but in a general way we understand that the courts decided it would be unfair discrimination to tax the citizens of one state for the identical service that was distributed tax-free in the surrounding states. So the scheme failed.

As we write, the association is concerned with legislation in Washington affecting a form of copyright racketeering. Are hotels to be "lawed" out of giving Radio service to their guests in their rooms? Some fine points are under discussion. Is a Radio program literally a "public entertainment"? Is it analogous to entertainment provided from a phonograph record, and therefore governed by the same laws? Every broadcaster should belong to the association for the good of all concerned.

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

IDEA! Crack the whip, Don Clark. Get an idea!

It is the planning room of Columbia's continuity department. Around the table sit Don Clark's staff of nine. From the commercial department has come the word that a big motor company wants to go on the air, wants a program submitted.

They get their heads together, do Don Clark's staff. Here an idea, and there an idea, until finally one is evolved that is suitable. Don Clark, as head of the department, then assigns it to be written up by the one who is most apt for the particular kind of program wanted. For his is a staff of specialists. One is good at atmospheric stuff. One is a master of the wisecrack. One has a musical background and can do symphonic continuity. And so on.

When the script is completed, an au-

dition is given for the company, perhaps several auditions. An audition, in lay terms, is simply a broadcast which does not go outside the studio. Yet the listeners hear it exactly as it will go on the air.

"It is dangerous to let scripts be read," said Mr. Clark as we sat talking in his little office high up in the Columbia Building. "Things written for the ear should be presented to the ear. Can you imagine a magazine editor accepting a story from hearing it read? No, he wants to see it, wants it presented to his eye, as it will be to his readers. The most excellent of Radio scripts might have no appeal if it were read instead of heard."

"That is a thing many people forget in writing for the Radio, too, that there is only the ear. Action cannot be explained by business as on the stage. So different is the technique that once acquired it gets to be a habit. Right now I am working on a play, and find that I put in too much talking, leave too little for stage business."

I noticed the stack of manuscripts upon his desk.

"Do many people send in Radio scripts by mail?" I asked.

"Quite a few, but not one in hundreds is acceptable. Although once I did receive a script that was so good that it eventually led to my taking the author of it on my staff."

Mr. Clark has a finger in all of Columbia's Radio pies, for he edits or writes all of the CBS continuity. Some of the programs for which he is personally responsible are the Robert Burns Panatella, the Story in Song, Majestic's Old Curiosity Shop, Night Club Romances, and the Necco Candy Party.

He has a good background for the kind of work he is doing, a background of newspaper reporting, Radio editing, acting on the air. He refuses to take his job seriously. He says he works better when he doesn't.

"I used to worry about it," he said, "and gave myself a nervous breakdown. That was back in the days when I was an announcer, and announcers were supposed to do a lot of other things than just announce—act, write programs, see that the performers got there on time, substitute

wherever they were needed at all times.

"I remember once I had to fill a twenty-five minute gap in a program. The ground was covered with three feet of snow and the performers had decided to stay in.



Mary Hopple

I always kept a ukulele handy and played that till I thought my listeners had had enough. Then I told them to stand by for a minute, dashed out to our library, collected a couple of speeches, and dashed back. When I started to read them I saw I had one on how to raise children, and another on spring gardening. I didn't mind talking about raising children, for children aren't seasonal, but I did feel foolish talking about spring flowers with the snow on the ground."

Despite the fact that Don Clark says he doesn't take his work seriously it is known around the studio that he puts in, if not prevented, about seventeen hours of work a day. And he also has the happy faculty of making others want to work.

He is tall, slim, and good-looking, and is known as the "Ronald Colman" of the air. They say he is just as fascinating as a villain as in the rôle of a hero.



Don Clark



Marie Gerard

Mary Hopple

"GENTLEMEN prefer blondes," and that makes you think, of course, of that other wisecrack, "But they marry brunettes."

Wonder if that's the reason Mary Hopple gets furious if you call her a blonde. For Mary Hopple, featured artist on the Armstrong-Quaker program, and one of NBC's most popular contraltos, believes in matrimony. She thinks no life complete without a husband, home, and children.

"And some day," said Mary, "I'm going to have them all. Although just now I haven't time for anything but singing."

She isn't a blonde. It's because her eyes are such a dark velvety brown that her hair seems light by contrast.

"Will you give up your career when you marry?" I asked.

"Indeed not. I'll sing them both. Any girl can with a little organization. I'll sing for my supper, not cook it. I mean I'll sing to pay a cook to cook it. Although I love to cook. I have the world's nicest kitchen."

"A kitchen," I said enviously, "you mean a whole kitchen, not one of these New York arrangements, a kitch-o-bath, where you stand in the tub to fry the eggs?"

"A real kitchen," she laughed, "and I have all sorts of gadgets in it, a special cookie cutter, and a mayonnaise mixer, and an orange squeezer. I'm always buying knickknacks at the ten cent stores. And it's in green. I have green linoleum on the floor—Armstrong-Quaker, for I have to be loyal—and I have green oil cloth on the shelves, and green pots and bowls. And I'll tell you something else I have in my apartment. I have thirty dogs."

"Thirty dogs!" I gasped.

"Oh, they're china ones. Someday I'm

going to have some real ones, but just now I'm collecting the kind that doesn't take up so much room. At home—that's Lebanon, Pennsylvania—I have a great big Collie. He likes me to sing to him and I do."

Others besides the Collie think Mary's voice is swell. For three years she has been with NBC and has sung on more programs than she can remember. Right now she is with the Armstrong-Quaker hour, and has been featured in Enna Jettick Melodies, on the Chase and Sanborn hour, in the Victor Herbert Opera series, and in Philco Theatre Memories.

There is a belief current that pull is necessary to get before a microphone. Mary Hopple has proved this isn't so, for she was utterly unknown when she walked into NBC and asked for an audition. She sang and they liked her. It was as simple as that. A few days later she was in a program.

She has been singing ever since she was a child. It happened once that Schumann-Heink came to Lebanon. Mary's friends wanted the great contralto to hear their own little song bird. After Schumann-Heink's concert Mary went back stage to sing for her.

"My child," said Madame Schumann-Heink, "you have a good voice. Study hard. Some day you will sing for everybody."

And it so happened that a few months ago when Schumann-Heink was appearing as a guest artist on a program, Mary Hopple was there as one of the supporting voices. Madame Schumann-Heink recognized her and said, "Ah, my child, I see that you have been studying hard."

Marie Gerard

WHAT a lucky break. Because Marie Gerard, Columbia's well-loved soprano, has a flair for antiques. And when I was invited up to her beautiful Seventy-fifth Street apartment, didn't I walk right up to her prize possession, an old open sideboard, called an *étagère* and admire it, and didn't I notice the Wedgwood pit-

cher, and sit down reverently in the Windsor chairs. For I don't always notice furnishings, but Miss Gerard's were so lovely.

Miss Gerard, or Mrs. Charles Touchette. Four months married and ecstatically so. Husband was there, and he is one of the Ebony Twins, you know, that two piano team at Columbia, of which Adolphe Opfinger, Miss Gerard's brother, is the other—Gerard being her Radio name . . . That sentence is getting involved. Let's begin again. As I said, husband was there, wearing a gorgeous gold-colored lounging robe over his suit, a present from wife. Wife, wearing a cute little apron over her henna colored satin dress, went into the kitchen to make some of the most scrumptious caviar sandwiches I ever put in my mouth. (I ate eleven.)

While she was fixing them, husband told me what a wonderful cook she was. "You just ought to eat her fried chicken," he said. And when she came in bringing the tea she told me what a wonderful carpenter he was. "Come see the shelves he built," she said.

And so I must see the living room closet and note how cleverly the shelves were built to hold their stacks and stacks of music. Since both are musicians they need a great deal of space.

(Continued on page 108)



Peter Dixon, David (Raising Junior) Dixon and Aline Berry Dixon

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask

Her about the Stars You Admire

WMCA is certainly coming into its own, but of course, if you knew those behind the micro-scene, it would be easy to understand. There is Donald Flamm the owner, with his very able feature writer, Muriel Allen. Patricia H. of North Arlington writes: "Have been tuning in on WPCH (WMCA's sister station) to hear the haunting lyric soprano, Marie Kelley. Does she look as beautiful as her voice sounds?" Judge for yourself, Patsy.

She is but twenty-three but has crowded in a big bunch of experiences during those years. At twenty she sang for an entire season at the Club Lido in Paris, and before that she worked in stock companies. And should anyone ask, Marie has over 300 songs in her repertory, one for each day of the year, leaving out Sundays.

* * *

RADIO DIGEST has broadcasting "artists" on its very own editorial staff, my dears, in the person of Mr. Brown, our Managing Editor, who writes coming and going, here and there, and variously herein, sometimes using the nom de plume of—no, guess he doesn't want me to tell you; and our Radio columnist Mr. Tighe, Associate Editor. Perhaps you heard Mr. Brown talk on the Five Arts program conducted by Ida Bailey Allen over CBS, Thursday morning, January 15th. If you did, you got some startling glimpses into Radio's future. Our M. E. pointed out that although we

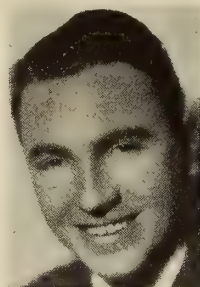


Marie Kelley

have long heard that "television is just around the corner," television has actually turned many, many corners since it first dawned in the minds of men. It may interest you, my dears, that Mr. Brown spoiled a very wonderful plan

I had to get his picture for this page.

Our other "artist," Mr. Tighe, promises to out-popularize Floyd Gibbons, judging from the abundance of fan mail which is brought in every day by an extra staff of ushers. There is even a slight resemblance, if you will look closely. Yes, I know the patch isn't there, but even Floyd Gibbons' twin brother, if he has such a reminder of himself, would not



Frank Hornaday



Charles R. Tighe

necessarily have to affect the patch. The guest artist on Mr. Tighe's program which is broadcast, by the way, every Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 over WMCA. New York, was Frank Hornaday, well-known tenor. Peggy Hull, famous writer on astrology and war now appears regularly on the R. D. programs. As every one knows, Peggy has the honor of being the only girl war correspondent. And you may have heard the beautiful things Floyd Gibbons broadcast about Peggy. Mr. Tighe presents a gossip line of chatter about Radio notables each week.

* * *

E. E. D. and Alice M., of Goodlettsville, Tenn., have requested pictures of Ernest Naftzger—a name not lending itself very easily to pronunciation, as you can see, my dears. To begin with Mr. Naftzger is



Ernest Naftzger



Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hall



Violette Clarkson

the man you hear almost every morning in his *Something for Everyone*—he has created and directs three other features, *Morning Moods*, *Morning Devotion* and *Melody Parade*. When a young boy, Mr. Naftzger was prevailed upon by his father to accept the singing engagement offered him by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, noted evangelist. There was the desire for a college education that kept tugging at the young heartstrings, but like an obedient son he went with Dr. Chapman. The tour lasted over eight years. Every English-speaking country in the world has caught the strains of his fine voice, and out in Belfast, some Ulster maiden made goo-goo eyes at him—she's now Mrs. Naftzger.

* * *

EVERY month your Marcella receives numerous requests for information about the private lives of Gene and Glenn at

WTAM, Cleveland.

She wrote to Hal Metzger for the low down. Hal replied to the effect—"Nothing doing—the boys maintain their private life is *private* and that's that." But having known genial Glenn Rowell these many moons, she wrote to him direct, and of

course Glenn never hesitated. I give you the letter: "Dear Marcella: Here's the 'works'; Gene *did* marry the curly haired, brown-eyed girl who lived next door, and her name is Mary. She has been on the stage, being a member of the act known as the Stewart Sisters, and later known in the Radio act, Polly and Anna. You may have heard them at WLW. They have three kiddies—three, six and nine—Theresa, Gene, Jr., and Mary. Glenn's wife's name is Velma. They have two children, Glenn Jr., twelve, and Patsy, two. And, incidentally, may we take this opportunity to thank you for the many nice things



Campbell Arnoux



George F. Beck, Jr.

you have said about us in your RADIO DIGEST articles." It was signed by both Gene and Glenn. And now, Babs of Darragh, Pa.; Micky of Niles, O.; Jean of Dunbar, Pa.; Inquisitive Kate; Mrs. Millie S., Sandwich, Ill.; M. N. D., Herndon, Pa.; Mrs.

A. L. C., Cleveland; Mrs. A. F. F., Cleveland; and all you others who wrote before, I hope you are satisfied. And, holy mackerel, boys, it sure relieves me of a lot of worry because I dote on giving my correspondents "the works" in this here Marcella department.

★ ★ ★

MRS. BREWSTER of Arkansas City writes for information about the "Sunflower Girl." I think she means "The Sunshine Girl." Don't you see her here with the golden sunshine melting on her hair? The Sunshine Girl, known as Violet Clarkson in the editorial department of the Kansas Farmer, is now broadcasting over WIBW, Topeka, Kans. When the microphone isn't claiming her sweet *boopy-doop* voice, the Sunshine Girl writes for the Kansas Farmer, a newspaper owned by the Capper Farm Publications. Uncle Sol has endowed this young lady of 110 avoirdupois with so much cheer and merriment that the program automatically took the name of the Sunshine Hour. She is just three inches above five, and her bright smile is just as much a part of her as her brown eyes and light brown hair. And I surmise, just guessing, you know, that the Sunshine Girl is the same who was formerly known as the "Sunshine Girl" at WBAP.



Bettye Lee Taylor



Fred L. Jeske

★ ★ ★
IT'S not everyone that can carry a letter around in his pocket as the one received by Bob Hall from Mr. Patrick J. Kelly, chief of announcers up at the N. Y. NBC. "Sorry I am unable to persuade you to



Paul W. Morency

reconsider your decision to leave our organization," writes Mr. Kelley, and goes on to say that Mr. Hall has done some splendid work as announcer at the NBC, has an outstanding personality and a fine spirit of cooperation. Mr. and Mrs. Hall—listeners will remember Mrs. Hall as Aunt Sammy who gave recipes and talked over KOIL, Council Bluffs—are



Harold Sparks



Monte Meyers

Radio veterans, so to speak. Between the two of them they can practically serve as an entire studio staff for their ordinary broadcasting station, for their capacities are unlimited. Mr. Hall is an announcer, singer, reader and character delineator, and Mrs. Hall is an organist, pianist, composer and reader. Wanted—a station in need of these combined assets. Mrs. Hall has wearied of New York idleness and there was no spot for their teamwork on the NBC schedule.

Paragraphs follow the sequence of photos as they appear from page 64.
—Editor.

MRS. CORA BENNETT of Carlisle, Ark., and Paul Simms have both been waiting patiently for a little something about Campbell Arnoux, general manager and chief announcer of KTHS, Hot Springs, Ark. Mr. Arnoux was born in New York—well, I'm sorry I haven't his birth date—but he was born in New York—and that's saying something because most New Yorkers were born somewhere else. He's an old timer in Radio—been in it since 1922 when WEAH first opened a station. Had not settled long in Hot Springs before he married Natalie Brigham who played the first selection broadcast over KTHS, according to



Leo Bates and William Rockwell

Constance Peters, secretary of that station. They have two children, Suzanne of four mild summers and Patrick of three blowy autumns.

INTRODUCING George F. Beck, Jr., of WRVA, Richmond, to the whole population of Richmond and especially to Mrs. Hazelwood S., who writes, "I think it's about time we got something nice about artists and announcers from



L. J. Barnes

our local station WRVA. Won't you do this for me, Marcella?" Let's begin with Mr. Beck who I should say is a very vital part of the station. Just listen—he is announcer, saxophonist, director of a large dance orchestra, vocalist and, still going strong, he proceeds with a juvenile lead in various dramatic features. WGR, Buffalo, claims his first broadcast—it was when that station was still in its swaddling clothes—from there to WIOD in



Dr. Thatcher Clark



Geo. D. Hay

the city, where summer makes its refuge when winter enters on the Northern scene—Miami Beach. The full photograph which Marcella received showed Mr. Beck, Jr., with a cigarette in his hand most likely rolled with Edgeworth Tobacco for the makers of this glorified weed are the owners of WRVA.

★ ★ ★
HERE, Lloyd Robbin of Burlington, Vt., is your Bettye Lee Taylor herself of WGY, otherwise known as the *Queen of Harmony*.

"Where is her crown?" And what, pray, are those proud wavy tresses but the W. K. "crown of glory!"

Lois H. B. of Dale, Wis. wants pictures of all WTMJ announcers. So let us start with Fred L. Jeske, known as the "baritone with the lovin' voice." Wish you could see him with his guitar—it adds so much to the romantic-ness. The strummin' baritone has very dark brown hair and brown or gray eyes depending on the dominating color, I presume, of his cravat. He's been in Radio now for eight years and has entertained over the most popular stations in Chicago and thereabouts. Besides



Pat Binford

(Cont. on page 100)

Tuneful Topics

“Know Your Songs”



Peanut Vendor

NOT since the *Stein Song* has there been so much comment or so much playing over the air of a song as there has since Cuba sent us *El Manisero*, or *The Peanut Vendor*. Although it is new to the U. S., especially to the Northern New England states where it is enjoying its greatest vogue, it is old stuff to Havana, Cuba, where it has been played continuously for the past two years.

Emil Coleman, whose orchestra is a most unusual combination of instruments, has always been identified with the Montmartre, one of New York's most swanky supper clubs, and is usually found at smart society affairs, such as a brilliant function in the home of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, and in fact any elite gathering of Manhattan's society; this same Coleman has been playing the *Peanut Vendor* for years. He and his brother have been alternating between Havana and the United States for years, playing there for certain seasons, and in New York the rest of the year. Naturally the “rumba,” the “danson,” all dances, or “tipicas,” that the Cubans love and know, have been well-grounded into his repertoire.

Few orchestras play the Argentine Tango as well as Coleman; these tangos he also learned from Cuba. Yet, strangely enough, it was not Emil Coleman who introduced the *Peanut Vendor* to the world at large. Possibly he may have been the cause of its initial start, but it was really Major Bowes, in his Capitol Hour, with Yascha Bunchuk directing the orchestra, who was responsible for the outburst of the *Peanut Vendor* which sent it on its way to undying fame.

The “Orquesta Tipica” of Havana, Cuba, with Don Aspiazu directing, through their Victor record, probably also did a great deal towards introducing the composition. Their record is second to our own record of *You're Driving Me Crazy* in Victor sales. This same orchestra has been featured in Keith vaudeville houses all around New York. It was my pleasure at one affair to witness the rendition of *The Peanut Vendor*.

Now on Nation Wide Tour With His Orchestra, Rudy Sends His Selection of Ten Song “Hits” of the Month Post Haste to RADIO DIGEST, And Comments on Unholy Uses of Grapefruit

It is another one of those compositions that must be heard in order to be appreciated. No kind of verbal description can give you an idea of it, except that it is basically a rhythmic composition with all the instruments in the rhythm section contributing nothing but rhythm—the same rhythm over and over again.

By this time you have heard over the air the odd Cuban Instruments which produce an effect not unlike that of the rattles that babies are given to play with. In fact, the shakers that the drummer uses look very much like babies' rattles, and it is seed inside them that causes the sound. Any other member of the orchestra may do nothing but sit and scrape a metal file-like instrument over the rough grooves of a long gourd which gives a sound, much louder than, but akin to, the grating of nutmeg. Still another member of the orchestra may do nothing but hit two pieces of a heavy type of wood, a piece of wood that looks like black mahogany, which gives forth a single note sound, one that seems to blend with all others. All of these typical instruments go at full blast, monotonously pounding out the rumba rhythm, while either the trumpet or voice, or maybe the trumpet, voice and violin synchronize in the melody of the song itself. The Victor record will give a very good idea of the song itself.

The singer on the record has one of the most charming voices I have ever heard; in fact, I was very much flattered to find him billed as the “Rudy Vallee of Cuba”, although he sings without a megaphone.

The song tells the story of the old peanut vendor who seeks to sell at least a few handfuls of the peanuts to the housewife before she closes her house today.

It so happened that for a long time I was unable to give the composition due consideration before presenting it. Finally, however, after securing the orchestration and rehearsing it with the orchestra, I felt that we would be justified in playing it over the air. I was then puzzled as to whether to sing it in English or in Spanish. That I had the desire to sing the Spanish was due to the fact that I majored in Spanish at Yale, with the intention of going to South America to seek my fortune. Spanish is taught at Yale more efficiently, perhaps, than any other course, and a great deal of care and time is given to it by the department; after taking the unusual amount of hours in Spanish that I did during the four years I majored in it, I still find that it serves me in very good stead. I decided that my first rendition of it should be in Spanish. Days later I was very pleased to receive a letter from the Consulate's office in Cuba complimenting us on our rendition of it, and telling me, furthermore, that the average American band was presenting it incorrectly. I had been told that most American bands began the composition with the sound of the little whistle which we Americans have come to associate with our peanut stands. In fact, several of my American Radio fans had criticized my rendition of it as lacking the peanut whistle. My Cuban informant gave me a graphic description of the peanut vendor and pointed out that our rendition was the truest picture of him, inasmuch as he had no whistle, but simply has a little charcoal fire in the bottom of his portable peanut stand which he carries with him, and which keeps his peanuts roasted. He also informed us that our rendition was the most delightful he has listened to.

This gave me a great deal of pleasure, and I was even more pleased when on a Saturday evening at the Villa I was able to pay tribute to Major Bowes and Yascha Bunchuk as we played the composition, both of them being at the Villa as my guests; and then later to introduce Major Bowes, who took the microphone and spoke for a few minutes. Saturday nights our Villa program reaches Cuba on a

By RUDY VALLEE

short wave, and I am told that through that broadcast we have built up a host of friends there.

The letter from the Consulate at Cuba has dissipated all fears I had before our first presentation of this intricate composition.

It is published by Edward Marks, and it should be played at a medium tempo.

When You Fall In Love Fall In Love With Me

THIS is a composition that delighted me upon my first hearing of it. Written by two famous song-writers and a young new-comer, it is a refreshing number, melodically and lyrically speaking. Vincent Rose is mainly responsible for its melody. He is the little Italian who gave us *Linger Awhile*, *Avalon* and *When I Think of You*, and he seems to have a writing streak again after many years of quietness. One of the Tobiaszes, Charles, to be exact, handled the lyric proposition extremely well along with Benée Russell, whose *Song Without a Name* was one of the most beautiful compositions it has ever been my pleasure to introduce and feature.

The song is one that everyone likes on its first hearing, which is most unusual. We have recorded it, and it is a record that will be most pleasant to listen to. The thought of the song is quite simple; it merely cautions the young lady to flirt as much as she likes, and to keep everyone guessing, but to save her love for the boy who sings the song.

It must be done slowly. We play it at thirty-eight measures per minute. It is published by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson.

Yours and Mine

THAT tiny firm of Villa Moret deserves a special consideration as we discuss *Yours and Mine*. Charlie Daniels is the Villa Moret, both in name and in reality. Villa Moret is one of those one-room, one-office organizations, although at various times it has had a New York office. Villa Moret has always had its headquarters in San Francisco, Cal., and

has, from time to time, picked one song as its feature song and worked on that alone. It can boast of a list of hits that many a 'big firm' could be justly envious of. Songs such as *Chloe*, *She's Funny That Way*, and their latest success which has held first place in the list of popular songs for such a long time, *When It's Springtime in the Rockies*.

Several months ago Mr. Daniels sent me two songs for my approval and perusal. He assured me in his letter that *Yours and Mine* was another one of those songs that the masses would take to its bosom as they did *Springtime in the Rockies*. He cautioned me to be sure and record it for Victor, as it would make a great seller for me on Victor records. I know now that he spoke sincerely, not only sincerely, but wisely!

I gave the song a careful looking-over, and failed to see anything really outstanding or worth while about it. In



Rudy dons Southern attire in Florida.

fact, it seemed to me quite "doggy", as a professional calls a song that seems to be, perhaps, too simple. It was not until I heard Little Jack Little render it on a Saturday night broadcast just before mine that I realized the song was there, and that it was destined for popularity.

Now I am a sadder but wiser singer of songs. Still it is not too late for me to sing the song over the air, which I do with pleasure. It was written by Steve Nelson and Johnny Burke. I have not had the pleasure of meeting either of them. We do it slowly, at about forty measures a minute.

If I Say I Don't Love You I'd Be Lying

IN MY selection of songs I have come to one conclusion; that is that it is a pretty good rule for me to let my conscience, my free liking, be my guide. I have found it generally true that it is not worth while to push any song that I forced myself to like, either because of its composers, publishers, or because I wished to help somebody, or because someone talked me into believing it was a good song. I have in most cases found that such a song never really did impress me, and usually did not turn out to be a great song. Anything that I figuratively prick up my ears on hearing, a tune that strikes me instantly as being a good song, or one that haunts me, has generally justified my reaction to it, and later on become a great song.

I'm Just a Vagabond Lover, which I heard in its unfinished state, and subsequently helped to write, *Sweetheart of All My Dreams*, and even *The Stein Song*, are the best examples of what I mean. These were songs that wandered around for years, either in an unfinished state or unknown to the public at large. *I'd Be Lying* is one that I feel will be liked, though perhaps not sensationally.

It is an unhappy thought, a song that causes one to think, that arouses the attention and makes the listener become quite serious as the thought unfolds. Such songs rarely become big hits, but I believe that *I'd Be Lying* should at least become a fair-sized hit.

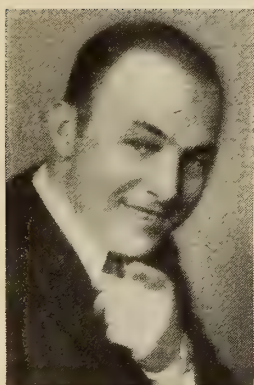
For years there has been a most unusual character known to Broadway night clubs and to New York society as Tommy Lyman perhaps one of the most unusual singers of songs that New York and other parts of the world have ever known. A unique and almost mysterious type of personality, singing a song about a Shanghai Poppy Girl, going from table to table at brilliant society functions, singing to those who had known him through other affairs and other night clubs, Lyman has always been a great favorite with the upper strata of New York society.

I number among my friends a young lady who has moved in the elite circles for years, and who on one occasion asked me if I knew a song called *I'd Be Lying*.

(Continued on page 97)

KJR Artists Cash In On

"Largest Station Payroll *in* Northwest"



IF STATION KJR had complete control of the situation, there'd be no unemployment situation in Seattle, for the popular broadcaster, key member of the Northwestern Broadcasting System, claims to support a larger staff of entertainers than any other station in its vicinity.

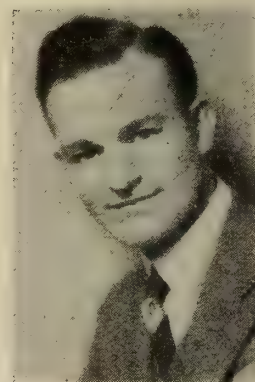
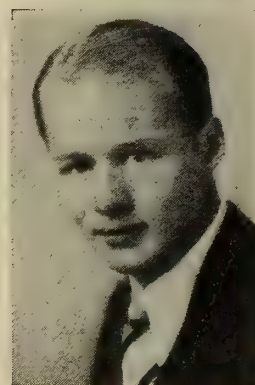
That's a far cry from the situation in 1929, just two years ago, when the American Broadcasting System, previous owner of KJR, KEX, Portland, and KGA, Spokane, went into bankruptcy. There wasn't even enough money in the coffers to pay for records, and friends were asked to contribute from their record libraries. Today KJR broadcasts every day for seventeen full hours, without a single recorded program.

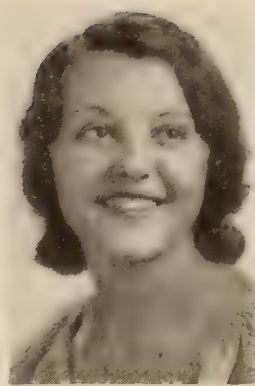
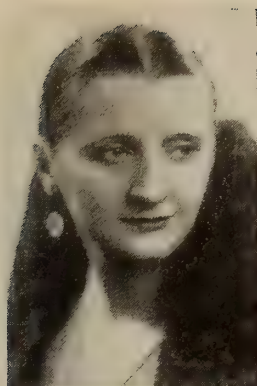
Besides the entertainers whose pictures are shown, there are many others who are equally popular with listeners. There's William Pinkerton (Pinkie) Day, newest addition to the staff baritones, and Thomas Freebairn Smith, chief announcer, who is a descendant of the Thomas Freebairn who was chaplain to the Scottish king Robert the Bruce—and Robert Monsen, KJR's double-chinned Paul Whiteman, who wields a baton like his double. Chet Cathers, another baritone who joined NBS after apprenticeship in vaudeville and pictures, is familiar to all northwestern listeners—and behind the scenes are Thomas F. Smart, secretary, and the able staff of engineers who push buttons and manage the technical end from the brand new control room equipment.

Left, reading downward. Glen Eaton seems never to have learned the "mustn't point" precept at his mother's knee. He's a popular tenor. Elmore Vincent, the Texas Troubadour with the four-quart Stetson, is only twenty, but learned to sing when he was knee high to a grasshopper down in Texas. He's only six feet tall! Henri Damski, KJR musical director, is one of the big reasons for the station's growth to popularity. Pretty Billie Landers, blues singer, is the Northwest Broadcast System's own Fanny Brice—she's there with the voice and the comic touch.

Right, reading downward. Stephanie Lewis, pensive and demure, is soprano solist for the NBS. Ivan Ditmars has his fingers in many KJR pies—he's studio director, organist and pianist. A product of Olympia (not on high but in the state of Washington), he is twenty-five, a grad of the U of Washington, and is very Nordic, with blond hair and blue eyes. John Pearson, announcer and director of dramatics, comes from Southwest Texas to KJR via road companies of *Lightnin'* and other plays. Eulala Dean is another of KJR's prize blue singers.

Below, left to right. Ken Stuart is one of the best know sports announcers in the Pacific Northwest, covering baseball, wrestling, boxing and crew. A. E. Pierce is the genial general manager of the Northwest Broadcast System and one of the prime factors in its success. Grant Merrill, pianist, Radio actor and continuity writer, has been over the royal road of romance. He swam the Bosphorus, teaed with Queen Marie of Rumania, slept on an Egyptian pyramid—has been college professor, and is considered the handsomest man at the N. B. S. studio.





WMCA Answers

BEAUTY CHALLENGE

WHAT station in the United States has the fairest staff of feminine entertainers? Station KROW out in Oakland, Cal., certainly raised a tempest in a tea pot when Manager Bill Gleeson claimed his pretty girl singers and radactresses couldn't be beat, collectively, anywhere in the United States.

That challenge brought the flush of battle to Manager Donald Flamm of WMCA, in New York, who claims otherwise. Mr. Flamm is choosing his entertainers not only on the basis of their air personality, but he aspires to enter five or six young ladies in the Radio Queen contest this fall. From the tiny photos shown here (which, by the way, aren't so attractive as the subjects themselves) it isn't hard to predict.

In the meantime you Radio listeners and readers are appointed a nationwide jury to send in your votes on this question of pulchritude. Are WMCA damsels fairer? Or did KROW's bevy of beauties meet with more approval (you'll see their pictures in February RADIO DIGEST.)

Every one of the members of this album is a real staff entertainer—no outside help has been called in to lend support. And there's variety in the ranks—dreamy blondes, peppy brunettes, and real titian-haired girls. There are jazz singers, a singer of classical songs who knows six languages, a program director who proves that beauty can have brains—and two pairs of sweetly harmonizing sisters.

Next month we'll have another answer to the Beauty Challenge—but give us your vote on the contest thus far. If you've been a-visiting any of the stations and have seen their fair entertainers in person, and liked their looks—enter that station's staff in this tournament of pulchritude.

Top—left to right. Sylvia Miller, who has been singing ever since she was four years old. Winner of first prize for best soprano in a New York Music League Contest—a real polyglot, since she sings in six different languages. Center, Marie Kelley, whose blonde beauty is no less pleasing than her lilting lyric soprano. Has sung in Paris at the Club Lido—a far cry from Springfield, Mass., where she grew up. Right, Vivian Marlowe, "musical comedy" girl who keeps the phones buzzing with requests for songs in her repertoire.

Above, reading downward. Nalda Nardi, Program Director for WMCA and possessor of a deep contralto voice. The blue of Lake Como is in her eyes and her hair, worn as only one gifted with beauty could wear it, is a rich warm brown. The Calvert Sisters are harmony personified—one dark as a gypsy and one with hair like spun gold. Jeanne Carrol lives up to her name, for she has a beautiful singing voice—acts, too, in WMCA's Radio playlets—has dreamy gray eyes and soft, chesnut brown hair. Melba Lee, singer, studied with Anna Fitzu of the Metropolitan Opera and got her first stage job when she accompanied a friend to apply for a musical role. Melba got the job instead! Has auburn hair and grey green eyes.

Above, reading downward. Bee Singer, a very tiny brunette with expressive brown eyes, who isn't old enough yet to vote—has a rich crooning contralto—has to climb on a stool to reach the carbon mike. Mary and Billie Lee—Billie, the blonde one, was "scared pink" when Mary married and Billie had to face the mike alone—so Mary came back and now "They're Friends Again." Hilda Harrison is WMCA's whispering soprano—the girl with perfect Radio technique—her hair is very dark brown and curly, and her eyes sky blue. Sylvia Froos—Who is Sylvia? She's WMCA's baby songbird. Only seventeen years old—hair, light brown—eyes, real hazel, and just tall enough to reach up to the top button of a man's vest.



The people in the story—here they are—from left—Professor Edward Staadt, winner of KSTP Radio drama prize, Ida Blackson, charming WLW soprano whose concert work brought her to notice of astute Crosley station directors. Leonard E. L. Cox, brilliant director of WQAM, Miami. Dora Shaw Jauch, winsome WJAX (Jacksonville) soprano, who made Radio debut a year ago.

Listening In on Some

BY RIGHTS, Edward Staadt doesn't belong here, for he's a Westerner, but he's news because he won the \$500 prize offered by the Great Northern Empire Builders program arbiters for Radio dramas. He's head of the Department of Dramatics at the University of Minnesota. Have you heard his play from KSTP in St. Paul—*Against A Copper Sky*?

* * *

IT'S not so long since Henry and Percy had their names in electric letters goodness knows how many feet high, over a Birmingham vaudeville theatre. All because their WAPI tri-weekly skit is so popular. Henry C. Vance is also short story writer, author of movie scenario *Diamond Handcuffs*, and newspaper columnist. And Percy Rosenberger is also literary and ex-newspaper but has always found time to sandwich in dramatic and entertainment work. Henry was born in Orland, Fla., Percy in Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

WHO ever heard of bringing music from an old vinegar jug? It's done this way—the player blows into it and the jug acts as a sounding board, for the expert "blower" of the Ballard Chefs. They are the eight black lads who entertain Monday nights at WHAS in Louisville. Four of the boys form a quartette, and the other a novel orchestra . . . they landed in Radio through their popularity as war-time entertainers at doughboy camps.

* * *

COWPUNCHER, rancher, miner, traveling salesman, aviator—and his latest is director

of Station WQAM at Miami, Fla. That's Leonard E. L. Cox, who came to Miami last year after successful production of dramas of the air at WABC, WJZ and WOR in New York. Two of his most popular features at the Florida station are *Tonight at the Opry House*, a series of blood and thunder old-time melodramas, and *Junction City*, portrayal of life in a small town as seen from the general store vantage point. Born in Central Africa of English parents, and a world-roamer himself, Mr. Cox seems to have anchored himself firmly at WQAM . . . to whose new studios, by the way, all Florida visitors are invited.

* * *

RADIO curiosity—a few minutes after Helen Corbin Heintz, whose picture appears here, had played as soloist with the U. S. Marine band, she heard her selection replayed over long distance telephone from New York via a record which had been made there from a telephone transmission of the broadcast. Mrs. Heintz is one of the few pianists to solo with the Navy—she has also appeared on Hugo Mariani's concert series, *Works of Great Composers*.

* * *

HERE'S a brother team that really is one—Jimmy and Leonard Mazzei of WAAM in Newark. Big brother Jimmy and little brother

Left—The long and short of it are none other than Henry and Percy, popular comic team of WAPI, Birmingham, Alabama.

The vinegar jug below is the one that makes the music on the Ballard Chef hour at WHAS, in Louisville.





One after another, these headliners are: Helen Corbin Heinel, whose piano solo brought more congrats to Marine Band than any other soloist. Irving Sewitt, young WMCA orchestra leader destined to go far. The "Neilson" pair—Marguerita Nuttal, soprano, and Wishart Campbell, Baritone, who go on the air on a Canadian network from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Eastern Wave Lengths

Sergeant (U. S. veteran) Leonard portray fifteen different characters in their popular comic skits. They are 37 and 35 years old, respectively, like spaghetti, and are of Italian parentage although they can take off Irishmen, Scotchmen or Dutch.

* * *

AN ORCHESTRA leader who plays the trap drums with his own jazz band—that's Irving Sewitt, WMCA'er and featured at the Argonaut Club in New York with famous Tex Guinan. Other claims to distinction of this unusual young man are his youth (he is not yet twenty-five) and his unusual orchestral arrangements. He's heard on New York *Graphic* and

Brooks Jewelry programs with his band.

* * *

WITH the migrating songsters and Radioists generally . . . Nils Falkman, Swedish tenor, Elizabeth Stidman Bilson, soprano and Charles Cohen, cellist are recent additions to WBAL, Baltimore, staff . . . Jerry Akers is new general manager at WCKY in Covington, Ky. A case of promotion on merit from post of studio director. KFEL, Denver and WGKS, Gary have been under his management in the past . . . Lee Goldsmith, the "Little Colonel", moves from WCKY, to WKRC, Cincinnati as production manager, and Tremlette Tully, formerly women's program director of the Ken-

tucky station moves with him to Ohio . . . Belle Bart, President of the American Academy of Astrology, is another of the star-gazers who becomes Radio minded with her tri-weekly broadcasts from WGBS in New York.

* * *

ONE of the many lives saved by Radio was that of Edgar Chapman, sixteen-year-old orphan of Chattanooga, Tenn. He needed a blood transfusion, but his "type" of blood—type 4—is rare. An appeal was broadcast over Station WDOD and hundreds of generous people responded. Twenty-year-old E. D. Milligan was the right type and within a few hours after the Radio appeal Edgar was on the road to recovery.

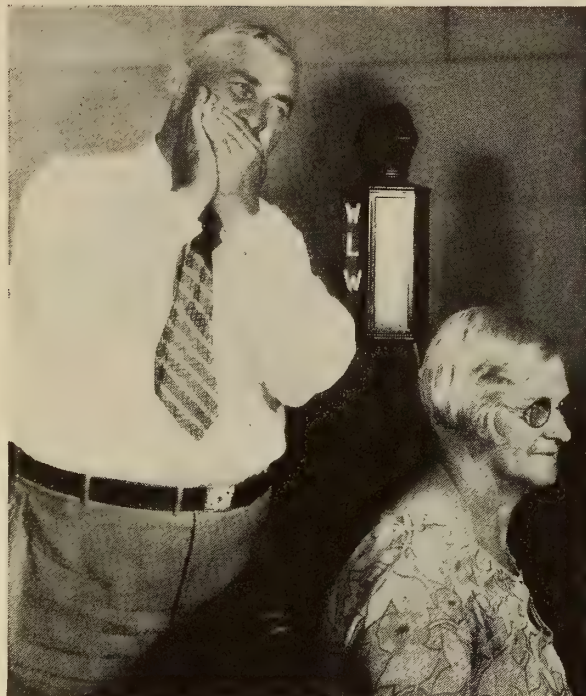
* * *

Should she be called Mister, Mrs. or Miss Dillon? That's the puzzle about Jane Dillon, versatile impersonator of WTIC, Hartford. She depicts a motley assemblage of characters, varying from the squeaky-voiced village choir belle to the slick, oily-tongued big city rounder. Years of vaudeville trouping have made her a quick-change artist.

A descendant of stern Quaker folks from Iowa, she had a hard time getting permission to go stage-wards, but after graduating from Northwestern University in Evanston and Chautauqua-ing for a while she went vaudeville. On a tour in England she made her Radio debut, repeated in South Africa, and finally landed at WTAM in Cleveland. She's happy at WTIC, her present location.

Right—"You can't ketch me" sez Jane Dillon, (WTIC, Hartford) as herself, to herself as a slick city feller, one of her many impersonations. Below—Leonard and Jimmie Mazzei, (WAAM, Newark), a couple of Italians, caught putting on a mike-skit about an Irishman and a Jew.





No, it's not a toothache Clarence McCormack has. It's a harmonica—the one he uses for his solos in *Turkey in The Straw* and the other old-time tunes so ably rendered by the WLW McCormack Fiddlers. That's Ma beside him.

Real Mountaineers Play Old-Time Tunes Mornings at WLW

THREE years ago "Harmonica Mac" and Ma McCormack were listening to some mountain music through their Radio receiver. "Ma," he said, "we can do better than that. We can give them the real stuff, not a bad imitation." You see, McCormack was born and reared in the Blue Ridge Mountains. His real name is Clarence McCormack, and he directs the ensemble that bears his name. The other members, besides Ma, are Frank Miller, fiddler, Omer Castleman, banjoist and Robert Schule, guitarist. They play widely known mountain tunes on the Top o' the Morning hour and other popular programs at WLW in Cincinnati.

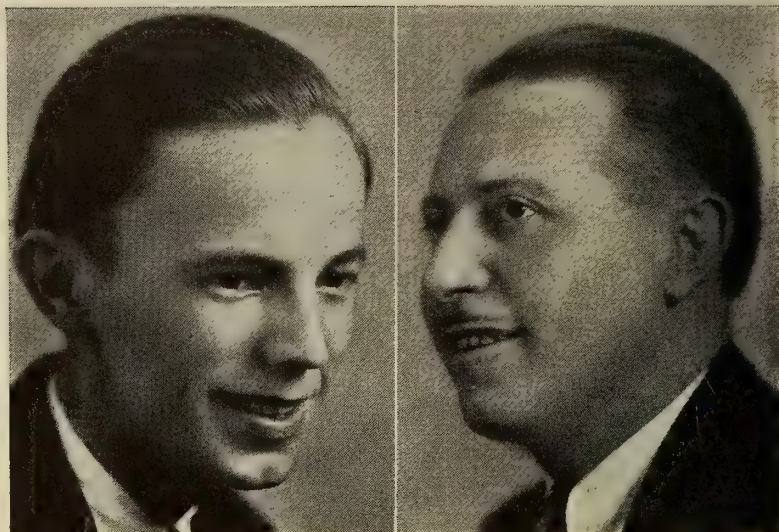
When you hear program announcements at WLW in German, you know Fraulein Ruth Kessler is going on the air. Her parents in Leipzig listen in via short wave. The young lady mailed her request for an audition to WLW from her home in Germany, and today her voice, accompanied by her own lute, is often heard from the Cincinnati station.

* * *

ANOTHER Radio wedding! When Lenore Herbst, then a demure school teacher at Ada, Minnesota, came to WDAY at Fargo, North Dakota, for a Radio try-out Dave Henley, WDAY's program director, was impressed with her abilities. When her school closed in June Miss Herbst was added to WDAY's staff. (Mr. Henley was still impressed, it seems). Not long ago they were married—they are

Midwest

By BETTY McGEE



Homar's the one with and Harold's the one without—the moustache, of the Two Little Crows, early bird harmony team at WOWO, Fort Wayne.

heard frequently together—as the Two Octaves, piano duo, as the Night Timers, vocal duo; and in addition Mrs. Henley conducts WDAY's popular children's hour.

A few months ago North Dakotans blessed Radio. When two sleet storms swept down telegraph and telephone poles and cut half of the state off from communication with the rest of the world, WDAY and KFYZ in Bismarck hopped into the breach. Railroad trains were dispatched via Radio, business messages, death announcements, everything that was urgent was broadcast.

* * *

HE'S one of the world's youngest professional announcers — eighteen-year-old Reynold McKeown, whose picture appears among the group of four you see here. Reynold is a baritone and accomplished pianist as well as announcer, and continues at the Wisconsin station under Hal Lansing, present Commercial Director.

Another member of the quartet pictured here is Myrtle Spangenberg, the featured soloist of the WTMJ Kilowatt Hour. Besides possessing a lovely lyric soprano voice, the lady is a ravishing blonde with sky-blue eyes and a peaches and cream complexion.

Then there are Royal Gordon, WIBA tenor and Dorothy Jahr, his accompanist. If fan mail is any indication, they are two of the most popular artists at the Madison, Wisconsin, station.

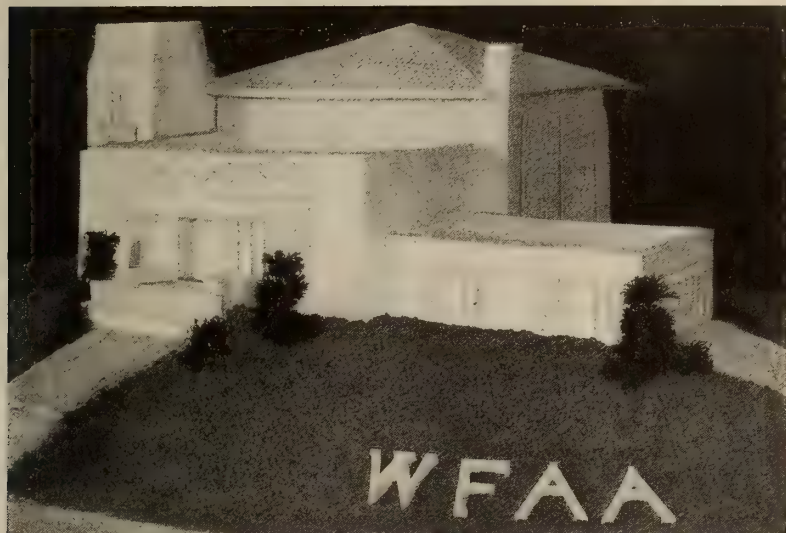


Eric Sagerquist, handsome conductor of the WIBO Studio Orchestra, still plays the violin with the boys occasionally.

DETROIT'S newest Radio station WJBK, has passed through the swaddling clothes age. Now in operation seven months, many of its entertainers have gained favor in the automobile city and the surrounding country. Carl Rupp, musical director and Clarence Knight, chief announcer and specialist in play-by-play sports broadcasts, are headliners. The Blue Bird trio (Ellen Beta, Mildred Van and Inez Greeman), jumped from WJR to the new station and are drawing new fan friends; Verne

Chatter

Chicago Correspondent



7,000 pounds of soap in this seven-foot-high model of Station WFAA in Dallas. Carved by 15-year-old Mike Owen, Jr.



Top—Royal Gordon and Dorothy Jahr of WIBA, Madison. Bottom—Myrtle Spangenberg, WTMJ soprano and Reynold McKeown, WHBY announcer.

Willard, one time WJBK favorite, Fred O'Mear and Betty Schmult all are filling the bill with the listeners.

* * *

THOUSANDS of Midwest Radio listeners will be interested in a new book—a book that grew out of Raymond Warren's entertaining series of Lincoln plays which have been presented under the title of *The Prairie President* from WLS. Warren gathered enough dramatic material for his series of sixty plays by doing an im-

mense amount of research in old books and papers of the years 1809 and 1861. With such a background, it would have been well-nigh impossible for Warren to do anything else but succumb to the temptation of becoming an author.

* * *

BECAUSE we liked the music on the "First Nighter" program, an NBC feature, so much, we determined to find out more about Eric Sagerquist who conducts the orchestra for the program and is leader of the WIBO Studio Orchestra. (His picture appears here.) Eric began his career some few years ago when he made his first public appearance at the age of twelve in a little movie theatre down in Houston, Texas. Since that time he has been doing a number of things—was leader of the orchestra that played for both the Prince of Wales and Queen Marie on their American tours; was with the Victor Recording Laboratory Orchestra for two years; played in the Benson all star orchestra; and in the old days was with Frank Westphal when he played at the Rainbow Gardens.

Don't let anyone tell you that everyone has gone "nutty" or "cuckoo" over at WBBM. They are probably just talking about the "Nutty Club" which has been revived by Paul Whiteman. Bobby Brown who succeeded Garland is again mike master of ceremonies and chief nut cracker of the new order.



Not every Tom, Dick and Harry can be as handsome as WGN's popular trio. Their driving licenses reveal them as Marlin Hurt and Bud and Gordon Vandover, Chicago.

Tom, Dick and Harry of Station WGN Write Popular Song Hit

TOM, Dick and Harry, that widely known vocal trio heard regularly from the Chicago studios of the NBC and over WGN, are putting on rather grown-up airs these days—but why shouldn't they, with their new song composition just out. It is entitled *The Cradle Song* and we are willing to wager our new spring bonnet that everyone will be swinging to its melody in a few months.

Their real names are Marlin Hurt and Bud and Gordon Vandover. The Vandovers hail from Los Angeles and it was Bud who first pulled away from home—with a buddy who played in an orchestra. Bud sang. The two pushed on and on, until they arrived at Kansas City. Here his partner deserted and Bud took to the highway again, hoofing it, and carrying a tuxedo wrapped in a newspaper under his arm. He headed for St. Louis where he happened on a job at one of the St. Louis Radio stations. This supplied bread and butter, and a job as cigar clerk at the Statler Hotel furnished his clothes.

Just about this time Gordon blew into town and he became relief clerk behind the cigar counter. During off hours Bud strummed his uke and one day someone bet him they didn't have nerve to go into the dining room and sing with the orchestra. They had the nerve but it cost them the job behind the cigar counter, as employees were not allowed in the dining room. They took to the highway, with Chicago as their goal, where they clicked with Marlin Hart.



It's a \$26,000 listen when Nathan Abas plays his rare Guarnerius violin at KPO.



A dramatic moment in the adventures of Jack and Ethel (Ted Mawell and Bernice Berwin) in their trek on *Roads to Hollywood*,—see their concentration at KPO mike.



Harvey Orr, one-time Canadian ace and member of the "Devils of the Air" is now a baritone of the air at KPO, San Francisco

Here you see the fingers that pluck a harp, caressing a canine pet—Zhay Clark, of both KFI and KECA in Los Angeles.



West Coast Currents

By DR. RALPH L. POWER

STATION KQW of San Jose turns the whole scheme of Radio broadcast upside down. Instead of presenting a program as a unit from one of its studios, it originates features from two or even three studios operating simultaneously. The announcer, let us say, is in the main studio in San Jose, the orchestra may be in the San Francisco Blue Diamond Studio, and the chief speaker of the evening at the mike in Sacramento, or on the University of California campus studio in Berkeley.

The Blue Diamond Studio was presented to KQW by the world-famous figure, Captain Robert Dollar of the Dollar Steamship Lines because of his interest in the entertainment and valuable agricultural features offered by the operators, the Pacific Agricultural Foundation. The managing genius of the station has been Fred J. Hart, who has watched it grow from a little one-celled organism to an important and elaborate network.

* * *

Aviator "Ace" Now Singer at KPO, San Francisco

CAPTAIN VERNON CASTLE used to like to hear Harvey Orr sing, when the KPO baritone was a member of the Canadian "Devils of the Air." Only the night before the Captain's tragic death, Orr sang to him, but after that singing was forgotten until several years after the close of the war, when he toured with Keith Orpheum, ending up in California as a broadcaster. His work with the

California Crooners, the KPO Smilers and the Clarions has made him well known to KPO dialers. Orr sang his first solo at five years of age with a boy chorus, and at twenty-two he won the gold medal in the Earl Gray singing contest.

Harvey was football player, amateur boxer and swimmer before he showed his prowess as ace of the air. Now he belongs to Floyd Bennet Aviation Post, No. 333, American Legion and his nine year old son, Harvey, Jr., seems destined to follow his pace—he's "crazy" about aviation.

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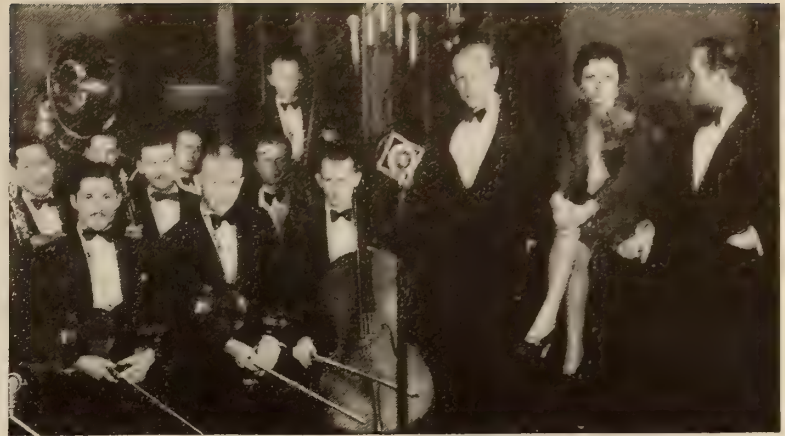
BORIS KARMARENKO directs his balalaika orchestra while they strum away to their hearts content once a week over the new United chain on the Pacific coast. Boris was born in Manchuria and, in his early twenties, came to California and Hollywood five years ago and organized his group, including some who were formerly in a Siberian orchestra with him.

* * *

JOHN PAGE, one of KGER's new tenors, hopes eventually to get into the talkies through the medium of Radio. He sings the heart throb type of songs. His parents interrupted his schooling long enough to take a year off and tour the country by automobile. Then he went back to Los Angeles and was graduated from high school where he took the male lead in the senior class operetta. In San Francisco for a visit, he did two KFRC programs as a sort of semi-audition. Then he joined the KGER staff for a morning program. This makes three tenors for KGER . . . the others being Eddie Marble and Penry Selby. When the number reaches six the staff is considering the



From left to right—Hale—and not Hearty, but Derry, the popular team of harmony boys who accompany themselves on the guitar at KHJ in Los Angeles.



Ann Grey is "pianoed" here, Don Wather and his orchestra at her left, and Buster Dees at right.

feasibility of declaring open season on tenors, shooting them all at sunrise, and then starting all over again with a clean slate.

* * *

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY brought another birthday to Lewis Meehan, western tenor, as he sung over KFWB, KNX, KFI or some of the other Los Angeles stations from whence his lyric voice is gently wafted every so often. Still in his early thirties, the Irish-ancestored tenor was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, on Valentine's day. Unmarried . . . a tremendous addict of health foods; neither smokes nor drinks; somewhat of a philosopher, some six feet high, 150 pounds, with brownish hair and blue eyes.

* * *

CHARLIE HAMP, fresh from mid-west triumphs, gets back to the home folks on the Pacific. He goes back to one of his first Radio loves, the toothpaste magnates, and does a thrice-a-week evening program over KHJ and Don Lee's coast chain, as well as two or three morning times. In odd moments, Charlie . . . his wife and young daughter . . . are busily scanning maps and blueprints and the clay model of a castle. Charlie, reputed to be one of the country's highest paid one-man program features, has bought a sightly lot in the Outpost Estate, just off the hills beyond Hollywood, and plans to erect an imposing Spanish castle type of house . . . including goldfish ponds, dog kennels and a studio in the form of a room simulating a modern Radio studio.

* * *

BUSTER DEES, KFWB's blonde young tenor (whose picture appears here), hails from Dallas, Texas, from whence he was packed bag and baggage and dispatched to Los Angeles by a fond and rich uncle. Destination . . . the state university in that city. But young Buster craved a sackful of spending

money. So he took his Southern drawl and ambled over to KFWB and its studios for auditions.

The very next day he went on a night-time program. Then M-G-M gave him a short term contract to work in talkie shorts. 'Twas then that the young Texan marched out of ye halls of learning and embarked on a musical career in earnest. He continued to study voice, did KFWB programs often, was in *Hell's Angels* prologue for five months at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. Ambition . . . To become a light opera star.

* * *

WHEN GEORGIA MILLER, female lead with the cast of KOA Players, was married to Lieut. Frank E. Fries, of Fort Logan, Utah, earlier in the year. The plans called for an altar under an arch made by the crossed sabers of Lieutenant Fries' fellow officers. Mrs. Fries, has been in stage life since she first appeared as a child in the Elitch Gardens of Denver. Later she did some bits in the movies, a Pacific coast tour in stock, and finally the radio activity wherein she starred in many serials and short dramas at KOA.

* * *

CAPTAIN EDWARD A. SALISBURY has come back to Radio for awhile. In KHJ's early days he staged a Radio barbecue to which more than 30,000 fans made a caravan and firmly barricaded approaches to Los Angeles by roadway for several hours. To feed them he bought bread by the cart load, beans by the ship-load, and barbecued beef by the ton. Locale . . . out in the San Fernando valley.

Now he appears at KFOX for a series of daily travel talks in reminiscent vein. While his brothers stay in Los Angeles in prosaic duties as automobile outing club executive and engineer, "E. A." travels—and how! Specialty . . . savage tribes and their customs, primitive peoples of the world. The captain speaks some forty languages and dialects.



Pretty co-ed Sylvia Jones is slated for two more years on KWSC (Washington State College) as soprano, as she's now a "soph".

The peppy boys are Ken Gillum and Duke Atterbury, one time KNX and KFWB luminaries, now heard on recorded programs.





Captain Edward Molyneux, Couturier and Ex-Soldier.

The Fighting Dressmaker

Captain Edward Molyneux, Couturier who Broadcasts from Paris, has been War Aviator, Designer of a Royal Trousseau, and Inventor of Perfume For Men

By Janet A. Dublon

WHEN a man who wants to be a portrait painter finds that a bullet through his hand has put an end to hopes of becoming a Whistler, what is he to do? If he is as resourceful and courageous as Aviator—Captain Edward Molyneux, he doesn't crash, but keeps on going up.

He turns from artist-soldier to dressmaker. And the very qualities which made the fighting Irishman with the French name successful on the field of combat, put him to the forefront in the battle of wits that is the Paris haute couture. Originality, daring ideas, his picturesque personality, placed him there—and they, too, were reasons for his choice as the very first Paris couturier to broadcast fashion news direct from the French city to the United States, at the height of the Spring "openings".

These "openings"—first showings of new fashions—are awaited eagerly today by every curious female—and that means every woman. At the end of January hordes of buyers and fashion reporters from the United States walk up the gang-planks of transatlantic liners. After they attend the first preview, by special invitation (worth much, much gold) they keep the cables humming with frenzied descriptions of new fashions bound to be successful. Staid newspaper columns are filled with synonyms for chic and smart and dozens of new fabric names. But it is weeks before the new fashions can be imported, copied in New York, and shipped to San Francisco, Fort Worth and the general interior.

That's why it's a large happening when a Paris couturier himself consents to dis-

pel our curiosity about waistlines and skirt lengths and colors. Since this is being written before Captain Molyneux' broadcast (magazines and printers' schedules being what they are) it is impossible to say just what will be revealed. But whatever it is, we wager it will be startling and individualistic. For was not Captain Molyneux the couturier who told us it was not necessary to wear corsets, when all other fashion designers were saying armor must come back.

THAT was when he paid his first visit to America, back in 1929. But that wasn't the only surprise he gave to the press. When reporters asked him the stock questions about the New York sky-line and prohibition, he ignored them and told, instead, about his new perfume, created for men. Virile and masculine as the man is, he is still so in tune with beauty of line and color and odor that he found it necessary to invent a perfume which would at once satisfy a man's desire for loveliness, and still be masculine.

From air service to perfumery does not seem a long jump if you are acquainted with the nature of the man. Born in County Waterford, Ireland, of a family that had a generations-old French strain, his Celtic poetic tendencies took the form of a talent for painting. So he left for London at an early age, where he studied painting by night, and by day made costume sketches for the house of Lucille (Lady Duff Gordon) to keep him in paints, brushes, and incidentally, ha'penny buns and tea.

Then came the war, which put an end to his aspirations, as it did to those of so many young Englishmen. He entered the air service, but so modest is the Captain

that he refuses to discuss his heroic exploits. But this much is known, that he suffered two wounds—a minor one early in the war, and the serious accident which crippled his hand, at the very end. That kept him hospitalized for nine months, and when he was discharged he found the war over and his career ended.

Here's where he showed his intrepid courage. With only a modest capital he invaded a field monopolized by the French and opened as a designer. Luck entered too, for Queen Mary remembered him as the "clever young man from Lucille's", and entrusted him with the trousseau of Princess Mary. That was the stroke of fortune which made him one of the most-talked-of young couturiers. But his daring, novel ideas were what brought him from only one member of a house where he was at once designer, cutter, salesman, book-keeper—to the managing genius of an organization of 2,000.

His personality? He's very handsome, as you can see from his picture, but again, in his private life, he is individualistic. In Paris, center of gayety, he never goes out socially. Of course you can tell from that that he isn't married—he lives with his dogs (a whole pack) and his servants in a house in the Bois.

It is strange that one who has designed a trousseau for real royalty should kowtow to King Cotton. For it is a manufacturer of cotton frocks who is sponsoring his broadcast (and those of the other fashion authorities who will talk from Paris each week). But knowing him as an artist, one realizes that it is his faith in the beauty of simplicity which leads him to give the royal approval to the once lowly fabric—and perhaps, too, his business acumen leads him to see cotton's future favor with those whose dress allowances suffer from slumpitis. So watch out for cottons this summer!

The Private Life of Cinderella



No magic wand is needed by Irene Ahlberg, famous Earl Carroll Beauty

*Did the Fairy Tale Heroine Have Torn
Cuticles? Were Her Nails Broken? No!
She Wore Gloves When Sweeping Cinders.*

By FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on the Care of the Skin
Heard on NBC every Tuesday Morning

SINCE Mr. John Erskine and Mr. Walter Winchell have been opening the closets on the skeletons of so many historical, mythical (and in the case of Mr. Winchell, not so historical or mythical) characters, there have been very few secrets left to the famous people of any age. However, in spite of these intensive probings, Cinderella has somehow managed to keep intact a few of the illusions with which her original chroniclers invested her. Some of the details of her life have always displeased the authorities on etiquette. For instance, they have always regarded with grave disapproval her unchaperoned attendance at the ball where she is reputed to have met the prince. These details have not interested beauty experts as much as a certain lack of details in regard to this heroine. Therefore, with malice toward none and with apologies in advance to Mr. Erskine, Mr. Winchell, and to Cinderella, herself, suppose we do a little delving of our own into the private life of Cinderella.

We all know that the fairy godmother played a most important rôle in Cinderella's life. This supernatural person waved her wand and supplied the little girl who spent her life among the cinders with a beautiful dress, some glass slippers, a luxurious coach, and some prancing steeds. It took magic to materialize these

objects out of thin air, of course. We will agree that it was an amazing and awe-inspiring performance.

But what about Cinderella? Was she prepared for all this magnificence? Just as clothes alone do not make the man, clothes alone could not change Cinderella from a grimy little slavey into the belle of the ball. The narrators of the Cinderella story have been extremely remiss on the most important details.

By all this we mean that Cinderella could not have outshone all the other beauties at the ball if her hands had been red and unkempt, if her nails were dirty and broken, her cuticle ragged, or her hair in an unattractive condition and coiffure. Surely the prince was a rather discriminating gentleman, and it is doubtful that he would have lost his heart to Cinderella if she had offended in these details. Granted—the dress was lovely, and the slippers spectacular, but no prince would overlook calloused elbows and uncared for hands and hair certainly. And so we come to the very private life of Cinderella.

If we accept the story of Cinderella, even with its implications of magic, then we accept also the fact that Cinderella must have been prepared for her metamorphosis. She must have been one of the first advocates of the policy of preparedness. When she swept the hearth and did the scrubbing, Cinderella must

have worn gloves to protect her hands and nails. She must have been able to borrow her step-sisters' brushes for nightly brushings of her hair, too. Undoubtedly she also was able to avail herself of her step-sisters' cold creams and cosmetics. Obviously, her skin had regular care. Otherwise her appearance at the ball would not have been so eventful. Yes indeed, you can count on it—Cinderella was prepared. Her fairy godmother was versed in magic—true—but so was Cinderella. As a matter of fact, Cinderella's magic was more potent than the magic of her supernatural godmother. For the magic of good looks lies in the policy of preparedness.

It did in Cinderella's day and it does today. The most beautiful girl the prince had ever seen knew the importance of regular and faithful attention to the necessary details which make a woman outstandingly attractive. And the most beautiful girl you have ever seen follows in Cinderella's footsteps.

You may be sure that she has the will power and the character to care for herself faithfully and systematically. Her policy, like Cinderella's, is one of preparedness.

Beautiful clothes are important. Regular features are an asset. But unless the skin is clear and unblemished, unless the hands are smooth, and the nails are cared for, smart clothes and good features avail a woman little.

(Continued on page 90)

Free booklets on the Care of the Skin by Frances Ingram will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Editor.

Mrs Scott and her three healthy, normal children. The eldest daughter was recently graduated from Vassar with very high honors.



By

MIRIAM FINN SCOTT

*Well-Known Authority on
Children's Problems asks
an All-Absorbing Question*

Do You Know Your Child?

"MY CHILD is disobedient!" "How shall I teach my child to obey me?" Thus have begun hundreds of requests for help from earnest parents made to me by letter or in person. This disobedience seemingly takes as many different forms as there are different children.

I quote from typical letters: "My child is defiant to desperation," writes one mother. "She deliberately refuses to do the smallest thing I ask her to do. How am I to teach her obedience?" And another parent writes: "Please tell me how to control my little son's most objectionable trait, *contrariness*,—he is very bright but terrifically wilful, and persistent to the point of exhaustion." "My little girl of three," writes another mother, "is usually manageable at home where she always keeps busy, but she is most unmanageable, most stubborn, outside the house. Spanking and putting her to bed early have no effect on her." And still another mother writes of a boy of four, who is energetic, spirited, keenly intelligent, but who will never take her requests or her commands seriously. Thus the complaints run on.

Just as I asked you last time to realize that before we can handle the outbursts of temper in a child successfully, we must first of all try to understand the ingredients, the forces, behind temper, just so must we first of all understand the powers, the qualities, which cause a child to disobey—we must search for what is behind

the behavior which irritates, bewilders us, and renders us desperate. And while we are searching we must search ourselves with utmost candor for our motive in desiring that our child be obedient. Is it primarily for the child's betterment, or is it for our own relief, our own convenience or even to satisfy our own false pride?

BEHIND the child's disobedience we often find a very sensitive nature, imagination, originality, and ruthless determination to express his creative impulses. These fine qualities should not be crushed by arbitrary, autocratic discipline. Such handling is certain to stimulate in the child rebellion, defiance, the most stubborn kind of disobedience, and not infrequently we can trace acute digestive disturbances, frequent vomiting, nervous disturbances, such as stammering and twitching, to the thoughtless handling of a child of this type.

The story of six-year-old Charles will concretely illustrate my point. When he first came to the Children's Garden with his parents for an examination, he looked like a haunted wild animal. His thin, pale face was tragically twisted with fear and distrust. He would not enter or touch a thing in the room although I tried to make clear to Charles that everything in the Children's Garden was for him to play with. His eyes were fixed on his parents and it was evident that Charles dreaded criticism, admonition, punishment at

every move. I realized that nothing I could say would convince Charles that he was free to do as he pleased in the Children's Garden. I said no more but from one of the shelves I took down a Russian wooden egg containing eighteen concentric eggs of different colors. I sat down at the green table and began to open up the egg, arranging the half-eggs in a circle, the red, the blue, the green, the yellow, the purple—and more eggs were coming—growing smaller and smaller. The parents were fascinated and like children expressed their delight. By the time I had opened the ninth or tenth egg, Charles was at my side and with a look in his eyes which said, "May I try it?" Without a word, I handed the egg over to him.

To my delight and to the parents' surprise, Charles played with that egg for one full hour, opening the eggs, closing them, arranging the halves in intricate patterns; handling the parts with the most exquisite care, showing an appreciation of the fine texture of the wood, of its polished colorful surface. After that, Charles discovered other toys and material of interest in the room, all of which he handled with skill and with an unusual observance of details. By the end of the examination, I knew that Charles was a gifted boy, responsive to all reasonable requests, eager to cooperate; that there was *nothing wrong with Charles*. After talking with the parents and studying their home environment, I was convinced that the boy's defiance, his disobedience, his

stubbornness, were the natural reaction to his patients' treatment of him. The father, impatient, domineering, insisted always that Charles should do what *he* wanted done and in *his* way, entirely disregarding Charles' nature and needs. The mother, an over-conscientious housekeeper, who could not endure the slightest disorder was forever telling Charles not to do this or that because it made such a mess! All of Charles' treasures—his towers, castles, bridges, Radio stations—constructed with infinite care out of cardboard or building blocks were, by his mother, without a thought for Charles, swept into a heap. The small boy

was constantly interfered with, *his* play, *his* interests, were never seriously considered; it was a mere trifle to yank Charles out of the house although he pleaded "In just one minute—I want to finish my bird house." Certainly such lack of consideration for a child's rights can only generate indifference, rebellion, and disobedience.

In general, my advice in Charles' case will fit most children of his type. First: The child who is gifted with fine qualities must have special consideration and more opportunity to make use of them. He must be given materials which will provide for him an outlet for his imagination, originality and constructive ability. Second: Every child must have a space which he can call *his*, if it is only one corner in one room, and an accessible shelf or two to hold his toys and materials. Third: We must respect the child at play. We must not thoughtlessly interrupt him or disturb him any more than we would allow him to interrupt us while we are seriously at work. Fourth: We must have respect for the child's achievements, however crude, however simple, however imperfect they may seem to us. We must realize that these are the child's best efforts; that the child's castle out of his building blocks, or his train on tracks going to a world of his own imagination are as important to him as our efforts are to us. Children who are handled with respect, with consideration and with sympathy, will quickly respond to reasonable and just requests of them.

We can hardly conceive of the extent to which disobedience is fostered by our failure to appreciate the values the child attaches to his act or his desire. Often in our endeavor

GUIDE CREATIVE ENERGY

Problems with children are common in most homes but they can all be adjusted if approached properly. These errors of self-will, stubbornness, and temper may be traced to misdirected creative energies which are latent in the child and which will respond only to the sympathetic touch.

This broadcast by Mrs. Scott is published here through the courtesy of the NBC over which network Mrs. Scott broadcasts regularly.

If you are disturbed over the behavior of your children, Mrs. Scott will be pleased to help you solve your problem. Address your request to Mrs. Miriam Finn Scott, in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.—EDITOR.

strictly to carry out an established rule, we leave out of account the imagination or emotions of the child. A little girl of six, who was just learning to write, con-

ceived the tremendous idea of writing a letter to her father, who was returning home late that evening, which letter she was going to place on his pillow, to be discovered and read by him when he went to bed. The mother, not appreciating what this meant to the child, put off the child's writing of the letter until it suited her own convenience. Her convenience did not arrive until twenty minutes after six—ten minutes before the child's bedtime. With painstaking fingers the child began to write the letter. Her hand grew tired, she grew sleepy, but with unfaltering will she kept on—for before her was the dream of the pleased surprise of her father when he found her letter. At six-thirty o'clock the mother ordered the child to bed; the child pleaded for time to complete her letter. This the mother flatly refused and in turn the child flatly refused to obey. Then came the clash. The mother forcibly picked the child up and carried her off, the girl resisting and fighting her mother in a passion of wildest violence. By superior strength the child was put to bed. *Obedience* had been enforced, but the little girl lay sobbing in the dark, wild with grief over the tragedy of her broken dream—her spirit newly sown with the seed of disobedience!

* * *

During Mrs. Scott's visit to Russia (U.S.S.R.) she lectured on the subject of child training at the Universities of Moscow, Leningrad and other educational centers. One of her books, *How to Know Your Child* was translated into Russian during her visit. While there she made a study of the homeless children who have been such a problem to Russia and who are the subject of much spirited discussion here in our own country. Mrs. Scott had an opportunity to study them at first hand as the various institutions where they are cared for and educated were thrown open to her.

Mrs. Scott has also lectured in some of this country's principal centers on the question so close to her heart. The Superintendent of Schools of the City of New York has this to say of the series of lectures she delivered here. "I consider the lectures given by Mrs. Scott epoch-making. They were the best ever delivered in the schools of New York."



Mrs. Scott, Author of *Meeting Your Child's Problems* and other books



The mischievous twinkle in Mr. Guest's eyes betray the boy that's still in him

Mrs. Edgar Guest, wife of America's well-known poet, delivered the following talk over the National Broadcasting Company on what it means to be a poet's wife.—EDITOR.

WHEN I was asked to speak on how it seems to be the wife of a prominent man, I wanted to decline the invitation, because for the twenty-four years that I have been his wife he has done *all* the talking. Now, that in itself should be a unique experience for *any* wife, to have to listen to her husband talk in public places for twenty-four years and not be able to make any reply at all. Tonight I have him in the same place. Whatever I have to say he cannot reply to. Of course, I will have to be careful what I say, because he is listening to me and the night is long.

Really, I don't know *what* to tell you. You know he is just like other men judging by what other men's wives tell me. He has a good appetite, sleeps well, snores and leaves his clothes all over the house. He likes to be petted. He very often picks out the wrong necktie. He is the kind of a husband that likes to go to bed at night and read. Besides the bed he likes to have a plate of apples and hard candy. And when I try to go to sleep he munches this in my ears.

Somebody asked me one time what his favorite food was—I have seen him take the most elaborate menu card with apparently everything in the world on it, and after considerable study of it would wind up by ordering calves' liver and bacon and rice pudding. Oh, I know he does all the things that all other men do. He is just a normal person and incidentally, I have found him a mighty nice somebody to have around the house and to be with. He loves

to play bridge, and I have been patient with him, even though he is the worst card-holder in the world. Do we argue at the bridge-table—well, we are married!

Of course, his pet game is golf. He loves it, and I have listened to score after score and have even gone to Pinehurst with him and heard nothing else but golf.

I think one of the funniest things he ever did occurred at Pinehurst. We have a friend who is a very prominent citizen in Detroit, and who goes to Pinehurst every year with a group of his friends. He is very much interested in his game, although he is a great enough sportsman not to take it too seriously. However, on this particular day, they had arranged what they thought was a very important foursome and so my husband decided that this would be a good time for him to act as a caddy for this gentleman.

YOU know all the caddies at Pinehurst are colored boys, so Edgar proceeded to blacken himself up and get on some old clothes and go in with the rest of the caddies. When this particular Detroitter came along, the caddy-master, who of course, was in on the joke, called Edgar out and he took the bag of clubs and proceeded to the first tee. Well, from there on he did everything in the world that a caddy—shouldn't do—he would talk just as his friend was about to shoot, he dropped the clubs, he walked into the bunkers. In short, he did everything he shouldn't have done. This continued until they reached the twelfth hole and here the friend shot a ball in the bunker and

A Fireside Poet At Home

By MRS. EDGAR GUEST

*"A Good Somebody to Have around
although He Leaves His Clothes
All over and Snores in His Sleep"*

Edgar went in and stepped on it. Well, this was about the finish, but when they got to the green—you know the greens at Pinehurst are sand—he waited until his friend was about to putt and then dragged the clubs right across in front of the ball. That was the end. He was discharged and sent back to the clubhouse—then removed his wig and the laugh was on. The friend as I have said before, was a good sportsman, so he laughed the heartiest of any of them.

I suppose that the wife of a man in the public eye has to contend with many things that many wives do not meet. Among these are the stories that come to our ears about how unhappy we really are and this and that and the other things that go to make up gossip. I have heard

(Continued on page 106)



P & A Photo

Mrs. Guest enjoying her husband's pet game, golf

THE FRENCH TRIO—

IODENT CLUB—

HARBOR LIGHTS—

THE GOLDEN HOUR OF THE LITTLE
FLOWER—

WILLIAMS OILOMATICS—

RCA VICTOR PROGRAM—

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

COLLIERS RADIO HOUR—

THE GAUCHOS—Vincen Sorey Con-
ducting with Tito Guizar, Tenor.
8:45 p. m. 7:45 6:45 5:45

ARABESQUE—Desert Play

ATWATER KENT HOUR—

Blue Ribbon Chain

Monday

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Evangeline Adams. Noted astrologer tells you what the stars tell her. All you need do is sit comfortably back in easy chair and wait for her prophecies to come true. Sponsored by Forhan's.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

"WORLD ADVENTURES WITH
FLOYD GIBBONS"—

ROYAL'S POET OF THE ORGAN—

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—

KAAAAA HAA SLUMBER MUSIC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE MADISON SINGERS—Musical

Program by Mixed Quartet.			
11:15 a. m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRG	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WKBN	WNNC	WBCM
WSPD	WDDO	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WOWO	KSCJ
KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	KFJF
KTSA			

Monday

Features

9:00 p.m.—WABC—Gold Medal Fast Freight. Good all-around program including organist, jokes, quartet.

8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Radiotron Varieties. Presided over by Arthur "Bugs" Baer, master of ceremonies. Also, Welcome Lewis, Harold Van Emburgh and an orchestra with William Merrigan Daly.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Camel Pleasure Hour. This feature ranks high among the outstanding programs of the concert type. Featuring Reinald Werrenrath.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Columbia Experimental Laboratory. Georgia Backus devises a new technique for Radio dramatics. In which everyone speaks to himself and thinks for someone else.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—Coca Cola Program. Announced by Graham McNamee of course. And Grantland Rice's interview with some sports celebrity always lends a little kick

Thursday

11: a.m.—WABC—Five Arts Program. Arranged by Ida Bailey Allen of National Home Makers Club. Has never failed to strike keenly interesting note, especially to feminine listeners.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Fleischmann Hour. Which means Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. Rudy is still on tour but programs are broadcast by remote control.

9:15 p.m.—WABC—Old Gold Character Readings. After you hear Lorna Fantin you are convinced your name should be Ivan Tschakovitch instead of John Smith—it's not euphony of name that counts but number of letters—come on, seven eleven.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble. Consisting of Frank Parker, tenor; Helen Rowland, contralto; Arthur Schutt, pianist; a male quartet and Don Voorhees' orchestra.

Friday

10:15 a.m.—WABC—Sanderson and Crumit. If you care to get sentimental in the morning, listen to Frank and Julia bring back memories of musical comedies.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert, with Jessica Dragonette of the golden voice; Cavaliers male quartet, and orchestra directed by Rosario Bourdon.

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST program editor has selected the programs indicated as *Blue Rion*. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)

8:00 p.m.—WABC—Toscha Seidel and Concert Orchestra. A fine violin recital and an outstanding Radio program. No strings attached to it but those on Toscha's Strad.

8:45 p.m.—WJZ—Natural Bridge Dancing Class, with Arthur Murray, noted dance master, leading the way.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—The Dutch Masters. Good Music, good songs and Lillian Taiz, Nelson Eddy and Jack Smart would make any program worth while.

9:00 p.m.—WJZ—Interwoven Pair. Billie Jones and Ernie Hare with their socks, socks, socks dispense comedy and sentimental songs flavored with raspberry or sarsaparilla or what-have-you humor.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air, throws spotlight on film, vaudeville and Radio stars. Orchestra directed by Milton Schwartzwald.

Saturday

7:00 p.m.—WABC—Morton Downey, with Freddie Rich's Orchestra—There's a timbre to Morton's voice that reminds one of the roadside cottage and Irish stew.

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Rise of the Goldbergs. Story of New York Jewish family in its progress from the East Side of New York to Park Avenue.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Webster Program, featuring the beloved old-timers, Weber and Fields.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Early Bookworm. Alexander Woolcott gives you interesting reviews of day's books. Reviews will please you even though you don't like the books.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—General Electric Hour. Symphony orchestra under direction of Walter Damrosch, and ten-minute talk on science by Floyd Gibbons.

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Hank Simmons' Show Boat. Program captures charm of old-fashioned river boat and excitement produced by shows held on board.

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

RADIO HOME MAKERS.

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WHCC	WKBB
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WKBN	WVNC
WBT	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WOWO
WBBM	KSCJ	KLRA	WDLA
KOIL	WIBW	KFFJ	KRLD
KTSA			

THE FOUR CLUBMEN—

2:00 p.m.	1:00	12:00	11:00
WABC	W2XE	WHCC	WGR
WDRC	WPG	WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKRC	WKBN
WVNC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WOWO	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KLRA	WDAY	KFFJ
KTRH	KLZ	KVI	KOL
KFPY			

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—

2:45 p.m.	1:45	12:45	11:45
WJZ	WHAM	KDKA	WREN
KWK	WFAB	CHW	KVI
WGR	WGN	WMC	WSB
CFCF	WTMJ		

MUSIC IN THE AIR—

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHA
KDKA	WLW	WJR	WGR
WRC	WREN	KFAB	WKY
KOA	CKGW	WECB	WRVA
WPTF	WJAX	WIOD	WFLA
WVNC	WHAS	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX			

PANCHO AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WHCC	WGR
WDRC	WRC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHP
WKRC	WKBN	WVNC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WGL
WBBM	WCCO	WMT	KMT
KLRA	WDAY	KOIL	KFFJ
KTRH	KLZ	KVI	KFPY

POND'S—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WEAF	WRC	KSD	WTAG
WWJ	WBEN	WCBS	WEEI
WAPI	WTIC	WTAG	WAI
WOC	WTAM	KYW	WHO
WOW	WDAF	CKGW	WSB
WCAE	WSM		

RINSO TALKIE—

5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30
WEAF	WWJ	WSAI	WEEI
WTIC	WJAR	WTAG	WCH
WLIT	WRC	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	KYW	KSD	WOC
WHO	WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC

ADVENTURES IN WORDS—Dr. Frank

H. Vizetelly.	4:15	3:15	2:15
WABC	W2XE	WHCC	WGR
WDRC	WEAN	WHP	WLBW
WMAL	WCAO	WTAR	WKBN
WVNC	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WGL
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFFJ	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ		

NATURAL SECURITY LEAGUE

BROADCAST SERIES—	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WHCC	WDR
WHP	WLBW	WTAR	WDBJ
WVNC	WBT	WBCM	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WISN	WGL
WBBM	KSCJ	WMT	KLRA
WDAY	KFFJ	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KVI	KOL	KFPY

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2NE	WHCC	WEAN
WDRC	W3AC	WHP	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WTAR	WDBJ	WKBN	WVNC
WBT	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WISN	WGL	KSCJ
WMT	KLRA	WDAY	WCAU
KOIL	KH	KFFJ	KTRH
KLZ	KVI	KFPY	KERC

DADDY AND ROLLO—

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WHCC	WGR
WEAN	W3AC	WCAU	WLBW
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WADC	WISN	WKRC	WVNC
WSPD	WIBW	WMT	WGL
WMAQ	WCCO	KMOX	KMBC
KOIL			

THE INTERNATIONAL SINGERS

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2NE	WHCC	WGR
WLBW	WEAN	WDR	W3AC
WRC	WPG	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WADC
WKBN	WVNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WREC
WMAQ	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WCAU
KOIL	WIBW	KH	KTRH
KTSA	KDYL	KVI	KFPY

THE INTERNATIONAL SINGERS—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2NE	WHCC	WDR
W3AC	WRC	WPG	WCAU
W3XAU	WMAQ	WJAS	WDBJ
WADC	WVNC	WBT	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	KSTP
WVRA	WHAS	WREN	WFAB
WEBC	WIOD	WAPI	WOW
WMC	WSH	WGR	KVOO
WKY	WOL	WHO	WVNC
WDAF	WJDX	WBAL	WSMB
KWK	KOA	WBZ	WBZA
WOC	KTHS	WFLA	WSUN
WJAX	KFAB	KPRC	KDKA
WLW	KFKX	WPTF	WSM

SEVEN ACES ORCHESTRA—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WBAL	KSTP	KOA
KWK	WHAM	WSM	WSB
WSMB	WMC	WGR	KYW
WREN			

RADIO LISTENING TEST—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WGR	WLBZ	WEAN
WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WHP	WJAS	WCAO	WADC
WKRC	WAIU	WXYZ	WSPD
WISN	WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	WDAY
KOIL	KFI	KFFJ	WMT
KTRH	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KOL	KFPY	KOIN	KILJ
KERC			

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

U. S. ARMY BAND—

4:15 p.m.	3:15	2:15	1:15
WABC	W2NE	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WORC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WVNC	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WISN	WGL
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFFJ	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY	KHJ		

MALTINE STORY PROGRAM—

5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WJR
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KOMO	KFSB		

VIRGINIA ARNOLD, Pianist—

5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:40
WABC	W2NE	WGR	WDRC
WPG	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WTAR	WKBN	WVNC
WBCM	WDOJ	WREC	WLAC
WISN	WGL	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	KOIL
KFH	KFFJ	KRLD	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL		

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	KWK	KYW
WREN	KSTP	WEBC	KTHS
WKY	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KLCA	KGW	KSQ
KPRC	KVOO	WLW	WFAB

EMPIRE BUILDERS—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WJR	WLW	KYW
KWK	WREN	WTMJ	WOAI
KSTP	WEBC	KOY	KSL
KGO	KFC	KOB	KIBQ
KTAR	KFSB	KWY	WBAP
KPRC	WGR	KGW	

Tuesday

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WCKY	KWK	WSTI
WMC	WJR	WAPI	WVNC
WKY	WTMJ	WPTF	WJDX
WJAX	WRO	WREN	KSTP
WBRC	WRYA	WIOD	KTHS
KVOO	WBAP	KPRC	WOAI
WHAS	WJR	WFLA	WSUN

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEL	WJAR	WTAG
WCBS	WFI	WRC	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WHO	WDAF	WOW	

8:15	9:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WABW	WXZE	WADC	WNAC	
WVWV	WVWV	WVWV	WVWV	
WOWO	KMBC	WLWB	KOIL	
WCAU	WX3AU	WJAS	WEAN	
KMOX	WFBL	WSPD	WJJD	
WQJH	WDBO	WTOC	WD4E	
KHQM	KOIN	KFRG	KOL	
KFYI	KVI	WVWV	WVWV	
WVWV	WVWV	WVWV	WVWV	
WRT	WAU	WDOO	KRLD	
WRR	KLZ	WDAY	WHP	
KTRH	WFBM	KLRA	WCCO	
WISN	WREC	WTAU	WDLB	
WDSU	KJFJ	WHBC	WVWV	
KVBC	KVBC	WVWV	WVWV	
CFRB	WMT	KFHL	WVWV	
WKBN	WNAX	WTAQ	WACO	

8:30	p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WTAG	WFI	WRC	
WGY	WCAE	WWJ	WSAI	
WGN	KSD	WDAF	WEBC	
WRVA	KVOO	WJAX	WIOD	
WSUN	WFLA	WSM	WMC	
WSB	WSMB	WJDX	KPRC	
WOAI	WKY	KOA	KSL	
KTHS	WJAR	WHAS	WCBS	
WBAP	WBEN	KSTP	WOW	

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WTAG	WEAF	WEEI	WJAR
WBEN	WCBS	WFI	WRC
WOW	WTAM	WSAI	KSD
WJAX	WTMJ	WEBC	WRVA
WSM	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WJDJ	WMC	WSB	WSMB
KOA	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KTAR	KSL	KGO	KECA
KHQ	KFSD	KGW	KOMO
KVQQ	WWI	KYW	WHAS

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFLB	WGR
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WSPD	WISN	WOWO
WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	KMOX
KMBC	KOIL	KFH	

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCBS	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	KVOO	WBAP
KSTP	WEBC	WTMJ	WVRV
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WIBO
KSD	WOC	WHO	WOW
WDAF	WKY	KOA	KSL
KGO	KECA	KGW	KOMO
KHQ			

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHFC
WKBW	WEAN	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WJAS	WMAL
WCAO	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WBT
WGST	WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WDSU	WOWO
WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFH	KEJF	KRLD

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBAL	WCKY	WREN
KWK	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WENR		

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WFLB	WHEC
WKWB	WEAN	WNCB	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WKBN	WUNC
WGST	WXZZ	WSPD	WREC
WWRB	WRCR	WISN	WCOG
WOWO	WFBM	WBBM	
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFH	KFJF	KRLD	KTRH
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KOL
KFPY	KOIN	KHI	KBCB

11:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
KDKA	KYW	KWK	KPRC
WEBC	WJAX	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSMB	KGW	KOA
KSL	KGO	KHQ	WTMJ
KOMO	WREN	WRVA	WOAI
WSB	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
KECA	KSTP	KTAR	KFSD
WJR	WAPI	WGAR	WFAA
WHAM	WCKY		

HOUSE—			
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WHEC
WMAK	WKBW	WGR	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WRCB

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WFG	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WJAS	WLWB	WMAL	WCAO
WDEL	WTAR	WDBJ	WSAZ
WADC	WHK	WBRC	WVAH
WNCN	WNCB	WGTX	WGTV
WTOC	WTOG	WKBQ	WDAE
WXYZ	WBCM	WSPD	WLAP
WFIW	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WDSU	WISN	WOWO
WNCN	WNCN	WISN	WISN
WMT	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
WDAY	WNAZ	KOIL	WBWB
KFH	KJFJ	KRLD	WRR
KTRH	KTSA	KLX	KDFR
KQV	KQV	KQV	KQV
KHJ	KFCB	KNZ	CFR

CHESTRA—			
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WFI	KOA	WRC
KSTP	WOC	WHO	WOW
WJDX	KSD	WTAM	WDAF

HOLD PERIOD.			
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ	WBAL	WIBO	KDKA
KWK	WREN	WJDX	WSMB
KFAB	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WBZ	WBZA	WLW
WGAR	WHAM		

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WEEL	WJAR	WFI
WTAG	KPRC	WOAI	WCSH
WRC	WGY	WVJ	WSAI
WCAE	WTAM	WBEN	KFKX
WOC	WHO	WKY	WDAF
WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	WIOD
WSM	WMC	WSB	WAPI
KVOO	WRAP		

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WLBJ	WEAN	WDRC	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WISN	WOWO	WBBM
KSCJ	KMBC	KLRA	KOIL
KFJF	KRLD	KTSA	KDYL

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WBAU	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WCBZ	W3XAU	WHP	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKRC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WISN	WGL
WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	KOIL
KJFV	KTRH	KLZ	KDYL

ORCHESTRA—			
4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ	WHAM	WJR	WREN
KFAB	WRC	CKGW	KSTP
WJAX	WSM	KOA	KGO
KECA	KTR	WGAR	

5:45 p.m.	4:45	3:45	2:45
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WDRG
WPG	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WCAO	WTR	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WDOD	WREC
WLAC	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFH	KPFX	KRLD
KTSA	KKZ	KDYL	

PRESS"—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC	W2XE	WDRG	WFAN
WHP	WLBW	WMAL	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WWNC	WBT
WBCM	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WBRC	WGL	WCCO	KSCJ
KLRA	WDAY	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KOL	KFPY		

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WEAF	WRC	KOA	KECA
KGO	WCAE	WBEN	KOMO
KFSD	WSAI	WIBO	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WDAF
WEEI	WJAR	WFLA	WSUN
KSTP			

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WTIC	WEEI	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WBEN	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WIBO	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WPTF	WIOD	WFLA
WSUN	WHAS	WSM	WMC
WSB	WJDX	WFAA	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KTR

TOSCHA SEIDEL AND ORCHESTRA—		CONCERT	
8:00 p. m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WLBB
WDRG	WORC	WPG	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WDBJ	WKRC
WVNC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WDOE	WBT	WLAG	WISN
WOWO	WRCQ	KSJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
WNAH	KOIL	KFH	KFPY
KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	KFPY
KDYL			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
MOBILEL CONCERT—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCHS	WLIT	WRC	WSAI
KSD	WOW	WTAM	KOA
KVOO	WFAA	WOAI	WKY
WTIC	KPRC	KSL	WGY
WGN	WEBC	WDAF	WCAE
WHO	WOC	WWJ	WBEN
KSTP			

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WFLB	WKBB
WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	WCAU
W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD
WLAP	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WOWO	WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO
KSCJ	KCMO	KMBC	KOIL
KFH	KFFX	KRLD	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KOIN
KHJ	KFCB	KMJ	KFBK

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WLIT	WRC	WGY
WCAE	CKGW	WRVA	WJAX
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	WSAI	KSD
WOC	WHO	WOW	WWJ
WSMB	KVVO	KPRC	WOAI
KSTP	WTMJ	KYW	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WSB	KFI
WREN	WTAM		

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WGY	WCAE	WSAI	WGN
KSD	WOC	WOW	WSMB
WTMJ	CKGW	KSTP	WHAS
WSM	WMC	WDAF	WHO
WSB	WOAI	KOA	KSL
KGO	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
WFAA	KPRC	WWJ	WTAM
WBEN	KFI	(KVOO off 10:00)	

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KDKA	WREN	WLW	KYW
WSIS	WRVA	WJR	KWK
WIOD	WJAX	WFLA	WSUN
WGAR	WOAI		

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WEEI	WTIC	WJAR
WTAG	WCSH	WLIT	WRC
WCAE	WSAI	WOC	WEBC
WKY	KYW	KSD	WRVA
KSTP	WJAX	WIOD	WSM
WSMB	KTTH	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KHQ	KOMO	KTFD	WJDZ
WDAF	WHAS	WTAM	WHO
WOW	WMC	WSB	WWJ
WAPI	WBEN	KFI	WGY

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WRC	WCAE	KSD
WGY	WLIT	WOC	WHO
WWJ	WFLA	WSUN	

TION PROGRAM—			
10:30	p.m.	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKWB
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRB	WKNB
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3CAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WJAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKBN
WWNC	WBT	WBCM	WSPD
WDDO	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WOWO	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	WDAY	WNAJ	WTBW
KFJF	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	

CANADIANS—			
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRG	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WCAU	W3XAU
WLBW	WCAO	WTAZ	WDBJ
WADC	WHK	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
WOVO	WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ
WMT	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
WNAX	KOIL	WIBW	KFH
KJFJ	KTRH	KLZ	KDYL
KOLF	KFPY		

ORCHESTRA—			
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WGR
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRC	WNCN
WORC	WCAU	W3XAU	WLBW
WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCN
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WBRC
WTSN	WOVO	WFBC	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMBM	KLRA
WDAY	WNAX	KOIL	KFH
KFJF	KTRH	KLZ	KDYL

Thursday

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—

10:00 a. m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKBW
WEAN	WDRG	WNCN	WORC
WCAT	W3XAU	WHF	WJAS
WLBW	WML	WCAG	WDBJ
WDBC	WNCN	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WLAC	WISN	WBBM
KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	KLRA
KOIL	KMH	KRIE	TSN

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
FIVE ARTS—Radio Home Makers.			
11:00 a. m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WHCC	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRG	WNAC
WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS
WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ
WKBN	WWNC	WBCM	WSPD
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	WISN
WOVO	KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC
KLRA	KOIL	KEJF	KTSA

p.m.		3:00	2:00
WABC	W2XE	WGR	WDRC
WFAN	WHP	WLBW	WMAL
WCAO	WTAR	WKRC	WKBN
WWNC	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
WGL	WCCO	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTHR	KTSA	KLZ	

SING—		SING—	
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WMC	WIBO	WWJ
WHAS	WOC	WHO	KOA
WBEN	WCAE	WTMJ	KDYI

ORCHESTRA—		5:30	4:30
7:30 p.m.	6:30		
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WLBZ
WBAN	WDRC	WNAO	WFAN
WJAS	WLWB	WCAO	WDBJ
WKBW	WWNC	WBT	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
WGL	WMAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBG	KLRA	WDAY
KOIL	KJFJ	KTRH	KDYL

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WREN
KWK	KFAB	WHAS	WSM
WMC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	WRVA	WPTF	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	KGO
KECA	KOMO	KHQ	KTAR
KFSF	WBAL	KDKA	WIBO
KOA	KSL	WCAR	

8:00 P.M.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WTAG	WJAX
WJDX	WJAR	WCBS	WFI
WRC	WGY	WHO	WOW
WDAA	WSJ	WHAS	KTAR
WMC	WSAI	WSB	WSMB
WEBC	KOA	WRVA	KSL
KOMO	WOAI	WSM	WOC
WAPI	KGO	WTQM	KECA
KSD	CKGW	WTQM	KGW
KSTP	WGN	KPRC	WBEN
CFCF	WFLA	WSUN	WCAE
(WTTM)	KTHS	WIOD	WBAF

8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WFBL	WGR
WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WLBW	WMAI	WCAO
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WSPD	WOVO	WJJD	KMOX
KMRC	KOIL		

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEC	WKWB
WLBZ	WDRC	WORC	WPG
WFAN	WHP	WJAS	WLWB
WMAL	WCAO	WDBJ	WADC
WHK	WKBN	WWNC	WBT
WBCN	WSPD	WDOD	WREC
WBRC	WISN	WFBM	WCCO
KSCJ	WMT	KMOX	KLRA
WDAY	WNAX	KOIL	WBWB
KFH	KFFJ	KRLD	KFTA
KLZ	KDYL	KOL	KFPY

Cornia Rahin			
9:15	10:15	7:15	6:15
WABC	W2XE	WADC	WCAO
WNAC	WKWB	WBBM	WKRC
WHK	WXYZ	WOWO	KMBC
WLJB	KOIL	WCAU	W3XAU
WJAS	WEAN	KMOX	WFBL
WJSM	WQAM	WBO	WTOT
WDPAE	WHY	KDBO	KTCC
KOL	KFPY	KVI	WPG
WWNC	WGST	WLBZ	WBGM
WBRC	WB-J	WAJU	WDD
KELD	WRR	KLZ	WDAY
WHP	KTRH	WPBM	KLRA
WFO	WTO	WJFJ	WWR
WLAC	WDSU	KTFJ	WHBC
WDBJ	KCSJ	KTSA	KDYL
WBWB	CFRB	WMT	KFH
WORC	WKBN	WNAX	WTAQ

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	CKGW	WRC
WGY	WSB	WSM	WIOD
WJAX	WOAI	KOA	KSL
WKY	WBAP	WRVA	WSAI
KSD	WDAF	KYV	WCAE
WEBC	WOW	WSMB	WJDJ
WOC	WMC	WHO	KGO
KECA	KOMO	KHQ	KGW
WAPI	WTAM	WBEN	WFLA
WSUN	KTAR	KFSN	WWJ

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WJAR	WWJ	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WCAE
WSAI	WTAM	WIBO	WGY

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WLW	WKY	WTMJ	WEBC
WHAS	WSM	WJAX	KPRC
KOA	WRVA	WSB	WBAP
KYW	KWK	WREN	WIOD
WJR	WSMB	WOAI	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	WAPI
WMC	WHAM	KDKA	KSL
KGO	WJDX	WSUN	WFLA
KTAR	KFSZ		

Thursday

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
LIBBY, McNEILL AND LIBBY PRO-
GRAM—
 10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

CERESOTA PROGRAM—
 10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY
STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

RADIO ROUNDUP—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHES-
TRA—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

BERNIE CUMMINS AND HIS OR-
CHES-TRA FROM ST. PAUL—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

Friday

LIBBY, McNEIL AND LIBBY PRO-
GRAM—
 10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—
 10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—
 10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—
Walter Damrosch.
 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

WINIFRED CARTER—Cooking Trav-
elogue.
 11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WDSU WISN WWOV WBBM
WCCO KMBC KRLD KTLA
KFJB KFRB KTRH KTSB

EMILY POST—
 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC OR-
CHES-TRA—
 3:15 p.m. 2:15 1:15 12:15
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

RADIO GUILD—
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC—
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

THE DUTCH MASTERS—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

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LIGHT OPERA GEMS—
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

BENJAMIN MOORE TRIANGLE—
 5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE—
 7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

BROWN BILT FOOTLITES—
 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT OR-
CHES-TRA—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

THE DUTCH MASTERS—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

NATURAL BRIDGE DANCING CLASS
 —with Arthur Murray.
 8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

INTERWOVEN PAIR—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

THE CLICQUOT CLUB—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

TRUE STORY HOUR—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
ARMOUR PROGRAM—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

ENNA JETTICK SONGBIRD—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

TWO TROUPERS—Marcella Shields
and Helene Handin.
 9:45 p.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

NIT WIT HOUR—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

RKO THEATRE OF THE AIR—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

ROMANELLI AND HIS KING
EDWARD ORCHESTRA—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

Saturday

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYM-
PHONY SOCIETY CHILDREN'S
CONCERT—Ernest Schelling.
 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

KEYS TO HAPPINESS—
 11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

SPANISH SERENADE—
 4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

SPANISH SERENADE—
 4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WJBO WBO WKBA WBS
 KWK WREN WHAS WSM
 WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
 WJR WGAR

FREE

Your Horoscope

by
PEGGY HULL

who—

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Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
RISE OF THE GOLDBERGS—			
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WJZ	WHAM	KWK	WREN
WIBO	WSB	WJDX	WSMB
SNOOP AND PEEP—			
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WBEN
WSAI	WOC	WHO	WOW
WTMJ	KSTP	WEBC	WIOD
WFLA	WSUN	KGO	CFCF
"THE HIGHROAD OF ADVENTURE", Gilbert E. Gable—			
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WEAF	WTAG	WBEN	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	WOC
WHO	KSTP	WEBC	KGO
KGW	KFSD	KTAR	
WEBSTER PROGRAM — featuring Weber and Fields—			
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WTMJ
KSTP	KOA	KSL	
RADIOTRON VARIETIES—			
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WBEN
WCAE	WTAM	WWJ	WSAI
WIBO	KSD	WOC	WHO
WOW	WDAF	WTMJ	WVLA
WJAX	WIOD	WFLA	WSUN
WSM	WMC	WSB	WSMB
WJDX	KPRC	WOAI	WKY
KOA	KSL	KGO	KGW
KOMO	KHQ	KTAR	KFSD
WBAP	KECA	WFI	
FULLER MAN—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	KDKA	WJR	WLW
KWK	WREN	KOA	CKGW
WHAS	KPRC	KGO	KECA
KGW	KOMO	KFAB	KHQ
WIBO	WKY	WTMJ	WMC
WEBC	WSB	WAPI	WSMB
WJDX	KSTP	WBAP	
EARLY BOOKWORM — Alexander Wallcott			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WDRG
WNAC	WORC	WPG	WJAS
WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	WTAR
WDBJ	WADC	WKRC	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WISN	WREC
WLAC	WBRC	WSPD	WOWO
WMAQ	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KLRA	WDAY	WNAX	KOIL
WIBW	KFH	KFJF	KRLD
KTSA	KLZ	KFPY	KHJ
KFRC			
THE SILVER FLUTE—			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WCSH	WGY	WCAE
WSAI	KSD	WDAF	WIOD
WJAR	WBEN	WOC	WHO
FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA—			
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WLBZ
WEAN	WDRG	WNAC	WORC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WLBW
WMAL	WCRG	WTAR	WDEJ
WADC	WKRC	WKBN	WWNC
WBT	WBCM	WSPD	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	WBRC	WISN
WOWO	WMAQ	KSCJ	WMT
KMOX	KMBC	KLRA	WDAY
WNAX	KOIL	WIBW	KFH
KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	KTSA
KLZ	KDYL	KFPY	KHJ
GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WIBO	KSD	WOC
WOW	WDAF	WTMJ	WKY
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WHAS	WMC	WSB	WAPI
WSMB	WBAP	KPRC	WOAI
KOA	KSL	KGO	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KHQ	KFSD
KTAR	WHO		
CARBORUNDUM HOUR—			
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WKBW	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WJAS	WHK
WXYZ	WMAQ	KMOX	
HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WHEE	WKBW
WLBZ	WEAN	WDRG	WNAC
WORC	WPG	WFAN	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	WCAO
WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	WKRC
WKBN	WWNC	WBT	WBCM
WSPD	WDOD	WLAC	WBRC
WISN	WFBM	WGL	WMAQ
WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	KMOX
KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	WNAX
KOIL	WIBW	KFH	KFJF
KRLD	KTRH	KTSA	KLZ
KDYL	KOL	KFPY	KHJ
B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—			
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WTAG
WCSH	WFI	WRC	WGY
WBEN	WCAE	WTAM	WWJ
WSAI	WGN	KSD	WOC
WHO	WOW	WDAF	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WRVA	WJAX
WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	WHAS
WMC	WSB	WSMB	WJDX
KVOO	WFAA	KPRC	WOAI
WKY	KOA	KSL	KGO
KFI	KGW	KOMO	KHQ
KTAR	KFSD		

The Pipes of Pan

Broadcasters, Forget Moss-Covered Joke Books and Hire Some Smart Gag Artists—Ambitious Public, Shun the Pseudo Air-Training Schools

By GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

WE ARE ready to offer a handsome reward to the individual who will help stamp out a menace that is one of Radio's ace "goat-grabbers."

We refer to the practice of some announcers who call into play the rhetoric that was Mark Anthony's when they give you the title of the next selection to be played. With intonations that are majestic and in tonal cadences that a United States Senator would hesitate to employ, they inform you that "you will now hear 'WILL you *always* love ME?'"

The word "will" is said pleadingly; when the announcer gets to "always" he has become highly wrought; "love" is uttered fervently and by the time he gets to "me" the announcer has worked himself up to a high pitch of dramatic frenzy. Six distinct musical notes are employed in the simple statement, and one shudders to contemplate what the zealous lad would have done with "*When you Were the Blossom of Buttercup Lane, and I was Your Little boy Blue.*"

Can't we have a little more simplicity in announcements? Be yourself, boys.

* * *

STUDENTS of Radio, and "fans" as well, have more often than once expressed themselves as displeased with the musical chimes that some stations use during call-letter announcements.

There is no contradicting the fact that chimes, in small doses, are beautiful, but they can become a decided annoyance when they are inflicted every fifteen minutes for an entire evening.

One Radio chain has solved the problem by substituting graceful musical interludes during station announcements.

It certainly makes a difference.

* * *

THE pseudo-pedants affiliated with Radio schools of voice-culture ought to be investigated.

Of course, there are a few legitimate institutions where oral expression and the declamatory art are authentically taught, but when they guarantee that they will get students positions as announcers or Radio orators they speak through their Stetsons.

For every on-the-level voice school there are a score, and more, that are "phonies". The gullible are ever with us, and so the "voice-professors" in many spots through the country are reaping

harvests, in return for questionable instruction and gaudy diplomas.

Beware of the school or instructor that "guarantees" anything. The world's foremost universities don't do it, so how can you expect definite assurance of employment from concerns far less reputable?

* * *

A PRIMARY requisite for acts and presentations in show business is that their routines employ the change-of-pace principle.

The average theatre offering starts slowly, gains momentum as it proceeds, builds up to a climax and closes with a bang.

On the Radio, however, it's different. The art of "timing" here is a negligible factor. An orchestra will offer three fast numbers in rapid succession, then will come a tango or novelty, then, perhaps a slow waltz, four more fast numbers and, more often than not, the program ends with a waltz. There's never a let-down and hardly ever is it apparent that the musical continuity has been intelligently built up.

An orchestra director who is identified with possibly the most important commercial hour on the air said to us the other day:

"I plan my shows on the air as though they were to be presented before a visible audience. I am not handicapped because I work with musical instruments, instead of thespians. I plan my program as Belasco might conceive a stage play. There is the opening, the introduction of characters, the unfolding of the plot, the comedy relief, the love interest—the denouement.

"The saxophones are the comedians. Romance is brought with the violins, and all the string instruments give me my love interest. The trombones, tuba and bass are the 'menace,' or 'heavies.'

"My fortissimo numbers are reserved for the close of the program. We begin with waltzes, increasing our tempo gradually until we have achieved a grand and glorious finale."

Nothing fantastic about all this, dear readers. The leader we quote simply builds his programs on elementary show-business principles. He must be right, for he's one of the three foremost men in

the field of orchestral broadcasting, earns more than any of his contemporaries and recently signed a new three-year contract with the firm that employs his talents.

* * *

FOLLOWERS of this pillar of prattle may recall that, in our preamble to this department, we said some time ago that we own an automatic applause-making machine, which we shall not permit to grow rusty while we are using our automatic hisser.

So turn on the current, Hawkins, and let the apparatus clap loud and long for the Camel Hour, in our opinion the most showmanlike and intelligent period on the air.

* * *

WITH the many "comedy" hours now on the air, something should be done by a public-spirited committee to collect all the old Joe Miller joke books extant, and throw them in a huge bonfire, for which we shall be glad to contribute the matches and plenty of excelsior.

Radio needs some "gag-men"—the sort of funny lads that the movie moguls employ to create original humor. Continuity writers employed by the broadcasting companies find it too easy to refer to old files of the humorous magazines, and to "gag" books from which vaudeville hams have lifted material since time immemorial.

If a stage comic pulls an old joke he's usually rewarded with silence,—the greatest of all punishments. Whereupon the "gag" is cast from his repertoire pronto.

You can't observe audience reactions on the air, however. Which is possibly the reason why jokes with long grey beards are so frequently offered.

* * *

SPEAKING of continuity writers, quite often they attain the heights and really create some distinctive material.

As a spur to better results, why aren't the names of continuity writers mentioned on the air? They should certainly get a "credit line", like the movie scenarioists do.

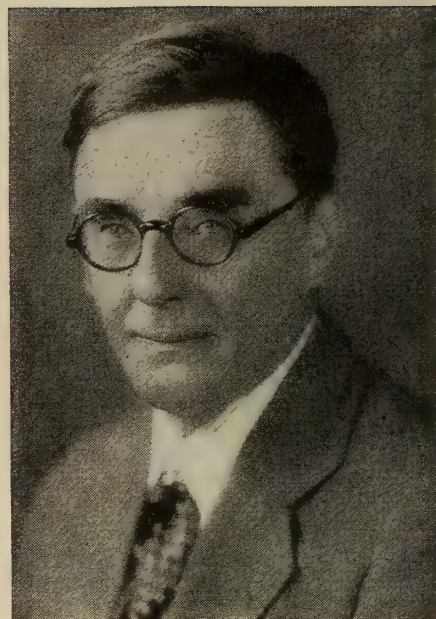
Especially should this be so when it is considered that announcers are permitted to mention their names at least once during every broadcast. Surely the writer of the announcer's material deserves as much consideration.

CLASSICAL MUSIC SIMPLIFIED

A Monthly Feature By

WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music



Dr. William Braid White

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of the Editor, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

IN THE modern Italian operas, like Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* or the more skilfully worked *Tosca*, *Madame Butterfly* and *La Boheme* of Puccini, the audience seems to care little or nothing about the story. The pathetic little tragedy of the tiny Japanese girl in *Butterfly* is sad enough to wring tears from the hardest heart, but few opera-goers seem to know the story correctly. On the other hand, when you take away the soft musical Italian tongue and substitute for it our rough English, the words often sound merely ridiculous, as in *Butterfly* when Pinkerton sings to Sharpless "Another high-ball?" and Sharpless answers, also in song, "Yes, mix me an-

other!" very prosaic and quite simple.

On the other hand, to put the matter in a nutshell, Wagnerian opera requires that one know its story, whereas in Italian opera only the pretty tunes seem to matter. Now, it happens that Wagner had one of the most highly organized musical brains that ever have existed. His music is so utterly eloquent that it actually is capable of telling its own story, making words unnecessary. For this very reason, if Toscanini or another conductor announces an all-Wagner program, he knows that the title given to each of the excerpts will explain all that is needed.

In a recent concert, which I hope you all heard, the first piece was the *Prelude to Lohengrin*. This ethereal music is Wagner's thought about the story of the Holy Grail, the very cup out of which, it is said, our Saviour drank and gave to his disciples. No one could listen to this music without realizing that its composer was dealing with the intangible and the unseen, with heavenly visions not vouchsafed to those who are gross of appetite and dull of sight.

The last items in Toscanini's program were from what, to me, is one of the jolliest and finest of all operas, Wagner's glorious *Mastersingers of Nuremberg*. This marvellous combination of fun, irony, satire and musical genius is not only the most perfectly Germanic of all operas but, to my thinking, the finest piece of work that has ever been done in the entire field of opera. In the first place it is a good story, a story that is intelligible and not particularly improbable. In the second place, the action is homely, natural, largely domestic and altogether on the common level, dealing as it does with ordinary men and women and their ordinary ways. In the third place the plot is built around a musical story and so the application of music to the acting seems perfectly natural. And lastly, Wagner is here, to my mind, more his own natural self

than ever he was when he had to deal with those pretentious and often somewhat over-solemn ideas which he presents in his mythological operas like those of the *Ring*, or in the legends of *Lohengrin*, *Tannhauser* and *Parsifal*. There is a delightful atmosphere of beer and sausages about *Meistersinger*. Any one who has ever had the felicity to sit in a bierkeller in *Alt Nurnberg* itself and to meditate within the shadow of the very walls which once resounded to the songs of Hans Sachs, will know what I mean.

Wagner's Der Meistersinger

The story is simple enough. During the middle ages some of the German towns had among their commercial and industrial guilds (the mediæval counterparts of our modern trade unions and combinations of capital) companies of master singers, who alone had the privilege of conducting musical festivals, and of furnishing song for the great high holidays which the towns used to celebrate. Wagner has taken the history of the most famous of these guilds, that of Nuremberg, and built up a charming love story around the person of the daughter of Pogner, master of the guild and rich banker, with Walther von Stolzing, a young knight who has worked out a new and radical method of composing music. Pogner proposes a contest and offers the hand of his daughter as a prize. Walther and Eva have already met and fallen in love. Beckmesser, town clerk and secretary of the guild, also desires the fair Eva. The story deals with the contest between the two men, handsome young knight and crabbed elderly bachelor, and with the benevolent intervention, on the right side, of Hans Sachs, cobbler, poet, musician and the real hero. The tale works out delightfully, without a jerk or a gap. The music is jolly, intelligible, irresistible. Yet it often ascends to heights



Toscha Seidel, Columbia violinist, who is presenting a series of "Historical Concerts"

as lofty as any ever scaled by the wizard of Bayreuth in his most serious moments. There is not a dull moment in the play or in the music.

I hope that every reader will take the earliest opportunity to become acquainted with this music. The Prelude or Overture of which we have been speaking is often played by symphony orchestras. Watch for it, and listen to it. Hear the pompous march of the grave conservative guild of the master singers, the ravishing beauty of Walther's melody which he composes for the contest, the delicious love music. Above all, in the latter half, hear the extraordinary exhibition of technical skill in which Wagner, as if to refute the charge often brought against him in his days of struggle that he could not write polyphonically (that is, keep two or three tunes going simultaneously and separately) actually inserts a fugal passage with no less than five melodies, all parts of the opera, going at once. All of them when a good conductor wields the baton are easily audible.

I have rambled along here about Wagner and about operas generally, although I freely confess that to me most operas are dreadful bores. I would indeed go many a mile to hear Mozart's merry and lovely *Marriage of Figaro*, Wagner's *Maestersinger* or Puccini's *Butterfly*. As for the Gilbert and Sullivan masterpieces . . . well they are in a class of their own. Some day we'll talk about them.

The history of the growth and development of opera is intensely fascinating. Some day I shall inflict upon you a dose of talk about this.

Seidel and his Strad

Do you know the work of that excellent artist Toscha Seidel? He is one of our best violinists. He has not only a thorough mastery of the intensely difficult violin technique, but also genuine musical perception and a temperament which enables him to discipline his emotions and present the patterns of the music he interprets so that they become plain, clear and intelligible. He neither spills all over with sentimentality (miscalled "feeling"), nor asks us to be satisfied with mere technical display. He has both feeling and technique; and he knows how to bend each to his will.

I have been listening with genuine pleasure to Mr. Seidel's historical violin programs, in the course of which he is giving us music ranging from the sincere and clear cut art of the seventeenth century to the sophisticated and complex music of to-day. To me, the violin music of the 18th century, which Mr. Seidel illustrated during a recent concert, is the loveliest of all violin literature. This is largely, I think, because the composers of that age had to write music which could be played readily on instruments and by players still quite innocent of modern technical achievement.

It was not until the development of the

Cremona school of violin making, which came to its climax under Stradivari about the year 1715, that the modern art of violin playing was born; nor did that art become what we know to-day until the epoch of Paganini a hundred years later. The dazzling technical fireworks which now we take as a matter of course, were then unheard of. Violin music therefore was based mainly upon a refined sense of tonal beauty, and upon simple, clear, well-designed musical patterns which, in a day of formality, politeness and clear thinking, were at once appropriate and inevitable.

I hope you all heard Mr. Seidel and I hope that you will watch for the later concerts in his historical series. He is a fine artist and I confess to a great fancy for his playing. His fiddle, by the way, is one of the finest works by that great master of all fiddle makers, Antonio Stradivari, whose little house and workshop still stand in Cremona.

Papa Haydn

Recently the Philharmonic Society orchestra under Toscanini played one of the loveliest and most easily followed of all works in the symphony form, the beautiful little symphony in the key of G major by old Papa Haydn. Haydn died as late as 1809, nearly twenty years after Mozart had passed behind the veil at the very height of his powers. *Der alte papa* was old and tired, but his good humor and his charm of manner remained with him to the end. He had begun to make his own music twenty years before Beethoven was born and his teacher was old Porpora, some of whose music Toscha Seidel played in the course of the program to which I have been alluding.

Haydn set the form of the symphony. That form remains to this day. Many have tried to break it down, but in vain. It was good enough for Haydn, for Mozart, for Beethoven, for Mendelssohn, for Schubert, for Schumann, for Brahms. Naturally, in Haydn's hands it was always, as befits something new, simple and clear. You can follow without the least difficulty the introduction, the two main themes, their development and the close of the first movement. You can recognize the languid beauty of the song-like second movement, the simple joyousness of the Scherzo, which is so obviously founded on the dance step known as Minuet. Then the closing Rondo in all its jolly merriment is so characteristically Haydn.

Musical Definitions for your Scrapbook

Here are two more musical definitions to add to your collection.

Minuet: a graceful dance in $\frac{3}{4}$ (waltz) time, but slower than the waltz and not danced in groups. It was a celebrated dance form through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Italian name is Minuetto and the French Minuette.

In German and in English it is commonly called Minuet. The Scherzo (Italian word meaning jest—I have already described it as a musical form) which Beethoven invented for the third movement of his symphonies, grew out of the graceful beauty of Haydn's minuet music.

Rondo: This is an Italian word. It carries the same meaning as the French "rondeau" or the English "rondel" or "roundel." In music it is a sort of circular movement, distinguished by the fact that one tune reappears at definite and regular intervals throughout its course. A similar form is used in poetry, under the same name. Here is a charming specimen, which will indicate what I mean:

"Love comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old old love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad and his bosom swelling,

He makes as though in our arms repelling
He fain would lie as he lay before;—
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling
The old old love that we knew of yore.
Ah, who shall help us from overspelling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore?
E'en as we doubt, in our hearts once more
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling
The old, old love that we knew of yore."

Austin Dobson.

Here the two lines beginning "The old old love" correspond to the recurring theme of a musical rondo. The closing movements of early symphonies (Haydn's, Mozart's, Beethoven's first two) are in Rondo form.



Ossip Gabrilowitsch, conductor of the Detroit Symphony, frequently heard on Radio.

GENE AND GLENN HELP THE NEEDY

THIS is our first message to the V.O.L. and we hope we make ourselves heard. In the past months there has been much interest in endurance contests, with due recognition for the contestants. How about a little applause for Gene and Glenn of WTAM, who gave programs to collect funds for the needy of Cleveland and vicinity? They stayed at the mike until the station was forced to close down for recharging. Their first program lasted three hours, the second four, and the third five, with no time out, as they made time and station announcements themselves.

With charity for all and malice toward none—Vallee, Osborne, Sanders, Lombardo and Bernie. Let us live and let live.—Jean MacNicol, Uniontown, Pa.

POEM TO CHEERIO (Curiosity Killed the Cat!)

Only a voice that comes through the air
With its message of cheer and its sympathy rare.

Only a voice—and we wonder in vain
If the person who owns it is handsome or plain.
Is he tall—is he short—is he bald—has he hair?
Is he fat—is he thin—is he dark—is he fair?

Perhaps, when we come to the blest Pearly Gate,
With the *Lost Chord*, we'll find him. So I guess we must wait
Until the glad summons comes to us here below
To come up to Heaven and meet Cheerio.
—Etta F. Gilbert, 414 Fulton St., Sandusky, Ohio.

DX CLUBS PLEASE ANSWER

I AM eager to know just what these DXer's are and how to join them. From what I have read I assume that they tune in stations and get confirmation to that effect. If this is their object, I guess I would have a pretty good start, as I have bagged 136 stations on 87 wave lengths, with my new set, in two months, but have no verifications.—Malcolm Rackow, Eastport, L. I., N. Y.

YOUR January issue has a letter from H. Meta Tafel of Philadelphia, who offers a record of 64 stations. Of course that was a remarkable feat at that time of the year. Last Saturday I tuned in 127 stations ranging from WEA, New York, to KNX, California, including XFX, Mexico, and CMX, Havana, Cuba.

Listened to KTAT, Fort Worth, Texas, and think they performed something never done before. All phone calls which were received were broadcast through the mike. I phoned from Yonkers, N. Y., and my own son heard my voice on our Radio.—J. Rankin, 483 Van Cortland Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

I AM a DX fan and to date have three hundred stations picked out of the ether—from San Juan, Porto Rico, Cuba, Mexico, and about fifteen from Canada. I'd like to hear from other DX fans.

It's just 12:15 and I'm listening to an old-time Revival meeting from WBAP, Fort Worth, Tex. Why don't we hear more of them on the Radio—I think everyone would be interested in them once in a while.—Jack Owens, 1363 So. Cherry St., Galesburg, Ill.

THE best that money can buy for a Radio fan is RADIO DIGEST. I received 235 U. S. stations, 12 Canada, 2 Cuba, 2 Mexico and 1 Nova Scotia.—"A Radio Bug," Stephen Malik, Johnstown, N. Y.

Voice of the

HIS HYMN OF HATE

THERE are absolutely no articles in RADIO DIGEST which appeal to the technical man. If I had wanted a picture book I would have gone down to some Toy Department and gotten an A-B-C picture book to begin with. So far as I am concerned your magazine is a FLOP and you will do me a great favor to stop mailing it to me. As it is, every time I see one it makes me boil.—A. M. Reager, A. I. R. E., 60 N. Bolton Ave., Indianapolis, Ind

HER SONG OF PRAISE

I FEEL so happy over my discovery this week of a readable Radio magazine—in other words, yours. I never knew any but technical literature was published. I want to find out exactly when your magazine can be purchased here. (Copies are usually on sale at news stands on the 25th of month preceding date of issue.—Editor.)

Ever since the addition of a Radio to our home, I have devoured the brief notices and columns in our newspapers, and now picture my joy! But your magazine does not need any fiction, just Radio news and items.—Mrs. D. H. Reed, 319 Wester St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

KEEP YOUR EARS CLEAN—PHIL ALWAYS SAYS "PRINT TO FIT"

LAST night Phil Cook was singing his usual "news" song and this is the way he sang it: "I see by the papers, all the news that's 'print to fit.'" This is the second time I've heard him sing it that way and I'd like to know if he intends to do it turned about that way or whether it is a slip.—Rene Douth, 337 N. Woods, Fullerton, Cal.

BROADCASTERS, ANSWER YOUR LETTERS!

IF STATIONS would all answer their letters written them there would be no need for them to offer something to get people to write. It seems that some of them do not appreciate people writing and thanking them for the pleasure their programs afford.—Frank Wise, 329 E. Doty, Neenah, Wis.

BOUQUETS AND NO BRICKBATS

MAY I throw a few bouquets in the direction of my favorite Radio artists? The brickbats aren't important, so why bother with them?

Best actors: Frank Gill, Jr., WJR, Louis Mason (Moonshine and Honeysuckle), John McGovern (Silver Flute, East of Cairo, etc.). Best actresses: Georgia Backus, CBS (first and always), Donealda Currie, WJR.

Best singers: Billy Hughes, Reinald Werrenrath, Rollin Pease, Glenn of Gene and Glenn, Al of Al and Pete, Brad Towne, Lois Bennett, Jessica Dragonette, Julia Sander-son, Mary McCoy, Evelyn Bard, WXYZ.

Best announcers: Russell B. Wise, WTAM, Frank Gill, Jr., WJR (the cleverest in the business), Jean Paul King, Harry Vonzell. Best humorous skits: Station KUKU, Nit Wits, Irrational Broadcasting Co. WLW.

Best musical programs: Camel Pleasure Hour, Cities Service Hour. Best guest-artist program: Radio Follies, Nestle's.

BEST PROGRAM OF ALL: Cheerio.

Best Magazine: Radio Digest—always. Most enjoyable things in RADIO DIGEST: Indigest, Marcella, V.O.L., and recent articles on Gene and Glenn and Robert Brown.

It seems when I get to talking about my favorites I could go on forever.—Just a Radio Fan, 24 Morley Ave., Deerhaven,

TAKE RECIPES OFF THE BROADCAST

SECOND the motion of the Florida lady! Take recipes off the broadcast. Not all have cooks, neither do they go to restaurants, but with domestic science books and magazines loaded with recipes, and occasionally having a mother who knows how to cook, housewives should be able to survive.—Mrs. Lucy LaPierre Reed, 5639 Holmes St., Kansas City, Mo.

HERE'S A FUNNY LETTERHEAD

Radio Concerts

Every Day Is Open House
Personal Representative of
Faith, Hope and Charity

Mrs. H. B. Buckeridge
729 Pine St., Port Huron, Mich.

Dear Arthur— Francis—
Byron— Justin—
Beatrice— Gladys—

I COULD not live without the RADIO DIGEST. I am a shut-in. Have six children and all are married and away. (Mrs. Buckeridge must write to them often—see the businesslike salutation printed on her letterhead.—Editor.)

They gave me a Radio on my seventieth birthday, and as I am such a Radio fan, I want to know all about my new family.—Mrs. H. B. Buckeridge.

GET OUT THE V. O. L. GOAT

HAVE your January issue at hand and on page 82 I find that you want my letter. We enjoy the magazine very much and surely like Coon-Sanders, and also Sen Kaney, announcer. We feel we know the stars by reading the magazine.—A. M. Davis, Box 14, Gastonville, Pa.

WHEN JESSICA WAS A GIRL

JUST a few lines to let you know how I enjoy your wonderful magazine. One picture I liked was that of Jessica Dragonette. You know, every time I hear her singing on the Radio, it brings back memories of my younger days.

I remember her singing in the Church Choir when only a small child. When she sang a solo on Easter Sunday one year, every one in church sat and listened to what they thought was the best singer in the choir. To think that today she is one of the best sopranos of the country!—Frank B. Finan, 6070 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

JUST WRITE ROOSEVELT HOTEL, NEW YORK

I WOULD like to know where I can address a letter to Guy Lombardo of the Royal Canadians. Please continue to put pictures of Guy Lombardo in your magazine—and, please, may I join the V. O. L.?—Mary DeMissett, Box 813, Port Colborne, Ont.

Listener

DO FADING SIGNALS ANNOY YOU?

AM glad the controversy about popular programs is dying down. It is impossible for two people to prefer exactly the same entertainment. Indeed, I find that I do not always care for the same programs every time they are on the air.

This winter we, in this locality, are annoyed by fading during the evening broadcasts. Some stations fade entirely away, eventually returning, and others become distorted. Do other localities have this experience? Does anyone know the cause? I have the impression it is due to too many stations on the air. It certainly is not the fault of the receiving set. Wonder if many are annoyed by XEN of Mexico interfering with WGN of Chicago.

By the way, I have a portable speaker in addition to the built-in dynamic speaker. The portable is attached by a long cord, and as I live alone and do my own work, I find it very convenient to listen in from different parts of the house. Am passing this along to other women past the heyday of life who are compelled to remain indoors most of the time and depend on Radio for interest in life. RADIO DIGEST is a boon to such people.—Mrs. Dora D. Breech, 201-4th Ave., Sterling, Ill.

TO MADAM ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

(After her article "Joy Comes After Fifty" in a recent issue of RADIO DIGEST)

Evil takes its toll; whate'er is sown must be reaped.

And wild oats, when it comes to garnering Will yield weak bodies, untrue friends, and vacillating will,

Ah, then the latter years are spent in sorrow and despair.

All happiness consists in memories, E'en then so much repentance and regrets come creeping in

Small satisfaction can be found in these.

But he who spends his youth and middle years in doing good,

Collecting loveliness within the heart In serving those about him, finding pleasure in the work,

Gleans happiness that never can depart.

Ah, then the latter years are spent in blessedness and joy,

With no regrets for pleasures that are past, Enjoying surcease from all care; a host of friends to love,

'Tis only Christ Who brings the best wine last!

—Mrs. H. A. Dannecker, Box 328, Newcastle, Ind.

"CONGRATS" FOR "PIPES OF PAN"

ALLOW me to congratulate you on your page, "The Pipes of Pan." The organization of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Radio Fans is a noble idea. The broadcasters need their "wrists slapped" as you say. There are so many programs that are wholly inane and unjustifiable. For instance, tonight I listened to the "Sleepy Water Orchestra" from WMAQ. They played a good selection or two and then came down to *Can This Be Love?* When a good orchestra which is supposed to present some

particular type of music, presents foolish stuff like the tune mentioned it becomes just another orchestra.

Go ahead. Slap them plenty.—Calvin Cannady, New Harmony, Ind.

CLASSICAL MUSIC AND DR. WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

THE articles by Dr. W. B. White are the leading features in your magazine. He is certainly right when he says classical music should be explained by the announcer before played. I think this point cannot be stressed enough.

Also enjoyed Maria Jeritza's article. "The Golden Baton" was very good. Anything David Ross does is good.

I'm very much interested in articles about announcers, which I find very few and far between. (Follow Marcella's columns—she often prints sketches of the "lives of our great announcers"—Editor).—Carroll Kilpatrick, Woodley Road, Montgomery, Ala.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

JUST a word to say that I get a great deal of enjoyment out of your magazines and am passing them on to a "shut-in" who feels she knows the Radio stars after seeing their pictures.—Mrs. C. E. Clement, 8780-97th St., Woodhaven, L. I.

OF COURSE MR. VALLEE WRITES HIS OWN ARTICLES!

I'D like to ask a few questions in regard to Mr. Vallee. Where does he live? (*New York*). Does he write the articles appearing in the magazine? (*Yes—he dictates them, then re-reads and corrects them. His manuscript for Tuneful Topics in this issue was mailed from Miami, Fla., where he was on tour with his band.*) Is he going on a tour of the Paramount theatres soon? (*Yes—see last answer*).—A. C. S. Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHAT RICHARD DOESN'T LIKE—

GOT the December issue of your Radio magazine the other day. I used to get your magazine a year ago when it was something. In those days it was a hum-dinger. I'll list the things I don't like in the December issue:

First. "Million Dollar Radio Rum Ring" is the first. If your readers want all this detective stuff, they'll buy a detective magazine. Second. "Making the Most Out of Matrimony"—there are plenty of "True Confession" magazines for the ones who want this love bunk. Give us pictures, more of them, give Marcella more space, and cut out these stories that don't have anything to do with commercial broadcasting, like "John Garland the Deliverer," "We Are All Poets," "Hooked Rugs" and "Stretching for Beauty." Yours for a bigger and better RADIO DIGEST.—Richard Douglas, 1130 Krug Park Place, St. Joseph, Mo.

THAT'S WHAT "W. P." LIKES!

EACH month finds me more interested in your publication, especially the Voice of the Listener page. Am looking forward to another Oppenheim story, like "John Garland." "Radio Rum Ring" is interesting.—W. P. Smythe, Louisville, Ky.

FANS, WE'RE ASKING YOU

ALTHOUGH this is my first letter to you, I am an old time reader of RADIO DIGEST. I used to buy your magazine when you looked like the *Police Gazette*.

In those days you featured pictures of Radio stars and celebrities. Now you feature articles and stories by well-known people. Which do the fans like best? Why not ask them?

What do we care about the man who made the first moving picture? Tell us about the first man to broadcast. Who cares what George Bernard Shaw says about this and that? You're paying these people a lot of money. Why not put that money into the DIGEST by securing more Radio information?

Don't mind me, I'll buy the darn thing even if Einstein gives a detailed account of that theory of his.—John C. Barry, 49 Worcester St., Nashua, N. H.

HERE'S THE VOTE ON LOGS

AS A DX fan and an ardent reader of your magazine I should like to voice my opinion on logs. I, for one, would have no use for RADIO DIGEST without the splendid log which you have been giving to your readers. The Chain Calendar has no value for me, nor has the Alphabetical List, but when you have the State and City Index, and Official Wave Lengths, that is all I want.—Frank X. Scott, 41-26 Gleane St., Elmhurst, N. Y. . . . Keep up the Log, Wave Lengths, State Index, etc., if not each month, every other month.—Mr. and Mrs. Perry Van Meter, Davenport, Wash. . . . My vote is for the Alphabetical List and the State and City Index, three or four times a year.—H. G. Myers, 607 So. Home Ave., Oak Park, Ill. . . . I think that the Official Wave Length is all that is necessary.—Mrs. Walter Hart, Alpena, Mich.

I DON'T think that such a great number are necessary and think that space should be used for pictures.—Norman L. Benner, Souderton, Pa. . . . By all means have all lists in each month. There were new Cuban and Mexican stations in last issue that weren't in previous numbers—the listing helped me identify them.—L. E. Stewart, Winchendon, Mass. . . . I was very much disappointed because the January issue did not have the Chain Calendar as I always refer to it.—Mrs. Leonard Walter, 501 S. Bedford Ave., Evansville, Ind. . . . Imagine my disappointment when I found the Chain Calendars missing!—H. J. Bollin, Nacoziari, Sonora, Mexico. . . . It is quite interesting to look back at old issues of your magazine and see, from the Chain Calendar, what was on the air at that time.—R. Arnold, 1663 Dwight, Springfield, Mass. . . . Alphabetical list? Yes, indeed, each month. There are so many changes. Official Wave Lengths? Yes, indeed, each month. Many times in locating new stations we get the city and state but not the call letters. State and City Index? Yes, indeed each month? Chain Calendar Features? Yes! Yes! Yes! every month!—Frances Cherry, 605 Logan St., Wayne, Neb.

SORRY Frances, but there isn't room enough to print each log every month. However, we can promise one each month, together with the Chain Calendar. This decision was made in view of the overwhelming votes in favor of Logs.—THE EDITORS.

The Editors want to know what you think about our authors, our features, our policies. Write us—join V.O.L.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

How The "Televisor" Works

IMAGINE yourself in the combined television and broadcasting studio of WIXAV at Boston, Mass. Movie camera men rush into the room. The camera man sets up his tripod and camera, the sound men their amplifiers and microphone, the giant, intensely bright spotlights are turned on. The apparatus is tested, adjusted, and the cameraman finally utters a short crisp "O. K."

The stage is set—set for the televising of Rudy Vallee and the taking of motion pictures to record the event, the first time that a figure so prominently in the public eye as Rudy Vallee has been televised. Rudy Vallee enters the room. He is interested in the apparatus, wants to know how the television machine works, but time is short. He is playing at a Boston theatre and in an hour he must return to the theatre for another performance.

He is seated in front of the television apparatus, the arc light is turned on, the spot of light scans his face, sweeps across his face some fifteen times a second, each time breaking up the light reflected from his face into some 2,000 distinct parts. Each distinct signal is then amplified millions of times, is finally impressed on the

main transmitting tubes and leaves them to go over the air, to be picked up by those who have television receivers and who are tuned in on the station.

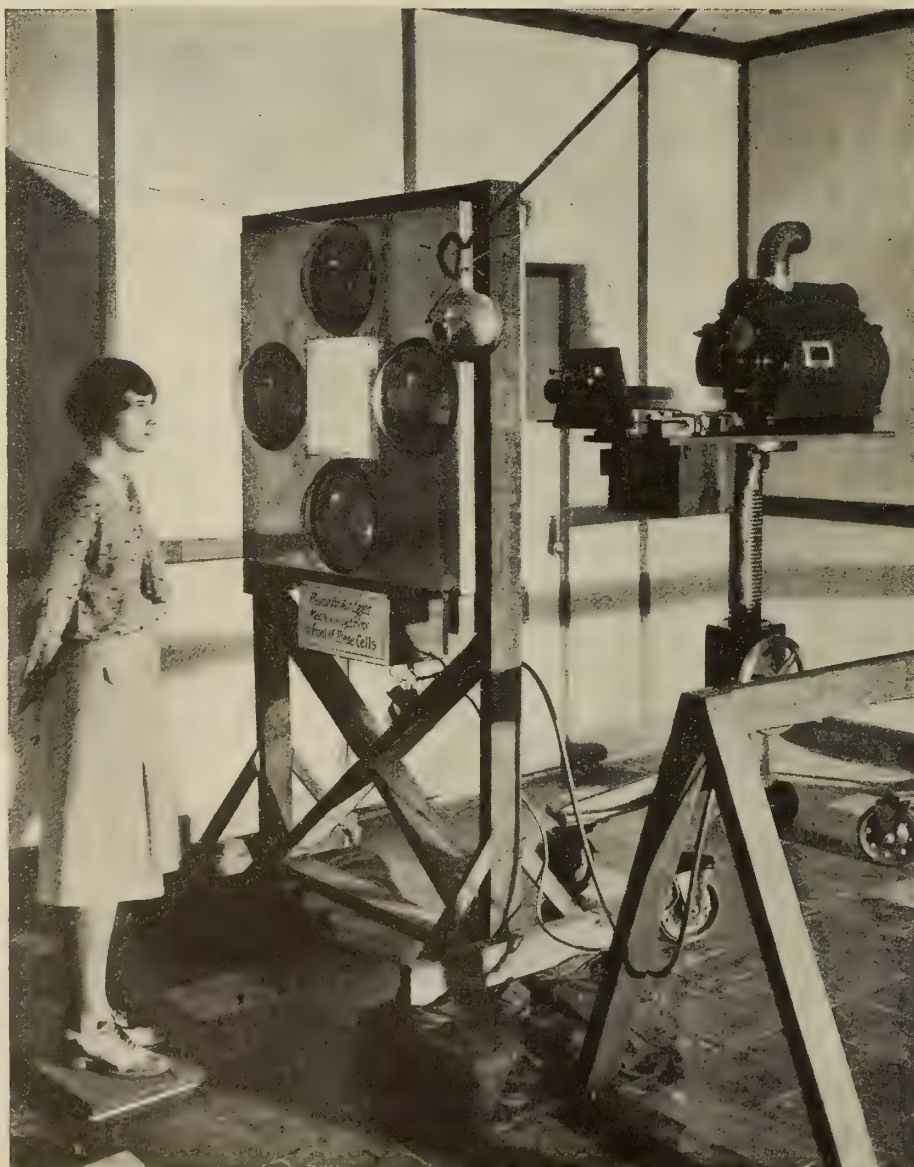
After a short while Rudy Vallee is shown the television receiver. Seated in front of it he sees a reproduction of a photograph of himself being held in front of the television transmitter. The picture

he sees is about three inches square and has a pale pinkish glow like that of a neon advertising sign.

Then more movies of him seated in front of the television receiver, the clicking of cameras as newspaper photographers snap his picture, and the allotted time has passed.

Rudy Vallee passes out of the studio to hurry back to the theatre, where the schedule he must begin his performance has been figured to the minute. The television engineers breathe easily again, the camera men sigh. The job is done, and it went through without a hitch.

It is probable that the general public does not realize the extent to which regular television programs are being broadcast by various stations throughout the country. In the Boston, New York, Washington and Chicago areas, particularly, these programs are sent out on regular schedules; the transmissions are not haphazard but occur regularly at definite specified times. As a result "lookers" (to manufacture a word equivalent to listeners) are able to tune in regular television programs, just as the broadcast listener tunes in his broadcast programs. The



Television sending apparatus at WIXAV, Boston. A spot of light sweeps across her face fifteen times a second, breaking up the reflection into 2,000 distinct parts to be broadcast.

of the Radio Arts

television programs are not as varied or as great in number but at least the art has passed the stage where transmissions are infrequent and irregular and has reached the point where the purchaser of a television receiver may be quite certain of receiving regular television programs provided he is located within the service area of one of the stations.

Who buys television receivers? Well, mostly experimenters, members of the enthusiastic group who built broadcast receivers back in the toddling days of broadcasting when there were only a few broadcasting stations on the air. Some of the companies operating television stations state frankly that the programs they transmit are for the sole benefit of these experimenters, while other groups insist that the television receiver has been developed to the point where it can be used by the average person and that television, therefore, has passed the experimental stage and has reached the point where it is quite practical. One group states that television is still "experimental"; the other group states that television is "here."

Who is right? If we base our opinion on the program value of the average television broadcast, we would be inclined to agree that it is still experimental for the programs and their reproduction is quite crude and will not hold the attention of the average person. But it is questionable whether the practicability of televi-



Television receiver. Picture is three inches square and has a pale, pinkish glow.

sion should be based on the merits of the program any more than the practicability of the automobile depends on its appearance. If the television receiver is quite simple to operate, if it will maintain its adjustment over fairly long periods; if, in other words, it does not require an expert to operate it, it has certainly passed the experimental stage.

Let us also get away from the meaningless phrase "television is still in the laboratory," which in this age of scientific development might be applied to most any device. Television may now be in the laboratory stage—but so will it be ten years from now. Perhaps what we

really mean when we refer to television as still being in the laboratory is that we have no assurance that the present methods of television transmission and reception will not be superseded by much better methods.

This is a moot problem. Once the sale of television receivers to the general public begins manufacturers tie themselves to a particular system. A newer and much better system could not easily be adopted, for it would render obsolete all the existing television receivers. So long as the sale of such sets is limited to the experimenter we can change systems as often as may be necessary. For the experimenter realizes that the television receiver he buys may have to be rebuilt frequently to conform with changes in methods of transmission.


The writer, for one, does not want

to suggest that now is the time for the public to buy television receivers; we do not believe that the reproduction is anywhere nearly good enough to satisfy the public. And we are not alone in this opinion. Up in Boston is located the Shortwave and Television Corporation, who operate WIXAV, over which Rudy Vallee was televised. In the laboratories of this company a simple receiver has been designed to be sold in kit form by Kresge stores throughout the country. But in spite of the fact that greater sales of these kits might be had by heralding television as an accomplished thing,

(Continued on page 100)

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Texas
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KKJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLK	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		250	WKBY	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBY	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBE	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		100	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		50	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.6	1,480	5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WCHI	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WKBW	Buffalo, N. Y.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
		5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon, Ill.
206.8	1,450	1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHCC	WABO Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNRB	Memphis, Tenn.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFOU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFOU	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXV	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		100	KGFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGCG	San Francisco, Calif.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGLX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WFDW	Tallahassee, Ala.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBK	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBK	Kansas City, Kan.
		250	WLEY	Lexington, Mass. (day)
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass. (night)
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		10	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		60	WQEZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)
		250	WSSH	Boston, (day)
		100	WSSH	Boston (night)
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		1,000	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
		250	WDAC	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		500	WODX	Mobile, Ala.
		500	WSFA	Montgomery, Ala.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBAA	W. Lafayette, Ind.
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH	WSDA Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUCA	Layetteville, Ark.
		2,500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		2,500	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (night)

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
217.3	1,380	500	KOV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
		50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Forth Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		50	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		1,000	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KGRC	San Antonio, Tex.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		100	KJFZ	Fort Worth, Tex.
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKK	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
220.4	1,360	500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont.
		250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		500	WGES	Chicago, Ill.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
225	1,333	50	XEC	Toluca, Mex.
225.4	1,330	2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
		1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		500	WDRS	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KCHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	GHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KGIQ	Twin Falls, Idaho
		500	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)
		1,000	KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kaliispell, Mont.
		100	KGFV	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSM	El Paso, Tex.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEER	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEER	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WEFG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDE	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHRP	Johannstown, Pa.
		100	WHFC	Cicero, Ill.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johannstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBK	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		100	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
		20	WRBI	Tifton, Ga. 1/2 time
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
		100	WSJS	Winston-Salem, N. C.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTRB	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBRR	Rossville, N. Y.
		500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		2,500	WIBW	Topeka, Kans. (day)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kans. (night)
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUL	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFRB	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWVG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.


Official
Wave
Lengths

Log your dial reading
according to wave and
frequency indicated here
and you will know any DX
station by quick reference



Kilo- Meters	cycles Watts	Call Signal	Location	Meters	Kilo- cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location	Meters	Kilo- cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO Boise, Idaho	256	1171.6	2,000	CJRX Winnipeg, Man.					500	WHB Kansas City, Mo.
		1,000	KFMX Northfield, Minn.									500	WRC Washington, D. C.
		1,000	KFOX Long Beach, Calif.	256.3	1,170	10,000	WCAU Phila., Pa.					500	KFEL Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WAAM Newark, N. J. (night)			5,000	KTNT Muscatine, Iowa					500	KRFX Denver, Colo.
		2,000	WAAM Newark, N. J. (day)			500	KEJK Beverly Hills, Calif.						
		1,000	WCAL Northfield, Minn.	258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO Ft. Wayne, Ind.					319	940 1,000 KGU Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	WDSU New Orleans, La.			5,000	WWVA Wheeling, W. Va.					1,000	KOIN Portland, Oregon
		250	WGCP Newark, N. J.									500	WCSH Portland, Maine
		1,000	WLB-WGMS Minneapolis, Minn.	260	1,153	200	CMHA Cienfuegos, Cuba					1,000	WFIW Hopkinsville, Ky.
		1,000	WODA Newark, N. J.									750	WHA Madison, Wis.
		1,000	WRHM Fridley, Minn.	260.7	1,150	5,000	WHAM Rochester, N. Y.					322.4	930 500 KFWI San Francisco, Calif.
241.8	1,240	500	KFPY Spokane, Wash.									1,000	KFWM Oakland, Calif. (day)
		1,000	KSAT Ft. Worth, Texas	263	1,140	5,000	WAPI Birmingham, Ala.					500	KFWM Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	WJAD Waco, Texas			5,000	KVOO Tulsa, Okla.					1,000	KGBZ York, Neb. (day)
		1,000	WGHP Detroit, Mich.	264	1,136	100	CMCA Havana, Cuba					500	KGBZ York, Neb. (night)
243.8	1,230	100	KFIO Spokane, Wash.	265	1,132	105	XEF Oaxaca, Mex.					1,000	KMA Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		100	KFOC Anchorage Alaska									500	KMA Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	KYA San Francisco, Calif.	265.3	1,130	1,000	WOV New York, N. Y.					1,000	WBRC Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	KGGM Albuquerque N. M. (day)			20,000	WJJD Mooseheart, Ill.					500	WBRC Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		250	KGGM Albuquerque N. M. (night)			5,000	KSL Salt Lake City, Utah					500	WDBJ Roanoke, Va. (day)
		1,000	WFBM Indianapolis, Ind.									250	WDBJ Roanoke, Va. (night)
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC Boston, Mass.	267.9	1,120	15	CFJC Camloops, B. C.					50	WIBG Elkins Park, Pa.
		500	WPSC State College, Pa.			500	CFRC Kingston, Ont.					322.6	930 50 CKIC Wolfville, N. S.
		500	WSBT South Bend, Ind.			25	CHCS Summerside, P. E. I.					325	923 250 CMHD Caibarien, Cuba
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU Lawrence, Kans.			50	CJOC Lethbridge, Alta.					500	XEX Mexico, D. F.
		500	WCAD Canton, N. Y.			50	CKPR Midland, Ont.					325.9	920 1,000 KOMO Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	WCAE Pittsburgh, Pa.	267.7	1,120	500	KFSG Los Angeles, Calif.					2,500	KPRC Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	WREN Lawrence, Kans.			500	KMIC Inglewood, Calif.					1,000	KPRC Houston, Texas (night)
247.9	1,210	50	CFCO Chatham, Ontario			500	KRSC Seattle, Wash.					500	WAFF Chicago, Ill.
		50	CFNB Fredericton, N. B.			500	KUT Austin, Texas					500	WESO Wellley Hills, Mass.
		5	CHWK Chilliwick, B. C.			500	WCOA Pensacola, Fla.					1,000	WWJ Detroit, Mich.
		15	CKMC Cobalt, Ont.			350	WDEL Wilmington, Del. (day)					325	915 250 XFF Chihuahua, Chih, Mex.
		50	CKPC Preston, Ont.			250	WDEL Wilmington, Del. (night)					327	914.3 250 CMX Havana
247.8	1,210	100	KDFN Casper, Wyo.			250	WISN Milwaukee, Wis.					329.7	910 500 CFOQ-CNRS Saskatoon, Sask.
		100	KDLR Devils Lake, N. D.			250	WTAW College Station, Texas					500	CHNS Halifax, N. S.
		250	KFOR Lincoln, Nebr. (day)			500	KTRH Houston, Texas					500	CJCG-CNRL London, Ont.
		100	KFOR Lincoln, Nebr. (night)	270.1	1,110	5,000	WRVA Richmond, Va.					500	CHJS Saskatoon, Sask.
		100	KFVS Cape Girardeau, Mo.			2,000	KSOO Sioux Falls, S. D.					500	WISJ Madison, Wis. (day)
		100	KGCR Watertown, S. D.									250	WISJ Madison, Wis. (night)
		100	KMJ Fresno, Calif.	272.6	1,100	50	KGDM Stockton, Calif. (day)					333.1	900 500 KGBU Ketchikan, Alaska
		100	KPCB Seattle, Wash.			5,000	WLWL New York, N. Y.					1,000	KHJ Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KPO Wenatchee, Wash.			5,000	WPG Atlantic City, N. J.					250	KSEI Pocatello, Idaho
		100	KWEA Shreveport, La.	273	1098.7	100	CMCE Havana, Cuba					2,500	WFLA Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		100	WBAK Wilkes-Barre, Pa.			10	XEL Saltillo, Coah, Mex.					1,000	WFLA Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		100	WCBF Springfield, Ill.	275	1,091	10	XEL Saltillo, Coah, Mex.					1,000	WKY Oklahoma City, Okla.
		100	WCOH Yonkers, N. Y.									2,000	WBLB Stevens Point, Wis.
		100	WCRW Chicago, Ill.	275.1	1,090	50,000	KMOX St. Louis, Mo.					750	WMAK Martinsville, N. Y.
		100	WDWF-WLSI Providence, R. I.									750	WFBF Syracuse, N. Y.
		100	WEBQ Harrisburg, Pa.	277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT Charlotte, N. C.					450	895 1,000 XEB Mexico, D. F.
		100	WEBE Cambridge, Ohio			5,000	WCBF Zia, Ill.					336.9	890.4 500 XET Monterrey, N. L. Mexico
		100	WEDC Chicago, Ill.			5,000	WMBI Chicago, Ill.					336.9	890 1,000 KFNH Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		100	WGBB Freeport, N. Y.			101	XER Mexico, D. F.					500	KFNH Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		100	WGCM Gulfport, Miss.	280	1,071	101	XER Mexico, D. F.					250	KGJF Little Rock, Ark.
		100	WHBF Rock Island, N. Y.									750	KUSD Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		100	WHBA Anderson, Ind.	280.2	1,070	100	KJBS San Francisco, Calif.					500	KUSD Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		500	WIBA Madison, Wis.			300	WAAT Jersey City, N. J.					250	WGST Atlanta, Ga.
		100	WINR Bayshore, N. Y.			50	WCAC Carthage, Ill.					500	WILL Urbana, Ill. (day)
		100	WJBI Redbank, N. J.			100	WDTZ Tuscola, Ill.					250	WILL Urbana, Ill. (night)
		100	WJBU Lewisburg, Pa.			1,000	WEAR Cleveland, Ohio					400	WJAR Providence, R. I. (day)
		50	WJBY Gadsden, Ala.			50,000	WTAM Cleveland, Ohio					250	WJAR Providence, R. I. (night)
		100	WJW Mansfield, Ohio	282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ Portland, Ore.					500	WKAQ San Juan, P. R.
		50	WLCI Ithaca, N. Y.			10,000	WBAL Baltimore, Md.					500	WMAZ Macon, Ga. (day)
		50	WMAN Columbus, Ohio			1,000	WJAG Norfolk, Neb.					250	WMAZ Macon, Ga. (night)
		100	WMBC Richmond, Va.			50,000	WTIC Hartford, Conn.					500	WMMN Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		100	WMBR Tampa, Fla.									250	WMMN Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		25	WOCL Jamestown, N. Y.	285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB Milford, Kan.					337.1	889.9 50 CFBO St. John, N. B. Canada
		100	WOMT Manitowoc, Wis.			50,000	KNX Hollywood, Calif.					100	CKCO Ottawa, Ont.
		100	WPAA Pawtucket, R. I.									338	887 100 CMBC Cuba
		100	WRBO Greenville, Miss.	288.3	1,040	1,000	WKEN Grand Island, N. Y.					340.9	880 50 CHML Hamilton, Ont.
		100	WRBU Gastonia, N. C.			1,000	WKAR E. Lansing, Mich.					100	CHRC Quebec, P. Q.
		100	WSBC Chicago, Ill.			10,000	KTHS Hot Springs, Ark.					50	CJCB Sydney, N. S.
		50	WSIX Springfield, Tenn.			10,000	KRLD Dallas, Tex.					50	CKCI Quebec, P. Q.
		50	WTAX Sreator, Ill.									50	CKCV-CNRO Quebec, P. Q.
249.9	1,200	50	KFHA Gunnison, Colo.	290	1034.5	101	XEV Puebla, Pue.					50	CKOC Hamilton, Ont.
		100	KFJB Marshalltown, Iowa									340.7	880 500 KFKA Greeley, Colo. (right)
		15	KFKZ Kirksville, Mo.	291.3	1,038	500	CNRR Vancouver, B. C.					1,000	KFKA Greeley, Colo. (day)
		100	KFWF St. Louis, Mo.									500	KLX Oakland, Calif.
		100	KFXM San Bernardino, Calif.	291.3	1,030	1,650	CFCF Montreal, P. Q.					500	KPOF Denver, Colo.
		100	KGCU Mandan, N. D.									1,000	WCOC Meridian, Miss. (day)
		50	KGDE Fergus Falls, Minn.	292	1,027	50	CMBW Mariano, Cuba					500	WCOC Meridian, Miss. (night)
		15	KGDY Oldham, S. D.				CMCB Havana, Cuba					250	WGBI Scranton, Pa.
		50	KGEK Yuma, Colo.				CJOR Sea Island, B. C.					250	WQAN Scranton, Pa.
		100	KGEW Fort Morgan, Colo.	293.9	1,020	250	WRAX Philadelphia, Pa.					344.6	870 50,000 WENR Chicago, Ill.
		50	KGFK Hallock, Minn.			10,000	KYW-KFKX Chicago, Ill.					50,000	WLS Chicago, Ill.
		100	KGHI Little Rock, Ark.			500	KYWA Chicago, Ill.					348.6	860 250 KFOZ Hollywood, Calif.
		50	KGY Lacey, Wash. (day)			500	KGGF Pitcher, Okla.					50,000	WABC-WBOQ New York, N. Y.
		10	KGY Lacey, Wash. (night)			250	KQW San Jose, Calif.					350	857.1 101 XEJ C. Juarez, Chili
		50	KPPC Pasadena, Calif.			250	WHN New York, N. Y.					352.7	850 10,000 KWKH Shreveport, La.
		100	KSMR Santa Monica, Calif.			500	WNAD Norman, Okla.					5,000	WWL New Orleans, La.
		100	KVOS Bellingham, Wash.	296.9	1,010	500	WPAP New York, N. Y.					356.9	841 501 XEM Tampico, Tamps.
		100	KWG Stockton, Calif.			250	WQAO New York, N. Y.					357.1	840 500 CFCA-CKOW-CNRT Toronto, Ont.
		100	KXO El Centro, Calif.			250	WRNY New York, N. Y.					100	CKLC-CHCT Red Deer, Alt.
		100	WABI Bangor, Maine									357.7	840 500 CMC Havana, Cuba
		100	WABZ New Orleans, La.									360	832.8 360 CMGA Colon, Cuba
		75	WBBY Charleston, S. C.									361.2	830 12,500 KOA Denver, Colo.
		100	WBBZ Ponca City, Okla.									1,000	WHDH Gloucester, Mass.
		100	WCAT Rapid City, S. D.									362	828.7 2,000 NEG Mexico, D. F.
		100	WCAX Burlington, Vt.									365.6	820 10,000 WHAS Louisville, Ky.
		100	WCLO Kenosha, Wis.									368	815.2 500 CMI Havana, Cuba
		50	WFBC Knoxville, Tenn.									370.2	810 7,500 WCCO Minneapolis, Minn.
		200	WFBE Cincinnati, Ohio									500	WPCH New York, N. Y.
		100	WCOD Harrisburg, Pa.									374.8	800 50,000 WBAP Ft. Worth, Texas
		10	WHBC Canton, Ohio									375	800 101 XEU Veracruz, Ver.
		100	WHBY West De Pere, Wis.									379.5	790 7,500 KGO Oakland, Calif.
		300	WIBX Utica, N. Y. (day)									50,000	WGY Schenectady, N. Y.
		100	WIBX Utica, N. Y. (night)									379	791 500 CMHC Tuluca, Cuba
		250	WIL St. Louis, Mo. (day)									507	791.7 1,000 XFI Mexico, D. F.
		100	WIL St. Louis, Mo. (night)									384.6	790 5,000 CKY-CNRR Winnipeg, Man.
		100	WJBC LaSalle, Ill.									385	780 5,000 NEW Mexico, D. F.
		100	WJBL Decatur, Ill.										
		30	WJBW New Orleans, La.										
		100	WORC Worcester, Mass.										
		100	WKJC Lancaster, Pa.										
		30	WLAP Louisville, Ky.										
		250	WLBG Petersburg, Va. (day)										
		100	WLBG Petersburg, Va. (night)										
		250	WMAY St. Louis, Mo. (day)										
		100	WMAY St. Louis, Mo. (night)										
		100	WNBO Washington, Pa.										
		10	WNBW Carbondale, Pa.										
		10	WNBX Springfield, Vt.										
		100	WRAF La Porte, Ind.										
		50	WRBL Columbus, Ga.										
		100	WRAE Hammond, Ind.	</									

Kilo- Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
384.4	780	500	KELW Burbank, Calif.	
		1,000	KTM Santa Monica, Cal. (day)	
		500	KTM Santa Monica, Cal. (night)	
		500	WEAN Providence, R. I. (day)	
		250	WEAN Providence, R. I. (night)	
		1,000	WMC Memphis, Tenn. (day)	
		500	WMC Memphis, Tenn. (night)	
		500	WPOR Norfolk, Va.	
		500	WTAR Norfolk, Va.	
		500	WISJ Madison, Wis.	
		500	WISJ Madison, Wis.	
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB Lincoln, Neb.	
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT Chicago, Ill.	
394.5	760	1,000	KVI Tacoma, Wash.	
		1,000	WEW St. Louis, Mo.	
		30,000	WJZ New York, N. Y.	
399.8	750	5,000	WJR Detroit, Michigan	
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ Clay Center, Neb.	
		5,000	WSB Atlanta, Ga.	
410	731.3	2,000	CMK Havana, Cuba	
		1,000	XEN Mexico, D. F.	
411	729.9	500	CHYC Montreal, P. Q.	
		50	CKWX Vancouver, B. C.	
		50	CKMO Vancouver, B. C.	
		500	CKAC Montreal, P. Q.	
		50	CKCD-CHLS Vancouver, B. C.	
		50	CKFC Vancouver, B. C.	
416.4	720	25,000	WGN Chicago, Ill.	
299.8	710	250	KFVD Culver City, Cal.	
422.3	710	5,000	WOR Newark, N. J.	
428.3	700	50,000	WLW Cincinnati, Ohio	
434.8	690	500	CFAC-CNRC Calgary, Alt. Can.	
		500	CFCN-CNRC Calgary, Alt. Can.	
		500	CJCH-CHCA Calgary, Alt. Can.	
		500	CKGW Bowmanville, Ont.	
441	680.2	50	CMBS Havana, Cuba	
440.5	680	5,000	KPO San Francisco, Cal.	
		1,000	WPTF Raleigh, N. C.	
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ Chicago, Ill.	
454.3	660	500	WAAW Omaha, Nebr.	
		50,000	WEAF New York, N. Y.	
461.3	650	5,000	WSM Nashville, Tenn.	
466	643.7	250	CMCF Havana, Cuba	

Kilo- Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
468.5	640	5,000	KFI Los Angeles, Cal.	
		500	WAIU Columbus, Ohio	
470	638.3	2,000	XFG Mexico, D. F.	
475.9	630	500	KFRU Columbus, Mo.	
		500	WGBF Evansville, Ind.	
		500	WMAL Washington, D. C. (day)	
		250	WMAL Washington, D. C. (night)	
		1,000	WOS Jefferson City, Mo. (day)	
		500	WOS Jefferson City, Mo. (night)	
476.2	629.9	500	CFCT Victoria, B. C.	
		500	CJGX Yorktown, Saq.	
		500	CNRA Moncton, N. B.	
482	622.4	50	CMBD Havana, Cuba	
483.6	620	1,000	KGW Portland, Ore.	
		1,000	KREP Phoenix, Ariz. (day)	
		500	KREP Phoenix, Ariz. (night)	
		500	KTAR Phoenix, Ariz.	
		1,000	WDAE Tampa, Fla.	
		1,000	WDBO Orlando, Fla.	
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN Clearwater, Fla.	
		1,000	(day)	
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN Clearwater, Fla.	
		500	(Night)	
		500	WJAY Cleveland, Ohio	
		500	WLBZ Bangor, Maine	
		2,500	WTMJ Milwaukee, Wisc. (day)	
		1,000	WTMJ Milwaukee, Wisc. (night)	
490	611.9	200	CMBY Havana, Cuba	
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC San Francisco, Cal.	
		1,000	WDAF Kansas City, Mo.	
		500	WFAN Philadelphia, Pa.	
		500	WIP Philadelphia, Pa.	
		1,000	WQK Kansas City, Mo.	
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD San Diego, Calif. (day)	
		500	KFSD San Diego, Calif. (night)	
		250	WCAO Baltimore, Md.	
		500	WEBW Beloit, Wisc.	
		500	WMT Waterloo, Iowa	
		1,000	WQAN Lawrenceburg, Tenn.	
		1,000	WREC Memphis, Tenn. (day)	
		500	WREC Memphis, Tenn. (night)	
		250	WCHC Storrs, Conn.	
500	599.6	250	CFCH Iroquois Falls, Ont.	
		500	CJRM Moose Jaw, Sask.	
		500	CJRW Fleming, Sask.	
		500	CNRO Ottawa, Can.	
		1,000	CMW Havana, Cuba	
		2,000	KHQ Spokane, Wash. (day)	
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ Spokane, Wash. (night)	
		500	WCAJ Lincoln, Nebr.	
		1,000	WEEL Boston, Mass.	

Kilo- Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
508.2	590	1,000	WEMC Berrien Springs, Mich.	
		1,000	WOW Omaha, Nebr.	
514.4	560	1,000	KFDM Beaumont, Texas, (day)	
		500	KFDM Beaumont, Texas, (night)	
		2,500	KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo.	
		1,000	KLZ Denver, Colo.	
		1,000	KTAB Oakland, Calif.	
		500	WFI Philadelphia, Pa.	
		1,000	WIOD Miami Beach, Fla.	
		500	WLIT Philadelphia, Pa.	
		2,000	WNOX Knoxville, Tenn. (day)	
		1,000	WNOX Knoxville, Tenn. (night)	
		5,000	WOI Ames, Iowa	
		1,000	WQAM Miami, Fla.	
516.9	580	200	KGFX Pierre, S. D.	
		1,000	KSAC Manhattan, Kans. (day)	
		500	KSAC Manhattan, Kans. (night)	
		250	WOBU Charleston, W. Va.	
		250	WSAZ Huntington, W. Va.	
		250	WTAG Worcester, Mass.	
		500	WSUI Iowa City, Iowa	
517.2	580.4	500	CKUA Edmonton, Alta.	
		500	CKNC-CJBC Toronto, Ontario	
		250	CHMA Edmonton, Alta.	
		500	CJCA-CNRE Edmonton, Alta.	
		500	CKCL Toronto, Ont.	
526	570	500	KGKO Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)	
		250	KGKO Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)	
		500	KMTR Hollywood, Calif.	
		500	KXA Seattle, Wash.	
		750	WEAO Columbus, Ohio	
		1,500	WIBO Chicago, Ill. (day)	
		1,600	WIBO Chicago, Ill. (night)	
		500	WKBN Youngstown, Ohio	
		1,000	WNAX Yankton, S. D.	
		250	WMAC Cazenovia, N. Y.	
		500	WMCA New York, N. Y.	
		500	WNYC New York, N. Y.	
		500	WPCC Chicago, Ill.	
		250	WSRY Syracuse, N. Y.	
		1,000	WWNC Asheville, N. C.	
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY Brookings, S. D. (day)	
		500	KFDY Brookings, S. D. (night)	
		1,000	KFUO St. Louis, Mo. (day)	
		500	KFUO St. Louis, Mo. (night)	
		2,500	KFYR Bismarck, N. D. (day)	
		1,000	KFYR Bismarck, N. D. (night)	
		1,000	KOAC Corvallis, Ore.	
		500	KSD St. Louis, Mo.	
		1,000	WGR Buffalo, N. Y.	
		500	WKRC Cincinnati, Ohio	
546.8	548.6	105	XEY Surrida, Yuc.	
548	588.2	500	XEZ Mexico, D. F.	
555.6	540	500	CKX Brandon, Mass.	

Beauty Is As Beauty Thinks

(Continued from page 15)

look around her "soul's windows", to boot.

"Now look at this other picture," continued Bernadine in her pianissimo voice which, even in ordinary conversation, seems to whisper crooning lullabies.

It's a long, long way from Greta Garbo, the dramedienne (lexicographers, please note as opp. to comedienne for purposes not fully covered by tragedienne) to Nancy Carroll, the ingenue, but Bernadine made the complete journey, the while the photographer, smothering beneath the black pall, feasted his eyes upon this her beauty.

How is it possible, it may be asked, to reflect such widely different characteristics with but a single face? Simply by taking the Special Hollywood train, Mental Express - ion and stopping off at the visage of your favorite actress. "That's the whole solution," said Bernadine as she rested for a moment out of character.

Of course, some very learned and sage ps-ps-psycho-analyst may come along and say that there is a subconscious reason for it all—that it's the calories that actually do the work—calories plus the co-operation of versatile vitamins. But a chorus of *boshes* throws Psir Psychist off the soap-box, for the reason that very few aspiring artists with the slender, airy form of Bernadine, wish to make the acquaintance of calories. Not that she has to go diet-wise, mind you, for when

Bernadine comes, it is like the rustle of spring—there is that freshness of youth about her—but she is wise enough to look ahead, and she shudders at the forbidding shadow of the rippling chin.

The interviewer, however, having no compunction over calories, proceeded with the healthy appetite and purpose of the average consumer while Bernadine raved on about the bigger things in life. She said:

"One's attitude of mind has everything in the world to do with one's success and activities. Just as I portrayed Greta Garbo and Nancy Carroll at will, that is how I can bring success to my work.

"Sometimes when I find a tendency to yield to discouragement, I just shake myself and affirm that I *can* go on and make progress continually. And back of this urge for success is the desire to please my parents. Believe me, it takes all the determination I have to rise above seeming obstacles and their attending difficulties—but these trials do make one grow. Looking back, I don't think I should have foregone any of the experiences I have been through when I think of the golden lessons they held for me.

"And now I'm off to Hollywood and my advice to everyone is, think success and you will bring it into your lives, think beauty and beauty will come into your experience—but it has to emanate from your own thinking."

By this time we had left the restaurant and were going through the busy streets of Manhattan. The hurrying throngs of people who caught the music

in Bernadine's voice turned their heads and looked after her.

Bernadine has her audience now. And any place she happens to stand on will become her stage.

Added to her many gifts as an actress and Radio artist is her leaning toward writing poetry and composing music.

"I don't know how it happened, but I was walking along the street one day and the whole song just ran through my mind. Here, let me hum it for you."

Against the background of New York's throbbing symphony of familiar tones—train rumblings, auto whirrs with an occasional clang of fire engines—Bernadine sang her little song. Its merits have already been recognized by a music publisher, and readers of this article will probably be hearing arrangements of it over the Radio very soon.

Bernadine waved a sweet farewell as she turned the corner.

"Think success and you will bring it into your life," I murmured. There's a philosophy that's worth while, easily understandable and applicable—not dependent on deductions, logic or a priori reasoning. It worked with the photographs, why not with the problems of being?

It became clear after this chat, why so many gifted people are complete failures, while others with fewer talents are great successes. The person who succeeds has a native philosophy, a determination to conquer all odds and a love for people. And Bernadine has all of these elements.

Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 67)

Its title arrested my attention and I asked her to sing it for me. She did so, and then told me that it was a song that Tommy Lyman had often sung for her. As she sang it I felt that melodically there were several places that could be changed much for the better; lyrically, too, there were possibly a few different twists that might make the song more likable.

The firm of Leo Feist, with whom I am associated, through its professional manager, Rocco Vocco, sought to get in touch with Lyman. Rocco, an old friend of Lyman's, thought he might be in Paris, but finally discovered him in Chicago. It was difficult to find him because he was living the life of a recluse and did not want to talk with anyone as he was not interested. Negotiations continued and finally from Florida came a letter from him granting permission for the song to be published, and giving the name of the other person with whom he had written the song. Both Rocco Vocco, and other critics who listened to the original version, felt that the changes I suggested were imperative and necessary; they have been incorporated into the song. I look for its publication almost any day.

The story of the song is that if the boy says he doesn't want her, doesn't miss her, and doesn't want to kiss her, and as a climax, doesn't love her, he is lying. It is a song that gives me a great deal of enjoyment when I present it.

We do it slowly, at thirty-five measures a minute, and it will be published by Leo Feist.

Just a Gigolo

AS MIGHT be expected from the word "gigolo", this is a European composition. "Gigolo" is either unknown to most Americans, or possibly repulsive to those who do know what it means. In fact, I am sure that the simple country folk of this land of the free have only a vague idea of what a gigolo is, but New York publishers take for granted that everyone knows what Manhattan knows.

A gigolo, at least a male gigolo, is a young man (usually), who is engaged by an old lady (usually, though not necessarily), to take her to tea dances, to dinner and supper dances, theatres, shopping; in fact to be, as it were, a temporary husband, bodyguard, and servant. When I played at the Savoy Hotel in London in 1924-25 the management employed two young men who invited unescorted ladies to dance. While these young men liked to call themselves instructors, escorts, or what have you, they knew that they were regarded as gigolos. The popular conception pictured is the Valentino type of young man, with black, straight, sleekly oiled hair, a pale, sensitive face of per-

fect proportions, always thin, somewhat effeminate, and usually pictured in swallow-tails, or to be plain, full dress. At any rate, whether or not the two young men at the Savoy Hotel were gigolos, I have really seen some who admittedly were because they were at many tea dances to which I went for recreation on my afternoons off in London, and in every case they were very excellent dancers. For me it was depressing to see them and their partners; such an unfair combination of old age and youth, yet both so extremely happy and apparently wrapped up in each other, dancing fairly well considering the difference in ages, and watching with intense interest all the other dancers. If nothing else enticed them to the floor the tango always did.

For that reason I expected this composition to be a tango. The song, as it is published in America, is not a tango. I am in doubt as to just what to call it; it would make a good waltz but it would be too long-drawn out. It is published as a fox-trot though, and here I must become technical for a moment, for if you play it as it is published I believe the true beauty of the piece would be lost. Like *My Ideal*, of which I spoke in last month's issue, we find it necessary to lengthen the piece, giving twice the value not only to each note, but to each measure, or bar, as it is more commonly called, in order to bring out the true melodic value of it. That is, where there is an eighth note, we play it as a quarter note. The single notes contained in one measure we find it necessary to divide into two, in order that the piece does not sound hurried and short. Some of the bands play it as it is written, and others play it the way I have just described. If you listen to it over the air with the composition before you, I think you will see just what I mean.

Due to the odium and repulsion that I, and most Americans, feel toward a person who sells his services to a lady, I have not sung the song, although we have played it. Even a different version, putting the gigolo into the third person instead of the first, as it is written, would still not solve it for me.

While we have the female equivalent of the European gigolo here in the "kept woman", strangely enough the sight of a gray-haired man dancing with a very young girl seems to us more logical than the reverse, but as Moran and Mack used to say, "Who cares 'bout dat?"

Gigolo is a very pretty melody, and in spite of its lyric is selling very well. Howard Lanin, at the St. Moritz in New York, uses it, heaven knows why, as his Radio signature! I find myself humming the melody often; it is a pretty one. It is published by De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson.

Say Hello to the Folks Back Home

HERE is a tune dangerously close to being hill-billy (folk songs which have originated in the mountain districts of the backwoods states which the natives have sung for years). Some publishers would contemptuously term it "corney", meaning that it is too trite and *Home-Sweet-Home-like* to be classed as a popular song, but it is the type of thing that appeals to the masses.

Carmen Lombardo, the gifted singer, saxophonist, and song-writer, of the four Lombardo brothers, whose delightful music entrances all who dance to it or hear it over the Radio, contributed to this composition, and Benny Davis, whose list of hits looks like a laundry list, collaborated with Carmen, and these two have given us a popular song which might well be sung by any stranger thinking of his home town and the folks he left behind him. It is a good song.

It is published by Davis, Coots and Ergel. We play it in what we call semi-slow tempo, or about fifty-five measures a minute.

Something to Remember You By

I SUPPOSE I will never think of this composition again without associating it with a grapefruit! In fact, I should banish the song forever from my mind and never think about it again after what happened in Boston last week. It never occurred to me that it would make a suggestion to the mind of a young college student, who answered the plea of the song by hurling from the balcony a real grapefruit! I like to feel that he was not so brainless as to want to hit me as I played my saxophone, because obviously it might have injured me quite seriously if it had struck the saxophone while it was in my mouth. As it was, it hit upon the cymbal of my drummer, several feet away.

That was the only thing thrown, but I continued to finish the song, at least for that show. Of course I took it out the next show, because there was no reason for inviting trouble. It was really a shame, because it is a very pretty song. In fact, although it is of the musical comedy type, and comes from the musical comedy *Three's a Crowd*, it wins all who hear it, unlike most musical comedy hits.

The thought is extremely simple, in fact, almost too simple. The melody is beautiful, and therein lies the charm of the composition. It was written by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. It is introduced in the show by Libby Holman, whose voice and personality have been the talk of Broadway even since her debut in the first *Little Show*.

Despite air restrictions and everything else, the song is played everywhere and is selling extremely well. But somehow for me it will always call to mind the picture of a grapefruit hurtling through the air.

We play it at a semi-slow tempo, about sixty measures a minute. It is published by Harms, Inc.

What Good Am I Without You

ANOTHER song by Milton Ager, of the firm of Ager, Yellen and Bornstein. Ager has written, with his partner, Jack Yellen, a list of hits that you have all danced to and sung in the past decade, songs such as *Ain't She Sweet?*, *Crazy Words*, *Crazy Tune*, the *Rain or Shine* songs, and many other big hits too numerous to mention.

He played this song for me months ago in my dressing room at the Brooklyn Paramount, and I was struck by the beauty of its melody and thought. As he played it, it was dangerously similar to *Body and Soul*, although he could not have been influenced by the other composition since *Body and Soul* had not yet been published, and I, perhaps, was the only individual, outside of the publisher, who had heard it. Ager, subsequently, at my suggestion, revised the opening phrases of the song so that there was no chance of conflict between it and *Body and Soul*, and the song was published.

It has a sort of minor, unhappy strain running throughout it, and its chief charm lies in its melody and harmony. I have heard it rendered delightfully by many artists. It makes a good dance tune when played slowly enough. We do it at thirty-eight measures a minute, and we pitch it much lower than its original key, due to the fact that it goes pretty high.

Lonesome Lover

NOT since *I'm Just a Vagabond Lover* has there been another "Lover" song to achieve any popularity. Personally I dislike singing a song of this type because I dislike to lend the impression that I am giving a song that shows me as the lover in question. Peculiarly enough, *Lonesome Lover* is published by the same firm that published *I'm Just a Vagabond Lover*. It is another song that can be credited to the good taste of Rocco Vocco.

It was written by Al Bryan and Jimmie Monaco. Bryan is a poet among songwriters; he has written several books of beautiful poetry, and as a rule his lyrics verge toward the æsthetic, poetic, high-brow type, although he has written very popular songs, such as *Song of the Nile*.

Monaco wrote the melody for the old hit, *Dirty Hands*, for *Through*, and *Me and the Man in the Moon*.

Like Irving Berlin's *What'll I Do*, *Lonesome Lover* is published both as a waltz and a fox trot. The reason for this, I suppose, is that although the beauty of a fox trot may be destroyed by an orchestra playing it too fast or too slowly as a fox trot, there is little chance of

their going wrong if it is a waltz, because the waltz is standard tempo. I believe that is the reason back of *Lonesome Lover* being published both ways. It was a smart move.

I used *Lonesome Lover* as an example of how our band plays regular tempo fox trots in a little Paramount Pictorial movie short which I made a week ago. It is the only song which I really sing in the picture, and it served as a very good example. One hears it a great deal on the air, and it seems to be selling quite well. We play it at about sixty measures a minute.

I Hate Myself For Falling In Love With You

THIS is perhaps the first hit of which that new firm of Silver Songs, Inc., may boast. Abner Silver, writer of *I'm High Up on a Mountain Top*, *C'est Vous* and *Mary Ann*, is already a very familiar figure in Tin-Pan Alley and the minds of music lovers. Cornell, who unquestionably contributed some of the melody, is one of the clever team of pianists, Shutt and Cornell, who are so delightful in their Radio hours. Dave Oppenheim is one of the few millionaires who dabble in lyric writing. Oppenheim owns a chain of over fifty beauty shops, and coins a fortune every day; the writing of lyrics to music is merely a pastime to him, as he assuredly does not need the few thousands of dollars that may or may not eventually come to him if the song is a hit. Still he is intensely proud of his published compositions and enjoys hearing them played.

Silver I have known for some time, and have listened to and helped pick many of his compositions before he went into business for himself. All three of the boys deserve commendation for their work on this song. It is distinctly away from the average song, both in melody and lyrics, and one that is a pleasure to listen to.

We find it necessary to play it at about thirty-eight measures a minute in order to bring it to our listeners in the way we feel it should be interpreted.

Amos and Andy

(Continued from page 48)

is responsible for Amos and Andy appearing in camouflaged parts. Neptune arouses the desire to assume an entirely different physical appearance, and in Amos and Andy it expressed itself in the black make-up. Neptune is also responsible for the sound philosophy which they teach under the guise of humor and in amusing plots. Both Amos and Andy have a profound interest in the welfare of mankind and an overwhelming desire to help make this world a little better place in which to live, and it is the Aquarian feeling of brotherhood, expressing itself through the Neptunian ray, which makes it possible for them to entertain us while they are also teaching us big lessons in the way to live. (Aha! *Knights of the Mystic Sea!*)

Andy has Capricorn rising and Capricorn is the most tenaciously ambitious of all the signs. There is no limit to the material dreams of the Capricornian and it is no wonder that Andy is always thinking in millions.

Both Amos and Andy had Jupiter rising, but Andy's is afflicted and for that reason he has to be more cautious in his business transactions than does Amos. If the birth data is correct, it would appear that Amos is the one who likes to strut his stuff, which is just the contrary to the parts taken by them in their programs, and the stars also indicate that it is Amos' feet which give him no end of trouble, while Andy is the one who is always complaining.

The strong Aquarian influence in their charts is responsible for their success over the air, as Aquarius rules Radio and electricity and it is Andy's Sun in this sign which gives him a tendency to worry. Amos' influence is extremely beneficial at such times.

Amos is generous and sympathetic too, but he is more practical in his efforts to help the unfortunate. Neither does he take their individual tragedies to heart as Andy does.

Andy's badly afflicted Moon shows that he will be susceptible to glandular trouble and if he doesn't take care of himself, he will need a doctor more than one of Madame Queen's "mananacures".

Mercury and Neptune in Gemini, the ruler of speech, gives him fluency and makes him a clever conversationalist. His Sun in Taurus makes him fond of food and he is the most satisfactory dinner guest a good cook could ask for.

Andy has Mars in the tenth house, another indication like Amos' Sun, of the success which was to come to him. This position mitigates any undesirable quality and makes Andy a worker once Amos gets him out of bed. He is enthusiastic, ingenious, courageous. He is interested in mechanical inventions, and Mars in Scorpio indicates a great wit and a keen imagination. It is Uranus in the ninth house which is responsible for his unmistakable genius, but with four planets in the airy signs, it is extremely difficult for Andy to keep his feet on earth, but Venus in the first house, makes his friends and acquaintances forgive him his aerial excursions, into a realm denied their practical minds. As a matter of fact, this position of Venus, combined with the Sun in the friendly Aquarius, gives him a most amiable and lovable disposition and is responsible for his great popularity with both men and women.

Their combined horoscopes show no lessening of their present popularity, but after 1937, Amos will have to guard both his health and his money. As long as Amos and Andy resist all efforts to separate them, their good fortune is assured, for their aspects balance their individual fates, and as long as they work together, disaster will not overtake them.

Erno Rapee

(Continued from page 7)

become the leader of some symphonic orchestra. And so, in 1912, he came to America—hoping that here he would attain his goal.

He did not attain that goal immediately. First he served as accompanist to many celebrated artists, and as assisting artist to the Letz String Quartet. Finally, he attained his Nirvana. One day, unexpectedly, a call came from the manager of the Rivoli Theatre, New York—you may have heard about that manager; his name is S. L. Rothafel—asking Rapee if he would like to become the musical director of the theatre. Rapee consented eagerly; instinctively he felt that it would be the first important step in his musical career as symphonic-conductor. And from that time on dates not only Rapee's conductorial career, but also a friendship with his employer, "Roxy", which has persisted for more than fifteen years, constantly growing stronger and stronger.

Henceforth, wherever "Roxy" went, he was to take his musical director with him—and so, from the Rivoli Theatre, where Rapee remained for two years, he went to the Capitol and, four years later, he came to Roxy's own theatre. Here, Erno Rapee attained his much-desired and coveted goal. For here he had, at last, at his disposal a symphonic orchestra which must inevitably rank with the great symphonic orchestras of the world.

Erno Rapee will soon see his fortieth birthday—on June 4th, to be more specific—yet, notwithstanding the strain of his profession he looks far younger. His skin is clear and smooth, his eyes bright, and his actions brisk and spirited. Moreover, he has the energy, the conscientiousness and the zeal of a young boy. He is short, thin, almost puny-looking. When one looks at him casually one is apt to wonder how it is that such a small, slim man can domineer two hundred performers with the tip of his baton. But when one is at closer range, one begins to see the sharp-edged cheek-bones that seem to speak of determination and will-power, and above all that inextinguishable fire that burns in his eyes. And one begins to understand that when he is on the conductor's stand with baton in hand, his meagre size is forgotten, and only his personality is apparent to his musicians.

He is a very busy man. He must be up early in the morning to attend the multifarious rehearsals which are always taking place at the Roxy Theatre by singers or orchestra, and he cannot leave the theatre until ten o'clock in the evening when his orchestra is relieved by the sound-films. This routine is invariable every day in the week, every week in the year. Fortunately, conducting is at one time his vocation and avocation; it is still his greatest pleasure in life. Otherwise the rigid routine would be well-nigh intolerable. In fact, conducting is such a pleasure to him that he recently sacri-

ficed almost \$40,000 a year to return to the conductor's stand at the Roxy Theatre from his important—and what proved to be temporary—musical post in Hollywood. And he is only too happy to have made the sacrifice, he will add joyfully.

The rigid routine of his work, of course, permits him almost no recreations. Next to conducting he loves best to lie late in bed—and that luxury has been denied him for years. Night life does not interest him in the least, nor raucous wild times. During spare hours, or in brief vacations, he enjoys nothing so much as to spend quiet and restful hours with his family. For Erno Rapee is entirely a family-man.

He will tell you that he is a better pianist than he is a conductor—but for such as myself who have admired so many of his interpretations over the Radio this is a little hard to believe. At any rate, Erno Rapee is a pianist of the first-order. If he had not chosen the orchestra as his career he undoubtedly would have made a great name for himself as a concert-pianist. Even today, although he no longer practises as much as his fingers require, he plays the instrument with remarkable adroitness and facility. Will he ever be tempted to appear as concert-pianist in a well-known Concerto during one of the Roxy broadcasts?

He has another great distinction—but concerning this he very rarely speaks. The same pen which has composed symphonies and quartets which lie at the bottom of his trunk have also created at least four popular and unforgettable tunes which a few years ago spread from lips to lips like some contagious disease and became four of the really outstanding song successes of our time. The first of these was the overwhelmingly popular *Charmaine*, the theme-song of *What Price Glory?* And after *Charmaine* came *Angela Mia*, *Diane*, and *Mother o' Mine*.

But his fame will rest primarily in his baton. Erno Rapee may be a little man—but he is a little man with a big stick. That big stick has made more than one Sunday memorable to Radio music-lovers throughout the country!

Cinderella

(Continued from page 77)

Now there are modern Cinderellas and there are many potential Cinderellas, too. Often these potential Cinderellas write to me in this way: "I want you to be a fairy godmother to me and transform me into a modern Cinderella. Won't you work some magic on me?"

And there is magic in this day and age—magic just as powerful as any which existed in the fairy tales. The fairy godmother's wand in 1931 is a combination of patience, persistence and perseverance. And the private life of the Cinderella of 1931 is based on the same policy which won the original Cinderella her prince—the policy of preparedness and a realization and observance of the prime importance of "the little things in life".

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are now available for readers of Radio Digest. Each binder will hold six copies. Through the purchase of a large quantity we are able to provide these binders at the very low price of

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Enclosed find (check or money order) for \$..... in payment for same.

Name

Street

City and State

Marcella

(Continued from page 65)

being an announcer he sings and plays and he is also the creator of the *Novel Half Hour*, one of the station's popular features. He met his wife, ask me where? Of course in a Radio station. She plays the fiddle—and what she can't do with it!

THE reins of WTIC, Hartford, have been taken over by Paul W. Morency. Being equipped with a Ph. B. from the University of Chicago and a thorough education in business administration, Mr. Morency promises to fill this new position more than adequately. For the last two years Mr. Morency was manager of field service of the National Association of Broadcasters of which organization he is at the present time treasurer. Congratulations, Mr. Morency, on your new post, and we're expecting big things from you.

HELEN McD. of Oklahoma City wants light on the subject of Harold Sparks. Footlights, please *a la* Hank Simmons in *Show Boat*. Flash the orchestra. Ready. Jeff Sparks is only seventeen, girls. He is a former student of Webster, Jr. and Central Senior High Schools where he dipped into electrical engineering and motion picture projection. He emerged from these highly illuminating courses to take up announcing. Altitude five feet, six inches. Fair complexion contrasts strikingly with his black hair. Brunettes, he has a predilection for your type of beauty! Don't all rush at once. As far as is known to us he is one of the "youngest announcers" on the air. Writes all of the continuity for programs he announces. His favorite hobby is playing billiards with staff artists of KFJF.

TWILLA of Salina, Kans., Marcella wants to thank you for your patience in waiting all of this time for a picture and a word about Monte Meyers, KFAB's nitwit, jokester and clown, according to Budd Houser. I'm wondering what villain dared to go and paint that flourishing mop of hair and diminutive Van Dyke beard. Monte's ancestors came from the land of Killarney, hills and *laiks* and dells.

WOULD you like to know how Leo and Bill teamed up, Twilla? Well, a little over five years ago Bill was engaged in the enviable occupation of driving an ice cream wagon up and down the streets of Kansas City. As Leo purchased these frozen delicacies each day, they were brought together more and more until an exchange of confidences revealed that each cherished a hidden desire to sing. They formed a harmony team and first

appeared as the Silvertone Twins in a Kansas City station. A few weeks ago they celebrated their first anniversary over WIBW. Their full names are Leo Bates and William Rockwell. Bill is married, but Leo is still holding out.

L. J. Barnes of WGY, Schenectady, is very modest according to Clyde Kittell, Program Manager of that station. L. J. or Barney started out as control man but one day when he was at work on a remote job, the regular announcer failed to turn up. Barney quickly took up the lines and displayed such ability and ingenuity that he was added to the staff of announcers.

*J'ai chante, hier,
J'ai chante, hier,
J'ai chante, j'ai chante,
J'ai chante, hier.*

WHAT may all of this ado be about having sung yesterday? Simply this, that by the use of phrase repetition Dr. Thatcher Clark has achieved great success in teaching French via Radio. He calls the nation-wide group of listeners, that number into many thousands, the United States French Class of the Air.

With these French lessons and the aid of Dr. Clark's book, *French Course for Americans*, the student gains ground very rapidly. In Dr. Clark, Radio listeners have one of the best known educators of the day. He was formerly of the Romance Language Department at Harvard University, and also French Lecturer at Teachers College, Columbia University. Yet with this highly academic background, Dr. Clark has been able to master the exquisite technique of simplicity in teaching those who want to add another window in their lives. On the sixteenth floor of the same building where Ida Bailey Allen holds her broadcasts, Dr. Clark instructs day and evening classes and Radio listeners are invited to have as many tryouts as they want before they definitely enter their registrations. The great enthusiasm of the Radio audience for these lessons is evidenced by the enormous mail received by Dr. Clark—something like ten thousand letters during the two years he has been on the air.

SOME months ago Marcella had a picture and a few lines of George D. Hay the "Solemn Old Judge" of WSM, Nashville, Tenn., but new readers of RADIO DIGEST not having seen it have written for another sketch. So here it is. Mr. Hay, known to his listeners as the "Solemn Old Judge" is but thirty-five. He has attained to the very height of success not only because of his originality but because he never fails to broadcast a smile. Before appearing on the Radio-scene, Mr. Hay was a newspaper reporter and feature writer on the Memphis Commercial appeal. And anyone having anything to do with Radio knows "that a nose for

news" is quite indispensable, as Mr. Hay puts it. He began his Radio career over at WMC, Memphis through which he operated the imaginary steamboat up and down the Mississippi. Then over at WLS, Chicago, his visionary means of transportation was a locomotive. He won the RADIO DIGEST's national popularity gold cup championship at WLS.

PAT BINFORD, announcer at WRVA, Richmond, "Virginny", is quickly identified by the southern drawl he uses in introducing his programs. "Good evenin' customers, everybody happy? You're about to be disturbed..." But from the number of friends Pat has won over the Radio they sho' does enjoy bein' disturbed. His full name is Philip N. Binford.

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind.

The Televisor

(Continued from page 93)

this company states definitely that the kits are for the purpose of enabling the experimenters to construct a cheap but effective television receiver; they make no attempt to imply that the ordinary broadcast listener ought to buy a television receiver. They do this not because they feel the set isn't sufficiently practical—for it is practical—but because they feel that the programs and the quality of the reproduction are such as to be of interest only to experimenters.

In this simple set, the images created on the plate of the glowing neon tube are actually about one inch square but by means of a magnifying lens the apparent size is about three inches square. The quality of the reproduction was good enough for one to recognize a person.

The television programs in Boston are transmitted over station WIXAV on a wavelength of 104 meters and a power of 500 watts. It is stated that the transmitter supplies a good strong signal over a range of about 25 miles, sufficient to cover the entire Boston area. Afternoon programs are accompanied by speech or music which is sent out over station WNAC in Boston. The Shortwave and Television Corporation expects soon to put into operation a short-wave broadcasting station, so that speech and music can be transmitted with all of their television programs. For the present in television programs accompanied by music, the artists broadcast from the television studio, the television signals being sent out directly from that point, while the music is sent by wire to WNAC, from whence it is broadcast in the usual manner. Two receivers are required to pick up both the signals for sight and sound.

Guilty? or Not Guilty?

(Continued from page 25)

enters this story. The *Trial of Vivienne Ware* had increased the circulation of the newspaper far in excess of expectations and with the readers clamoring for further legal drama the circulation manager insisted that it would be unfair to them not to continue. And Editor Coblenz agreed with him.

Kenneth Ellis was instructed to find out the proper procedure necessary in a real case of this kind and write the necessary scripts.

Meanwhile the success of the New York local broadcast warranted other local broadcasts of the *Trial of Vivienne Ware* in cities where Hearst newspapers are published.

The San Francisco *Examiner* sponsored the trial over Station KTAB with a local cast which included famous legal lights in the parts originally played by Wagner, Battle and Pecora. The same thing happened in Chicago at Station KYW with the *Herald and Examiner* as sponsor; in Los Angeles at Station KFWB with the *Examiner* of that city the sponsor; in Detroit at Station WJR where the *Times* became the sponsor; in Washington at Station WRC, with the *Herald* as sponsor; and at Omaha over Station KOIL, with sponsorship credited to the *Bee-News*.

The result was the same in every instance. The Radio audience demanded more court procedure in its dramatics, and one of the great lessons which the sponsors learned was that, by means of a Radio play, many of the objections of the citizens against serving on a jury were being overcome. The broadcasts were serving as an educational campaign in creating an interest in court procedure and in overcoming the popular bugaboo against jury duty.

Hardly had the talk about the *Trial of Vivienne Ware* begun to die down when the New York American announced that the fictional character of Dolores DeVine had been apprehended and would be given the third degree in a single broadcast over WJZ on the 19th of December.

The evidence which was procured at this third degree was enough for the Grand Jury to indict the cabaret dancer and, in another thirty minute broadcast, the New York listeners were then treated to a perfect reproduction of a Grand Jury in action. After this further education of the public into the mysteries of legal technique a "true bill" against Miss Devine was filed and she was given a Radio trial during the week of January 12th.

As in the first trial eminent legal minds were brought to the microphone as actors in the drama. For Miss DeVine's defense lawyer the services of George Leisure, former assistant United States attorney of the Eastern District of New York, were obtained. Ex-Governor of New York State, Charles Whitman, acted as the

prosecuting attorney and Jeremiah T. Mahoney, former Supreme Court Justice, sat on the bench in this, the second trial to be held in the Special Air Court of General Sessions.

As this is being written the result of the jury's finding for the defendant, Dolores DeVine, has not been rendered but, from the evidence submitted, it looks as though the guilty person has not as yet been found. It is, therefore, quite possible that a third defendant may be given a Radio trial. This depends entirely on the attitude of the listeners and their responses to the DeVine trial just finished.

Whatever happens, those listeners who were fortunate enough to hear the broadcasts already given have received a more thorough understanding of true court procedure through the medium of a dramatic vehicle than it would be possible to instill by a course of lectures.

Most interesting of all are the comments of the three lawyers who took part in the *Trial of Vivienne Ware*—comments made after the broadcast.

Senator Wagner expressed his personal desire "at all times to give matters of public interest the widest possible airing," later amplifying the statement by saying that murder trials should justly come within the province of Radio broadcasting!

Battle said that his participation in the fictional trial had thoroughly convinced him, despite his earlier doubts on the subject, that actual trials could be broadcast without threatening the dignity of the court.

Pecora doubted the feasibility of broadcasting actual trials, fearing that such procedure might rob the court of its judicial dignity, but staunchly favored the project when told that the microphones could be suspended from ceilings instead of being placed before participants.

This means there is something more than a bare possibility that, in the near future, listeners may be privileged to hear real court cases over their loudspeakers.

The "trial" programs sponsored by the Hearst newspapers in various parts of the country certainly gave the jury system a good airing but we could stand more, especially if the trials were coming from a courtroom where the participants in the drama were in dead earnest.

Without permitting the findings of a Radio jury to influence or affect the verdict of the twelve authorized jurymen it would be interesting to compile the ballots submitted by the listening public, following the broadcasting of an actual trial. All ballots mailed to the court would have to be plainly marked with the writer's name and address in order that the authenticity of each and every ballot could be checked. In this way it would be possible to obtain a sincere expression of public sentiment which could be compared with the verdict rendered by the real jury. If I were a presiding justice I would welcome such an experiment. Would you?

**"Hold on! . . .
That's a great set,
but the wrong solder
will spoil it!"**



"Take my advice and use Kester Radio Solder when wiring and re-wiring that set of yours. It's safe and permanent and so easy to use that even a dub like I am can do an expert job with it!"

When you use Kester, all you have to do is apply heat. The flux is inside the solder, and the right amount of it flows to the job at the right time. The flux is plastic rosin—a non-conductor, and absolute assurance against corrosion. Leading manufacturers, service men, set builders and radio experts all over the country use and recommend Kester Radio Solder. Try it now—at our expense. Kester Solder Company, 4261 Wrightwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Incorporated 1899.

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The F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator has the capacity of the average 75 foot aerial 50 feet high. It increases selectivity and full reception on both local and long distant stations is absolutely guaranteed. It eliminates unsightly poles, guy wires, mutilation of woodwork, etc. It does not connect to the light socket and requires no current for operation. Enables set to be moved into different rooms with practically no inconvenience. We predict this type of aerial will be used practically entirely in the future. Installed in a minute's time by anyone. Return in three days if not satisfied. 8,000 dealers handle our line. Dealers! Over 80 leading jobbers carry our line; or order sample direct.

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Punctured Romance

(Continued from page 49)

a nineteen year old blonde, beautiful, alluring. I became my own vision of the desired maiden. Clarence Moore has the perfect Radio personality. His chuckle is as famous throughout the West as is Robar's fun. With a twist of humor to his mouth he read the lines I had prepared for him.

"Top of the mornin' to you, Kippy. How do you feel on this, your nineteenth birthday?"

"How do I look, Bill?"

"Well, from where I sit you are a riot. It makes me sad to think that I am only your brother. Um . . . so you are going to twine those lovely golden curls around Robar, are you? Well, he'll never be able to resist you."

After our program, Charley Scheuerman, the orchestra leader, doubled up over his violin.

"What you trying to do, Kippy, make NBC a subsidiary of Columbia?" Clarence chipped in.

"Looks to me like a case of mutton dressed as lamb."

"You are two kill-joys," I snapped. Clarence chuckled. "Where you headed, Kippy?" I thrust my beret down over my iron grey coiffure.

"I don't know, but I'm on my way."

Mash notes began to arrive . . . invitations for luncheon. I took to sneaking out the back door of KOA to avoid the rush. Who was I to blast young dreams? I began arguing with myself.

"You're an old fool, Kippy . . . be your age. All right you, shut up, I know this is

my Swan Song, but its a humdinger while it lasts." Then would come the insidious vanities that are inherent to us all.

"This really is YOU, Kippy." Then in great big capital letters. "YOUR PUBLIC BELIEVES IN YOU! YOU MUST BE TRUE TO YOUR PUBLIC!" Thereupon I rushed off to Beauty Salons, acquired a ringlet permanent and suffered all those little things necessary when one is "between thirty-five." Just by way of sustaining the old morale. Oh yes, I was true to my public, but wisely I hid out on them. Always a voice warned:

"Let sleeping dogs lie, Kippy, have a care."

By this time, both Robar and I had forgotten that we had programmes to maintain. To me Robar was the personification of Prince Charming. To him, I was Heart's Desire. I had woven around him the perfection of youthful manhood and I had allowed my imagination to run riot. Craftily I placed words in Clarence Moore's mouth.

"Why the red rose this morning Kippy?" (A girlish giggle) "Robar sent me this red rose. I've got a date with him, and I am to wear his rose by way of identification."

The florists in Denver must have blessed me, for there came a flood of red roses from fans. From each box one rose found its way back to KLZ, to Robar. That afternoon:

"Robar, where did you get the red rose?"

"Kippy sent it to me, Verne."

"Not Kippy, the beautiful young thing on KOA? Who is she, where does she hide out, what does she look like?" And Robar, let 'er go.

"Kippy is the answer to a young man's prayers. She is beautiful, she is young," she is this and that. Said Verne, (carefully coached by Robar)

"Well, you're no slouch yourself. She's a lucky girl if she gets handsome Robar." Then a string of fun about red roses and red noses. I nearly hugged the Radio.

I was stepping softly around my staid husband, these days.

"Having your fling, old girl?"

"Oh, just foolishness . . . just to make the programme click. Isn't that Robar person a scream?"

"If you don't watch out, Kippy, that scream you're talking about may turn into a Fire Alarm!" I brushed aside the wisdom behind the warning and went plunging down the primrose path.

Came the dawn. Meaning, that Mrs. Boyd returned and I sank into the oblivion of private life; to pink teas, to bridge, to what-not. I live in the Park Lane Hotel, one of those magnificent modern edifices where one may dwell year on end and never meet a neighbor. One evening I was bidden to make a necessary fourth at bridge. The zest had disappeared from my life. All that was left was the daily plea from Robar. The plea that must always go unanswered. Bridge is a poor substitute for Adventure.

My bridge host was a bachelor, the other two were Mr. and Mrs. Rosenfield. I had frequently seen them and had always wondered how such a charming woman had happened to marry such a . . . yes . . . DUD is the word that came to my mind. Mr. Rosenfield is the most impeccable of married men; quiet, unassuming, who rarely speaks unless spoken to. Just a nice middle aged married man.

Vote For Your Favorite Station in Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct . . .	\$3.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	6.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	9.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	12.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	15.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year		

and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. \$30.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

True, he and I are contemporaries, but who wants to be middle aged?

The game droned stupidly on. "What's trumps? Whose play?" Suddenly my heart missed a beat. I had been dreaming of my Prince Charming, and softly under his breath, this Rosenfield person was humming my Troubadour's song, *Only a Rose*. I promptly trumped my partner's ace. The wrath of my partner:

"Why Kippy, get in the game!" My partner then turned to Mr. Rosenfield. "Robar, we expect better things of Kippy . . . what?" One of those moments that are eternal and that should be stricken from the calendar. You have guessed it. My uninteresting neighbor, whom I passed each day in the lobby, was Robar.

Mr. Rosenfield made an excuse to go to the kitchen for a glass of . . . well no matter what. He beckoned me to follow. I unfolded my suddenly leaden torso and a twinge of sciatica made me wince. Not a word was spoken. Tenderly Robar hummed *Only a Rose* . . . as he took from his pocket a very dry red rose. From my bosom I produced its mate: Sadly we both crumpled our souvenirs into the waste basket.

Radio Mayor

(Continued from page 51)

largely hostile to Pinchot. A few nights before the election I broadcast a talk titled, "Ye Shall Know the Truth and the Truth Shall Make you Free (St. John 8:32)". Many others also told the truth over the air. Pinchot won and Radio played a tremendous part in his election.

As mayor I have sponsored a comprehensive broadcasting program for the people of Philadelphia. Municipal issues often become confused in the public mind due to biased presentation in the newspapers and other factors. I have used the Radio to carry these issues directly to the people and believe that in this way my administration as well as the public has been aided.

I do not wish to appear in the light of attacking the newspapers, but it does seem that Radio has an advantage over them in the presentation of statements by public officials. In the rush of making editions and in the necessity for condensation, the wrong impression of what a man has said in a public address or statement is often conveyed to the readers. The necessity for "telling the story" in headlines also is a frequent cause of false impressions. Public officials also are often misquoted in interviews.

For these reasons particularly I like the Radio. Over the air a man can carry his case directly to the people and render a straightforward account of his trust.

My next experience with Radio was as a guest in the home of my old friend, the late Senator William Flinn of Pittsburgh. That was in 1921, too, and it was then that I saw for the first time a curious thing I was told was a Radio. After a

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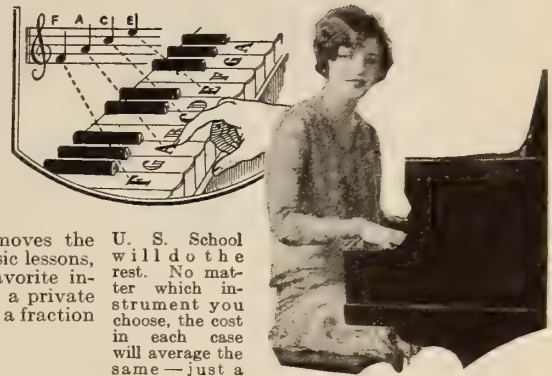
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great deal of manipulation and adjustment of ear phones we tuned in a concert in Carnegie Hall, Pittsburgh, and thought that quite wonderful.

Surely all that is a far cry from today when international broadcasts are commonplace and television on a regular and extensive basis is just around the corner.

Yes, I'm a Radio mayor and a Radio fan. I was inducted into office over the air, I'll face the microphone many more times before I "sign off" and then I'll probably go out of office over the air.

Bobby Jones

(Continued from page 17)

hood going to take a beating. The fact that I had won our only previous encounter, as I have said, did not impress me greatly. But the fates were kind and the ball was rolling for me and I reached the turn in 33 strokes, by far the best score I had made in competition up to that time. As I won the eighth hole to become three up I thought that I certainly had Perry then, and I was beginning to think how nice it would be to get the big cup, for with all due respect, I felt that I could win the final.

But I soon found that Perry could play some golf too. I began to discover in him the spirit which enabled him later to completely reverse a Southern final in 1923, when he was six down to Frank Godchaux through the seventeenth hole and yet won

by eight up and seven to play. That was one of the most remarkable matches I have ever known but it is also as Mr. Kipling would say, another story.

At any rate Perry began on the tenth hole to play a little golf for himself. He collected a birdie three there, another birdie on the long twelfth, and he won the short fifteenth when I missed the green with my tee shot. The strain got me, I suppose, for I had had my fling on the first nine, and now I was playing as well as I knew how and the holes were yet slipping away. At the sixteenth, a longish hole of about 450 yards, Perry jammed a long iron up less than a yard from the hole and was only prevented from holing another birdie because my long putt from the edge of the green laid him a dead stymie. Even with that, his score on the last nine was 32, and that was a good bit too fast for me. Perry won the seventeenth to become one up and we halved the last hole.

We then met next at East Lake in the final of the tournament there. We played the last match of the week as we had played the first and all the rest, in a down-pour of rain, and there was not much to see except which one was the best mud horse. This doubtful honor went to me by a slender margin, so that when we came to the State championship in August, Perry and I were all even for the year—we had each won one and this was the rubber game.

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Nit Wits

(Continued from page 54)

SUSIE: Well, put the stave by the stove, Steve. Now listen Steve dese willians wants to git into the office to do some dirty woik.

STEVE: Don't let 'em.

SUSIE: I ain't goin' to. Now beat it.

FLINT: Well, I'll get in there some day and when I do—ha ha ha.

STEVE: Weel, you get rid of him. Now, Sue, when you goin' to marry me?

SUSIE: Oh, some time. Dis is so sudden. But foist we got to look out fer them villains, Flake and Blint.

STEVE: Sure, you mean Flake and Blint. Aye.

SUSIE: Oh, look here comes Blake wid the men from de mill.

SANDY: Blake what are ye doin' here? Ye've been fired once.

BLAKE: Yeah. These men are going to strike.

SANDY: Well let 'em strike.

(A Bell is struck)

SANDY: Well, there they are. They struck.

SUSIE: Oh pa. Oh pa. Here he comes.

MR. STERLING: (*Gabriel Horn*) Did ye call me, Sue?

SUSIE: Gee pop, de men of the mill struck.

STERLING: Gosh, so they struck. Well, I'll be gosh durned gee whiz.

DETECTIVE: (*Musclebound again, in a third part*) Mr. Sterling, I'm sorry, but I must arrest you in the name of the United States Government.

STERLING: Is that so? What fer?

DETECTIVE: For possessing counterfeit apparatus. This plate was found in your mill.

STERLING: Well, what do you know about that. Well, goodbye girls, I'm through. I'll see you when I get out.

BROWNE: Now just a word about this next act. Well, we're going to skip that and tell you about it. While Mr. Sterling is in jail, the villains Blake and Flint, set fire to the mill with Sue and Steve inside it and the villains think that they were killed in the fire, but they really were over in Asheville, North Carolina, all the time on a honeymoon, or something. Well, the last act shows Mr. Sterling coming home from jail where he got out of on account of his good behavior.

STERLING: Hello everybody. Why are you smiling, Louise?

LOUISE: Cause we're ruined. The mills burned down, the insurance ran out, and them villains Blake and Flint were the cause of it all. How did you get out?

STERLING: Well, the police laughed at the charge. And I didn't want to be out-done so I laughed at it too. Well, we all laughed my way right out of jail.

LOUISE: Well, let's go into the parlor and I'll get you some breakfast.

(*Flint and Blake enter.*)

STERLING: Well, Mr. Flint, the police is trailing the guilty party, and when he's

found—well, he'll be found.

FLINT: Ha ha ha. Well, that's good.

STERLING: By the way, where is Steve?

FLINT: He was burned in the mill fire, with your daughter, Sue. Ha, ha, ha.

STERLING: Heavens. Ain't that awful.

FLINT: And the insurance policy on your mill ran out. Ha ha ha.

STERLING: Goodness gracious ain't that terrible.

FLINT: If you'll sign this paper turning over your property to me I'll pay you well. Ha ha ha.

STERLING: I'll do this for my two daughters. Minus one.

FLINT: Thank you, Mr. Sterling, now you are in my power. Ha ha ha.

SUSIE: Not yet, you'se aint. Drop dat paper.

STERLING: My gracious, Susan, you still alive?

SUSIE: And how. Pop there's the guilty party. He tried to put you in jail—he fired de mill—he started the strike—he tried to steal de insurance papers—

FLINT: Stop, you're breaking my heart. Ha ha ha.

SUSIE: But we win. Cause here's Steve.

FLINT: You alive too, Steve?

STERLING: Well well, will wonders never cease?

SUSIE: Well, Mr. Detective dere's your man. Take him and see dat he gets life and a thousand more years. And . . . and . . . Mr. Browne they ain't no more on the paper.

BROWNE: Have we run out of show? Well, we'll have to close it up then. All right. Put some kind of a finish on the play. Hurry.

SUSIE: Gosh. Well, we'll try it. Well, Steve let's get married.

STEVE: Aye, Susie let's do that.

LOUISE: Oh Reggie let's get married.

REGGY: Let's do that, Louise.

Body and Soul Girl

(Continued from page 21)

and rises at 11:30—and her weekly salary, for all her labours, amounts to \$2,500.

She is the envy of all other actresses because she is a highbrow. She subscribes to the Sunday afternoon concerts of the Philharmonic Symphony Society which she attends regularly. Her favourite composers are Beethoven, Wagner—and Ralph Rainger, who composed *Moanin' Low* and who arranged all her music for her. She reads prolifically, and her favourite authors are Dostoyevsky and Anatole France (both of whom she has read in French) Aldous Huxley and, of course, Bernard Shaw. Her chief affection is folk-music, of which she is making an intensive study hoping some day to appear in a concert of such songs; her chief aversion is the movies". She has two outstanding ambitions: to become an author, and to take her Ph.D. in science at the Sorbonne University of Paris.

The Stage Invisible

(Continued from page 50)

the pictured features of stage and screen celebrities are now. Meanwhile, it is thrilling to one brought up in the theatre, to contemplate what has been achieved by such devotees of the drama as Georgia Backus, Don Clark and those talented men and women with whom it is my privilege to work in Columbia's studios. Not only in the adaptation of famous stage successes, but in the writing of original scripts, the new art has already far outstripped the initial progress of the original photoplay.

Thus far, curiously enough, most of our worthwhile dramas are unsponsored broadcasts. Their costs must be met by the studios, without benefit of "box office". As a result, it is essential that expense be kept down to a minimum, and often such plays are determined upon at the shortest notice. Essential cuts and changes must be made without sufficient time to study their result. Then, too, since Radio drama receives but one performance, improvements cannot be worked out during the run of a "road trip", as is always the case in the theatre. However, I am confident that as the Radio public begins to demand more drama, some solution to this problem will certainly be found.

Before we can hope for more perfect results, something must be done. Too often our Radio actors have scant opportunity to give the proper study to rôles assigned to them. They have almost no chance to perfect themselves in their method of delivery. As a result, the performer must all too often read from a script—since the aid of a prompter's voice would completely defeat the illusion we are seeking to obtain. In spite of all this, however, I feel that Radio drama is already on the highroad to its place among the arts.

In rehearsing my casts, I always urge that they carefully memorize their lines if time permits. I consider this as important for a "one-night-stand" as it would be for a season's run. I feel that when a part is read, the audience somehow senses it, and the listener loses something of the author's effectiveness. Reading also tends to destroy the actor's own illusion. Imagine a great artist rising to tragic heights, as he scans a manuscript for expressions of his emotion!

What is more, in my productions, I insist that the actors *act*. Although their pantomime is not seen, I fancy that it is *felt*—and of course, it helps the player. In the studio, just as on the stage, gestures and facial expression aid each actor and actress to stress their personalities and impress their auditors. But rehearsing in the studio, I cannot, of course, be certain that what I hear will prove effective when it goes out on the air. In the theatre I formed the habit of judging the stage from the darkness of the last row of the pit. So leaving my cast in the

studio, I go into the control-room and check up the performance from the ear-point of the audience which will hear it eventually. Through the loudspeaker which enables the operator to adjust his delicate instruments, I sit and listen as you would do before your receivers.

If I find no flaw as I listen, I am very happy. But if my ears find something lacking, if they distort my mental vision, I instantly halt the actors, by speaking into the microphone, and offer my corrections. When I have made my suggestions, the scene is reenacted, and finally, I hear it, just as it will be broadcast over Columbia's chain. Thus, what we do our level best to make you suppose is spontaneous, is the result of trying over and over again.

So you see that through constant effort, we are getting closer to really artistic drama in the Theatre-of-the-Air. We are learning what will "broadcast", what constitutes "good theatre" before the microphone. And we are making good drama available to millions who live in communities where it is impractical to attend the theatre. But this educational part of our task is only half the battle. We must also appeal to sophisticates who judge us by the standards of those fine performances they have seen on many stages. Not that we hope or wish to supplant the intimate enjoyment of going to the theatre. Not even television ever can do that. For centuries, men and women have been drawn to the playhouse—not only to see the actors, but to be seen themselves. But the frequent broadcast of worthy plays will educate the public, and develop appreciation of true dramatic art.

In a sense, my participation in this important work, fulfills the old prediction that "the blind shall lead the blind". Or in this case, help the "blind"—to see plays through their ears. If I may play even a humble part in writing the opening chapters of this important era in the history of the stage, I shall be deeply gratified. And I am more than grateful for the splendid opportunity with which the Columbia System has seen fit to honor me.

Armida of the Air

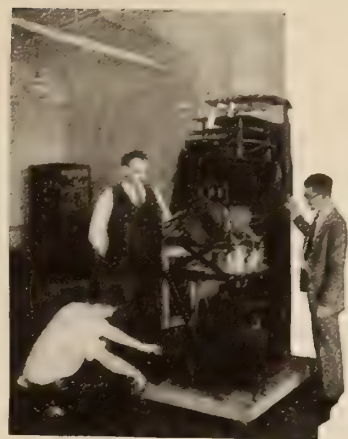
(Continued from page 32)

and featured in several pictures, among them "General Crack" with John Barrymore.

It was only a short step then from Hollywood Boulevard to Broadway, where she has been playing a prominent rôle in one of the season's biggest Shubert hits, *Nina Rosa*.

Listeners-in on WMCA's wave length have learned to know and feel sincere affection for this charming little daughter of Old Mexico, as evidenced by Uncle Sam's daily distributions at the mail desk.

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Tin Pan Alley

(Continued from page 31)

but to Irving Berlin it represented the first delicious fruits of success. His pen, henceforth, became indefatigable; his spirit, indomitable; his hopes, undying. Not only lyrics but music, too, began to flow from his pen—and before long Ted Snyder was accepting one after another of Irving Berlin's compositions. Before long, Waterson—the manager of Ted Snyder's firm—began to whisper into his employer's ear that here, in Irving Berlin, did the company find a composer whose lyrical flow would put all of Tin-Pan Alley to shame and who would, once for all, put Ted Snyder upon the map of Tin-Pan Alley. Ted Snyder looked at Berlin's music, thought for a few moments and then made a momentous decision. The firm was henceforth to be known as Snyder-Waterson & Berlin.

Irving Berlin's introduction to Tin-Pan Alley came simultaneously with that of a new period in its brief, but eventful history. The first phase—the era of the sentimental ballad—had long been over, and while it lasted it had been gloriously fruitful and lucrative. The second phase—of saccharine and sweet songs—was breathing now its last gasps. A nation had become sick of pale and artificial sentiments of *Sweet Adeline* and *Silver Threads Among the Gold*; it was yearning for more substantial stuff.

And Irving Berlin was strong just where Tin-Pan Alley was now weak. He had not yet been spoiled by the stereotyped idiom of the Alley; he had not yet begun to compose to its formulas. And so, when the craze for ragtime set in—ragtime, a type of music which could not be moulded to the formulas of yesteryear—Irving Berlin was the free man whereas all his fellow-composers were slaves. He could compose ragtime with a free and unguided hand; his melodies could have those original curves and twists required by this capricious type of music; he could instill ingenious seeds of rhythm into the tunes. He could do all of these things because his pen was yet fresh and his mind was yet clear. And in the choir of tired voices that constituted Tin-Pan Alley, *Alexander's Ragtime Band* sounded sharp, clear and fresh—so clear and sharp that it drowned out all the other voices. Discord had made way into the harmonious machinery of Tin-Pan Alley.

And discord in more ways than one. The indisputable superiority of Irving Berlin over all the other factory-hands of Tin-Pan Alley who had been manufacturing popular-songs had made him at once a personality. Irving Berlin had brought dignity to the composer and, at the same stroke, had relegated the song-plugger and the sales-department to the background. And therein is Irving Berlin the most important son of Tin-Pan Alley—notwithstanding the fact that he is by no means its finest composer. And by the time

the war began, the composer of Tin-Pan Alley was definitely emancipated and the machinery which had been producing songs with such infallibility and efficiency, was rapidly slowing-up.

Tin-Pan Alley, however, was doomed. Towards 1914 there began the grand *hegira* out of Twenty-Eighth Street. The smaller firms were running away from their flourishing competitors; the larger firms preferred to work in the very heart of the theatrical district. All the publishing-houses which had previously cluttered Twenty-Eighth Street were now generously sprinkled along Broadway and its side streets. Tin-Pan Alley as a street had ceased to exist—but only because its tradition had already begun to crumble.

With the disappearance of Twenty-Eighth Street as a street of song, Tin-Pan Alley became the convenient name applied to all of jazz, that new form of popular music which has grown out of ragtime. Some of the remnant of Tin-Pan Alley may have persisted. The song-plugger is still an important factor in the success of many a song; something of the efficiency in producing wholesale music still persists; and the song-firm is still that bedlam of noise and commotion which it had been down at Fourteenth Street and later at Twenty-Eighth Street. But otherwise, Tin-Pan Alley in spirit and in flesh is no more. Even its traditions are becoming less and less perceptible. Composers have acquired a distinct individuality and such men as George Gershwin and Jerome Kern have revealed such a marked musical talent that their music has penetrated into the symphonic hall. Jazz has acquired a musical importance; the melodies are sometimes poignant, the accompaniments often symphonic, rhythms often colossal. Its lyrics even have lost much of their vapid sentimentality and, every once in a while, possess a splash of wit or originality. Jazz-composers and lyricists are even beginning to take themselves and their creations seriously!

Jazz, in short, has become a lady—and old Tin-Pan Alley turns over in its grave to emit a groan of anguish.

Fireside Poet At Home

(Continued from page 80)

many of these stories but seriously, I doubt if any couple has ever had a happier twenty-four years than we and we look forward with joy to the next twenty-four years or whatever the time is that we may be spared together.

Somehow or other, I feel very well contented that I chose the home to work in, and I am particularly contented because the partner in that home has been such a comfortable person to be with. Our home is just like all homes—I suppose our children are criticized just like all children, that people don't think we do the right things with them or the things *they* might do. But somehow or other they *please* us

and we *love* them, and feel rather confident that they love us, and will, with or without our help, be a credit to their community.

The mere fact that Bud's drums, skates, shoes and all the other things a boy has, may be scattered all over the house, and that Janet's dolls, bicycles and other toys, may be put in a prominent place to be stumbled over, really goes a long way to making it the home we want it to be and the place where they know *their* friends can always come.

Edgar likes to have our friends in our home and we are both happy that we have the kind of friends that feel perfectly free to do anything they please when there, and we are happier because they are there.

Yes, we enjoy it *all*—it does take "a heap o' livin'" in a house to make it home!

I Wanted To Broadcast

(Continued from page 20)

our great democratic majority despises affectation. That is one reason you will find so many letters from Radio fans which say they do not like chain programs. For this reason I never say "eye-ther" and nigh-ther" on the air, in spite of the fact that even in the Middle West now they are given the preference in educational circles. Radio audiences don't like them.

There are many things which go on in a Radio studio that I early gave the name of "studio static". I tremble for the day when television lets the audience see all that is going on around the microphone—tho the times will change to meet such conditions, no doubt. For instance, we are all familiar with "harmony teams". They have literally brought the barber shop into many people's homes. Some are better than others and there is no questioning their popularity with the masses. But a team which makes harmony on the air may be anything but harmonious in the studio. They may be having trouble over the mutual pay check, or because one tries to "hog the mike", or because one gets more fan mail than the other. Musically they may be joined as closely as the Siamese twins but actually they are two separate personalities.

Another bit of studio static is in trying to direct a play when there are about three microphones in use—one for the orchestra and two for the actors. The director of a theatrical production has done most of his work before the first night, but in the case of a Radio play, the director is usually all over the studio while it is being put on, making motions to the orchestra and to the actors like the conductor of a symphony. I shall never forget the look of consternation that came over the face of one of the staff one morning when we were producing a play which required the squawking of a rooster attempting to escape the pot. This particular member of the staff was not supposed to be in the play, but the man who had been counted upon to imitate the rooster had

stepped out of the studio. So right in the middle of the play I leaned over to the poor unsuspecting musician and hissed in his ear, "You've got to be a rooster—now!" He gave me one wild look, then pranced up and down the studio, flapping his arms and emitting wild, rooster-like squawks. While his impersonation must have been good on the air, the actions which accompanied it nearly convulsed the other actors so that they had difficulty sticking to their lines.

Actors in Radio plays do not learn the lines, but they are supposed to be familiar with them and to have rehearsed them at least once. My greatest difficulty with amateurs was to make them realize the necessity for practice. Those with dramatic experience never questioned the need and advisability of it—amateurs believed that because they only had to read the lines, it was a waste of time to practice.

In spite of many pictures you may have seen to the contrary, we do not costume for Radio plays unless for some special occasion. Nor do we go through the motions indicated unless it is a peculiarity of the individual actor to make gestures to help him with his dialog. We concentrate on the voice carrying the message. It is a queer thing that while one can "get away" with many things on the Radio because people cannot see but can only hear, that very fact makes it hard to disguise voices—and again, hard to distinguish voices. There must not be too many in the cast, the voices must not be keyed quite the same, or the listener will become confused.

Radio work is very fascinating, whether one looks upon it as a business, a profession or an art—or sometimes just as a job when it seems impossible to think up something for a program.

Thrills

(Continued from page 11)

Shortly afterwards, I invited Mr. Brown of the American Museum to come and go with me to this strange haunt. We returned, and this time we removed the outer-layer of the surface rock and we found 350 tracks of the dinosaur footsteps—which proved to be the largest find of dinosaur footsteps in the world. And as though this discovery were not enough, while poking around at the top of the cliff we stumbled into a thicket—and reaching through the miniature wilderness we came upon a lost Indian city, perhaps a thousand years old. The houses and walls are all intact. Where the Indians could have gone to, we could not tell. But it was a great discovery. Then and there we called the city, the "Lost Mesa", and the cliff, "Dinosaur Canyon".

That was, you must confess, an unforgettable summer. We brought back with us layers of the rock with the dinosaur footsteps upon it—as well as two large dinosaur skeletons which we found nearby.

I understand that considerable strides have been made recently in the study of prehistoric man because of these discoveries. Can you understand, then, why that discovery gave me one of my life's greatest thrills?

Old Panish Custom

(Continued from page 59)

MISS COLLYER: It's the custom, isn't it, Mr. Medbury, for a movie star to be interviewed by the critic?

MEDBURY: Yes—it's an old panish custom.

MISS COLLYER: Then tonight, I want to be different—if you don't mind, I'm going to interview you.

MISS COLLYER: I suppose I ought to ask you how old you are, and where you were born.

MEDBURY: Sure—We might just as well turn this into a census—I don't mind answering that question—I was born in Shanghai.

MISS COLLYER: How interesting—and do you talk the language?

MEDBURY: Well, I speak a broken China.

MISS COLLYER: China isn't a very progressive country, is it?

MEDBURY: No—I understand the laundries over there still tear the buttons off the shirts by hand.

He signs off with something like this:

"And that, dear listeners, about brings this program to a close—I'd love to talk to you all night, but I don't want to be like that deaf and dumb woman up in Alaska who froze seven fingers trying to have the last word in a blizzard."

Medbury is indeed a "Master Without Ceremonies", yea, verily the "Lightning Wit of the Air" who never strikes twice in the same place.

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Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

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Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike, 10c. Chas. A. Philidus, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

Song Writers

SONGWRITERS—Advance royalty payments, new talking picture song requirements, etc., fully explained in our free instructive booklet. Write today. Song poems examined free. Newcomer Associates, 1674-P Broadway, New York.

SONGWRITERS-POEMS-MELODIES—Opportunity, Tommie Malle, RD 3706 Grand Avenue, Chicago.

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✓
"I got a raise
without asking for it"



"WHAT do you think! The boss called me in today and said I had made more progress in the past year than any man in the organization and that, beginning this week, my pay is raised \$15!"

"He said he had given my work particularly close attention since I enrolled for that International Correspondence Schools course. Said if the other fellows would take it and get as much benefit out of it as I did he would have the most efficient force in the country! You certainly had the right idea, Grace, when you persuaded me to enroll with the I. C. S."

Perhaps an I. C. S. course is just what you need to attract the attention of the boss and to get a raise without asking for it. Thousands of men have found in enrolment the beginning of successful careers. Are you willing to devote a few hours a week to pleasant study? If so, let us tell you more about the I. C. S.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineer |
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City.....State.....

Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Radiographs

(Continued from page 63)

"And," said husband, "take a look at her; here's something important."

I looked at her. She is slim and blonde and pretty.

"Look hard."

I waited breathlessly for some startling revelation.

"Here before your eyes is a genuine, native born New Yorker—the only one in captivity so far as I know."

Miss Gerard's parents are German born, the family name being Opfinger. It was under that name that she sang until about a year and a half ago, when she decided to use the more simple name of Gerard, a shortening of her middle name, Gerarda.

Her husband is from Boston, and a year ago came to New York. With Miss Gerard's brother, Adophe Opfinger, who, incidentally is the production manager at Columbia, he makes up the famous piano team called the Ebony Twins. Besides, he is the accompanist and arranger for the Arcola Rondoliers of the Arco Birthday Party, and makes a great many phonograph records.

It was inevitable that one Ebony Twin should ask the other home to dinner one night, and when Charles Touchette met Marie Opfinger, it was inevitable, too, that they should fall in love with each other.

Miss Gerard is an "old" pioneer in Radio, working with WEAf when it was down at 195 Broadway and Graham McNamee was just getting his start. She was with WEAf three years. Then she won a Juilliard scholarship and studied with Claire Kellogg and Paul Reimers. She is now an exclusive artist for Columbia and is heard in the Weed Chains, Paramount Publix and Ward Baking Company programs. She has been featured on the Philco Hour, the Voice of Columbia, the Cathedral Hour, and is the "Mistress Mary" of the American School of the Air.

Every Tuesday at 2:30 Eastern Standard Time, Miss Gerard, in the character of "Mistress Mary" steps before the microphone and presents in music and song, such well known characters of childhood as Little Jack Horner, Humpty-Dumpty and Little Bo Peep. Or maybe Mother Goose will be giving a party and "Mistress Mary" will take her little listeners with her, or she will go with them to the land of the fairies, elves, and giants. Whatever

it is, the children are enraptured, and she gets many letters from them in their childish scrawls.

Her hobby, she says, is collecting antiques, her vices, having breakfast in bed, and taking taxis.

The Dixons

OF COURSE a baby is an inspiration. But not every baby is an inspiration for a Radio series. David Dixon is unique in that respect, for said Mrs. Dixon, David's grandmother, to Peter Dixon, David's father, "Why don't you write a story about raising Junior?" Said Peter Dixon looking intently at his four year old son, "I think it's a swell idea." Said Aline Berry Dixon, Peter's wife, and David's mother, "I think so, too." So Peter Dixon sat down and wrote the sketch. He's that kind of a writer.

He went to B. B.—that's Bertha Brainard, NBC's eastern program director. "B. B.," said he, "let me kill the *Cub Reporter* and put on *Raising Junior* in its place. (So that you won't think Mr. Dixon too sanguinary I'll explain that Peter Dixon was employed by NBC's Press Relations Department, and had on the air a weekly sketch called the *Cub Reporter* in which he and his wife were acting.)

B. B. read *Raising Junior*. "No, sir," she said, "we won't use this for a sustaining program. This is just right for the so-and-so company."

Eight months of hopes and disappointments and then down in Rahway, New Jersey, in a little office next to a freight yard they were rigging up a miniature broadcasting station, while up in the president's office, a group of officials were listening intently to the loud speaker. This time the Dixons put it over. Wheatena was going on the air with "Raising Junior."

The Dixon's sketch goes on the air six times a week, every day but Monday. And that means that Mr. and Mrs. Dixon drive in every day from their home in Douglaston, Long Island. And it means that Peter Dixon writes one of those sketches every day. His fastest writing time is one hour and twenty minutes. His slowest, five hours and a half.

Now here's an ad for pajamas. Mr.

Dixon says he writes best when he's wearing them. He puts in his mornings writing and then gets dressed along about three o'clock.

A typical day in a Radio writer's life is something like this: Get up. Have breakfast. Wife and child decide to go shopping. Thank goodness, can get some work done. Type a line or two. Isn't it time for the mail? It is. Important letter that must be answered. Maybe ought to answer those other letters, too. Well, get to typing. Doorbell. "Macy's. \$3.19. C. O. D." Wife has all the cash. Go borrow it from the maid. All right. Get to work. Maid: "There's something wrong with the furnace, Mr. Dixon." Fix furnace. Back to the typewriter. Doorbell. "I'm NOT working my way through college, but will you subscribe . . ."

And besides *Raising Junior*, Mr. Dixon is also writing a book for Century on how to write for the Radio, and running a column of Radio gossip for the McClure Syndicate.

Is he temperamental? Well, he says he's had ten years of newspaper work and has been a mess boy and second cook on an oil tanker. "Just try and get temperamental on an oil tanker," he laughed. He has played in several Radio dramatic sketches and his own serial, the *Cub Reporter*, ran for over a year. He looks like his picture, stocky, blond hair, deep dimples. Incidentally he is the son of a minister.

Oh, another thing—he loves his wife. I don't blame him. Aline Berry is a small, rosy-cheeked brunette, who has that charming quality of making other people feel comfortable and happy. (And that's my very best compliment, Mrs. Peter Dixon.)

She's quite an actress in her own name. She has played with Otis Skinner, and Eva LeGallienne. She has been with the Theatre Guild and has starred in Virginia Farmer's *The Artist*.

It was in Tulsa, Oklahoma, that she met her husband. She was playing in stock there and he, as a young newspaper reporter, had been told by his editor to take a part in the show in order to do a series of articles. And so he came, saw, and was conquered. Five months later he and Miss Berry were married.

Just as I was leaving the studio, he pressed into my hand a piece of folded paper. Outside I opened it. It said: "Slants on Aline Berry, by her husband." And then there were the following items:

Crazy about mushrooms.

Swimming is favorite sport.

Can handle a sail boat fairly well.

Looks best in old-fashioned gowns and should wear her hair back of her ears.

Doesn't try to select her husband's clothes. (Thank Heaven.)

Looks pretty in the mornings.

RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP.,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

To make sure of every forthcoming issue of RADIO DIGEST I wish to become a regular subscriber. Enclosed find \$3.00 in payment for my subscription for one year.

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13,000 square feet of modern broadcasting facilities 7 perfect studios the WMCA THEATRE, first Radio Theatre of the Air with auditorium comfortably seating two hundred studios overlooking the Great White Way a staff of more than one hundred experts to prepare and present your programs a truly modern broadcasting plant.



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New York is the world's richest, most compact market for every kind of product and service that human ingenuity can devise. The New York market *alone* has made millionaires of men. Because of its size—the many-sided angles of its life—the cosmopolitan character of its population—some advertisers believe that the New York market is difficult to sell successfully.

But radio broadcasting through WMCA has shattered this prejudice; has proven, through actual *results* for a varied clientele of advertisers, that New York is *now* one of the *easiest* markets in the world in which to gain a firm foothold.

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WMCA covers practically *every* event—*every* happening that is of *interest to New Yorkers*. If there is an important New York news story WMCA broadcasts it. Banquets of local importance and significance, outstanding ring and sport events, theatrical performances, the smatter night clubs—these are a few of the things that New Yorkers expect WMCA to cover.

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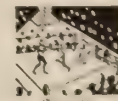
Night Clubs



Banquets

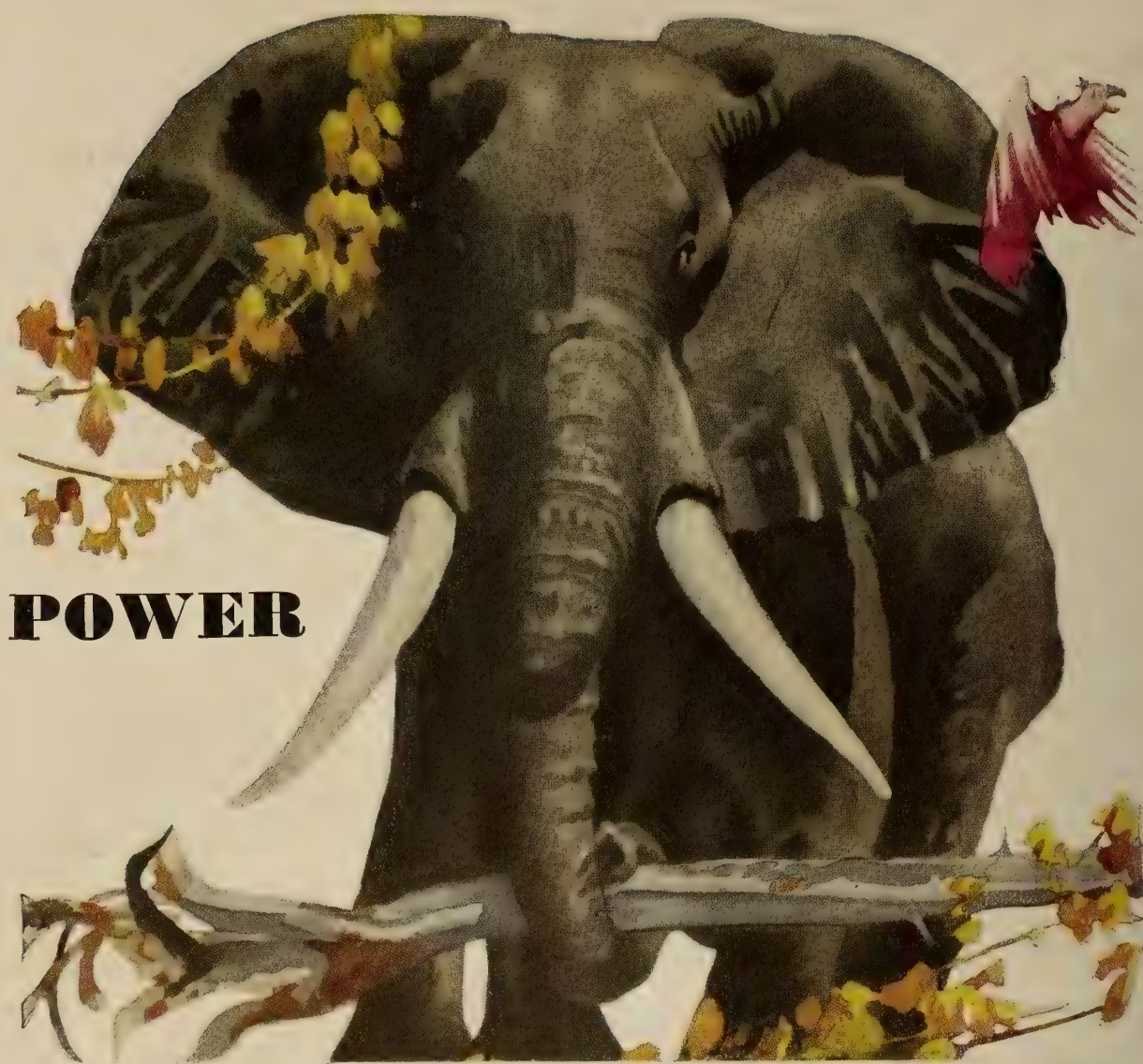


Theatres



Sports

BROADCASTING • IN • THE • NEW YORK • MANNER



POWER

Under a guiding hand, an elephant will pick up a peanut with dexterity, or move a ton of teak. Gasoline also needs a guiding hand to develop *all* your motor's power. That is why 95 leading oil companies now add Ethyl fluid to good gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline. The fluid *governs* combustion, preventing power-waste, "knock" and over-heating. It is so effective that 1 pump in 5 now bears the Ethyl emblem. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York.



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead



ETHYL GASOLINE

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THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

ARE OUR WOMEN HAPPY? Anita Loos

Radio Digest

April

25
★
CENTS

Virginia Gardner
NBC—N. Y.

John Drinkwater

Ben Bernie

Jessica Dragonette

THANK YOU, AMERICA by Chevalier

Harold P. Brown,
Managing Editor

Henry J. Wright,
Advisory Editor

Charles R. Tighe,
Associate Editor

Nellie Revell,
Associate Editor

Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST
Raymond Bill, Editor



IRENE BORDONI
You think she is French, oui? But no, the chic singer was born on the isle of Corsica and sallied forth to conquer two continents with the wiles of a feminine Napoleon. At last reports she is enslaving CBS Sunday audiences



SUE KERMAN . . .
Sue scouting for new talent, Guy Lombardo and Nat Brunloff found Sweet-Sixteen Sue, who is still in high school! But she had already learned to get Blue Songs across, so they put her on the CBS. Wasn't that luck?

April, 1931

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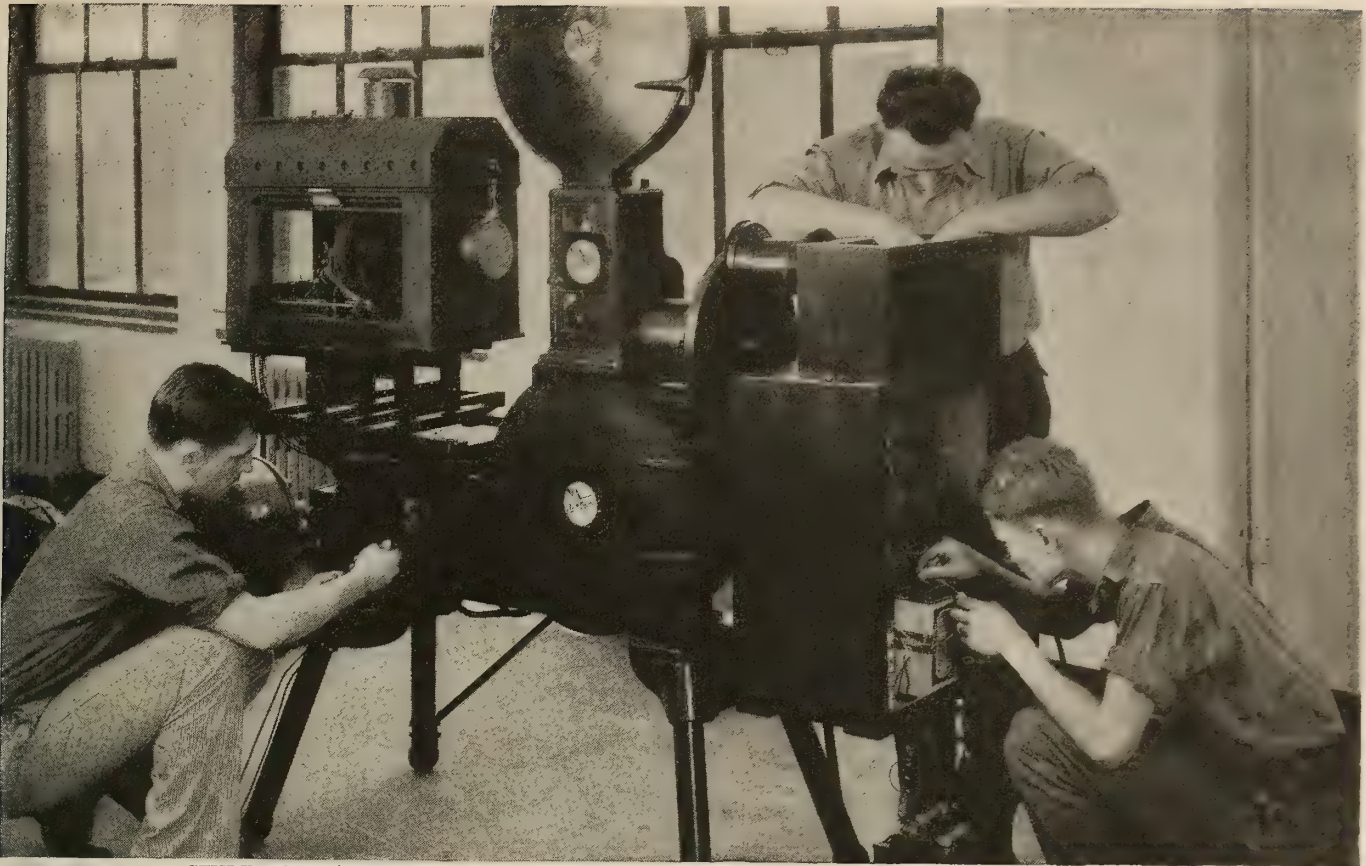
BETSY AYRES
is the little Sou'-westerner whom Roxy christened "The Texas Nightingale" when she was one of the Gang. And now, with her sweet, bird-like voice, she is "New York Starling" of Enna Jettick Melodies on NBC



RITA BELL . . .
The stage lost an asset when KHJ found her and made her staff pianologist and impersonator. She can do Irene Bordoni, Chevalier, Germans, Irish, or what have you? Isn't it a pity, though, that they don't televise her?

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Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

THERE are no dull moments in the social whirl of Radio circles in New York. When the nights get too crowded with dates the parties start in the afternoon and move from one place to another. You find merry groups in private homes, studios, dinner clubs, subterranean retreats and submarine—well, not exactly submarine but in the club rooms of great liners while they are in port. The NBC crowd has been doing the boats under the hospitable auspices of Johnny Johnstone and Mark Luescher of RKO. Two particular merry evenings were aboard the *Leviathan*. There have been some happy receptions, especially the parties for the two Irene's—first Miss Irene Dunne of RKO-NBC at the Hotel Sherry-Netherlands, and later Miss Irene Bordoni of CBS at her home on Seventy-eighth st.

* * *

ONE hears many interesting anecdotes and incidents at these little affairs. We liked Johnny Johnstone's story about the corn-fed oysters. Graham McNamee had opened up a keg of them—yeah, oysters—and of course one can't consume a whole keg of oysters right off. And you have to keep them alive. Well an oyster has to eat too. Mrs. M. couldn't bear to see them suffer so she asked what to feed them and Graham said give 'em corn meal, they love it. There was a little party up there in their pent house apartment and Mrs. M. asked everybody to gather around to see the oysters gobble up the corn meal. Well blessed if they didn't—at least that's what Johnny said. The McNamees do seem to have such fun and you're going to like Mrs. McNamee's story about what Graham does when he's home. It will be in the May RADIO DIGEST.

* * *

MORTON DOWNEY says his mother had over one hundred superstitions and under the circumstances he could be excused for having a few himself. "Wh-sssss—cscscscs" that's the nearest way you can put into print the funny little whistle he gave as he sat down at our table during the CBS party at his Delmonico Club. "I got that habit of calling a waiter while I was in Cuba," he explained while a couple of servitors scurried forward for orders. Very swank, very lovely was this party where beauties of the screen, the stage and the air floated before the vision to the rhythmic strains of Morton Downey's own select orchestra. "What are your superstitions?" asked Jesse Butcher of Columbia, who was fellow host with Mr. Downey. The suave Mr. Downey fished a ring with a greenish stone from his pocket. "You'll never catch me without that ring. It's my lucky stone. Just once, several years ago, it escaped from my possession for a few hours. It was while I was touring by motor car with Paul Whiteman's band. The car I was in was ahead. It skidded off the road and turned over two or three times and I was laid up five weeks in a hospital. At another time when I had the ring with me and was in a motor accident the car rolled off the road and came to a stop right between two trees. Nobody was hurt." You'll read more about Morton Downey in a Radiograph in this issue.

* * *

SPEAKING of Radiographs brings us to Miss Rosemary Drachman who rounds out her first year as your Radiographer this month. Rosemary was introduced to us



by Floyd Gibbons who discovered her in Spain. It happened on a railroad train. A bad bold don thought to steal a kiss from our Rosemary who resented the presumption with strong American English. The language immediately caught the ear of Mr. Gibbons who happened to be on the same coach. He did what any man by the name of Gibbons would do under the circumstance—alas and alack for the ungallant don. Rosemary, he found, was from Tucson, Arizona. She was fleeing from the narrow conventionalities of life as a school teacher—out for adventure and achievement. She had just passed through a thrilling bit of adventure. Floyd recommended for achievement that she proceed to the Algiers frontier, where there was a nice little war and she might do a bit of reporting. She followed his advice with marked success. Now she lives in New York and writes magazine articles.

* * *

IT'S tough work trying to be funny with nobody looking at you. That's the worry of the Radio comedian. Many have tried; few have been successful. Amos 'n' Andy by the very nature of their act and characterization create a picture easy to see with your ears. Other comedians have contrived various devices to conjure up a picture in the mind of the listener which helped put over the lines. These facts taken into consideration make the success of Richy Craig, Jr., over a c. to c. hook-up on the CBS the more remarkable. Richy is an old trouper at 27—been on the stage all his life. He is funny. Although we never have seen this young comedian we get a good laugh from what he says and the way he says it every time he is on. He is ingenious. Read about Richy Craig, Jr., in the May number.



* * *

A NEW Atwater Kent Audition national competition has been announced. Here is opportunity for the young woman or young man with unusual vocal talents to win recognition and success. Carol Deis felt that something should be done about her voice. But what chance did she have? She had to stick to her job as stenographer in a Dayton law office. It was too risky to neglect business to follow a will-o'-the-wisp fancy of an operatic career. If she didn't watch out some other bright girl might step in and take her stenographer's job. Plenty of girls looking for jobs. "Why don't you try for the Atwater Kent prize?" advised a friend. Well, why not? What must one do? Miss Deis proceeded to investigate. Another girl has her stenographer's job now—but you will be interested to read what happened in the meantime, as it has been written by one of her fellow townsmen, in your next RADIO DIGEST.



Act Now! This Month Ends Station

POPULARITY CONTEST

Don't Delay—Nominate and Cast Your Votes for Your Favorite Stations in the State in Which You Live—April 20th at Midnight Ends the Contest—This Is Your Last Chance to Make Your Selections

THEY'RE coming down the stretch now! Radio stations in forty-eight states and four times forty-eight stations are running neck and neck with the finish in sight. The race is close; here and there a station leads its fellows by a yard or two but reserve strength will determine the winners. The grand stand is crowded; the bands are playing; ballots and votes are pouring in from enthusiastic listeners in every State in the Union. Have you done your share? Have you cast your vote for the station that has given you its best in the way of entertainment? Have you? No? Well, you still have time. But you must not delay, for RADIO DIGEST's station popularity contest for the State Championship in each state closes at midnight, April 20th. That is the deadline. When that old minute hand rests on twelve the race is ended, the votes will be counted and the winners will be announced in RADIO DIGEST and over Radio stations in many parts of the country.

Less than three weeks to go! And as close a race as ever was run! This is without question one of the greatest contests ever staged, for the reason that the people who comprise the listening audience have an opportunity of boldly declaring their preference in broadcasting stations. They have the opportunity of rewarding the stations which they like best for the many hours of pleasure they have enjoyed. They have the opportunity of encouraging these stations not only to keep up the good work but to strive for greater perfection in the programs they put on the air.

Thousands of votes already have been received and every mail brings more. Competition is keen and many of the voters have gone to great lengths to explain the reasons for their selections.

But the point is that THEY HAVE ACTED. They have voiced their satisfaction with the efforts made by the broadcast stations to give them the best possible programs. They have done their bit so that their favorite stations will make a good showing in the contest. All of the stations can not be winners but that provides an even greater reason why YOU, if you have not

already done so, should nominate the favorite stations in your state and cast your votes according to the rules of the contest. If the station you select for first place does not win, your vote may give it second place or honorable mention. And that vote may be the one that places your selections at the top of the list in your state.

Remember the contest closes at midnight, April 20th. Votes received after that time will not be counted. Read the rules on page 90 and then nominate the stations in your state that you want for first, second, third and fourth places. And then **CAST YOUR VOTES IN TIME**. All stations are in the running. Each one of them has a fair chance of winning. It all depends on you. Votes will determine the issue and YOU are one of the voters. Do your part and you may be sure that your favorite station will give any others in the state a run for their money. The

winning stations will be presented with medallions similar to the one pictured on this page. The medallion will be suitably engraved. And in addition a scroll of honor will be awarded to those stations. April 20th at midnight! And the race will be over! Give your favorite station the support it needs. **NOW!**

Simply fill in the nomination blank on this page and then use the coupon ballot No. 7. And be sure to mail it before the closing date.



NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state).....

First (call letters).....City.....

Second (call letters).....City.....

Third (call letters).....City.....

Fourth (call letters).....City.....

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Number

7

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters).....City.....

Second (call letters).....City.....

Third (call letters).....City.....

Fourth (call letters).....City.....

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Ben Bernie

"No Smoking Here" said the sign as Ben was about to enter the studio. There was no place to park his Havana. It was too good to throw away. The zero hour for his broadcast was at hand. The cigar won out—and now Ben Bernie and his cigar are the standing exception to the rule. Read about his interesting career on opposite page.

The Young Old Maestro

Ben Bernie

*Scorned as a Runt by a Big Family of Older
Brothers and Sisters, Boy Artist Sallies
Forth to Conquer World with His Violin*

By ANN STEWARD

A SLIGHT man with greying hair just a little awry stood staring at a sign, hands clasped behind his back and feet planted wide apart. The sign read, "Absolutely no smoking in this room." The cigar in the man's mouth twitched convulsively and rolled smoothly to the opposite corner. Between the surveyor and the surveyed rose a cold, clear pane of glass and no little resentment. The sum total of the situation being that Ben Bernie must part with his cigar before he entered the studio—or stay outside. The latter alternative was quite impossible as he was contracted to make his presence before the microphone in the studio but a few minutes later. And as for parting with his cigar—Mr. Bernie quite definitely didn't relish the idea.

The place was a Chicago broadcasting station and the time but a few months ago. The deadlock, Cigar versus Radio Broadcast, was settled amicably between Mr. Bernie and a high official of the station in time for the program to go out over the air on schedule. Should the listeners of that program have had an attachment on their Radio whereby they might have smelled the interior of the Radio studio, their noses would have been assailed by a delicate aroma of expensive cigar smoke. In other words Ben Bernie's cigar won. The sign in the broadcasting studio still reads, "Absolutely no smoking in this room," but attendants will add for your information—"except for Ben Bernie, this applies to everyone."

THAT is just an incident of many similar ones, but it gives you an inkling of how the famous young Old Maestro gets his way and makes the giver feel rather important and highly

pleased in the giving. He doesn't ask, he merely mumbles a plea under his breath which for Ben Bernie is as effective as the lamp was for Aladdin. But life has not always been thus for the beloved little orchestra leader.

This funny man of the stage and night club was born with a remarkable sense of humor, a great deal of pride and the will to go ahead and fight for the best. It is this will that has brought him up thru the ranks of ordinary performers into the limelight of the few extraordinary men of whom we hear constantly and of whom we never tire. But now let us proceed to delve back into history and find out where this man came from and what he did before he "arrived."

BERNIE is admittedly thirty-eight years old, the son of a hard working village blacksmith and the puniest one of a brood of healthy, brawny youngsters. Being physically below par, Bernie was sort of looked down on by his brothers and listed as worthless in life save to wash a dish or two perhaps or—play the violin. But thirty-two years ago playing the violin was just one of those amusements allowed fair haired, curly headed Lord Fauntleroy's. Seeing that talent brought no great comfort to him, Ben did his best to become all enthused over civil engineering and the result was as might be expected—a loss. He didn't like engineering, didn't want to like it and wasn't going to. And now having reached the mature age of eighteen he credited himself with a man's mind and set forth amongst the patronizing grins of his family to make a career in vaude-

ville with only his violin to win his living from a grudging world.

Breaking into theatrical work was no task for the youngster. He could undoubtedly wield a wicked bow and after a bit of practice he found that the witticisms he manufactured and spoke on the spur of the moment greatly endeared him to the hearts of his audiences. And so the start—boy, violin, and wise cracks.

Time went on and found the young man growing in popularity and skill. The vaudeville bookers must have conspired in some way at this time in Bernie's career for they continually threw him on the same bill with Phil Baker, a single act also, consisting of accordion and a pleasing personality. The two young men became friends and suddenly merged their acts into one, Bernie still playing his instrument and wise cracking and Phil Baker pumping the accordion and slowly but surely learning to answer Bernie when he was addressed. In this manner the two young men climbed a good deal of the ladder of fame together.

Then, in Bernie's words, "Came the War as they say in the movies." This is Ben's own story and may be taken for whatever value the reader cares to put upon it. Your writer is responsible for nobody's veracity but her own. Baker, through the influence exerted by his running mate on the stage, enlisted in the navy and was assigned immediately to the Good Ship, Union Square in the heart of New York, while Ben joined the army, became assigned to the Intelligence Bureau and had as

(Continued on page 108)



Don't Shoot!

▼

*Hunting the Great
Kodiak Grizzlies in
Alaska With Camera.*

*Thrilling tales of the
Chase in the Arctic*

▼

FOR quite a long time I was very proud of the fact that I had killed eighteen bears—thirteen of which were the great Alaskan brown bears, or Kodiak grizzlies. In fact, when I was quite a small lad, I had a great desire some day to grow up to be a professional grizzly bear hunter—make my living at killing bears and other varieties of big game. For about two years I had the opportunity of realizing this boyhood ambition—and afterward I was duly proud of my accomplishments, but it's different now. In a way, I am just a little sorry I killed so many bears. Others, of course, have killed many more bears than I have but nevertheless, I am just a little bit sorry that I killed as many as I have.

The reason is, I have found a far more fascinating way to spend my time when in the bear country.

The giant Kodiak grizzly, as he is popularly known, is the largest of all present-day flesh-eating animals on earth. He grows to a maximum weight of probably 1600 or even possibly 2000 pounds—almost a ton—and he has the reputation of being one of the most powerful and ferocious animals on this or any other continent. It is claimed by many who write and talk about him that he will charge on the slightest excuse, but in my hobnobbing with about 250 of this particular variety of bears, I have found him very much of a wilderness gentleman—child, I suppose I should say, for he certainly has a great many child-like attributes.

DESPITE the fact that he may grow to weigh almost a ton, the Kodiak grizzly is amazingly small when born. He weighs only nine to twelve ounces when he first comes into the



Alaskan Kodiak Grizzly cub which has just caught a salmon in a

world, and is blind and hairless. This fact may seem rather startling to many but it is nothing more than one of Nature's little plans by which she takes care of her creatures of the wild. Bears, as everyone knows, spend the winter months in hibernation where they cannot get food to supply nourishment to their bodies. During this period they must live on the surplus fat which is stored up in their own bodies. The young are born some time before Mother Bear comes out of the winter den—this means an added drain upon her system and this also explains why Nature has provided that the young of the largest flesh-eating animals are so very tiny when born.

Bears do not hibernate because they do not like the cold weather—even in

Alaska. The largest bear that I ever killed I got on the 23rd day of November in twelve inches of snow and zero weather. And I have seen their tracks almost as late as Christmas time in Alaska. The only reason that they hibernate is because they cannot find sufficient amount of food to keep them going.

The first Kodiak grizzly that I tackled as a hunter turned out to be four of them. I saw but one at the start. He was too far away to shoot at so I took a land-mark and worked my way up through the dense alder thickets until I peeked over the little ridge to see him only about 50 yards away. But suddenly to my consternation, because I was hunting all alone, I saw three others in the same alder thicket with myself and the furthest



swift-running stream—a meal fit for the "King of Bears"

one not more than 30 yards from me. After considerable debating with myself and probably poor judgment predominating, I at last tackled them. Somehow I managed to get all four, though I must admit that I was about as badly scared as anyone possibly could be, and live!

The biggest bear that I ever killed happens to be the only one of all the eighteen that charged me. His pelt measured 11 feet 4 inches in length and 10 feet 6 inches spread from claw to claw. We estimated his weight at approximately 1600 pounds and it took but two shots from high-powered rifles to stop him. He started his charge at around 200 yards distance and went down with a bullet in his brain at approximately 45 yards away. There were four of us shooting at the finish.

On the other hand, I have killed two different females with young cubs (for museums) who expended their very last effort in trying to get away even at the expense of abandoning their youngsters. Mother grizzlies with young cubs, you know, are supposed to be the most dangerous.

After I had killed about a dozen bears, however, the thrill lost its kick. Instead of shooting them immediately, I began to watch them. I saw them do things which interested me and which I could not altogether understand. Then, almost by accident, I took up photographing them. The first thing that I found was that it was many times more difficult to get good pictures of bears than it had ever been to kill them. Most everyone can kill a

By Harold
McCracken

▼

*Explorer, Club Man
and Bear Hunter on
the Air With Stories
of Adventure With
Alaskan Brown Bears*

▼

grizzly bear with very little difficulty if they hunt in a country where these animals are as plentiful as they were in the districts where I did my hunting. But I very quickly learned that it required not only a great deal more hard work to get really good pictures of them, but that also I had to know my game very much better, light conditions had to be just right as well as the wind, and I had to get a great deal closer to them than I ever had to in shooting. Probably even more important, I found that it was a great deal more convenient to carry my films home than it was to go to the trouble of skinning my trophies and transporting their heavy hides. Also, I found that my friends took a much keener interest in looking at these films of the live animals in their own unmolested native state than they ever did in making forced exclamations at the trophies which I hung on the walls of my home.

I also found that I learned a great deal more of interest about the creatures while taking their pictures than I had ever learned from hunting them. And I got just about as many thrills out of it.

I REMEMBER one instance when Andy Simons, the famous Alaskan guide, and I were returning to our little tundra camp in the early darkness after a long day on the salmon streams after pictures, when we happened onto a very large and obstinate grizzly who boldly refused to get out of the way for us to pass. Andy assured me that the bear would break and run before we got too close, but he didn't, and before we knew it we were up to within about 25 yards of the big creature. The hair rose up on his back and he got up from his feasting of salmon to snort and make one or two side steps towards us. Andy



Above: Harold McCracken, in Arctic furs.
Center: An old woman of the Bering Sea country.

Below: Sailing the Bering Sea with the mid-night sun creating a world of light and shadows.

threw a shell into his gun, though we did not want to shoot the animal unless it became absolutely necessary, for it was in the middle of the summer and his pelt was worthless. There was a cross-wind blowing and Andy made a circle out around him to let him get his scent. The instant that he got that fatal odor on the breeze, the bear almost turned a backward flip-flop and was knocking down alders and stumbling over hummocks as far as we could see him. Just before this little incident Andy and I had stopped to indulge in a fresh bit of chewing tobacco. When the bear had gone, I began to have a very peculiar feeling and found that during the excitement I had misplaced my chewing tobacco; in other words, I had swallowed it! Andy had to wait for me when I sat down and had a nice little siege of sickness all by myself.

For one entire summer I lived right out in the grizzly country on the Bering Sea coast of the Alaskan Peninsula with but one companion most of the time. In fact, I had gone into the bear country by dog team in January so that I might be there when the first bears came out in the spring and I stayed until snow came



again in the fall. During that one trip I saw over 190 different grizzly bears. A lot of the time Andy and I lived right out on the fishing streams almost as the bears lived. We slept in the daytime when the bears were asleep, did our photographing in the late afternoons and early mornings and were on the alert through most of the twilight nights. On one particular day Andy and I lay on a grassy hummock and watched 12 big grizzly bears all fishing in the same stream and the farthest ones not more

Something About

A FEW months ago magazines and newspapers were full of pictures and stories proclaiming the finding of mummies on the Aleutian Islands. Scientists declare that this is one of the most important discoveries of our day and they point out that this find has established the fact that human life first came to the North American Continent from Asia by way of the Bering Strait. The leader of this expedition was Harold McCracken. He is a scientist, explorer, hunter of big game, adventurer, author and lecturer.

WHEN McCracken was only eight years old he suddenly came face to face with his first bear. This experience precipitated Harold into the ambition to become a bear hunter. Since that day he has killed more bears than he has kept record of. He has realized his youthful dreams.

HIS achievements include: Four Arctic expeditions; a disastrous adventure with a gold mine; daring feats as a news reel photographer; operating single handed an Indian fur trading post; hunting with the Cree Indians; minor expeditions into various Provinces of Canada, the Gulf of Mexico, the Florida Everglades and the Ozark Mountains; lecturing before the National Geographic Society and many other organizations; broadcasting Radio programs; writing numerous articles and books; being an associate editor of *Field and Stream* and he is a member of the Explorers' Club of America.

than half a mile apart. We saw bears virtually every day and some we saw on several occasions and even had nicknames for them.

There was a little valley up among the volcanic peaks. There was a permanent home of two families of bears which we visited on several occasions. One was a mother and three cubs which we called



Harold McCracken

HAROLD McCracken was born in 1894 in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He is of Scotch-Irish origin. His ancestors were among the first settlers on the Pacific Coast of Canada. His mother was a portrait painter and his father was a newspaper man, mine operator, and rancher. He was one of the founders of the Des Moines *Daily News*. By the time Harold was eighteen he had lived in Colorado, California, Utah, Idaho, Texas, Iowa and Pennsylvania.

AND at eighteen he left home and a theological school to find out first hand what life was like on the northwestern frontier. He drove a four horse stage coach on the construction of the Canadian National Railways in the Canadian Rockies. His second job was the operation of the fur trading post on the Upper Thompson River in British Columbia. In 1915 he came out of the mountains to attend Ohio State University and to do some special work with Professor Mills. From his Alaskan expeditions McCracken has shipped to Ohio State Museum Kodiak bears, Alaskan sheep, Alaskan caribou and Alaskan aquatic birds.

IN 1922 and 1923 he spent a year in making motion pictures of Alaskan big game, focusing especially upon the Kodiak Grizzly and the Kenai Moose. His fourth and latest expedition to the far north was as leader of the Stoll-McCracken Siberian-Arctic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History.



Above: Mighty monarch of the northland—a giant moose looking straight at the camera.

the O'Flaherty family, and the other was a mother and two cubs which we nicknamed the Murphy family. We knew the Murphy family best. They were as much like human kids as any mother could have. One of them, whom we called "Apron Strings", was always right at her mother's heels. The other, who was always running away and getting into all



Center: A belle of Bering Straits.

sorts of trouble, we called the "Little Roughneck". When we first saw the "Little Roughneck" he was traveling on three feet because he had undoubtedly gotten too intimate with a porcupine, with the result that one foot was filled with quills and he had to limp around carrying it in the air.

The first time that we saw Mrs. Murphy and her two cubs they walked right out upon us where we were hidden in a blind waiting for the O'Flaherty family to move down the creek far enough to

permit my getting some movies of them. They were not more than 150 feet away. Mrs. Murphy lay down in the afternoon sun and "Apron Strings" proceeded to have afternoon tea. "Little Roughneck", however, started wandering off to have a little adventure all his own. He did! As he proceeded, Andy and I realized that if he went far enough he would get our scent on the breeze, and we lay there behind our blind and, whispering back and forth, discussed amusedly just what would happen when this young bear cub got his very first scent of a human being. We knew that it would be his first scent of a human because, as I have said, it was our first visit to that part of the country and we knew positively that we were the only human beings in the entire section that year.

Of course we did not at the time know the "Little Roughneck's" temperament and that he was a very bold and brazen young bear cub, but we did know that a human being is the only enemy from which any grizzly will retreat, for man is their one and only enemy. Yet this cub had never smelled the scent of a human being. What would he do?

At last, like a flash he wheeled around
(Continued on page 102)

"Thank You, America"

THIS is Maurice Chevalier speaking.

Do you recognize me? Each Sunday night we have — what you call it? — a date, eh? And we have a good time together? That's fine. What's that, my friend, you rather have a song? Well, I'd rather sing, too.

But I am sorry—not tonight. My good friend, Mr. Brown of RADIO DIGEST, has asked me to talk a little about myself. Some of my history might inspire a song but—well, suppose we let somebody else write it.

Maybe I'll tell you some of my secrets. Such as how it feels to talk to all of you millions of listeners on the Chase and Sanborn hour every Sunday night. And lots of other things. Who I am and—well, everything.

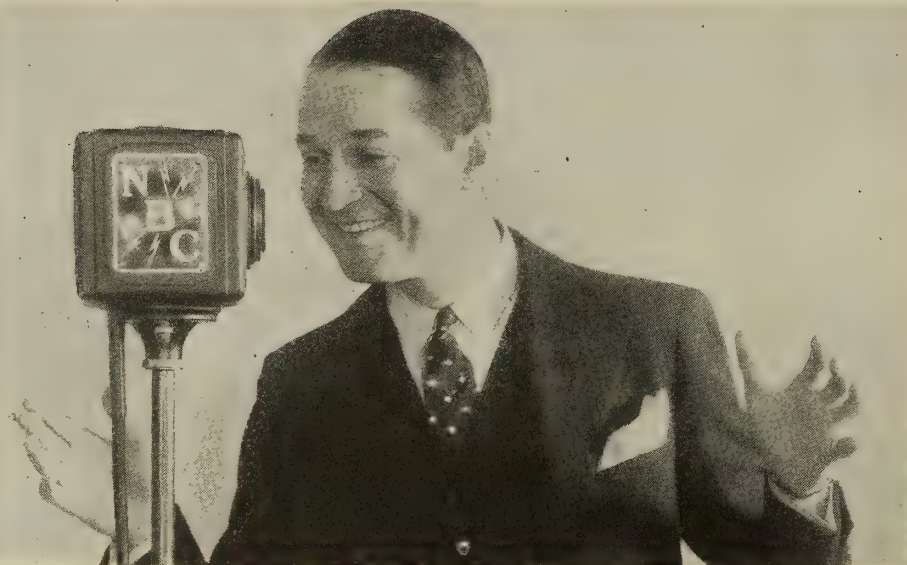
First of all, I want to say "Thank you" to everybody here in America. This country, it has been like my own. I have been received so beautifully by everybody, business men, roughnecks, just everybody everywhere. And I want to express my appreciation and this is one way I hope to reach most of you.

My ambition has been to achieve success in your country. I feel that any man who has the stuff—you see I have learned a lot of your good, American slang—can get along well over here. That is, if he be an honest fellow, what you call a regular guy.

Ever since I was twelve I have been on the stage. That is, I have earned my living by singing. This has taken me to every country except China but I hope to go there, too, some day.

If you ask me why people like my singing, I don't know exactly. When I begin to sing, people who are listening think, what's the matter with that French guy? He isn't so good looking and his voice isn't big like Caruso. But by and by, say in 15 or 20 minutes, we get to be friends.

When I started in to entertain Americans on the Ziegfeld Roof where there was a very blasé crowd of professionals



east of France, soon after the war broke out. Later Kennedy and I contrived to escape from the camp and that, ladies and gentlemen, was the happiest experience of my life. Even though later on, I got the Croix de Guerre.

I have come from humble beginnings. I was

born in Menilmontant, which is to Paris what the lower East Side is to New York and the Whitechapel district is to London. My father was a house painter and when times were hard, my mother went out to work by the day as a charwoman. When my father died, I was about twelve and set out soon after to work and help my mother.

But it looked as if I was to be a failure at everything I undertook. Now I know why. I loved the stage even then. My earliest ambitions were centered about the circus. My youthful mind was set a-flame by the pageantry and spangles, the gilt and the glitter.

I became apprentice to a carpenter but amid the falling chips, I always saw in imagination a small boy performing in cafes, music halls and circuses. My next job was as an electrician and then I became a printer. Need I say that all these jobs were lost by me? What you call, fired?

My next looked like something more congenial. Painting pink cheeks on doll's faces. Rather interesting, eh? It was fun. One day I got the cheeks too red. I had seen some puppets in a sideshow and thought it amusing to try and reproduce them. But the boss, silly fellow—had no sense of humor at all.

I thought I'd make a good salesman but this time I fell in love. Believe it or not. She was a gorgeous blonde young lady of ten summers. I took the affair quite seriously. So seriously that the boss fired me. To show we did not care, Georgette and I went walking. As we passed a church from which a wedding party was coming, I decided to be smart and mimic a popular actor. I flung my arms wide,

By MAURICE CHEVALIER

Famous Playboy Began Career at Twelve, Painting Dolls' Faces—He is Still Drawing—at the Rate of \$3,846 for 15-minute Broadcast!

from the New York stage, I had to sing three or four songs and I felt rather nervous. "If they take too long to judge me," I told myself, "I will faint." Fortunately I had only sung for half a minute or so when I felt we were friends.

After this it was easier to sing and now I am fully at ease with all you Americans. We play and have a good time together and why not? Life at best is much, much too short.

SOME of you wonder, perhaps, where I learned English. That happened when there wasn't much else to do, for I was in a German prison camp—but I was lucky even there. One of my fellow prisoners was Ronald Kennedy, an English soldier. We talked a lot. I taught him French and he taught me English. He was a good instructor. I was a bad one—he got a bad bargain. I got a good one.

I was wounded and taken prisoner in an attack on my regiment at Curty, in the

one finger got caught in a closing door. That ended romance for a long, long time.

Shortly afterwards I decided to make nails. Strange to say, I was pretty good at it too. In fact, it looked like a nail-maker's career for Maurice. But the more successful I was the more I yearned to do amusing things. I'd steal out into the factory yard and rehearse songs of some famous actor. The royal road to stage fame would be to learn acrobatics, so I thought. I attended a gymnasium. I did whirligigs on the rings, somersaults from the trapeze. Everything that would help me become a good entertainer. Then I fell and sprained my ankle and bruised my face. So, in self-defense, my mother put her foot down.

Then I would be a singer. It was much easier than acrobating. So with a boldness I did not feel, I approached the manager of the *Concert of the Three Lions* and told him I was great, swell, a fine singer. He was missing a great chance not to book me. His wife was there. She looked me over nudged him and said, "give the boy a chance." So he did. You can imagine what happened. Never had I sung a note to a piano accompaniment. Never had I sung in public. I was simply lost. A "terrible flop", you would say.

After I came out of the fog of my depression I said, "All right, I have been a failure. That can happen to anyone. Next time I will succeed." So I tried again and again. My first chance was as a singer at the *Casino des Tournelles*, which paid me three francs an evening, four evenings a week. My specialty was imitating popular hits and stars.

A friend of mine knew Mistinguette, the famous musical comedy favorite. So he made an appointment for me to see her. I scrubbed my face, put on my best suit and went to meet the great young lady. She was very nice to me and encouraged me a lot. Her last words at this time were, "You need have no worry for what the future holds with a smile like yours."

LITTLE by little I advanced and a few years later I was her dancing partner at the *Follies Bergere*—and maybe you think Maurice wasn't proud of himself.

Before the war I was a comedian who used a huge nose of red putty and an outlandish dress. After the war I adopted the dinner suit and straw hat which I still use.

My first big opportunity came when Elsie Janis insisted I play with her in a London show. It was "Hello America" and we did well. Miss Janis was very good to me, helping me a lot and serving as an inspiration.

When the show closed, I went back to Paris and joined Mistinguette for

a time. Then we had a falling out. I went as an entertainer to the Casino de Paris and there met the girl I married, Yvonne Vallée. Yes, it's the same name as your own American Rudy Vallée, who, incidentally, is a good friend of mine. My wife tells me he can imitate me better than I can be myself. He did it one evening when we were in the audience that heard his Fleischmann broadcast at the Times Square studios of the National Broadcasting Company.

THEN Jesse L. Lasky, Vice President in charge of Production for Paramount, persuaded me that I ought to try American pictures. So we decided to try one in 1928. Fortunately for us it was a success. Since then I have made several more that you all have been good enough to like. Perhaps you remember *The Love Parade*, *Paramount on Parade*, *The Big Pond* and *Play Boy of Paris*.

A career is a funny thing. It brings moments of great happiness and great sorrow just like you find in everybody's life. My happiest experience was when I escaped from the German prison camp at Alten Grabow near Magdeburg and got back inside my own lines. My saddest experience in life was the death of my

mother in Paris in 1928. It was doubly sad because I was in Hollywood making my first picture, *Innocents of Paris*.

I am not handsome. But I try to be wholesome. I am fond of outdoor life. My favorite amusement is boxing and I used to box often with Georges Carpentier. Another well-known boxer who is a good friend of mine is "Kid" Francis the French lightweight.

I am fond of French food. Once a year I try to get back to Paris for public performances. That is so one will not get out of touch with or lose the French viewpoint. In most big cities I use taxicabs. But in Hollywood it is more fun to drive a Ford coupe. To my mind one of the screen's most able directors is Ernst Lubitsch, who directed my own *Love Parade*.

I rehearse all my songs, with gestures, alone for weeks. Then I try them on a small gathering of friends at my home. If they approve, then I sing them in public, over the air or in pictures. I am greatly interested in international statesmanship and political affairs. In Hollywood my best friends are Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. It was a treat to see them recently in New York. Some day I hope to have them as guests at one of my broadcasts. I always try to be methodical and punctual.

I love my wife and my wife loves me. That's all I know about love.

I type all my personal letters to my friends and relations. I consider this by far the neatest way and I feel sure one of these days the idea will become general . . . I like typing—it is very interesting—I use the touch system.

WHEN I was in the South of France last year I just went crazy over a game they call Boule. It is rather like the English Bowling Green, but I think there is a little more pep in it.

My experiences on the screen have taught me that you are never exactly as you think you are. The Radio is teaching me also many, many other things. I am getting some most illuminating and charming fan mail. I find that lots of it bears out my own idea of broadcasting. It is this. I want to broadcast so that my voice comes into the homes of the listeners as a friend.

When I face the little black box—the magical black box—it sometimes fades from sight because I am thinking of the millions of firesides where I hope people are listening. Particularly those who are sick. I cannot help feeling that I should give them the best that is in me.

I have broadcast only a time or two in France and twice in America before this Chase and Sanborn series. Yet they tell me that my Radio work is good. I hope you like me too.



Courtesy Paramount Pictures

Maurice Chevalier as a Singing Waiter à la Paris

Lillian G. Genn Interviews

Are Women

*Author Who Made Two Continents Rock
Gentlemen And Their Preference for*

"AMERICAN women are the unhappiest in the world," was the startling statement made by Anita Loos, famous author, when she recently arrived here after a long sojourn abroad.

When one considers that American women hold the most conspicuously superior position the feminine sex has ever had, that they enjoy complete freedom to do whatever they please, one cannot let such a statement pass unchallenged. With that thought in mind, the interviewer went to see Miss Loos at her hotel in New York.

Curled up on the divan of her charming suite, the author looked very much like a girl of twelve. She is very small, with a wistful, appealing face, and large, innocent looking eyes. Her hair is cut in a boyish bob and she wears simple clothes which accentuate her youthful appearance. It is hard to believe that this diminutive person has earned a reputation for barbed wit and stinging satire; that she has set two continents to discussing whether "*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*" and has reaped a fortune for doing it.

However, she was known to American audiences long before that noteworthy book made its appearance, for she and her husband, Mr. John Emerson, wrote many delightful plays for the screen, particularly for that charming star, Constance Talmadge.

About a year or two ago she announced her retirement from writing. Evidently it was not to be taken seriously, for she has just completed another book, *The Better Things of Life*, which is a satire on Hollywood, and also a sparkling, sophisticated comedy with her husband, *Cherries Are Ripe*, which is now touring the country with the popular screen pair Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque.

For the past few years Miss Loos has divided her time between this country and Europe. She is as much at home in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and London as she is in New York. Not only does she know women the world over, but she has a deep and penetrating understanding of their psychology. Her opinions, therefore, are not merely glittering generalities.

For that reason the interviewer was interested to discuss with Miss Loos why she believed American women to be unhappy.

"One of the first things you notice when you come to this country," she began, "is that the American women do not look happy. They have discontented expressions on their faces. European women have less in material wealth and fewer advantages, but they look more content. In fact, they have a gayety and joyousness

This diminutive, doll-like, feminine person is actually a famous author and Hollywood scenarist, of world-wide fame—Anita Loos.



ANITA LOOS

American Happy?

*With Laughter at Her Biting Satire on
Blondes, Talks of Marriage and Love*

about them that is contagious. It is a sense of exhilaration.

"America is, let me say, a wonderful country for women. It is a veritable Paradise in which they can get everything that life has to offer. Opportunities and luxuries are theirs for the asking.

"But the trouble is that women do not fit this Paradise. No one can be satisfied when one gets things too easily, women least of all. They get too much in the way of material things and with hardly any effort on their part. Their grandmothers had to be practically drudges in order to get the necessities of life. They worked from early morning to late at night cooking, sewing, baking, cleaning and bringing up a brood of children. They had to fetch their own water and get logs for the fire. They didn't think of themselves but strove to provide comfort and pleasure for others. In that way they found happiness for themselves. What is more, since they were busy with the real things of life, they had vital matters with which to occupy their minds.

"BUT the modern American woman is inclined to be a self-centered person who is concerned in pleasing and pampering herself. Her interests are such trivial ones as clubs, luncheons, committee meetings, shopping and bridge games. I don't know of any other country where women waste so many hours playing bridge as they do here.

"If the woman does have a child, she rarely bothers to make herself an essential part of his life. She does little to prepare him for his future, but leaves it chiefly to nurses, private schools and camps. Then there is another increasing class of women who would far rather work in an office than take care of their own homes.

"In Europe, even a woman of wealth does domestic work of some kind. You don't find her playing bridge or spending her time at clubs. If you told her that American women gather together in groups and hold club meetings, she would be bewildered. She would much rather stay at home and attend to the comforts of her husband and the welfare of her children. Nothing could make her neglect her first duties and obligations to her home. Even if she has a nurse for her children, she gives them her personal attention.

"I believe that no one can be satisfied unless one is doing work which is of vital importance. And Nature has decreed that woman's vital work should be in the home. When she expends her energies on trivial pastimes or the routine and mechanical work of the office, which

Anita Loos is a mere feather-weight of an armful to her devoted actor-poet-writer-husband, John Emerson—she is so tiny.



provides no emotional outlet, she is thwarting a deep, fundamental urge in her. That is why you find so many discontented and maladjusted women. It accounts for their restless and hectic search for thrills and substitute satisfactions.

"American women would derive more zest and satisfaction from life if they would sacrifice some of their social, political or economic success and engage in a feminine pursuit that is related to the home. They would lose much of their nervousness if they would again take up so simple a thing as sewing instead of playing bridge, which only makes them more tense. I do a great deal of sewing in my leisure and it has an almost magic effect in resting and soothing me."

By discarding feminine pursuits, Miss Loos pointed out, the American woman is also losing her feminine approach to life and her feminine qualities. She is becoming a hard-headed, self-sufficient, dominating person with masculine traits.

"Our women are becoming very much like men," she said. "They are more similar here than they are in any other country. They have not that great difference which makes for variety. An important consequence of this is that woman has lost her charm for men and is creating disharmony between the sexes. And there you have the root of woman's unhappiness."

THE European woman is content to play a feminine rôle in life. From childhood she is brought up with future marriage in mind and is prepared for her duties of wifehood and motherhood. She is taught to make the most of her feminine charm and appeal. She makes a study of men and knows how to please them and make them happy.

"That is why the European eagerly seeks the companionship of women. Husbands and wives spend more time together abroad and share many more interests than they do here. A man will go shopping with his wife, visit the art galleries with her, and have luncheon or tea with her during the day. He spends his week-ends with the family and takes them on a picnic or trip. Husband and wife do things together and they even know intimately the friends of their children. You don't find the husband going off to play golf with his men friends, the wife to a tea or bridge game, while their sons and daughters take the car to go heaven knows where.

"Don't think, though, that I blame the disharmony between the sexes here entirely on the woman. The man is very much at fault too. Imbued with the idea that success in business is the one big thing in life, the American man slaves for long hours at his desk. No matter how much money he accumulates, he never feels that he can retire or do other things. Working at constant high pressure soon becomes a habit with him. If he should want to stop, he would feel



A modernist in her work, Anita Loos is a believer in old-fashioned marriage.

lost. Tea parties are absurd to him.

"Naturally when the man returns home at night, he is too exhausted from his work to give his wife and family any companionship. About all he can do is to go occasionally to a musical comedy show. Anything else will at once put him to sleep.

"Week-ends and holidays, he must, of course, have his golf. The game is of greater importance to the American than it is to the Scot. No one takes such an absurd interest in the game in Scotland, where it originated.

"The European husband is by no means ideal. He demands much more from a woman and wants to be catered to and spoiled. But because he makes it a point to understand women and he has a keener comprehension of her emotional needs, he nevertheless makes her happier than the easy-going, good-natured American husband who smothers his wife with luxuries, but who gives her little attention. Men and women in this country are drawing further and further apart. There are already few interests that they have in common."

MISS LOOS believes that it is because the European husband and wife are bound together by so many ties and a close comradeship exists between them, that their marriage has a more solid foundation, and it is further strengthened by their mutual love for home life. It is the primary reason why they have little divorce.

"Since American husbands and wives have hardly any ties, it does not mean much for them to sever the relationship. This may not have as much of an effect on the man. He can find satisfaction from life by absorbing himself more completely in his business. But, as I pre-

viously said, a business pursuit does not give woman the same satisfaction. Furthermore, she needs the security that marriage gives her.

"Of course men must also have the anchor of marriage. No human being can be happy when he drifts from one marriage to another. The older he grows, the more he needs the comfort of knowing that there is someone around who is interested in him and who understands him. That is why I believe that even a passable marriage is better than divorce. A person with varying emotions who runs to the divorce court will usually find that he can't be any happier with the next mate, either, and his final years will be lonely and empty ones.

"One can get along as well with one person as with another, provided one has not contracted a wholly unsuitable marriage. But like any other venture in life, marriage requires intelligence and thought. Husband and wife must work at it. And they must understand this," Miss Loos paused for a moment. "It is only by working and planning together and by having a close and sympathetic relationship with each other, that they will find happiness."

BUT I do think, though, that because women are more concerned with the human side of life, it is more in their power to bring about greater harmony between the sexes."

As is well known, Anita Loos and John Emerson are one of the most devoted of couples. They have been married for twelve years and not even their long residence in Hollywood, where divorce has become an accepted habit, nor the fact that most of their friends have been married several times, has affected their relationship. They enjoy each other's company as much as ever.

Both of them started their careers on the stage. Miss Loos' father was the manager of a traveling theatrical company and therefore as soon as she could walk and talk she was given a part in one of his productions. Her favorite pastime was to sit out front and watch the crude movies which her father would run off during the intermissions. One day, when she was in her early teens, she tried her hand at writing a few scripts and sent them to a movie company. They immediately accepted them and requested her to continue to contribute.

When Miss Loos had been writing for the company for about two years, the director, who was D. W. Griffith, sent for her for a personal conference. He received the shock of his life when a small girl came to see him with her mother and told him she was the author of those robust and clever comedies. He gave her a job on his staff and she became one of his invaluable assistants.

As for John Emerson, he had been a successful actor manager in New York
(Continued on page 103)

A Stranger Comes To

Thompkins Corners

When the Wandering Player Fainted Real Folks Acted Quickly and Went in for Culture

By George Frame Brown

UNCLE
Matt
Thomp-
kins

scratched a match on his trouser leg. There was a hiss and it flared up, throwing his ruddy features and white hair in sharp relief for a brief moment before he leaned over the oil lamp on the table. The flame quickly ran around the circular wick and the light revealed the snug room in back of Thompkins Corners leading emporium.

Marthy Thompkins examined the uneven flame of the old lamp with critical eyes. "I'll get another lamp" she said, and bustled out of the room. Elmer, seated at the table in the center of the room, reluctantly turned back to his studies, audibly wrestling with his arithmetic problems...

ELMER: Eleven goes in 78—seven times and one to carry — (*Prince whines and scratches at the door.*)

Hello Prince, old boy, what's the matter? You want out? All right, I'll let you



Matt Thompkins, who in real life is the author of the program.

out, old boy. Betcha smell a rat, huh?

MATT: Hey Elmer!

ELMER: Yes, Uncle Matt.

MATT: Where you goin'?

ELMER: Prince wants out—

MATT: You sit down there and finish

your homework—I don't want to see any such report card as you brought home this week.

ELMER: But gee, Uncle Matt, he's scratchin' and beggin'.

MATT: He's beggin' for one of them peppermints you're nibblin' on.

ELMER: No he ain't, Uncle Matt, honest . . . he's beggin' to get out. I can always tell what Prince wants, jest by the way he asks.

MATT: All right, let him out, but you see to it that you get right back to them fractions.

ELMER: I'll go out and take a little run with him.

MATT: You let Prince do his runnin' alone. You'll be runnin' over to Sneed's I guess.

ELMER: Aw, Prince likes to have company when he takes a walk. He gets lonesome for me when I'm in school all day.

MATT: Well, I guess if Prince is so smart, he'd be a lot happier seein' you get good marks in your arithmetic than he would to have you out throwin' sticks for him. Now, go let him out and get back here to your work. Don't let me speak 'bout it again.

*This continuity of Real Folks at Thompkins Corners, broadcast from WJZ over the NBC network, is reproduced with the special permission of Mr. George Frame Brown and the Chesebrough Mfg. Co.



The cast of Real Folks at Thompkins Corners in their respective characters.

ELMER: Gosh, Uncle Matt—I can't see very well by these oil lamps.

MATT: No more excuses—you let Prince out, and then get back to your lessons.

ELMER: Oh, all right . . .

MATT: What's that?

ELMER: (*Brightly*) All right, Uncle Matt.

MATT: That's better.

ELMER: Come on Prince.

(*Prince barks*)

MARTHA: Here, Matt, I got another kerosene lamp fixed.

MATT: Thanks, Marthy, I'll just put this one over near the potato bin. My golly, it seems funny dependin' on these old kerosene oil lamps after spoilin' ourselves so long with electricity.

MARTHA: If you ask me, I still think they're as good as bulbs.

MATT: That's a fine way for you to talk—and me president of the light and power company. It's a lucky thing we got the mail out before the fuses blew—

MARTHA: I thought there'd be more folks in askin' for their mail. I guess maybe it's too cold.

(*Door slams*)

MARTHA: That sounded like the front door.

MATT: Who is it?

BILL: It's Bill Perkins. I brought some company over from the station.

MATT: Come on in and get warm.

BILL: Hello Mrs. Thompkins.

BILL: Matt, I want to introduce my friend—Mr. . . . Mr. gracious, now I went and forgot your name.

MITCHEL: Mitchel — Worthington Mitchel.

BILL: This is Mr. Mitchel—Mr. Worthington Mitchel . . . this is Matt Thompkins, the mayor . . . and this is the missus . . .

MITCHEL: My good Mr. Mayor, and you, Mrs. Thompkins—may I say that I am extremely honored to meet you? I am charmed to know the leading lights of such a distinguished little community.

MATT: Well, if you don't mind my sayin' so, Mr. Mitchel, the leadin' lights in this establishment tonight happens to be kerosene lamps. Somethin' went wrong with a connection downstairs.

BILL: Mr. Mitchel is a actor.

MARTHA: An actor!

BILL: Yeah, he recites Shakespeare's plays.

MATT: My, that is real interesting.

MARTHA: Imagine knowin' Shakespeare's plays by heart . . . and I have all I can do recollectin' my favorite verses from the Bible. How do you do it?

MITCHEL: Oh, a certain genius for retention. I have never had difficulty re-

taining lines. My first attempt at the difficult rôle of Hamlet resulted not only in a sweeping triumph of presentational skill, but in a performance without a single error in reading.

BILL: Gosh, how could anybody ever remember all that? I even forget today's date there in the post office, with the calendar a-starin' me in the face.

MATT: Well, maybe there's some things Mr. Mitchel can't do.

MITCHEL: Possibly so, Mr. Mayor, possibly so, but if it's connected with the arts, you are doomed to disappointment.

MATT: Well can you make a threshing flail out of two hickory poles and an eel skin?

MITCHEL: No, I must admit I cannot—but, of course, they are not the arts—

MATT: Grandpa Overbrook was an artist at bindin' wheat and swingin' a flail when threshin' machines and reapers was just bein' thought of.

MITCHEL: Ah, yes, great are the men of the soil, but they express a vastly different being. We, of the stage, give of the intangible something that lies innately

in the soul of everyone. When I play the goaded Macbeth, I feel the very torture which the immortal Shakespeare wanted him to feel. It is my life—my very life. I have dedicated my mind and career to the dream of the immortal Shakespeare. I make tremendous sacrifices going from city to city, from town to town, uplifting the drama and increasing the public's understanding of the deeper side of the theatre.

Real Folks Cast

Mr. George Frame Brown"Matt Thompkins"
Miss Virginia Farmer"Marthy Thompkins"
Miss Phoebe Mackay"Mrs. Watts"
Miss Elsie Mae Gordon"Mrs. Stevens"
G. Underhill Macy"Fred Tibbetts"
Tommy Brown"Elmer Thompkins"
Mr. Edwin H. Whitney"Judge Whipple"

OF COURSE, it is necessary that the above list of actors do some doubling for minor characters. Thus, Mr. Brown also takes the parts of "Mrs. Jones" and Gus Oleson"; Miss Gordon, the part of "Sneed"; Mr. Macy the part of "Tony" and Mr. Whitney the parts of "Bill Perkins" and "Grandpa Overbrook."

MARTHA: That's a very noble attitude, Mr. Mitchel.

BILL: I guess you have to stay several weeks at some of the places before they begin to understand it, don't you?

MATT: Now, Bill, that question is a little out of order. I guess Thompkins Corners could understand as quick as anybody.

MITCHEL: Your suggestion is a very timely one, Mr. Thompkins. I would be more than glad to interpret the works of the immortal Bard of Avon for your thriving community.

BILL: I thought you was goin' to recite Shakespeare.

MARTHA: Bill Perkins, Shakespeare was called the Bard of Avon.

MATT: Well, now, Mr. Mitchel, I didn't exactly make any suggestion but if you've somethin' worth while sellin' to us, we're a ready market.

MITCHEL: Ah, I do not sell my work, but rather offer it for approval. I have known the acclaim of the crowned heads on the continent, I have been the guest of governors, municipal dignitaries, and scions of the country's oldest families. My name and picture have been posted in all the great cities to awaken the anticipation of a grateful multitude.

MATT: Did you ever play on Broadway in New York?

MITCHEL: New York! Bah! Illiterate boors with no taste or cultivation. A great artist could perish in the street without a second look. No, not in New

York, but my career—my career . . . my . . . my career . . . a . . . a . . . a . . . has taken me to every important city . . . my . . . my . . . greatness . . . has . . .

(Voice fades—sound of body falling.)

MARTHA: Oh, gracious! What's happened?

MATT: Sh-sh-sh . . . I guess he's fainted. I can't see his face in this light. Marthy, go in and make some strong coffee and warm some hot broth. I think I know what's the matter.

BILL: Do you want a glass of water, Matt?

MATT: Yes, Bill, and I'll put him in this chair and loosen his coat collar. . . . My, he's light as a feather and still kinda chilled. Gracious, look here . . . he hasn't got any collar on under this old muffler. Him and his greatness—why, he's probably starvin' to death right now and he was tryin' to bluff it all through.

BILL: Here, Matt, give him some of this water. Gosh, he musta been pretty bad off fer to keel over that way.

MATT: That happens when you don't eat fer a spell— He's drinkin' it down. He'll come around all right. Go out and see how Marthy's comin' along, with the broth and coffee . . . here, take another sip of this, Mr. Mitchel.

MITCHEL: My . . . my profound, thanks, Mr. Thompkins.

MATT: Just take it easy—we'll have some hot broth and coffee for you in no time.

MITCHEL: That confounded vertigo came back on me. Took me by surprise again. Edwin Booth suffered the

same attacks . . . in fact, our acting technique is very much alike.

MATT: Well, I never saw Booth, but they say he was pretty good.

BILL: Matt, you can bring Mr. Mitchel into the kitchen now. Marthy's got the table spread for supper.

MARTHA: I've come out for him. Come with me, Mr. Mitchel.

MITCHEL: Ah, to dine with the queen . . . it reminds me of my visit to Britain and the happy hours at Buckingham Palace.

MATT: Bill—say, I want you to do a little fast work.

BILL: What's the matter?

MATT: Well, this here Mitchel fella's pretty bad off. He ain't had no food and he ain't clothed warm enough.

BILL: I got some old clothes home. He kin have 'em.

MATT: No, this is different. I tell you what . . . we're goin' to have a Shakespeare readin' right here in the store. We're goin' to get up-lifted right among the crackers and potatoes.

BILL: There's no harm in that as long as it don't spoil the stock.

MATT: You go and git the fireman's band together and be here as soon as they can. Tell 'em to come in playin' "Poet and Peasant"; they ought to have that down pretty well by now. Pass the word along to everybody you can and tell 'em that there's no admission, but we'll take up a collection.

BILL: Gosh, Matt, that's pretty swell. I didn't dream fer a minute that the old fella was just a tramp.

(Continued on page 106)

The famous Firemen's Band—masters of melody at Thompkins Corners.



MARRIAGE

When A Headliner Takes A Life Partner Should It Be Told? Will Popularity Decline When Glamor Departs? Twenty Interviewed Stars Say, "Yes, Do Tell" — Twenty Shout, "No, Keep it Dark!"

IT WON'T bother the comedians one particle whether you believe them married or single, or find definite proof either way. At least that is the consensus of four well known air acts that can be classed under the general head of comedy. First of these, Correll and Gosden, better known as Amos 'n' Andy, led this star inquisitor for the usual merry chase before he cornered them in their offices in the Palmolive Building, Chicago. Said spokesman Amos:

"Everybody knows or ought to know we are both married happily. Once we were a mysterious pair—or group—of voices on the air. We didn't even let people know who we were or how many there were actually in the cast of Amos 'n' Andy. But that day passed soon enough. Fame pried into our private lives and made our every affair as public as it could. We hardly think that the publicity has hurt us. Being black-face comics, we certainly have little romantic appeal."

Clara, Lu and Em, the new Supersud trio of "back fence" gossipers who've been giving you laughs over the NBC chain during the past several months, also wouldn't mind letting you know they are married—if they were. But let them tell it:

"Our trouble isn't having our Radio audience know we are married so much as it is knowing that two-thirds of us aren't. Having Radio husbands and Radio children, it's embarrassing not to have ten years of married life and ten children each on which to base our chatter. However, Louise Starkey, who is Clara, helped the cause along by getting married last Christmas. The rest of us? Well, you never can tell!"

But Tony Cabooch (Chester Gruber),

Anheuser-Busch's one-man Radio show, is more serious about his views. This impersonator of a half dozen or more dialects, who packs much homely philosophy into his broadcasts, replied:

"YES, Radio stars should let the public know if they are married. Marriage is a sacred trust that should command respect, and Radio artists who falsify in this respect only cast reflection upon their character as well as their profession. All the world loves a lover, and love is truth."

"Today Radio is the dominant branch of entertainment, for Radio alone enters the

and no." But neither of them would admit ever having received any mash notes, and finally they were pinned down to the conclusion that the Radio audience wouldn't get all excited if by chance it should learn that both were married and each had families of twelve children.

Graham McNamee, the veteran Radio announcer whose wife is almost as well known to the Radio audience as he is himself, answered:

"By all means, the artist should permit the Radio audience to know that he is married. After all, why should it make any difference in his work as far as the public is concerned?"

But you will learn that all announcers do not feel the same way when you read the answers of those who replied negatively to the question. But wait. Here is the "dean of modern music", none other than Paul Whiteman, recently brought to the networks by the Allied Quality Group of paint manufacturers. What did he say?

"I can't see how," answered the man who made the *Rhapsody in Blue* famous, "it would make any difference to the public whether or not I am married. My business is interpreting music. If it were interpreting sex—well, that might be different."

"Sure," replied Dad Pickard, "you might as well let the listeners know. 'Course, they know I'm married, with a whole family — mother, Bubb, Ruth and Ann — of the

air. Nowadays Ruth and Bubb are gettin' to the marrying age pretty fast, and I don't think it would hurt the Pickard Family one bit on the air to let the fans know when either one of them gets married."

A lot of wasted energy and postage would be saved if Edwin Whitney's ideas



Why keep anything like little daughter Jessie a secret?" ask Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crawford, organist-duet.

most sacred of all places—the home—and the home has marriage as its foundation. Therefore, why shouldn't an air entertainer or artist admit he or she is married?"

The Sisters of the Skillet, East and Dumke, dodging the issue when queried on their way to the studio for their daily buffoonery, simultaneously replied, "Yes

Should Stars Admit It?



They're proud of 'em—Willard Robison, Camel Hour Batoneer, of his wife; and Adele Vasa, CBS singer, of her husband, Paul Green, night studio manager.

were carried out. This NBC character actor and production man, best known perhaps for his parts as Judge Whipple and Gran'pa Overbrook in the Monday night *Real Folks* comedy radario, said:

"If an artist keeps his marriage quiet, it may save some complications, but knowledge of it should save a lot of energy now expended in writing fan mail. Uncle Sam would be the only loser in that case. Seriously, the knowledge of an artist's marriage should not detract from his popularity.

Jack Smart, Joe Green in Graybar's "Mr. and Mrs.," answered:

"SURE they should. At least it means you'll get a certain amount of sympathy. The trouble with Radio fans is this. They take a liking to you—or they don't. Suppose they do. All the nice girls write in and say how grand they think you are, and if they don't know you're married there's grave danger of some of those fan letters getting into the wife's hands. And she'll never believe that they're unsolicited testimonials.

"Then suppose you decide that one of them writes a nice letter, and sends a picture of herself. You can't help answering her. That means a whole lot more correspondence—always provided you don't send your own picture to her. It's bad.

By

EVANS E. PLUMMER

But let 'em know you're hooked. Then there's a lot of trouble saved, and besides—the Ball and Chain likes to think of itself as the genius's inspiration; or something like that."

Jesse Crawford, Columbia's Poet of the Organ, gets plenty of fan mail. He says, "Folks know there's a Mrs. Crawford—how can they help knowing it when she insists on playing the organ on the air with me? Since my fan mail seems to be keeping up, I guess it's because my appeal is more melodic than romantic."

Now for the opinions of a few vocalists of both sexes. Chauncey Parsons, NBC lyric tenor and former musicocomedy star, answered:

"I don't see why it would make any difference. If one's married, he's married and can't get away from the fact. Then, too, if the nuptial knot is concealed it might lead to complications at 'home' so far as fan mail is concerned."

And John Barclay, the tenor who is generally accompanied at the piano by his wife, Dagmar Rybner, said:

"It should be a fine idea to inform the public that a Radio star is married. I am proud to let the Radio audience know that I broadcast with my wife."

Vocalist number three is Mabel Wayne. Of course, she's better known as the waltz-queen composer of *Ramona*, *In a Little Spanish Town*, *It Happened in Monterey* and *Chiquita*. Mabel has no reason to fear that she will crumble any illusions about her when she says, "Of course, tell the public," for Miss Wayne is still really a miss.

BUT if Mabel were to consider matrimony, she thought she would prefer a tall, dark, handsome, Spanish-type man who would only jokingly boss her around. "No man will ever dictate to me," she ukased. But here's one way we'll shatter an illusion relative to Miss Wayne. Shhh! Did you know that despite her Spanish compositions, she has never been in Spain—only Cuba and California? At that, she should get some kind of hand from you, for she is the only female star who replied "Yes" to the question. The others all fell in line for the negative—as women would.

Now for several orchestra leaders—Phil Spitalny, Freddie Rich, Willard Robison and Dave Rubinoii. Spitalny saw no reason for concealing his matrimonial happiness. "It is a wonderful thing, marriage," he replied, "and why shouldn't I be glad to let the world know that I am happily wed? Maybe I kill a little

romance for some flappers, but it is an unwise thing for an artist to build himself up on sex appeal instead of merit, as it should be."

Freddie Rich, who is married to the beautiful and blonde Margaret Lawton former British musical comedy actress, doesn't believe that a Radio star's popularity is dimmed by the public's knowledge that he is married.

"In the earlier days of motion pictures, the marriage of a star was hushed up for fear his romantic appeal would be diminished. However, it's all different now. Whether the player is married or not, doesn't seem to phase admirers any. Sometimes it helps. You know we all want most what is most difficult to obtain. And so it is with Radio performers."

Willard Robison, the Camel Hour batoneer who is singer, composer and pianist as well, is proud to introduce his wife and claims she is responsible for his success. "In the days before I came to Radio, when we had some hard sledding, she never lost faith in me."

While Rubinoff, to whose tunes Maurice Chevalier sings, replied:

"What difference could it possibly make? In the last analysis I believe that any star in the world of entertainment lives or dies by the quality of his or her work. Marriage? It is wholly a personal matter. I refuse to believe that Radio listeners who may be kind enough to like my playing of violin solos, or to appreciate my orchestral arrangements, are going to be greatly concerned over the fact that I am or am not married."

THAT makes eighteen voting for the affirmative. For the nineteenth let's hear from Richy Craig, Jr., the recently launched Blue Ribbon Malt Jester who previously has been known for a good many years as a vaudeville headliner. Craig is one of those on the fence, so to say. He answers "Yes" for himself, but modifies his opinion for certain other types of performers. Said he:

"In answering this question, I think the first thing to be taken into consideration is the type of work the Radio artist is doing. If he is a crooner of 'pashy' songs, I think it is unwise to disclose the fact that he is married, because the greatest per cent of his audience are women, and if they know he is married—well, it kind of takes the edge off.

"But on the other hand, if he is a comedian, it really doesn't matter, as he is not appealing to his audience's sentimental nature. He is only trying to make them laugh, and anyone knows that a woman never faints from rapture at a funny man. Personally, and I don't care who knows it, I have been married for FIVE YEARS and THREE DAYS—but it only seems like FIVE YEARS."

Brad Browne, another "neutral" and one of the Pertussin Playboys, doesn't mind his audience knowing that he's married, but he'd rather not have them know that he has the cutest baby that ever

cut a tooth, because he's timid about being a proud father. As for other stars, he thinks they should be noncommittal on the subject, unless questioned by a judge.

While Guy Lombardo, ever popular Burns Panatella orchestra leader, after taking two kinds of advice, replied:

"Leave it to your press agent. We had one who said No!!!!"—just like that. Little printed exclamation marks came out of his mouth when he said it. So a couple of the boys were described all around the place as nice little bach's, all waiting to take the bait.

THEN another guy came along and said 'Sure!!!!'—five exclamation marks this time. So next week the boys' wives were reported as on their way to take vacations. The fact that the public knew they hadn't got wives didn't seem to matter. The press agent fixed it up alright."

Now for the stars who say "Keep it secret."

Five ladies of the air—almost all those interviewed — would prevent you from knowing whether they live in the bachelor girl style or boast the title of Mrs. to be used on occasions. And Rudy Vallée, Ray Perkins, Little Jack Little, Art Kassel, Lewis James, Jean Paul King, Patrick Kelly and Robert L. Ripley—believe it or not—side in with them.

Ladies first, so let's find out what this all is about. In looking over their answers, it is interesting to note that four of the five are air thespians. You might even call the fifth that, too, although she really rates the title of comedienne.

Lucille Wall, NBC dramatic actress heard in Collier's Hour, Sherlock Holmes' adventures and other pieces, said:

If they're married, they won't tell—Right, Little Jack Little, NBC croon-pianist, and below, Ben Alley, CBS tenor.



"No, is my answer. Of course, it all depends on the artist. In the cast of a romantic character such publicity destroys the illusion. I don't see where it would make any difference if the listener knew that some of the comic skit stars were married in real life, but if a girl who plays romantic parts on the air is married, she should keep it quiet as far as her audience is concerned."

Out Chicago way where they make Empire Builders' dramas, Bernadine Flynn, the beloved ingenue star of that series of programs as well as several other radarios, replied in the same tone:

"It depends entirely on the part or type of work one is doing. An unmarried ingenue blends better with the imaginative romanticism of the Radio audience. While I do not believe in any special effort being made to hide the fact that one is married, I also do not believe in



any special effort being made to advertise the fact."

Irene Wicker, also of Chicago, who is the feminine lead in the noon-time dramatic programs of the CBS farm network, triple checks the unanimous negative of the ingenues. Her answer:

WHEN the Radio artist is centering her activities in dramatic roles, I do not believe she should emphasize the fact that she is married. To do so is to destroy many illusions. The listener hearing her in the role of the heroine in some romance, is likely to sit back and comment, 'Humph . . . I know that gal. She's married and is the mother of two kids! She's a fine one to be talking romance!'

"If the silent attitude on this question comes under the heading of deception, then I believe it is an innocent and harmless deception. Am I married? Just

try to guess!" Now what would you guess?

Evidently it is all wrong to give away a Radio actress by airing her happy married life. Here's another who believes that chapter of her life should remain closed. She's Jeanette Kling, NBC character actress, and her reply:

THE idea is prosaic. An air of mystery lends an additional attraction to everyone. Immediately a voice is heard on the air, a personality is created in every mind of every member of the Radio audience. When a picture appears in the magazines or newspapers a comparison is made by the fans who then find that the actual personality and the mental one differ in too many respects.

"When the fact that an artist is married becomes known, he or she immediately develops into a very lovely singer

This is, I think, one of those rather argumentative questions that can't be answered simply 'yes' or 'no.' Amos 'n' Andy are married and have no hesitancy in letting their public know about it. And certainly the giving out of that information hasn't hurt or damaged their popularity.

"On the other hand, it may possibly be argued that in the case of popular band leaders or singers, whose efforts are, to a large extent, based on romantic appeal, popularity might be affected, at least slightly, by the knowledge that the bandman or singer of love songs was himself pledged for life."

In the same profession, Art Kassel, beloved leader of his Kassels in the Air Orchestra, answers in the same vein, but extends his remarks to the possible havoc of airing family troubles:

"Perhaps band leaders, especially those playing syncopation for the element desiring to 'trip the light fantastic', should remain peculiarly single to their public. Most of us are—and some have been—married, but advertising the nuptial news adds no romance to our bandstand presence or 'sax' appeal.

"The most serious harm, I think, is worked by having marital difficulties aired before the public. When that happens, our feet are shown to be merely clay."

RAY PERKINS, the "Old Topper" and song and gag man, joins Little Jack Little, the whispering baritone pianist, in the belief that little good and often harm result from letting the public know that an artist is married. And likewise does Robert L. Ripley, the "Believe It or Not" cartoon creator, film short amazer, and broadcaster. Said Ripley: the style known as crooning might suffer

Here are a No-woman and a No-man. Helene Handin, one of the Two Troupers (NBC) and Jean Paul King, Chicago NBC.



or personality (and a family person), but no more do they fire the imagination of the audience to visualize desert scenes or love in the wilderness."

"I say no!" shouted Helene Handin, the hardboiled sophisticate of the air comedy team known as the Two Troupers. "In the case of most Radio artists the knowledge that he or she is married destroys illusions built up by the invisible audience. I do, however, recommend publicizing marriage where husband and wife broadcast together."

Rudy Vallée! What does he believe? Many of you no doubt have been wondering what this crooning batoneer has to say on the subject. Well, if Rudy had his way, he'd have you believe that he was a very lonely bachelor so that you'd appreciate his songs to their fullest value. Caught between depots on his recent tour around the country, M. Vallée replied:

"Should Radio stars let their public know whether or not they are married?

"I should say no to the question. Radio, even more than the stage and screen, builds up an illusion which, were it destroyed, might injure the artists' drawing power. For the same reason, therefore, I am opposed to dissemination of other discordant facts that tend to destroy the illusions brought about by the very invisibility of the Radio performer."

Now for a tenor who would lock up the marriage license. This one happens to be a member of the famous Revelers' quartet as well as featured soloist of many Radio programs. His name is Lewis James. When James was asked for his opinion, the writer was thinking about another Reveler who not long ago walked down the aisle with a lovely girl and has lived happily ever after. But, not having the latter Reveler's answer, I must forego mentioning his name. I'm sure that he would say that knowledge of his marriage has not harmed him.

However, Lewis James argues for the negative. He said:

"In general I fail to see where knowledge of a Radio star's marriage makes any difference to his listeners. However, there are some cases where there is great interest, probably of some significance. I should say that the man who sings in the style known as crooning might suffer a bit in popularity if his public knew that he was married. The same holds true for an attractive woman who specializes in singing sentimental songs."

Two more tenors, Ben Alley and Morton Downey, coincide with Lewis James.

Ben Alley, who is leading tenor in "Sweethearts of the Air," considers broadcasting and audience as strictly business and, though unmarried, thinks that a person's home life should not concern his business associates.

And while it's no secret that Morton Downey, Columbia's sensational tenor, is the happy husband of Barbara Bennett, one of Richard Bennett's illustrious daughters, of whom Constance and Joan are the others, he prefers no mention of his married life.

"After all, people in everyday occupations are entitled to a little privacy, so why can't we poor Radio artists enjoy the same? Personally, I don't really see why people would want to be interested in my home, but if they are, it's all right with me. If necessary, I'd broadcast to the whole world that my wife is the sweetest and most beautiful woman in the world."

HERE are two announcers who fail to check exactly with Graham McNamee. One is Jean Paul King, that likeable new voice from Chicago whom you hear on the Clara, Lu and Em programs as well as many other important broadcasts. King replied:

"The romantic soul that an announcer is supposed to be, should, I am led to believe, never be tied down by the bonds of matrimony in his feminine audience's

(Continued on page 24)

The Minister Who Doesn't Preach

DR. HARRY E.
FOSDICK

*A Rugged, Wholesome Man, Who
Substitutes "Animated Conversations" for Sermons—Packs His
Non-Credal Church to the Doors
While Radio Millions Listen*

ONE of the most interesting men I've ever met is a clergyman. His name is Harry Emerson Fosdick. I rather imagine it's familiar to most of you, not only because he is one of the most discussed personalities of our times, but also because you may have heard his voice over the Radio. His sermons are broadcast every Sunday by the National Broadcasting Company, and there's an intimacy about the human voice coming into your home that makes you feel you know the person who is talking.

Well, ever since I'd read in the newspapers that Dr. Fosdick was preaching to standing room only, despite the fact that the auditorium of his church will accommodate twenty-five hundred persons, plus some eight hundred more in an auxiliary hall in the church building, I've been wanting to meet him so I could tell you folks about him. You know, here in New York this year, not many theatres have had attractions fortunate enough to enable them to hang out the "standing room only" sign. I thought it was significant, therefore, for the public to literally almost storm a church to hear a man preach. Your wonder over the significance of the thing, however, changes to understanding when you hear Dr. Fosdick preach. He's really got something to say, and he says it. No matter whether or not you possess a creed, or go to church, the man rings true!

I TELEPHONED to the Riverside Church—that's the name of his church—for an appointment with him. And, even in this day of wonders when science, invention and philosophy hurl new surprises at you every twenty-four hours, it seems, I confess I was somewhat taken aback when Dr. Fosdick's secretary said:

"Dr. Fosdick will be glad to see you tomorrow afternoon. You can come right to his office in the Riverside church. It's on the eighteenth floor."

THAT reference to his office being on the eighteenth floor of the church is what made me sit up. Naturally, there's no element of surprise attached to information from the secretary of a captain of industry to come to the thirtieth, fortieth or fiftieth floor of an office building, but you don't associate a minister with a skyscraper office. But there are a good many elements of surprise about Dr. Fosdick. Looking back over my visit with him, I'd say his office—that is, its location—was the least of them. The man dominates his office, just as he dominates—or rather his personality dominates—his church. And the Riverside church is a structure of beauty and grandeur.

I went to the church, took one of the elevators to the eighteenth floor of the tower, and entered his office. The anteroom, where two secretaries are busy, is a quiet workshop, the walls of which are lined with bookshelves. Dr. Fosdick's private office adjoins this. It's comfortable but not ornate in any way and just adjoining it is a tiny reception room. That's where he meets people. The room hasn't any pictures on the walls—and there are but two chairs and a small couch.

Dr. Fosdick is a man of medium height—with a serious face, the kind of a face that reveals, when he smiles, a warm and friendly spirit. He has a great shock of curly, wavy hair, rather a full nose and a good jaw. He's fifty-two years old, but he looks a good deal younger. His body is sturdy, his hands chunky and his fingers stubby. He has blue eyes. They, also, are friendly and

inviting and when you catch the sheen of sunlight on his rimless spectacles, you have to look twice to make sure of the source of the sparkle, because his eyes can sparkle, too. He was wearing a business suit and I thought, as I looked him over, that if I passed him on the street, and didn't know him, the last thing in the world I'd take him for would be a minister. He looks like a successful, aggressive business man. I give you my split-second appraisal of the appearance of the man just as he struck me because I thought a good deal about it after I'd left him. I went away, conscious of the fact that I'd met a man who worked as hard as any business man I've ever known—that he toiled as long and as ardently in the realm of the spiritual as any of the rest of us do in the realm of the material.

But let me tell you something of his background. Behind Dr. Fosdick is a century of education endeavor, for both his father and his grandfather were teachers. And it's even more than a century when you take into consideration Dr. Fosdick's active life. Even as a boy he knew he would do either one of two things throughout life—preach or teach, and, as a matter of fact, he's done both pretty consistently.

HE comes of Anglo-Saxon stock. The first Fosdick in America came from England and settled near Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1635. That makes a fine, old American background, don't you think? Nearly three hundred years. Later, there were Fosdicks who went into what was then known as the West. They obeyed the ever-beckoning finger that attracted the pioneers—the finger that held aloft the hope of new lands, new opportunities. His grandfather, for example, traveled in a covered wagon to

what is now the city of Buffalo, New York. Incidentally that was the West in those days.

And here's an interesting thing: you know, in my talks with various outstanding men and women, I always get a real thrill whenever I come across a reference to a covered wagon in their family histories. The pioneers who swept into the West made this country, and the hope and courage and stamina that they carried into the wilderness and which enabled them to meet all the perils it held, and overcome them, are, I think, the finest heritage we have. So, a "covered wagon" background always arouses my curiosity, and when I meet a descendant I try, for my own satisfaction, to learn whether the old pioneer stock still figures in him. In Dr. Fosdick's case, I'll say "yes", that it does—most emphatically. He's still the pioneer type. He's not afraid of the new. He's also ready and willing and eager to brave the mysteries of the human soul, and a beckoning finger—a finger that holds the hope of truth—calls him on and on. He will follow it to the end.

BUT I'm straying away from the century of education. His grandfather was a carpenter and a cobbler in the little settlement on the shores of Lake Erie, but he found time to educate himself, and, at the time of his death, he was superintendent of schools of the baby city of Buffalo. He had taught for forty years. His son—Dr. Fosdick's father—taught school in Buffalo for fifty years. So Dr. Fosdick, therefore, was brought up in a professional family—in a setting where knowledge was the guiding star, and it was natural for him—especially after he discovered that he had no interest whatever in making money—to turn to a professional career. You remember my telling you that even as a boy he knew he would either teach or preach.

Today, Dr. Fosdick is known as the great, liberal preacher of our times. Not only in word and deed does he merit the title, but his background figures in it, too. His great grandfather, for instance, was expelled from church for refusing to believe in hell—the hell of fire and vengeance and brimstone.

And the great grandson of today is equally outspoken. He doesn't believe in a religion of gloom. He thinks that kind of religion is a false religion. Neither does he believe in a religion of fear. He believes that religion should make a man radiant, but he doesn't try to prescribe any sugar covered short cuts



Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick
"The Man behind the Name"

By
EDWIN ALGER

THE author is the creator of a series of vivid Radio sketches on interesting people. He is a veteran newspaper man, was President Wilson's favorite correspondent, and now lives on a Tom Thumb plantation near Cherrydale, Va., when not occupied at NBC studios or interviewing notables.

to radiance. He feels that the religious quality of life is life at its highest, and I think "intellectual honesty" are the two words that more nearly describe his state of mind in his approach to either religion, human conduct or life gener-

ally. I don't imagine he does anything or says anything without first asking himself the question: "Now then, is it intellectually honest?" If the answer is in the affirmative, without any question or quibbling, he acts, but if there's any doubt about it, he doesn't act.

The Riverside Church reflects the Fosdick mind. It's open seven days a week. It's a non-creedal church, and it welcomes people from all or any denominations. You might be interested to know that the Quakers use it for a meeting place. The Riverside Church, incidentally, was erected by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as a memorial to the memory of his mother. Mr. Rockefeller happens to be a good Baptist and Dr. Fosdick was ordained as a Baptist minister, but both men believe in the brotherhood of man, without the necessity of identifications through secular badges.

AT ONE point in my talk with Dr. Fosdick, I remember asking him if there was any adventure in religion.

"Adventure?" he repeated. "Why, trying to build the type of church we are in is an adventure. It's open to all. No one has to agree on a theological opinion. There's spiritual liberty for all and the result is it's the most harmonious church I know, for there is full recognition of the rights of others."

I also asked him what he thought it was that made people come in such numbers to attend his services, and his reply was:

"Well, whenever people have a chance to get light on the real problems of life they'll come to church."

Perhaps that's the real basis of Dr. Fosdick's strength—his ability to give light on the real problems of life. And in this connection, I think his early experience has something to do with that ability. When he was twenty-two years old he conducted a mission just off the Bowery. Sometimes there were as many as nine services on a Sunday. The men who attended these services were derelicts, and the minister who talked to them came across almost every soiled and unhappy page one could find in the book of life. His listeners weren't the kind who could be satisfied with a sermon replete with flowery phrases, or lulled into spiritual serenity by the musical cadences of a rich and melodious voice. No, indeed. They came in, doubting, but hoping for repairs. I told you they were derelicts. And the contacts that Fosdick, the young

(Continued on page 103)



Frank Buck cuddles a baby tapir about to sail from Singapore to the United States.

"ANYTHING is liable to happen when you meet Mike," says Frank "Bring-'Em-Back-Alive" Buck, whose initial broadcast was responsible for his writing one of the outstanding non-fictional books of the current season.

MOST of us get all hot and bothered whenever we are accused of being up to some "monkey business". But I know a chap who is as restless as a duck out of water or, if you prefer your similes dressed in modern verbiage, as restless as a racketeer trying to go straight, unless his monkey business is flourishing.

Frank Buck is the gentleman's name. He's made this name mean something as an importer of assorted wild animals so, when he crosses the Pacific Ocean to collect living specimens for American zoos and circus menageries, his departmental monkey business actually occupies only a fraction of his time. Yet, in spite of the fact that the capturing and shipping of rarer beasts, reptiles and birds have been the principal objectives of his numerous trips to the Far East, he has brought through the port of entry at San Francisco more than 5,000 simians. You must admit that Frank Buck has done his share of monkey business.

If you visit the zoos in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Dallas, Milwaukee, San Diego, Memphis, Kansas City, San Antonio or Minneapolis you are sure to find yourself face to face with many an old friend of Frank Buck's. There are several of these "friends", now behind bars, that, at one time, were happy to eat out of his hand or willingly would have chewed off their captor's leg or head if given half a chance. Not all these animals had what we would term a friendly disposition. But every animal with which

Monkey

*Frank Buck Tells Interviewer
How He Makes Jungle Denizens
Good American "Zootizens"*

Frank Buck has come in contact, and frequently this contact has been much too close for comfort, each and every one of them is a friend, to him. They may have left their mark on Frank's person, a bite, the nasty scratch of a claw, or a sting—but they also left a good story with a master spinner of yarns.

I met Frank Buck at an impromptu luncheon in a cafe where writers sometimes gather for the noonday meal. There were six in our party and the discussion started out to be of matters well within the city limits or, at best, national in scope. A chance remark by one of the party about dogs led to stories of domesticated pets and before we knew it Frank was launched on a yarn involving his personal experience with a python. Animals in transport demand constant care and attention. Snakes, as a rule, will make the ocean trip to the States without food, but they must have water. To equip their crates with proper drinking receptacles is unnecessary, as the reptiles are capable of absorbing water through their skins readily, so a bucketful is dashed over them daily. The big fellows are given private accommodations, the top of each box being a hinged lid. Before the water-dasher gives a crated python a bath he takes a hurried glance at the coiled snake to determine the exact location of the reptile's head. If Mr. Python is facing the opening, when the lid is partly opened, the water-dasher slams the cover down and finds something else to do for an hour or so. It seems that when the big captive's head is pointed toward the opening the spring for possible freedom is made with ease, but if the snake is not in the right position to attempt the spring the attendant has ample opportunity to administer the bath, refasten the lid and be on his way before the reptile can get turned around in the cramped quarters.

"Hurrying to get my tasks aboard ship performed," said Frank, "there came a day when I neglected to take the precautionary glance

into a crate containing a full-grown python. The snake took full advantage of the neglect by springing open-mouthed for the opening and, finding my hand directly in its path, proceeded to swallow it. Now a python is not a poisonous snake and it has no fangs. As it swallows its food whole the reptile's teeth, while numerous, are used to help crowd this food down the throat and not for mastication. I slammed the lid of the crate down before more than three or four feet of the python slipped out, determined to keep, if possible, the balance of the body in captivity. At the same time I let out a yell for help. A native Malay boy, my assistant on the trip, was the first to come to my aid. With the help of deckhands most of the python was kept in the box, much to my eternal gratitude, for once its body was completely outside I would have been crushed in the giant coils and it would have been necessary to kill the reptile before it killed me. I don't like to kill any specimen unless the occasion demands. It's my business to bring



Ford Frick, New York newscaster, presents Mr. Buck to the Radio audience.

Business

By Doty Hobart

Illustrated by

Hal Coffman

(© THE EVENING JOURNAL)

'em all back alive.

"My hand was beginning to go numb from the terrific muscular pressure that tugged and squeezed and pulled as the snake tried to take in more of my arm. I was combining orders with robust curses, and must have done a pretty good job at both, for my assistant finally got the python's jaws pried apart. Even then the work was not over. Before my arm was extricated I thought it would be pulled from its socket.

THE python was returned to its crate and my Malay boy and I spent the rest of the day picking tiny teeth out of my arm with tweezers and giving the numb and injured member first aid treatments. It was several hours before the circulation in my arm was normal."

A few days after the luncheon party I accepted Frank's invitation and "looked him up" at the hotel which he is using for his headquarters while in the city.

to his room he said, "I'm glad you caught me when you did because I don't know how much longer I'll be with you modern cliff-dwellers."

"Headed for the jungles?" I asked.

"Yes. For the jungles, but the trip will mean a different racket than usual for me."

"Don't tell me you're quitting the animal collecting game."

"Not exactly," he laughed. "Only this time I hope to be collecting pictures of animals as well as the animals themselves. I expect to sign up with one of the big motion picture companies within the next day or so. Everything is practically settled and soon after the dotted lines have been decorated I'll be on my way to Singapore with a couple of cameramen in tow."

I asked how it happened that his first broadcast was responsible for bringing him to New York.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I promised to tell you about that, didn't I? Well, it was on my last trip to the Orient and the ship put in at Manila. I have a host of friends in the Philippines and, after holding a young reception with those who came to the dock to greet me, one of them hauled me off to attend a Rotary luncheon as the guest of honor.

"I don't know that I am any great shakes as an orator, but when I was introduced I managed to get away with it by telling some ani-

He met me at the elevator and as we walked down the hall



Little Tommy Tiger snarls a wicked farewell to India. He will soon be in America.

mal stories." Frank is too modest. He may not be an orator in the full sense of the word but he has the knack of making his adventures live again in the telling. "A newspaper editor was present and asked me if I would be willing to broadcast these stories that evening. I had heard a lot about Radio but the nearest thing to a broadcasting studio I'd ever seen were the wireless rooms on shipboard. The novelty of the thing appealed to me and I agreed to take a chance as a microphone performer.

"This Manila newspaper sponsors a half-hour program called 'The Front Page.' For fifteen minutes news events are broadcast in much the same way they are here by Lowell Thomas. By the way, I met Lowell for the first time in the East about ten years ago and used to run into him occasionally out there until he got so civilized he started spending most of his time here in the States."

"What about the other fifteen minutes?" I asked.

I COULDN'T say what they were accustomed to having, but for this particular broadcast I was the other fifteen minutes."

"Do you remember the call letters of the station?"

"Not offhand. Wait a minute." He dug up a scrapbook and found the desired page. "Here it is. Here. Station KZRM. Nice little place. The folks there treated me fine, too."

"What did you talk about? What stories did you tell?"

"I told about the time an orang-utan got loose on board ship and I knocked him out with a blow on the chin."

"With your fist?" I asked.



Frank "Bring-'Em-Back-Alive" Buck faces a live Mike and lives to tell the tale to eager listeners.



Suds. She learned the laundry business in the jungle.

"Sure, with my fist," said Frank. "I never met a 'rang yet who understood the first principles of boxing." He laughed and added, "I used to be pretty fair with the gloves. But I didn't have any on when I gave that fellow the uppercut." He rubbed the knuckles of his right hand in reminiscence.

"Oh, yes. I spent most of the fifteen minutes telling about Gladys. She was another 'rang," he explained parenthetically. "I bought her with four others from a Malay trader. When you buy from traders you never know whether the animals are wild or tame. You see, the natives often capture baby 'rangs and raise them until they are large enough to sell the traders. Sometimes a native family will keep a 'rang for a pet until it is full grown. That's about fifteen years. Let me tell you about Gladys. She was full grown. I didn't discover she was tame until I had her in the compound near Singapore, my headquarters when in the East. As her cage was being installed in a shed, along with others just arrived, I happened to pass close enough so that she could reach out through the bars to touch my arm. When one is familiar with 'rangs the approach of a tame ape cannot be mistaken. An untamed 'rang makes a hasty grab and bares its teeth. The tame animal is unhurried in its movements and the teeth are never displayed.

"Gladys stroked my arm so gently that I paused in my work and moved, bit by bit, closer to the cage. I was ready to jump away at the first sign of danger. But there wasn't an evil thought in this girl's head. When I knocked some of the front bars loose she stuck her head through and nuzzled my arm. Then I knew she wasn't fooling. A moment later I had knocked out enough bars so she could climb out.

"Man alive, she was the happiest animal I have ever seen. She hugged me in a motherly fashion, as well as her height of four feet would permit, stroked

my arms gently and then danced up and down in front of me. She certainly appreciated regaining her liberty, for by watching the humanly natural way in which she performed little self-imposed duties I was soon convinced that she had spent many years practically in the bosom of a native family.

"I fastened her, dog fashion, with a collar and about ten feet of chain near the house. The building stood about three feet off the ground and Gladys slept on the ground under it. Gave her some straw and a blanket and she made up her own bed, spreading out the first very carefully before rolling up in the latter.

"One day she stopped me to investigate a basin and washrag I was carrying. I gave them to her to see what she would do. She placed the basin of water on the ground and began scrubbing and



Suds. She kept it up in the compound.

dousing the rag, going through all the motions of a laundress. After first soaking it thoroughly, she picked it up with both hands and proceeded to wring it out, like an experienced washerwoman. Then she shook it out, put one corner between her teeth and stretched it flat with her hands. Making sure it was clean all over she walked from the shadow of the house to spread the rag out neatly on the grass in the sun.

"She used to slip out of her collar almost at will. It wasn't that she wanted to escape. She may have wanted to come and sit beside the road to wait for me to return from town in the car. I found her there several times. The minute the car stopped she would climb in and take the seat beside me.

"She liked to climb over the roofs of the house and sheds in the compound. She gave the young fellow who lived next door a good scare by suddenly appearing at his window to look in on him as he

was bathing. That wasn't a ladylike thing to do.

"The gardener's baby was her especial joy. She got a great kick out of swinging the child in a hammock. But the gardener objected to the motherly attention she gave the infant and I was forced to fasten her collar with a padlock. Unable to slip out of this collar she was forced to remain within the limits of the ten-foot chain.

"ONCE in a while I would take her in the car when making the trip to the city. She liked to ride and sat, very quiet, on the seat beside me. Sometimes, when I stopped in at the bar of the Raffles Hotel, I would let her have a small glass of beer. Once, to see what she would do, I took away all the chairs which surrounded the table where I was sitting and pretended not to notice that Gladys was present. Undaunted, she slid a chair over to the table and seated herself, reaching for my glass by way of announcing that she was ready for her beer.

"She made a host of friends on the trip across the Pacific and I had become so attached to my pet that I hated to part with her. However, I could not keep her here in the States. I had to let her go. It was the saddest animal farewell I've ever known. She was some girl, that Gladys."

"HOW did you happen to give her that particular name?" I asked.

"I don't know who named her. I didn't. But, as I remember it, she was called Gladys the day she arrived at the compound. And the name stuck."

"Where is she now?"

"In the Municipal Zoo in Madison, Wisconsin. Well," he said, referring once more to the broadcast, "I told that story and one or two others and the letters I received from interested listeners amazed me. So many of them."

Frank Buck's life has been so filled with adventure that he has a never ending supply of stories. He knows how to tell them, too. The majority of his yarns are a bit too thrilling to be classed as bedtime stories. He should never be permitted to broadcast at a late hour.

Suds. And suds was her reward.



London Salutes Lincoln

Famous British Author Broadcasts

Glowing Tribute for the Great

Emancipator to All America

By John Drinkwater

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN was born February 12, 1809 in a log cabin with a dirt floor at Hodgenville, Kentucky, and grew up in an environment at once stark and romantic. Almost from babyhood he had to make his way by insistent and heavy manual labor, picking up a little elementary education at a school that was a log hut. The Lincolns had to win their living directly from the earth. Favorable weather meant a wooden bowl regularly filled. A bad season meant hunger and penury. He was a natural-born hard worker with a lean, whipcord physique which could easily hold its own in any work or horseplay that was on hand. He could be gentle, but he was never soft. He began to read walking twenty miles out and home again to borrow a book. Friends in distant parts of the territory encouraged him, and Aesop, Defoe and Bunyan became his friends.

He began to be employed on errands that took him far away from Tom Lincoln's cabin, trading along the Mississippi River down to New Orleans, where he saw slave gangs being dragooned in handcuffs, with the consequence of an impression made upon his mind which was later written indelibly on the history of the United States.

By the time he was twenty, Abraham Lincoln was an athlete who feared no comers, a graduate in the rigors of necessity, and more traveled than most of his station in life. He had further acquired enough book learning to give him a name among his folk for being "peculiar some."

In 1831, we find him, independent now of home and family, serving in a store at New Salem, in Sangamon County, Illinois. He became a lawyer, and for twenty-three years he lived in Springfield, prospering in his profession, becoming more and more

talked of as a personality, sometimes elected to the state legislature, and sometimes defeated, and for a time serving as Congressman at Washington.

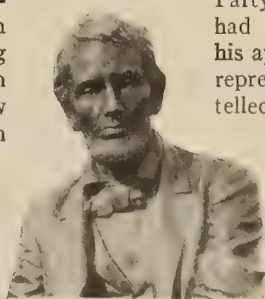
These Springfield days were an ordered probation to him. The obscure pioneer politician whom we see emerging in 1860 to take control at Washington, and after five years of authority to make an end, leaving a name sweetly memorable forever, may assume the character of a "God out of a machine", but if so he comes fully armed with experience patiently acquired during those twenty years on the Springfield circuit.

The man elected by the Republican Party to the presidency in 1860 had a few months earlier made his appearance before an audience representing the culture and intellect of the East. At Cooper Union in New York, some fifteen hundred people assembled while a snow-storm swept into the city, and were astonished when a gaunt, uncouth man, over six feet in height, dressed in no fashion, with enormous feet and terribly conscious of his hands, stepped onto the platform.

If this were the possible candidate produced by the West for supreme office, it must be allowed that he was a very strange one. Culture and intellect were almost inclined to titter in spite of good breeding. Think of the Mayflower lines of long descent! Think of Mr. Seward! But as Mr. Lincoln went on speaking, Mr. Seward seemed to matter rather less. The



John Drinkwater, English playwright and one of the greatest living authorities on Lincoln, who broadcast this tribute from London, via the Columbia Broadcasting System



Abraham Lincoln

mild and disdainful curiosity gave place to unconcealed admiration. Intellect and culture needs must salute a sincerity so convincing, needs must see themselves transfigured in such homely logic, such native dignity. This man authentically was prophesying before them. The great audience forgot its decorum and surged up to the speaker in waves of enthusiasm. A new and grandly incalculable personality had come into the national life of America, had indeed come into history, with brief but imperishable annals to be told.

Lincoln's power came to its maturity in a time of war, and although the cause of the struggle and the issues involved have now emerged in outlines upon which disagreement is scarcely possible, this war was in its time, like all other wars, mired in almost indescribable muddle and apparent futility. The end, and the means to that end may always have been clear to Lincoln, but before the end was reached, he had to lead a hundred discordant factions through weary months, even years, of confusion. Often he seemed to be hardly leading them at all. His ministers, his generals, his political managers, the press, among all these were to be found patriots who were convinced

(Continued on page 107)

Everybody's Sweetheart

*But Nobody's Darling—
Yet — Says Best-Loved
Soprano on the Air*

JESSICA DRAGONETTE

FATE was in an extremely gracious and pleasant mood a little over a score of years ago when she wrote in the stars that the birthday of a little sunny-haired girl, who is loved by countless persons, should fall upon Saint Valentine's day. And the parents of this girl, who could well substitute for a fair-haired Eros, were in league with this same beneficent Fate, for they looked down upon the crumpled pink mite and decided to call her Jessica Valentina Dragonette. No wonder that Fate and Saint Valentine smile happily and kindly today, for the bit of a baby has repaid all their dreams for her and is known, because of her golden, tender voice and charming personality as "Our Jessica", the "Baby Prima Donna" and the "Sweetheart of the Radio".

There is nothing one-sided or complacent about Jessica, despite the position she has achieved as perhaps the best known and most loved artist that Radio has produced; and for all her elfin charm she is an extremely earnest and serious little person with the unrest and the searching mind that mark the genuine artist.

Tucking a round-toed slipper under her and turning those large eyes of hers that she likes to call "plaid" upon the writer, Jessica delivered herself of an astonishing observation a short time ago.

"Do you know what I think I'd rather be than anything else?" asked Jessica. Shaking her little head with its masses of wavy hair at the obvious answer "just what you are," she went on, "I'd rather be a writer, I think, or a painter." Smiling at the surprised incredulity of her listener she explained, "You see, a note of music, no matter how lovely it may be dies at the very moment it is born. There is nothing about it that can be captured, really captured I mean; but a charming bit of landscape can live forever through the pen of a poet or the brush of a painter. Oh, yes,



I should much rather be one of them."

But although Jessica doesn't paint, save to outline a delicate cupid's bow (which is as it should be) upon the whimsical lips of a daughter of Saint Valentine, she does write. She writes magazine articles, and recently was pinch-hitter for a Radio columnist who invited her to his paper as guest-writer. Her articles are half-tender, with her affection for the unknown thousands who write her letters every week, and thoroughly intelligent with her understanding of the mechanics and requirements that go into the making of good broadcasting.

JESSICA has some verse also standing to her credit, of which the poem on the next page is an example. It was published more than a half-dozen years ago by a Philadelphia newspaper, when she was a shy and mouse-like little person just through with her training in a convent school among the gentle-eyed sisters.

The writer cast an appreciative glance at Jessica in her smart little black imported frock with its dainty points of white organdie at neck and sleeve, and

*Wear Scanties On The
Stage?—Oh No! So
She Turned to Radio*

*An Interview By
MILDRED MARTIN*

spoke of the pity that so much charm and daintiness should be hidden behind a microphone that, for all its sensitivity to a gracious and lovely voice, should be utterly indifferent to the personal charm of appearance of its artist.

"ANY fat old lady can sing," the writer hazarded, "but not many can bring your elfin loveliness and golden voice to footlight appearance. Just think what audiences are missing and how they would love you."

With a whimsical shrug of her small shoulders, Jessica, who sings weekly to thousands, said, "Do you know, I'm scared to death of audiences. Really, I am. I think it is the most romantic thing in the world to sing to people in their own homes when I can't see them and when they can imagine me as looking any way they want me to look. Just imagine anyone who likes to think of me as tall and dark and mysterious, or titian-haired and blue-eyed, seeing the real me. Anyway, I'd much rather not see my audience. Even the tiniest one frightens me to death, and I don't welcome the thought of television at all."

From anyone but Jessica this might be regarded a bit skeptically, but not so from Jessica, who is the most honest and truthful soul imaginable.

As most people know, she has appeared briefly behind footlights, and her very first experience in the theatre seems something in which her same watchful Fate had a finger; for when she sang the only solo part in Max Reinhardt's *The Miracle*, the part of the angel's voice, she was not seen. Only her enchantingly sweet voice flowed down from the heights, while Jessica herself was perched like a little bird high up in a balcony on the walls of the Century Theatre in New York.

Her days in *The Miracle* almost trod upon the heels of her convent days, not without a certain appropriateness. Quaking most of the time at her unaccustomed surroundings and fascinated by the theatre, Jessica stole about like a timid child. Great admiration for Lady Diana Manners awakened in her as she watched performance after performance of Lady Diana as either the madonna or the little novice, and Jessica began to regard the lovely blonde Englishwoman as something almost miraculous. One day the gracious Lady Diana sent for Jessica to tell her that the great Chaliapin had spoken enthusiastically of the golden voice of the unseen singer. In a daze Jessica listened, and later, speaking of the fascinating experience, said, "I suddenly saw a tiny safety pin holding a ribbon upon Lady Diana's shoulder. Somehow, then, for the very first time I knew she was human after all. When I got outside her dressing room door, I hopped for joy."

All of Jessica's experiences in the theatre, however, were not so happy. She once spent several bitterly unhappy weeks in the chorus of one of Earl Carroll's *Vanities* and upon one occasion nearly "stopped the show". For one of the finales the girls were required to dress in scanties and pass beyond the footlights upon a runway close to the audience. Jessica advanced part of the distance and stopped stock still, holding up the entire line of girls. "I just couldn't go on for a moment," Jessica explained. "I don't mind appearing in a bathing suit, that's all right. But," and her eyes flashed dangerously at the recollection, "to appear in UNDERWEAR, before all those people, that was a different matter." It is needless to say that Jessica soon terminated this uncongenial association.

She tells of another amusing episode when she was appearing as Kathie in one of *The Student Prince* companies. At a certain point she was required to kiss the actor playing the part of the Prince. "I was so nervous and I kissed him so hard," laughed Jessica, "that I left a large, red smear of rouge on his face. You know it was the very first time I had ever kissed a man."

During still another phase of her stage career Jessica utilized her great gift of mimicry and appeared as leading ingenue in *The Grand Street Follies*. Her ability as mimic is not limited to mere tricks of facial expression and voice, but in a few deft strokes, an essence of mind rather than any external thing, she can make people one knows, famous people that she has been quietly observing at a party, come to life with all their characteristics before one's astonished eyes.

Even the secret of her daintiness and smartness of appearance was once put into words by Jessica. In speaking of clothes she said, "I think it is quite necessary to consider the amount one spends on clothes

as an investment. You owe it to people always to look nice and they won't forgive you if you don't"

THERE is never a question of anyone ever having to "forgive" Jessica for not "looking nice", for whether she is flitting about in the little scarlet dresses she loves, or dressed demurely in black, or fluttering out to a party in a daffodil colored taffeta dress with a tiny white fur jacket over it, she looks like a fairy princess that has slipped from between the pages of her story book to brighten a drab world. Jessica's fairy story charm too, is something that is in-born and not acquired from contracts such as she signed in *The Vanities*, which stipu-

Jessica Dragonette

Writes A Poem



DREAMING

'TIS *Twilight now,*
And through the day's long waiting
I have thought
Half o'er the hour you'll be free
To go awandering with me.

ALONG the mountain's daisy bend,
And yonder where the lilacs send
Their perfume mingled with the rose,
To filter through the after glows
Of day.

I START—my being all a-tremble,
Nor cap nor mantle I assemble,
Only to wander hand in hand
With Wisdom in a lily land.

TO GATHER from your fecund
thought
How the cloth of life is wrought;
To feel your balm for human tears
Your love removing all my fears.

'TIS *twilight now,*
And through the day's long waiting
I have thought
Half o'er the hour you'll be free—
Then, little dream, you'll feel

lated a session with the toothbrush five times a day and a visit to a beauty parlor twice a week.

Jessica's graciousness is perhaps best illustrated in her attitude toward her ever-increasing deluge of fan mail. Busy as she is with her studies, she answers hundreds of the letters herself and sends out thousands of photographs to anxious and ad-

miring fans. This, although she still continues her vocal lessons from one of the most famous teachers in New York, not to mention her Spanish and French lessons and the endless time she devotes to preparing her programs. For she even writes the condensed versions of operettas and musical comedies which are presented weekly in her broadcasts.

Now and then some of these letters cause Jessica to pucker her brows. For instance, there is a persistent admirer who writes song after song and sends them to her, requesting that they be sung on special dates. "And even if the songs were really good," wails Jessica, "he doesn't seem to realize that they might not be suitable and that our programs are prepared three and four weeks in advance."

There is a sixteen-year old girl, however, who is Jessica's special delight. Marjorie's mother brought her to the studio one day to see Jessica and the girl was stricken dumb in the presence of her idol. Since then there have been other meetings and many, many letters. Marjorie sings every piece of music that she has heard Jessica sing, and copies shadings and phrasing in an uncanny manner. She pulls her hair into the same lines as those of little Jessica's golden waves; and was once sent home from a girls' camp because she made life miserable for counsellors and herself—the camp boasted no Radio and she had to miss Jessica's weekly program.

The thing that most caught Jessica's fancy was to learn that Marjorie has one corner of her very own room turned into as exact a reproduction of a Radio studio as possible, from the gong and clock to an imitation microphone. "When she has come to see me," said Jessica, "she has sat as still as a little mouse and has never taken her eyes off me. It is more frightening to me, this close scrutiny when they even count your eye-lashes, than my whole unseen Radio audience, but I think Marjorie is a dear."

Jessica's own room is an enchanting place and it shows just how little all the adulation that has been heaped upon her has spoiled her. Here are no elaborate brocades and silken hangings. It is the room of a student and a dreamer, tucked high up in a tall building, and in it is Jessica's narrow little bed, her piano, her books and her pictures, many of which have traveled the road to success with her.

Trying to get any information from Jessica about love is like trying to capture a pixie or wood-nymph or to get information on the Einstein theory. Smiling gayly when asked if she is in love, Jessica says, "In love? Of course, I am. I'm always in love." And after all, isn't this the very best answer that could be made by a lovely, gay little person who, among her many, many gifts had no less a personage than Saint Valentine for a patron saint?



Another Answer to the

BEAUTY CHALLENGE

STATION managers, female artists and their sweethearts are all in a pother these days . . . because of the RADIO DIGEST Beauty Popularity Contest. With television coming on apace, it was thought the psychological moment for Radio broadcasters to come out in the open and show the public what they have to offer.

Two popular stations have answered the challenge. In the February issue KROW of Oakland did a lot of krow-ing over their staff of pulchritudinous damsels. Then in our March issue, WMCA of New York presented as fair an aggregation of singers and Radiactresses as one could hope to cast one's eyes upon.

Now out in the extreme west, KFVB and KGER seem to join hands in fraternal allegiance of some sort and pool their scintillating and dazzling array of pulchritude.

KGER, located in Long Beach, and KFVB, out in Hollywood, have an interchange of talent by which the beach station sends three or four programs a day to Hollywood over remote lines. This is not in duplication, for while KGER itself may be broadcasting one studio program for itself it is staging another which is sent over the wire for release by KFVB.

On the other hand, KFVB uses Bill Ray

(KGER manager) to announce over the Radio its premieres from various theatre forecourts and also releases to KGER once a week its Warner Brothers variety program.

Thus any possible rivalry between the two broadcasters is purely of a friendly nature, and in this spirit they have pooled their display of beauty to issue a rebuttal to the photos already published from both east and west.

In similar display of sportsmanship, KFVB has withheld pictures of famous stage and screen beauties who broadcast from the station and entered only regular staff entertainers.

Both stations confidentially expect that, as soon as these pictures appear in print, they will be bombarded by a horde of male artists anxious and eager to work amid such bewitching surroundings. Line forms on the right.

Other stations . . . here's your invitation to enter your fair entertainers in this nation-wide contest. Where are those far-famed beauties of the South with their peach bloom complexities? . . . Middle-western broadcasters, where are your corn-fed damsels with the come-hither eyes?

And readers . . . what is your opinion in this battle of the beauties? Write the Editor, RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

KFVB entrants in beauty contest . . . (top row, first at left) Doris Jean Stone is the staff's youngest and smallest bit of femininity and does juvenile drama features. (top row, second) Nanette Vallon, musical comedy girl who specializes in Latin types calling for fiery emotional songs known as "hot stuff". (Top row, fourth) Ann Stone is both an actress and singer . . . likes naughty French girl parts and rolls a wicked accent. (Top row, fifth), Elinor Gail's deep dark past includes action with Roxy's gang but now she sings soprano over the air. (Picture on opposite page), Loyce Whiteman, the "girl with the wistful voice".

KGER pulchritudinous challengers . . . (Top row, center), Laura Lee Berry, sole surviving soprano, who took first prize honors as the station's best looker. (Left side, reading downwards), Marie Waters, violinist, leads the girls' trio and spends a lot of time answering fan mail from anxious members of her audience. Edna Bond, pianologue girl, who uses her trained digits and educated tonsils for the entertainment of many. Elsie Montgomery, 'cellist, when at home makes fudge, but at the studio does solo work and numbers with a string trio. Helene Smith, dainty and demure pianist, who does all sorts of keyboard improvisations.

Loyce
Whiteman

THERE'S a wistful something in the voice of Loyce Whiteman at KFVB that makes you want to go where she is and look into her face. She has a microphone soul. This photo gives you some idea of her appearance—with the other half of her face yet to be seen there is something more to hope for later on.





Ferne and Flowers

THE Master Gardener of the NBC Vigoro program discovers a rare Ferne in this garden—Miss Ferne McAllister. Sometimes Ferne is seen as one of the Evening Glories of the Earl Carroll Sketchbook trellis. The stage beauties are twinkling across the Radio horizon with increasing frequency.

Lillian Taiz

THIS is the voice of the old Master's daughter, Lillian Taiz. She was well known on the air a few years ago. Then she went into musical comedy, was lead in "The Jazz Singer," prima donna in "Spring Is Here," "The Dutchess of Chicago," "Hello Paris," and "Artists and Models." Now she is lead feminine singer in the Dutch Master's weekly songfest heard over the CBS system.





Singing School

NOT all of the Seth Parker Singing Schools are located in Maine. Here is an especially good Seth Parker School as produced for Midwest listeners at KFH, Wichita, Kans. From left: Vernon Reed, Francis Diers, Lovina Lindbergh, Eunice Tole, Wilbur Schowalter, Dan Hosmer and Sue Fulton.

Tim and Ole

SEEING that the country was going to the dogs anyway Tim and Ole, the court house janitors, who discuss affairs of the nation over WCCO, Minneapolis, adopted Julius, a canine as sagacious as themselves. Tim is impersonated by Frank McNerny, automotive editor; and Ole by Fred Lundberg, sales manager.



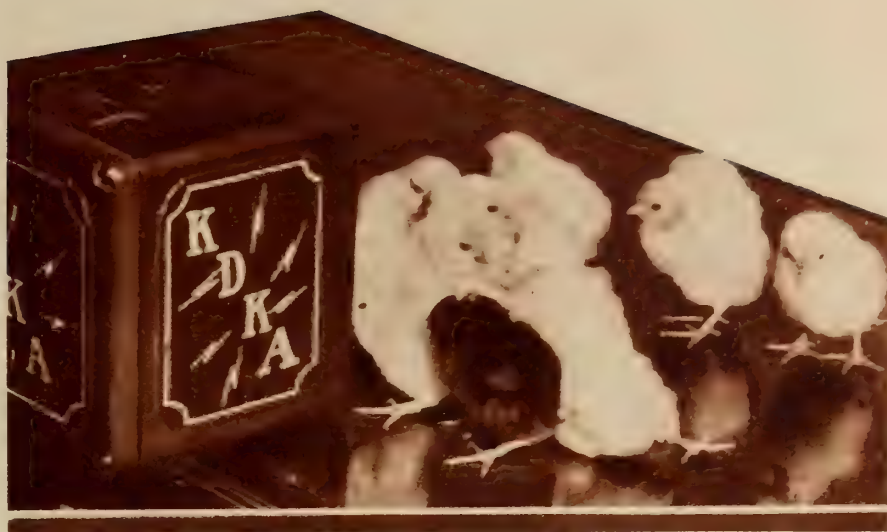
Phillips Lord

CREATOR of the Seth Parker character familiar to all Radio audiences is shown here in character with Ma Parker, played by Effie Palmer. Scene in NBC studios, New York. The Seth Parker programs are syndicated to all parts of the country.



Just Out

GOOD little eggs—at least they were only a few weeks before this picture was taken showing them presenting an early morning overture at KDKA, Pittsburgh. It's their one moment of glory. A few little peeps and then back to the farm to make way for a new batch due the next week.



Byrd Dog

"WOOF! Do you hear me? Yip, I'm Dinny. Me it was who led the dog gang that pulled Norman D. Vaughn's sled pack over the ice fields on the Byrd Expedition. We showed them how to get there—and I guess if it hadn't been for us—what, did we find CATS? Yeah —pole cats!" At WBZ-WBZA, Boston.



Flock Songs

"ARE you birds ready? O-kay! One-two-, one-two! Commence—" and a second after this picture was snapped Pretty Picture, at the piano, and her canary chorus were lilting a glorious good morning to all the world, from WSFA, Montgomery, Ala.



Louise Gillhouse

SOME day Peter De Rose hopes to hear Louise sing "When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver" and realize all that he imagined when he composed the piece. The listeners along the north section of the Pacific Coast enjoy Miss Gillhouse at KGW, Portland, Ore., for her soft, alluring voice.



ANNABELLE is younger than she looks in this picture but she began broadcasting when she was thirteen. She is equally agreeable as hostess and entertainer at WTAM, Cleveland. The piano is her favorite instrument of expression.

Annabelle Jackson

Rough Riders

LEM PERKINS and his Rough Riders hit the ether trail every Thursday night from KFEL, Denver. Over the mountains and through the valleys they ride and are welcomed at every ranch house with their galloping ponies and merry tunes.



Cowboys

ANOTHER bunch of hard ridin' banjo bustin' bull tamers is this aggregation of Oklahoma Cowboys under Boss Ken Hackley. And are they good! At WSM, Nashville, they broke a five-year record for fan mail with 5,000 letters and cards for one half-hour program.

Hayseeds

HEH! Heh! 'Tain't no use argyfyin' 'baout cowboys, folks, these whoopdinger Hayseeds of Augie Schultze at KPO in San Francisco sure do mess up the air with their lallygaggin' an' hooray, fit to kill. Ef ye ain't heerd 'em yet ye got sompin' comin' to ye. They start rarin' 'round 'bout 9:30 p.m.





"Sisters"

BURLESQUING the household hints features these two gentlemen, Ed East (left) and Ralph Dumke are providing an endless assortment of "hints and helps" for making the home happy. They are heard every afternoon at 2:45 over a WJZ network as Sisters of the Skillet.

Hill Billy

A TALL lanky boy from the mountains walked into the WCKY studios at Covington, Ky., and reckoned as how he'd like to do a piece on his mouth harp and guitar for the Radio. Without even an audition, he was given his chance while the Radio audience was asked to write whether he was worth hiring. It was a great success and Hill Billy Kid got the job.



Jimmy and Bennett

YOU remember reading about Jimmy McCallion, one of the youngsters now making big money in Radio? Here he is in a new role as Captain of the Jolly Junketeers. Bennett Larson is at the piano. They are heard over an NBC network Wednesday afternoons at 5:15 EST.





SHE has one of those voices that haunt you in your dreams—but that may be because she is the heroine in one of those absorbing mystery plays that you hear at WMCA. An actress and a singer plus the personality that equips her for that day when we shall see as well as we now hear.

Jeanne Carrol



Agnes De Mille

HER series, "The Modern Dance," concluded recently over the NBC net, disclosed Miss De Mille as a young woman of versatile accomplishments. Her comment on the latest figures in dance movements was eagerly attended in college centers while lectures in higher learning waited.

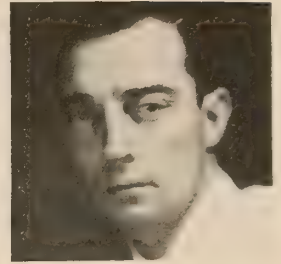


Norma Shearer

THIS is a particularly exquisite composition of curves, if you will note, but we present Miss Shearer as one of those delightful screen personalities who have come to appreciate the fact that after all Radio can be a medium for conveying art to a waiting world. You've heard Miss Shearer on some of those Hollywood specials. There's more about the subject on the opposite page.



Above—Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Lillian Roth. Left, Nancy Carroll. Right, Buster Keaton.



THERE was a time when Hollywood, to Radio, was quite high hat. But that is ancient history now.

No more does the gentle starlet lisp "Good evening, dear fans of Radioland". Oh, no. Nor do these stars of the screen forget their microphone appointments while several million breathless fans wait eagerly for the inspired words of their idols. They're not waiting so breathlessly in this enlightened day.

The fact is, the shoe is on the other foot.

For instance, a manager of one of filmland's luminaries might talk to the director of one of our Hollywood or Los Angeles Radio stations something like this.

"I say, old chap. I've got great news for you. I've fixed it all up for the biggest star in the industry to come down to your studio and talk over the air."

"What does she do?" our station manager might innocently ask.

"Do? . . . Why, man, I tell you this girl is a great star. The people will go crazy just to hear her voice."

"I'm sorry, old man, but you see our schedule is made out three weeks in advance . . . and, after that, . . . er, you know, things are so uncertain that . . ."

At this point the conversation is interrupted as the star's manager drops dead. Imagine telling anyone that you didn't want Norma Shearer on your Radio station! But then, nobody ever said that about Norma. Miss Shearer is one of the fortunate few who have Radio "it" . . . that rare gift of personality that passes through and beyond the microphone.

High-Hatting HOLLYWOOD

Radio Turns Tables on Once-Haughty Movie Stars—Now They Push and Crowd to Reach "Mike"

We might also give a cheer for Marie Dressler, Jeanette MacDonald, Bernice Claire or Polly Walker. Charlie King, Alexander Gray, Buster Keaton and our old pal, Harry Langdon, also merit high rating.

But the purpose of this article is not to praise, condone or condemn, but to tread lightly o'er the past, to tell you of the rosy future in the way of broadcasts from Hollywood, and to give you an intimate glimpse behind the "mike" at a real "movie" broadcast.

To begin with, we'll treat the past briefly and with soft music. Upon first realization of the tremendous possibilities for publicity afforded by Radio, scores of Hollywood's finest rushed to the microphone. The aforementioned breathless public welcomed them with open ears. The result was disillusionment. There

was no preparation for these appearances. The programs were haphazard. First the public, then the Radio directors, then the producers and, lastly, some of the screen stars themselves discovered that the mere presence of one of filmland's idols was not enough.

And so our "movie" programs, as such, have died.

At present we find Radio and Hollywood, like a pair of quarrelsome lovers, making up. In no other field of entertainment are precision and careful preparation more vital than in broadcasting. Hollywood is learning that. On the other hand listeners all

over the country are clamoring for air personalities. Nowhere in the world are there so many vivid and colorful personalities as there are in magic film capital. Radio is learning that.

The result is obvious. Regular programs will be broadcast over the entire country direct from the sound stages of the great motion picture companies . . . just as sure as rain at a picnic. Arrangements are already being made in some places.

No persons realize the value of publicity more than the film producers. There is no other medium equal to Radio for the presentation of such publicity. The hook-up is a "natural".

What will these "movie" programs be like? . . . It is safe to predict that they will be more colorful and have more appeal than anything yet offered to the listening multitudes. They will effervesce with personality and fine music. They will bring us world famous characters in

By FRANK ORME

songs, dramatic sketches and talks written by the highest paid staff writers in the world. And above all, they will be broadcast from the giant sound stages of Hollywood's studios.

We might digress for another moment to comment on the fact that many of the greatest stars in pictures, who are at perfect ease before a recording microphone or before thousands of people in a theater, are terrified . . . yes, actually terrified . . . when they are about to make a Radio appearance. One of the world's best known comediennes and character actresses recently spent two days in bed as a result of her nervousness just before going on the air. On this appearance, by the way, she made a great hit with her audience.

Norma Shearer tells us that she is keenly conscious of the Radio audience when she talks into the microphone. While she is not visibly frightened, she says that she is much more keyed up before going on the air than she is during her work before the camera.

Ramon Novarro suggests that this high nervous pitch is due to two reasons . . . the lack of visible reaction to your work before the Radio mike and the knowledge that whatever is said or done is gone . . . it cannot be recalled.

When Richard Dix broadcast from Washington, D. C., at the premiere of RKO-Radio's *Cimarron* recently, he disclosed the fact that his Radio personality was as warm, as vital, as dominant as it is on the talking screen. And that was a test of Dix's self-command. For he is not an experienced Radio performer. He literally fears the "mike".

Estelle Taylor (in private life Mrs. Jack Dempsey, wife of the former world's heavyweight champion) was another of the group of RKO-Radioites which went to Washington to broadcast with Floyd Gibbons when *Cimarron* was given its premiere in the nation's capital.

Only recently Mary Pickford appeared in the Sunkist Musical Cocktail broadcast from Los Angeles over the Columbia network. This marked her second appearance before a Radio microphone.

Claudette Colbert, Paramount star, has broadcast over the Columbia network as guest artist of the Paramount-Publix Playhouse. With this microphone appearance, Miss Colbert gave an interesting account of her recent trip around the world. She found broadcasting "very thrilling indeed".

Ginger Rogers, another Paramount star, is no stranger to broadcasting studios.



Estelle Taylor

in which role he sings, talks and plays the saxophone or any number of musical instruments.

Ruth Chatterton and Charles Ruggles have also taken to the air waves. In fact, with Charles Chaplin as the only exception, probably every important motion picture player has sent his voice out into the ether at one time or another.



Richard Dix

during the next few months.

This program brought to our ears the

She has appeared as guest artist on a number of Columbia programs, lending her singing voice and charming speech to the ethereal waves. Miss Rogers finds in Radio a certain something that is missing on the stage and in motion pictures. Her fan mail after each broadcast is enormous.

Buddy Rogers is another star broadcaster,

But now let us look behind the "mike" at our real "movie" broadcast. We go back some months to a particular program of the old "M-G-M Movie Club", which was one of the most popular features ever to reach the ears of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain audience.

This description will give you an idea of what to expect when such broadcasts are resumed

voices of Bessie Love, Charlie King, Jack Benny, Blanche Sweet, the M-G-M recording chorus and several other celebrities. Instrumental music was provided by Sam Wineland's thirty-piece orchestra, one of the finest on the West Coast.

Far back through the massive entrance to the huge Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City, a few miles from the heart of Hollywood, is stage nine, one of more than a score of great halls where many of filmland's most pretentious pictures are produced.

This room, one end of which was screened off for the broadcast, is more than a hundred and fifty feet long. The ceiling, with its myriad contraptions for cameramen, directors and electricians, towers high above the floor.

At six-thirty o'clock, two and a half hours before the broadcast, the orchestra was swinging through the last stages of a four-hour rehearsal.

Intermittently the engineer in the glass-enclosed "mixing" room, which hung from the side of the huge stage about twenty feet above the floor, would shout instructions through the loudspeaker below his cage.

And so an hour passed in whipping the program into shape. A brief respite for dinner was followed by hurried preparations for the fast approaching hour.

At eight-thirty o'clock, half an hour before the "dead line", a stir was created by the arrival of Blanche Sweet and Charlie King. Bobby Agnew, direct from one of the sets where he had been working, appeared a few minutes later with all his make-up on and wearing a tuxedo. Nita

(Continued on page 104)



Scene from KHJ "Movie Club" broadcast, showing Pietro Gentile being lashed while singing the whipping-post song from *Rogue Song*, by Lindsay MacHarrie, KHJ announcer. On the stand is Sam Wineland, director of M-G-M movie orchestras.



Li'l Ray perks up when he disposes of the heavy high hat and gets to work on Radio Digest's gossip column.

SPILLING airy persiflage into a defenceless microphone is one thing. Fastening it down on paper is another. Hot air in cold print doesn't always jell. But for goodness sake, it's not *your* magazine, and if the editor wants to let me play around in it, what's it to you? You only paid a quarter for your copy anyway. (Maybe you didn't even buy this one, but let's assume you did. Look, I'm giving you a fair break.) Why, the paper in this magazine alone, plus the fasteners, mucilage, ink, interest on the investment, overhead, underfoot and goodwill on earth amounts to more than a quarter. More than twenty cents. More than even fifteen cents, I guess.

Well anyhow, before you idly turn the pages and fritter your time away on something silly, at least give me a chance to make a statement. Recently some scalawag wrote to the NBC asking the purpose of my broadcasts, the wet smack. Well, I'll tell you. First of all I'm trying to bring sweetness and light and beauty into the lives and hearts of the Great Invisible Radio Audience—the GIRA as we in the "know" say. I can use GIRA in a sentence. Want to hear it? (You're supposed to say Yes.) All right: GIRA cheer for the team, boys.

Well, continuing with you readers who are left—let them go, they were the rumble seat element anyway—my second object

guish the latter from the audience, we employ the abbreviation GIRA.

It's all a lot of gira.

But my dears you have no idea what goes on behind the scenes in a great studio. I shudder to think of the Sin rampant in the private lives of our best known Radio artists. It's the old, old story. Decked in the tinselled trappings of Radio, drenched in its dross, surfeited with its limpid luxuries, they plunge themselves into the mad giddy whirl of parties, picnics, strawberry festivals and clam-bakes. Nice boys and girls they are at heart, worthy products of the average middle class American Home. but that leap from drab obscurity to golden stardom takes its toll. Notoriety unbalances them, unseats their sense of rectitude and sobriety, until with nerves taut, with emotions saturated, they seek the grotesque and harmful thrills of social iniquity.

How am I doing?

WITH aching hearts, let us lift the veil that has shrouded the personal activities of some of these ethereal butterflies. Who would think to hear the silvery voices of May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose, to the accompaniment of her dainty ukulele slapping and his virile piano poking, that their home (at least they *are* married) has been the

Broadcaster O I L

*Squirts and Smears from the NBC
Lubricator Who Trades His High
Hat for a Pineapple and Extracts
a Few Squeaks from the Studios*

By Ray Perkins

in broadcasting so persistently is to exert a wholesome, uplifting influence on the boys and girls in the studio itself, the Great Invisible Radio Artists. To distin-

scene of Orgies at which kissing games such as Post Office and Forfeits were played? Fie for shame, May and Peter! Fie do you do it?

And would the ardent followers of Vincent Lopez, the one who is in the orchestra business, send him mash notes if they knew that he thinks nothing of five or six plates of ice-cream in a single day, especially in summertime? Well, now they know it. And do *I* care?

WHY only last month the Wasp and Wash Society discovered a love nest in Studio G. At least it could have been a love nest. It wasn't occupied, but the society has hopes.

The name of Andy Sanella is emblazoned on the hearts of millions as masseur of the slide-guitar in Papa Rolfe's Lucky Strike Orchestra. Some people think there's no swella fella than Andy Sanella. What would you say if I were to tell you that we discovered Sanella in one of the control rooms holding hands with a girl? He claimed it was his wife, and that he hadn't seen her for a week because he had been working on both day and night programs. Hm! And again (all together now) Hm! A likely story!

But the saddest case on record is that of one of our most promising young sopranos, whose name shall *not* be Jessica Dragonette, being taught the deadly habit of coughdrop eating by an announcer. Groping her way thru a foggy larynx, the poor child was induced by this fiend to eat a coughdrop before singing. Today she is a confirmed coughdrop addict.

I recall the case of the pianist, William Wirges, who plays first piano for the
(Continued on page 90)



Puppy

*Lobo's Master Wouldn't
Part With Him—Even for
\$40,000! — Was Heart-
broken At His Death*

The DOG Whose BARK Helped Make Horace Heidt's CALIFORNIANS Famous

A MASTER'S affection for his dog lost him \$40,000. And this same affection, deep-seated and warmly religious, causes the master, Clarence Moore, a saxophone player in Horace Heidt's Californians dance orchestra, to mourn the death of the dog without thought of any monetary loss. In fact, Moore dislikes any mention of the commercial element.

Lobo was the dog. A giant, dignified, intelligent animal of the German police family. He won national fame with the Californians, partly as mascot and partly as entertainer, during their appearances over networks of the National Broadcasting Company. And he was known to American vaudeville audiences, the smart sophisticates of New York and the royalty of Europe. His death occurred recently in New York.

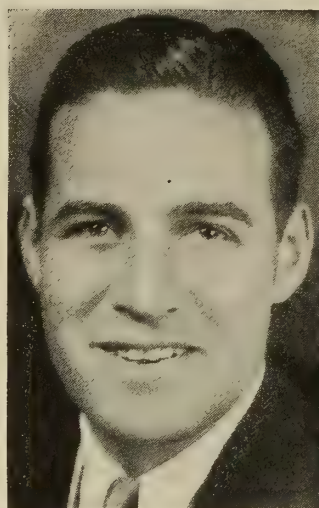
It was while Heidt and his band were playing at Monte Carlo in February, 1930, that Moore was offered \$40,000 for Lobo. The prospective purchaser was one Mr. Duera, who owns a famous stable of race horses and has fashionable

estates at Paris, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and in Italy. A wealthy man, he was able to make the flattering offer to satisfy a whim, but Moore flatly declined the offer. "Lobo is as a member of my family," Moore said at the time. "I couldn't think of selling him."

Now Lobo is dead and Lobo II is to take his place. Lobo II comes from the same dog kennels in California, of the same strain of dogs, and although he has been called Lobo, Jr., since Moore purchased him, the dead Lobo was not his father. They were related, although distantly. The belief that Lobo II (that is the name Moore now uses for the living animal) was a son of Lobo, has grown erroneously. The two animals looked alike, did the same tricks, played together. And Moore called the younger one Lobo, Jr.

Lobo owed some of his fame to Horace Heidt and his Californians and they owed some of their fame to Lobo. Nor were the members of the orchestra hesitant in appreciating his worth. For Lobo, like all members of the orchestra, received a salary based on the amount of money received for engagements, so his master benefited financially. And Lobo II is to be a paid member, also.

Not many years ago—Lobo was only four at the time of death—Horace Heidt



Horace Heidt, Leader of the
"Californians" orchestra.

organized his dance band on the campus of the University of California, and Moore paid \$50 for Lobo. The dog was a pup of just a few weeks, and Moore purchased him for a pet. But he was destined, before much time passed, to take an active part with the band.

Lobo was always present, lying underneath the chair of his master, when the band played over an NBC network on the Shell Happytime Hour from KPO, San Francisco. Then his turn came.

During an informal program, Hugh Barrett Dobbs, the announcer, suggested that Lobo should growl and bark before the microphone. And Lobo did.

THROUGHOUT western states, it was disclosed by an avalanche of fan mail which descended on the studio, dogs of every description and breed were terrified by Lobo's broadcast. Some Radio sets were broken by family dogs jumping against the receiver, apparently attempting to discover the owner of the barks and growls. Other dogs stood by, defiantly answering his bark with challenging barks. And the cats scurried for cover.

Immediately Lobo became a broadcast artist. Of late months, while the Cali-

Love

By R. A. Wilkinson

fornians have been broadcasting over NBC networks from the Hotel New Yorker, Lobo barked during the signature number. Always he received voluminous amounts of mail. One woman recently insisted that she was positive Lobo could be taught to speak.

Lobo would stand for minutes, dignified and attentive, before a microphone, waiting the cue for his barking act. But some of his tricks and acts, by which he is known to a wide audience, are associated with the vaudeville stage and Monte Carlo. He played the role of an Eskimo malamute in *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*, and the role of a bloodhound chasing Eliza in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

THE *Shooting of Dan McGrew* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as staged by the orchestra during their vaudeville appearances, were short parodies on Service's poem and the American negro slave classic. Lobo played his two roles on alternate nights, and he played so well that he couldn't forget the role in which he was cast. After Lee Lykins, one of the orchestral members, taking the role of Eliza, began running away with a fake baby, Lobo would run in pursuit, barking. The trouble was in getting Lobo to refrain from chasing Lykins during the remainder of the performance.

Lobo, too, was probably one of the ranking "champion heavyweights" in the world's "dog ring." He used to spar a

couple of rounds with Horace Heidt, and Heidt was once collegiate heavyweight champion of the West. Also there was no little power in his fore-

paws, and he danced around on his rear legs with the agility of a prep-school athlete. These impromptu boxing matches were always conducted under the best of rules, the boxing festival starting when the bell sounded. If Lee Fleming, the drummer, failed to ring the bell Lobo would turn his head toward Lee, as if to say, "Ring the bell or I won't fight."

Dr. Carl Warden, of Columbia University, once gave Lobo a mentality examination, giving him the intelligence rating of a boy of nine years.

The astute Dr. Warden placed Lobo in one room, his master in an adjoining room, and Moore, the master, whispered instructions to Lobo through a keyhole. This eliminated the question of whether Lobo understood instructions by the inflection of tone, the snap of fingers or the change of facial expressions rather than by the actual word message. Lobo proved conclusively that he understood his master's words, a feat that had never been satisfactorily duplicated before by any dog, according to Moore.

And any doughboy's knowledge of the French language did not far surpass Lobo's knowledge of French. When Moore would ask him, "*Parlez vous*



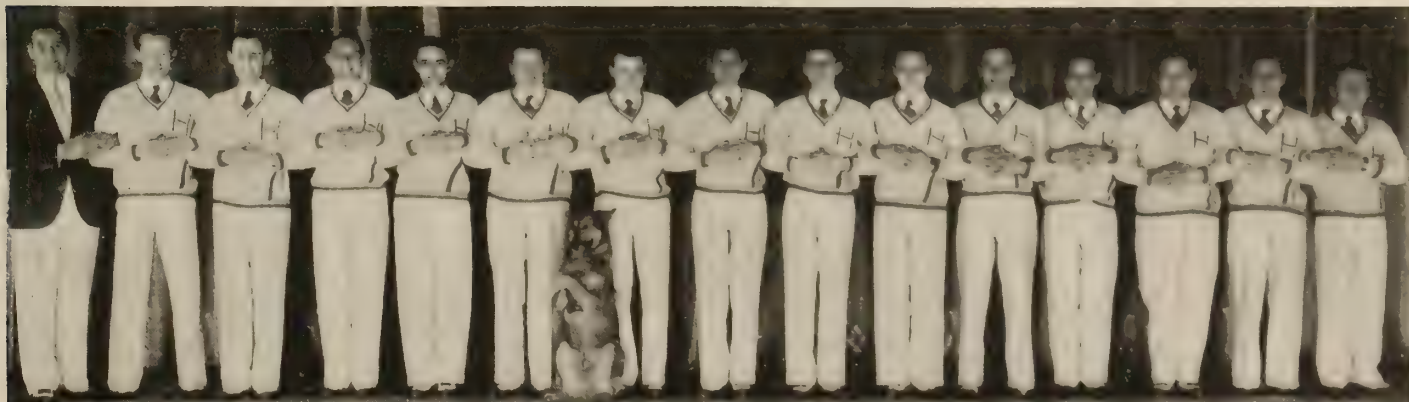
Lobo was treated like a king's dog. Here he is, enjoying one of his feasts, while Clarence Moore, his master, looks on.

Francais?" he would shake his head. Likewise, when Moore would ask, "Do you speak English?" he would shake his head. But there was a sad air to the negative head shaking.

Moore always talked to Lobo in conversational tones. Never did he raise his voice, and he displays the same patience with Lobo II.

Lobo and Lobo II both used to sleep on heavy felt cushions, slightly inflated, in Moore's New York apartment. At any time of the night one could find them, their bodies curled up like a fire hose. The freedom of the home was theirs. Either of them could open the door to the bath room, push the plunger in the water bowl and turn on the water, thus securing a drink. And unlike a boy of nine, Lobo's mental prototype, they would release the water and shut the bathroom door.

LOBO II still sleeps in the apartment and still obtains his own drinking water, but he's lonely and disconsolate. Even though he attended Lobo's funeral he seems to question what
(Continued on page 104)



Lobo was a salaried member of the Californians, but refused to wear the "H-sweater" because it was beneath his dignity.



Folks

Marge Grows Philosophical as She Harks To All the Strange Requests that Flow Through a Broadcast Switchboard

By Muriel Allen

YES—this is WMCA. What's that? You're in a 'phone booth? Well, what can I—Oh Mister, Mister!"

Marge turned away from the switchboard.

"Can you beat that? His girl friend is going on the air here in five minutes, and he wants me to pull a loud speaker up to the telephone transmitter so he can hear how she sounds! And he's calling from a 'phone booth in Jersey City!"

"You must get lots of queer calls, don't you?"

"Queer? Say, this is just a *sample* of the crazy requests that come in over this switchboard at night. Why, you've no idea what people can think up—F'rinstance, I had a call once—

"WMCA! Yes! No, you'll have to write in for an audition—You can't wait? But you see, that's the only way you can get an appointment. What's that? No, I'm not the Program Director. No, I can't listen to you—I'm too busy—and besides—" She flipped the trunk line key. "Ye gods! This bird's singin' to me—*After the Ball Was Over*—I wonder if he thinks I can pass judgment on him—Y'know, it's funny sometimes" — the key clicked on and off again—"Gee, he's down to the last verse—But I started to tell you 'bout a call I had once—a coupla them, in fact—

"Hello—yes! No, ma'am, I'm sorry we can't accept any announcements like that—Sure, I'm sorry you lost your dog, but, you know, our programs are all arranged according to a set schedule, and we can't interrupt it to put on personal requests—I'm sorry.

"Ye—e-es. What number are you calling? *This* is Columbus 5661. You're what? Getting married? (I suppose

she wants me to congratulate her!) No, ma'am, we'd be happy to oblige you, but the department that handles our musical programs is closed now, and we can't make any changes without their O. K. It's too late. (Could you hear *that* one? She wants us to play the wedding march from *Lohengrin* at 9:30 tonight because that's the time she starts toward the altar!)

"Mr. Goldberg? On the Jewish Hour? Sorry, I can't call him to the 'phone now



Sidney Kahn, the good-looking young WMCA baritone who keeps "Marge" busy answering 'phone calls from his fans. He is heard on Radio Digest programs.

—he's on the air. Will you leave your number? I'll have him call you—My name? Marge Perry! I don't understand you—will you please speak a little louder? I'm what? (Oh—Oh—here's a laugh for you! She says the only reason I won't call him to the telephone is that I'm prejudiced because I'm a Gentile!)"

Marge is quite a philosopher, and the board subsided for a few minutes, giving her a chance to breathe a little.

"Gee folks certainly are funny. Some of them don't seem to use their think tank for anything but 'hot air'; some have an idea that everybody's goin' to pick on 'em, no matter what, and get all fixed for a battle before they know what it's all about. And some—God bless 'em—think Radio stations are first cousins to encyclopedias—all y'gotta do is to *ask*, and they can give you the answer! No trouble at all.

ARGUMENTS? Sure, I have to settle a lotta arguments. Had a girl the other night—called up about ten o'clock to ask me the name of the man singin' over the air then. I told her it was Don Parker, and what do you suppose *she* did? Just shouted 'Whoopee—that means I win this bet' — then she called some one else and said, 'Will you please repeat what you have just said to me?' When the other girl got on the wire, I told her the man's name was Don Parker—and she starts tellin' me right away she was sure it was Rudy Vallée under another name!

"Fights too. I settle plenty of fight bets when people get so excited arguing that they forget to listen in for the final announcement from the ring.

"But I still haven't told you about those two calls I got one night—they came in about an hour apart. Each time it was a man's voice—and he didn't give

Are Funny

any name—just said he was a friend and that he was calling to warn us there was a dynamite bomb in the building. Boy! Did everybody start looking around the place like mad for the darned thing. And was I scared!

BOUT an hour later another man called—I know it was another man because the voice and accent were both different from the first one! We had a 'labor program' going on that night and all we could dope out was that some bunch of soreheads was trying to get even or something. But by that time the whole station staff was just sittin' pretty and waitin' for the big bang—and plannin' to pick themselves up out of the rubbish in time to get home for breakfast. The minutes just dragged by. The program

Illustrated By
Walter Van Arsdale

went right along O. K., but everybody was just as tense as the dickens.

"All of a sudden there was a blinding flash—and then total darkness. Every light in the place went out. Everybody kept cool, and we dug up a candle or two to help grope our way around. Programs were still going on, but for several minutes the musicians had to play by ear, and the announcers had to 'ad lib' for dear life.

"Well, when they finally fixed the fuse, everyone looked around to see who was hurt, and there right under the fuse box, stark and stiff was a little mouse.

"The bomb? We never *did* find it!

"Hello! Yes, this is WMCA. No, we don't want any ice. (We've got a cooling system of our own—when they get too excited.)

"W-M-C-A—Ay! How late do we stay on the air? Until two o'clock tomorrow morning, sir! Cut it short? Oh, no sir, I'm afraid not. You see—what's that? Well, say, listen—(Could you get what *he* said?) Why, he's lit to the eyes—an' he says, 'Shay, can't you guys get off the air 'n' let a feller go to sleep?' Hey, Mister, why not try turnin' your Radio off—Shucks, he hung up.

"Oh, yeah, I get all kindsa funny calls—What? You gotta go? Gee, I'm sorry—it's been nice to have you drop in—hope you'll run in again some time—Wednesday's a good day—s'not so busy!—

"Glad to have met you. S'long! G'nite!!"



"He's lit to the eyes—an' he says, 'Shay, can't you guys get off the air 'n' let a feller go to sleep?'—Mister, why don't you try turning your Radio off!!"

Radio

Ida Bailey Allen Recalls Days of Swinging Mike, Tiny Stuff Studios and First Broadcast—Something about Violets

By

Florence Roberts



Mrs. Allen in rôle of charming hostess serves tea to guests.

ANOTHER CUP of tea?" smiled Mrs. Allen as she invitingly lifted the teapot.

The sun poured its shafts of golden light into the executive office of the National Home-Makers Club. There was that feeling of rest and informality—the roaring city only fifteen stories under our very noses — seemed miles away. The executive office, far from having that forbidding air and polar stiffness that generally go to make up an executive's retreat, was more of a living room—cheerful plants, bright curtains, easy chairs—and Mrs. Allen herself just as charming as any hostess could be.

Mrs. Allen had just conducted us through the Club's home. There is an honest-to-goodness kitchen decked out with every modern, practical kind of equipment. The fragrance of appetizing foods which had been prepared simultaneously with Mrs. Allen's broadcasts, assailed our nostrils — and there were tempting pies, and romantic looking salads. An irresistible bedroom is over at the furthest end of the Club—here beauty demonstrations are broadcast. There are other colorful little studios all along with glass doors through which one can not only hear, but also see the on-goings during the programs. Then there is a compelling library where one just has to stop and take down a book or two.

That's the way Mrs. Allen does things—there's nothing half way about it. She has almost an entire floor of one of New York's skyscrapers. It's so high that you can put your hand out of the window and bring in a few bright clouds to convince you that you're not very far from perfection and heaven.

How did this all begin—when did Mrs. Allen get the idea—how was it possible to develop such a mammoth project almost single-handed? Here is

Mrs. Allen's story from her own lips:

"Up to 1923 I hadn't paid any attention to broadcasting but what little I had heard about it sounded preposterous. Although it seemed wonderful, the results were generally so poor that I felt it was nothing more or less than a freak of nature.

"Finally in 1923 I was lecturing in St. Louis in the murky month of April—and St. Louis is murky in April, you know that, and one of the editors of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* asked me if I would go to their Radio station and give a talk. This did not appeal to me at all, but finally they persuaded me to go. The speaker who preceded me was one Mr. Davies, the well-known tree man. He went first to the ordeal, and emerged fifteen minutes later with his stiffly starched collar wilted to a string around his neck. He confessed he had never been so scared since he walked up the aisle to be married.

I WENT into the tiny, heavily swathed broadcasting room and talked before a horn-like thing they called a microphone, apparently speaking into nothingness.

"I haven't an idea what I said except that I remember speaking about some very beautiful violets that were sold on the street corners of St. Louis.

"Well, pretty soon it was over," continued Mrs. Allen with the faintest sigh as she brought back the recollection of her early experiences. "And I received fifteen hundred letters which came from different points between St. Louis and the Gulf of Mexico.

"The next week I went to Kansas City

to give a series of lectures and a broadcasting station there asked permission to put a microphone on the stage. This microphone was a sort of swinging horn and worked admirably when I remembered to stay under it. But as I had a very bad habit of walking around the stage, the listening audience got my talks literally in instalments." Mrs. Allen's brown eyes twinkled.

"Broadcasting at that stage seemed to me to be something that conspired to keep me standing in one place when I wanted to walk around.

THEN I came back to New York with no broadcasting ambitions. It was some two or three years later when I was asked to speak on Station WOR. It was a Christmas program and I remember suggesting that at Christmas time it would mean a great deal to children to have their mothers dressed in gay frocks and I suggested that every woman wear a red Christmas dress if she could. The letters poured in from everywhere, and red dresses bloomed like roses.

"When I returned to New York, one by one the large Radio stations around New York City invited me to broadcast as a guest speaker. But I declined whenever I could. The very thought of a microphone seemed almost to freeze my soul.

"Finally WMCA asked me to broadcast regularly and I decided I would try it, that I would use this new medium to find out what women really wanted. I would give them over the air the things that in lecture tours they had told me they wanted to hear. I would ask them to write me their frank opinions. In other words, I would test Radio and the women themselves.

"Within four weeks after I started, the response had become so great that I de-

Reminiscences

cided to form a Radio Club, the National Radio Home-Makers Club to be exact. So on the hottest day in July, I invited the listeners to come to the ballroom of the Hotel McAlpin to meet me. One hundred and twenty-nine showed up. Then and there we organized the National Radio Home-Makers Club which was soon after incorporated with as broad a charter as has ever been granted to any organization, as far as I know.

"In August we had another visible meeting — this time the ballroom was overflowing.

"In September we had a third meeting in another auditorium. Seven hundred women *could not get in*. It took several policemen to handle the crowds.

"Not long after that I was made home economics editor for the New York American. The editorial board gave considerable publicity to my Radio work, which was then conducted over WOR and later over WHN.

"I gave two broadcasts a week, purely non-commercial, on subjects in which I felt women were interested. We had prize recipe contests, prize time-saving contests, actual speed cooking contests, meetings in Town Hall with broadcasts from the stage.

"I INTRODUCED music into women's programs. And I received more than one hundred thousand letters of appreciation from listeners in this district alone. Moreover, these women told me what they wanted to listen to, and with what phases of their housework, their cooking and their lives they needed help. I read each one of these letters and I answered thousands personally.

"Night after night when my staff had gone home I would stay in my then small offices and read these letters from my listeners, tabulate their requests, and wonder how in the world I was ever going to gratify them.

"It was at this stage when requests for the broadcasts were coming from nearly every state in the Union that the idea of the Magazine of the Air was born, an idea

that has proved successful over the Columbia Broadcasting System, because it has helped women.

"Just as I was wondering how in the world I could finance broadcasts to the entire country, Mr. Herbert Houston, my old friend and former vice-president of my publishing company, Doubleday Page, came on the scene.

"WHY don't you handle this problem like a magazine," he said, "and sell a certain number of pages, making them sponsored programs, and keep others purely editorial?"

"I hadn't thought of that, but as a former magazine editor, I saw how sensible this solution was. I asked him if he would help and so our business association was created.

"To make a long story short, some six months later, after the plan had been worked out in every detail, I went on the air in my first chain broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Since then our programs have grown from one to as many as thirty-four programs a week. Our staff of four has grown to a staff of sixty-eight. And our visitors number thousands a year, and a quarter of a million letters have poured in.

"But the principle on which the National Radio Home-Makers Club was founded remains the same. It was founded on the requests and desires of the listeners-in. And today the thousands of letters that come receive just as careful attention and are as carefully tabulated as they were in the days when the club was first founded.

"And there is many an evening when I stay here alone, all by myself, read the letters and dream of the women who listen in."

Mrs. Allen sat back as she concluded her fascinating story. Only a woman with great vision, power and personality, could have carried the responsibilities of an undertaking affecting hundreds of thousands of home-makers.

THE secret of her success is that she gives her audience what they want and need. Feminine listeners have received priceless instruction through Mrs. Allen's broadcasts. Those awkward with the needle have learned to sew a fine seam; drab corners in the home have been brightened up through a suggestion on interior decorating; innovations in food preparation, novel ways of getting up the family menu have helped to make the average Radio home what a home should be.

The Five Arts Program, one of Mrs. Allen's "Editorial Pages", is one of the most highly cultural periods on the air. Here you meet men and women prominent in every field of endeavor who share with you their philosophies. The common round of daily tasks take on a new aura through these inspirational talks and discussions by our great leaders.



One of the attractive passages in the headquarters of the National Radio Home-Makers Club.

disaster . . . and other times a fall doesn't even give us a bruise . . . but Virginia must be careful of how she uses her feet during the last week of April . . .

At this time there is also a possibility of some misunderstanding with women, but Venus said she wasn't going to worry about that because Virginia is such a sweet girl and so tactful that she could control any situation.

Of course I was curious about why she was so successful as an actress on the Radio . . .

Venus pointed her gold pencil to Mars in the twelfth house. "This is why she earns her living in a concealed position. The Radio gives her success because her achievements must come while she is hidden. Many of the men and women who have dominated history, yet who during their lifetime did not appear in person before the public, have Mars in this position. In the latter part of life," said Venus impressively, "she too, is going to make some constructive and permanent contribution to mankind. I should say it will be in some form of writing. She may not think it possible now, but her horoscope shows that long after many of the favorites of today have been forgotten, her name and her work and her thoughts will be guiding future generations."

Well, I guess that's some horoscope . . . I can't imagine anybody not getting a thrill out of prophecy like that!

Here are some other things I learned about in that white and gold office of Venus.

Virginia must save her money. She will never have any extended periods of bad luck, but because she is extremely artistic, sensitive and easily affected by her environment she must be prepared for an occasional rainy day. She has very high ideals . . . so high, in fact, that it is almost impossible for an ordinary human being to live up to them . . . she is a fascinating creature because she possesses that curious elusiveness which all actresses who achieve great fame seem to have. It is the same quality which Greta Garbo has and yet it is not so repelling because Virginia has a warmer, more enthusiastic and human nature.

JUPITER in the sign of Cancer gives her great success with the public, and as Jupiter is now transiting her birth sign it will doubtless bring to her some unusual offer.

I suppose that Virginia has often wondered why it was that she couldn't go out to parties and have a rip-roaring good time like everybody else there seemed to have . . . she would think she was going to have a good time . . . that this time

everything would be different . . . but it always turned out the same.

Saturn in the fifth house causes its subjects to go looking for pleasure on the outside but it at the same time makes it impossible for them to find it . . . Virginia is going to get her greatest happiness in this life through the realm of her mind. She has Mercury in Sagittarius and it remains for practically all her life, in the same unusual situation that we found in Will Rogers' horoscope. This is a splendid position for Mercury and when all the deep and profound thoughts which even now are on the borderland of her consciousness begin to creep through, life will take on a new meaning. Doubtless many of her friends never suspect the depth and profundity that is buried beneath her flashing smile and gay words. Seriousness is never connected with vivaciousness and yet there is no reason why the most serious person in the world can't relax and kick up his heels if he wishes to do so . . . Now we don't know whether Virginia kicks up her heels or not . . . but if she does we'll wager they are very pretty heels and she does it very gracefully, for she should be

an excellent dancer, as well as singer and musician.

She has strong intuitions and hunches about everything important that comes into her life . . . and she should never go against a hunch . . . if she follows her intuition she'll never have much trouble . . .

If you were born with your Sun in Scorpio, like Virginia Gardiner . . . that is between October 23rd and November 22nd . . . then you belong to one of the most powerful signs in the Zodiac. For Scorpio gives strong characteristics, shrewd judgment, excellent critical faculties, the ability to work hard and to give minute attention to details. You are reserved, tenacious, determined and extremely secretive. You do not want anyone, even those closest to you, to know all about your affairs. As Mars is your ruler you express his fiery force either for good or for evil. You will take up a battle at any time for someone else, or for some impersonal cause, and you will never be content with half measures . . . it is either one extreme . . . good or bad.

While Scorpio people, if their planets are afflicted, often take the wrong side of an argument, they have one redeeming feature—they are not underhanded or crafty, whatever they do, they do in the open and above board.

They have a vivid imagination; a clear, sharp and penetrating mind; and possess great personal magnetism.

* * *

Peggy Hull is casting personal horoscopes for RADIO DIGEST readers. Send for yours—see special offer on page 102.

History records that:

MISS GARDINER was born in Philadelphia. She started singing in the "curls and pink bow" period and kept it up throughout her childhood. Her family moved to Toledo and she began to make public appearances as a singer and in amateur dramatic productions.

She went back to Philadelphia and studied music at Curtis Institute for two years. Then she won a scholarship awarded by Madame Sembrich, of the Metropolitan Opera Company and for another two years studied under the direction of the opera star. Concert engagements followed and then she decided to seek a career in the Radio studios. She found it.

Miss Gardiner is tall and well proportioned. She is pretty and laughs a great deal and has the kind of teeth you see in dentifrice ads. Though she has no real theatrical background she acts strenuously when she is before the microphone. She has a half dozen different voices and has used them all in one program in which she was called upon to play many roles.



This April Virginia's stars warn her to be careful about falling—good thing her winter planetary influences aren't such kill-joys, 'cause she just loves slippery ice and snow.

Broadcasting from

Advertising and Radio Broadcasting

EVERY few days, there breaks forth some new outburst against the ruination of Radio programs by an overdose of advertising. Complaints emanate from the great as well as the small. Indeed, there is no doubt that the great mass of Radio listeners would be pretty drastic in deleting advertising copy if they could have their own way. In fact, they might go quite too far and wind up by killing the hen that lays the golden eggs—the hen in this case being broadcasting and the eggs, the programs of the air.

To our way of thinking "there is much to be said on both sides", but before most of the talking is done, representing either viewpoint, the "loud speakers" should acquire a much more detailed knowledge of the subject whereof they complain. Most of the tirades with the strongest echoes are the vociferations of men and women who are ignorant of the facts, intolerant or impatient by nature, or just downright selfish.

Considering some of the transgressions which have been committed via the microphone, this may sound like propaganda, like an effort on the part of the Editors of RADIO DIGEST to persuade the Radio audience to refrain from criticism. Nothing could be so far removed from the truth. Our primary sympathies lie with the public in consequence of which fact no one could be more desirous of protecting the American people from abuses in broadcasting and particularly in program conception. As a matter of fact, we actually anticipate occasional clashes with Radio manufacturers, with broadcasting stations and with program sponsors. In every such instance it will be found that RADIO DIGEST is "with the people". We have come out unequivocally on such matters as Radio censorship, electrical transcriptions and the musically inferior type of midget sets. Regardless of consequences, we are going to serve our readers—the Radio public—first, second and last.

And so, while we propose to approach this question of whether advertising is destroying the popularity of broadcasting with every effort to be fair to *all* the parties concerned, we confess beforehand that we are partial in our viewpoint to the best interests of the listening public.

Let us consider: Is advertising on the air overdone? Most emphatically, *yes*. Should advertising on the air be suppressed? Most emphatically, *no*. What should the public attitude be toward advertising via Radio? In our estimation it should be one of tolerance insofar as moderate inclusion of advertising is concerned and one of constructive criticism in those cases where the advertising is definitely offensive.

At this point it may be well to draw some parallels, with such things as books, "the movies", magazines, the theatre, the opera and the newspapers.

In the case of books, the public pays a full pro-rated price for each and every copy. There have never been any serious complaints because of this method of doing business with the public; the reading of books has been rendered more widespread by public, private and endowed libraries. In the field of books the public can buy only what it believes is worth the money and the time required for reading. The option of the public, as regards books that are both paid and free, is so complete that the system of book distribution has received public acceptance.

In the field of moving pictures, free exhibitions other than those of an educational sort are of minor volume. The public has accepted without ado the principle of paying a pro-rated cost for each and every admission to a given show. The theatre and the opera fall largely in the same category, although endowments and underwritings generally pay part of the expense of attending opera for the audience at large.

WITH magazines and newspapers, the situation is different. With comparatively few exceptions the public pays for only a part of the physical cost and almost never for any part of the editorial cost—in other words, for the cost of the actual words they read and pictures they see. Who takes up this staggering slack? Obviously, advertising does. And what a break that gives the dear old public, who in the early stages of publication advertising used to be so resentful in its attitude. Gradually, however, all this has changed. The public has learned to accept printed advertising in magazines and newspapers not only as an acceptable means of reducing subscription costs and greatly improving editorial contents, but also to a considerable degree on its own account because of the news and information contained within the advertising itself.

At this juncture, one may ask what all this has to do with Radio advertising. Plenty. Because as matters now stand, practically the entire cost of Radio programs of all types, sustaining as well as sponsored, is being underwritten by advertisers who are willing to spend millions and millions of their hard earned dollars to entertain and inform the American public, provided only that they be given a reasonably good opportunity to acquaint the public with the products they have to sell. What a break for the public in having its Radio program cost so completely assumed by advertisers!

Radio sets are sold to the public on a basis which includes no part of the costs of broadcasting. Therefore, the set owner finds himself in the position of being "all dressed up but no place to go" unless some kind soul comes along to sell him or to give him a program. In America it is a case of give, though with many of the important foreign countries,

the Editor's Chair

the Radio audience is compelled to pay. And, irrespective of the cost element—which is not to be lightly considered—what does the public get?

Where the public pays for its programs—as in England, France and Germany—the public gets virtually no choice in broadcasting stations, and hence virtually no selectivity in programs at a given hour and day and, of course, a very limited variety of programs and schedule of each particular type. As in the case of most governmental projects, the public is compelled to accept what is thought best for it to have rather than what it chooses to have. Furthermore, program competition for public attention is virtually unknown.

And what by way of contrast do we get in the United States, under our system of the Radio set owner paying no part of the tremendous cost of broadcasting and providing programs? Here are just a few of the benefits:

1. A numerically large number of stations, operating under a wide variety of managements.
2. A wide selectivity not only of stations, but of variety in programs and quantity of each type.
3. Talent, definitely the best in the world, with lots of variety as to kind of talent and the number possessing each type of talent.
4. Extensive competition among stations and programs for public attention, thereby enabling the public through its untrammelled ability to "turn the dial" to force steady progress not only in the excellence of talent but also in the excellence of programs *and in a satisfactory application of the advertising phase.*

IN OTHER words, in America, the public sits in the saddle with adequate control over programs *without paying the bill*, while in the countries where the public pays the bill, the Radio audience is ridden by those in charge of broadcasting. All of which, incongruous as it may at first blush seem, is why RADIO DIGEST believes that the primary interests of the Radio audience can best be served by an attitude of welcoming advertising as the underwriter of broadcasting (even as it has done with magazines and newspapers).

We should not feel so inclined were not the key to the whole situation both figuratively, and literally, right within the hands of the public. We refer, of course, to the ability of the public to tune in and tune out whenever and whatever it chooses. With this supremely powerful factor under its own control the public need never worry for long about blatant or offensive advertising. The remedy is ever at hand, but because of this very fact the public should make a conscious effort to educate advertisers on the kind and amount of advertising that is acceptable in exchange for the advertisers' underwriting a wide variety of very costly

programs. For the mutual benefits there should be a blending of effort to arrive at a mutually satisfactory result, instead of pulling apart due to lack of understanding on the part of advertisers as to proper advertising technique when on the air, or to lack of tolerance and sympathetic appreciation insofar as listeners are concerned.

The American method of paying for broadcasting is the best in the world, when judged solely by the standard of number, variety, and quality of programs offered to the public. Let's keep that fact always in mind.

It is certain that advertisers do not want to offend the public—without exception they are aiming to please the widest possible audience. Hence the problem, in so far as advertising is concerned, revolves around what constitutes good technique.

There are effective ways and means of being constructive and cooperative in our criticism. More of this later. And meanwhile, let's take care that the hen who lays the golden eggs shall be with us ever more.

RAY BILL.



RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

SETH PARKER says, "One thing about singing these old tunes, they make everybody feel as if they were neighbors." And the first impression that you get of Phillips Lord, the creator of Seth Parker, is that he is a neighborly person.

I met him for the first time in a bare little hotel room where he had gone, he said, "to find a little peace in order to finish up some work." (Dictating an "Uncle Abe and David" sketch, answering the 'phone about every two minutes, and being interviewed by me, doesn't seem like peace but then we all have different ideas.) Yet even in the rather

immediately upon meeting Phillips Lord, but it seems hard to believe that one so young—he is under thirty—could be old Seth Parker on the air.

"I can't believe it," I told him.

"Can't you?" His forehead wrinkled up. His shoulders hunched together in an old man's stoop. There was a tremor to his hands. He said, "Would you just give us the note, ma."

It was Seth Parker himself. (*A picture of Mr. Lord as Seth Parker appears on page 36—Editor.*)

"Yes," said Phillips Lord, "I often use that voice as a means of identification. It's rather convenient sometimes. I remember once I had to buy a tire in a strange town and they took my check on the strength of my Seth Parker voice."

Perhaps no one who owns a Radio has failed to hear the Seth Parker program at some time or other. If there is any such person, then let me say that the program goes on the air every Sunday night at ten-forty-five, eastern standard time, from the NBC studios. It is one of the best known and best loved of all the programs, and probably does more good than any of them.

It is a religious program, yes, but a member of any church could step into the "githering" at Seth Parker's and feel at home. And Seth Parker's philosophy is summed up in the word neighborliness. As Phillips Lord says in the foreword of the Seth Parker hymn book: "A neighbor is a man, you know, who tries to make living a mite more fun for everybody and when a man gets feeling this way, he's pretty sure to catch religion. One thing to remember, though, is that if you're a neighbor, it doesn't make much difference what color the church is painted that the other neighbor goes to."

The group that plays Seth Parker—Ma and Cefus and Captain Bang and Lizzy and all the rest of them—is a very congenial and friendly one. The rehearsal which I attended didn't seem like a rehearsal. Instead it was a group of neighbors dropping in to sing. I felt a part of it myself. Lizzy—that's Mrs. Phillips Lord, a slim, brown-haired person—came over to talk to me. She told me about her two babies, about how she couldn't

help her husband as much as she'd like to now because the children were getting to be a man-sized job. She was excited because that night she and her husband were leaving for Washington, where they were going to put on a Seth Parker sketch for a mission society. She said they were to meet President Hoover. We were chattering away as if we had lived in the same town for years. Suddenly the subject of colleges was brought up.

"I went to the University of Arizona," said Mrs. Lord, "in Tucson."

"But that's my home town."

"Don't tell me you're Oliver's sister?"

"And did you know . . . ?"

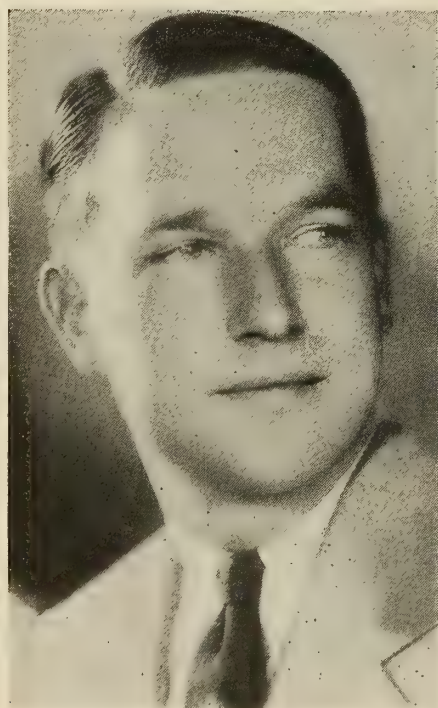
"And have you been . . . ?"

She'd been a neighbor of mine for two years without my knowing it. We both had to come to New York to meet. Not that she is a western girl. Her home is in Connecticut.

The story of the birth of the Seth Parker idea is an interesting one. Two years ago Phillips Lord came to New York from Maine. He wanted to write but after he'd collected enough rejection slips to start an album he went to work in a candy factory. One evening he happened to listen in to a Radio program about country life. It was so untrue, so exaggerated that he felt he must do something about it. That something was to write a sketch himself, get a group of people together, rehearse them in the sketch, and then take it to one of the smaller stations. It was put on and was an instant success. Then he started sending the scripts out to other stations. Seth Parker's Old Fashioned Singing School began to be heard in all parts of the country. And he is still sending out the scripts. One is being rehearsed now in an Australian station.

Naturally NBC heard of young Lord and his Singing School. They wanted to buy it from him, but Lord felt he could not take it away from the smaller stations that had stood by him when he was getting his start. However, he offered NBC another idea, the Sunday evening gathering at Seth Parker's, and as such it has gone on the air, in a coast-to-coast broadcast.

I asked Phillips Lord why he thought



Phillips Lord

hectic moments that we were in his so-called place of refuge, he made me feel at home and welcome, just the way old Seth Parker makes all his guests feel welcome at his home up in Jonesport, Maine.

The friendliness, the kindness, one gets



Helen Nugent

the rural type had such a wide appeal. His explanation was that farm memories are very close to every American. The great cities have not yet made us entirely urban.

And as I left the studio that night, after listening to Seth Parker's homely philosophy, I felt that the world couldn't be nearly so bad as people made out.

Helen Nugent

"BUT I haven't any story," said Helen Nugent, when I talked to her in her lovely, East Forty-sixth Street apartment. "I always knew I wanted to sing. I plugged away at it. And now I'm singing."

You notice she said she plugged away at it. For one thing Helen Nugent has, is the capacity for hard, purposeful work. Oh, yes, Columbia's popular staff singer has a lot of other things, too. She's Irish, you know. She has the clear pink and white skin, the coal black hair, the certain wistful something in her beautiful eyes that children of Erin so often have. But she has that other thing that occasionally is missing in the Irish strain—the power of concentration.

Her voice is a lovely mezzo-soprano, but she can sing alto without effort. She

knew she wanted to sing ever since she was a child. And the road by which she has come to be one of the most popular sopranos on the air has been the quite undramatic, but usually successful one, of native talent plus applied effort.

Cincinnati is her home town, and when she was seventeen she tried out for the Cincinnati Summer Opera Company. She was chosen from a large number of competitors. She became a soloist for the opera company, singing for them six years. During that time she studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Her Radio career began with WSAI. That was six years ago.

"So you see," she said, "I am quite a pioneer. We used to sing into a horn back in those days, and if we sang too loud and 'blasted,' the sparks would fly out in our faces. It was a pretty effective way of preventing us from doing it."

Not that Miss Nugent has to worry about her microphone technique. Her voice is perfect for the air; it has that intimate, I'm-singing-right-to-you quality that is so essential for Radio. Miss Nugent went on to explain why some grand opera stars fail before the microphone. "It's because they can't forget their stage manners. They are put in a big studio and feel they should fill it; or they are conscious of the millions listening in, and sing as if to a great audience."

Miss Nugent would like to go into light opera and musical comedy some day. "Not give up Radio," she hastened to add, "but I should love to do both. It would give me an opportunity to act, and that is what I most love to do. However, when television comes I'm going to be able to eat my cake and have it, too."

Notice the pajamas Miss Nugent is wearing. She had them on the afternoon we had our talk. They are deep violet satin and very fetching. Pajamas, incidentally, are one of her hobbies. Another is her canary, "Thou Swell". "Thou Swell" believes in singing in the bath tub. Not when he is, but when she is. Every morning the sound of the shower starts him warbling. He sings while she is eating breakfast, and then refuses to give out a note till six o'clock in the evening.

As for the singing of his mistress, she sings in five languages, and speaks in two. Her Spanish is as fluent as her English. In her years at school she had as a room-mate a young girl from Mexico City and it was from her that she learned her Spanish.

Miss Nugent has been with Columbia since 1928. She is heard on the Robert Burns Panatella Program, in Ward's Baking Hour, in the Mardi Gras, with Ben Alley, in the Paramount Publix Hour, in Three Modern Maids, and in The Coeds. Watch for her in two new commercials, too. They are to be announced soon.

Morton Downey

NO. MORTON DOWNEY isn't related to Napoleon.

But because he has a certain little trick that the French Emperor had, he is able to weather the hectic life that a program of seven broadcasts a week, running his Hotel Delmonico Night Club, and making personal appearances at the Paramount Theatre, entails. And that trick, which saved the "Little General" through so many of his campaigns, is the ability to fall asleep at a moment's notice. Morton Downey can catnap any place. He picks up his rest little by little, here a minute and there a minute. Otherwise the regime he leads as Columbia's busiest tenor would surely kill him.

The afternoon I saw him in his office in the fashionable Hotel Delmonico, he had just come from a broadcast at WABC, was due in a little while at the Paramount Theatre, and then would come back to direct his orchestra and sing in his night club. And that is his daily schedule. Yet there he sat as if he had not a thing on his mind, discussing his favorite hobby, the raising of pedigreed dogs. Incidentally, it was his friend, Harold Lloyd, also a dog fancier, who inspired this canine interest.

Downey has an amazingly high, sweet tenor voice. And so good does Columbia consider him that it puts him on four days a week—Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at seven o'clock. Yet despite the competition from Amos and Andy, the tenor is receiving more fan mail than any other of Columbia's ar-

(Continued on page 90)



Morton Downey

MARCELLA

*Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask
Her about the Stars You Admire*

TODDLES (Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court) and Marcella, garbed in our finest plumes, walked rather nervously to the CBS to interview Louis Witten—one of the handsomest announcers, my dears, we have ever seen. Bowing most graciously and with a perfectly devastating voice, he welcomed us. Toddles kept on nudging me and I kept nudging her as dear Mr. Witten told us his history. Would you believe that he used to sell trucks and autos—that was after he left the army at 21—he's 33 now—a glorious age, don't you think? Was announcer for CBS until Hanff-Metzger, advertising agency, realizing he was worth his weight in gold made him head of Radio Department. Now is guest announcer on Royal Typewriter Hour.



Louis A. Witten



Anthony Wons

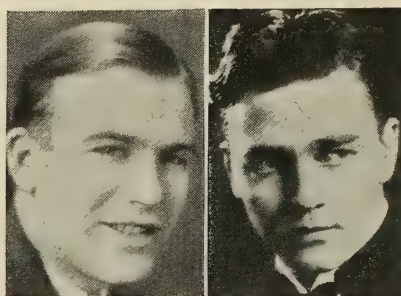
broadcasting this Marcella has done has been confined to wax—instructing chickens how to lay eggs. So Mrs. Waalkes, it wasn't "me" as you 'eard. Jane of Secor, Ill., joins in your request for a glimpse of Tony Wons, the man with a philosophy all his own. He was born in 1891 under Menasha, Wis. skies. On the shore of a Wisconsin lake, he and Mrs. Wons, formerly Ruby Hill of



Walter J. Neff

Chicago, have a little log cabin. Tony himself constructed this rustic little home as well as a boat and a jetty. His early life was filled with bitter experiences, but he strove above his environment and succeeded. He read much and collected verses here and there to steady him along the road of his ideals. During his stay in the hospital after the war these clippings comforted and inspired him. He now shares his constantly expanding scrapbook with thousands of Radio listeners.

INTRODUCING a popular announcer over one of New York's stations—Walter



Little Jack Little

John Fogarty

J. Neff—as fine a personality as anyone could wish to meet. Has two decided aversions—fried scallops and heavily perfumed women—mind you, not *heavy*, perfumed women.

MILDRED, my dear, the only *cheerful* that Little Jack Little has is a li'l Pekingese dog—just the darlinest, cutest, most fascinating thing you ever laid eyes on. In the magnificent home in Hyde Park, Cincinnati's exclusive suburb, Panky romps and plays the whole day long. Jack and his very lovely wife are quite attached to their pet and wouldn't part with it for anything. William Lloyd and hundreds of others who have been attracted to Jack's magnetic whispering voice want to know something about him. He was born in London somewhere around 1900 under name of Jack Leonard and at the age of four was sent to London Conservatory of Music to study music. Family later settled in Iowa and he studied for two years at the University of Iowa. Negligent in his studies, he left college and did a little traveling, meeting

along the way the hungry wolf. "The need of money started me writing songs", says Jack. His startling success is a story in itself. His Radio work is the delight of listeners all over the country.

I SO thoroughly enjoy listening to Popular Bits over NBC and would like some information about John Fogarty, the tenor," writes Mrs. McM. of Bloomsburg, N. J. "We all agree that John Fogarty is the future John McCormack," says A. M. of Pennsylvania. Would you believe, my dear Mrs. McM and A. M. that at the age of 16 John ran away from his home in Sioux Falls to join the army? He was always interested in singing and appeared in shows behind the lines. When he came to New York he studied under Louis Chartiere, who he considers is the "greatest living baritone." Toured on the Keith-Orpheum Pantages Circuits in headline acts and now tours country via Radio waves.



Kathleen Stewart



Stanley Bell

KATHLEEN STEWART as staff pianist of the NBC certainly gets her radiant personality over the air. She isn't to be counted among the people whom the Indian described as "laughing with the lips but not smiling from the heart".



Mrs. Hall K. Clements

DID you ever find out anything of Stanley Bell, the Columbia announcer at Washington, D. C.?" inquires Ruth

Adams of Akron, one of my faithfuls. "Was he an Akron boy? The one I knew would be around thirty." Mr. Cant, behind the scenes of Columbia—and may I add, dear Ruth, one with whose repartee Marcella has to sharpen her wits—says Stanley is a native of Akron and went to Washington at an early age. So, my dear, he must be the very one you know. He now announces Columbia programs from the nation's Capital, and he is credited with having introduced more distinguished people to Radio audiences than any other announcer in the dear old U. S. A.

WGBS, New York City, has one of the most versatile, active little women on its staff in the personable Mrs. Hall Kane Clements. Distinguished as a newspaper and magazine feature writer, as a director of programs and a novelist, she is now directing the publicity work for this popular station of Knickerbocker Town.



Jack Sharp

SCORES of letters have been received from listening friends, giving their own suspicions as to the name of the clever young lady who impersonates the Old Dutch Girl—the character who stands guard near everyone's kitchen sink. Who is she? And why does she hide herself so mysteriously. Some say it's Mary Charles, others Barbara Maurel, and a few suspect it's Irene Beasley. One thing sure, it's not Mme. Queen!



Gloomy Gus

"I AM sending you a photograph of Jack Sharp which I want you to use. I can't keep from saying nice things about him as he is very popular over KFDM, Beaumont, Texas," writes Ida Cross Farrow of Elizabeth, La. My, wouldn't it be grand if every Radio announcer and artist had such interested publicity representatives. Ida says that Jack has a very charming voice and the finest personality—a perfect delight to everyone fortunate enough to hear him. Thanks, Ida Farrow—and I'm returning the pictures to you today. Oh, yes, and Miss Farrow says that Jack has traveled extensively and appeared in the best theatres.



Tastyest Jesters

"HERE I am again," announces Twilla of Salina, Kans. "Won't you please print a picture of Gloomy Gus of WKY," she pleads, "and—is he married?" Alas, and alack, my dear, dear Twilla, Gloomy Gus is wedded—and what's still alas-er and alack-er his wife is a very charming woman, so that he wouldn't be interested, from all appearances in a "second". Would you think so? They have, while we're on the subject, two beautiful children. Gloomy Gus or Gayle V. Grubb has been station manager of WKY, Oklahoma



Earle Nelson

Irwin Cowper

City, for two years—is also blessed with the lucky combination of good business and artistic talents.

MISCELLANEOUS Announcements: Interested Mother—there's a feature story of Real Folks on another page in this issue. My humble apologies, Dr. Clark. In March Marcella very blunderingly said that Dr. Clark received 10,000 letters during two years of his broadcasting French lessons. There were 18,000 letters. Edna Stewart of N. Y. C. will find Alois Havrilla's picture in September issue. Sorry, Pat, Mr. Crutchfield of WBIG, Greensboro says that Mildred Roscove was



The Three Hired Men

an out of town artist and sang only once over that station. If "Subscriber" will tune in on NBC every Saturday or Sunday night, he or she will hear Floyd Gibbons on regular sponsored hours. Madame X will find a picture of Simpy Fitts on page 77 December issue. Idaho will find a picture of Ben Bernie in this issue. It's a good thing there are no birthday parties—I'm beginning to feel like Uncle Don himself. Rabid Radio Rookies will be able to locate Marsha Wheeler at WGBS, New York.

HERE are the Tastyest Jesters—vitamins are hiding—in this . . . It's a nice theme song. They are Guy Bohman (Vigor); Wamp Carleson (Vim) and Dwight Latham (Pep). All three comedians had their experience at WTIC in Hartford. Now on NBC, of course.

CURIOUS also wants to see a picture of Earle Nelson and his announcer. Irwin Cowper. Here they are—look as if they enjoy their work—don't they? Well, Curious, my dear, Earle began with lessons on the uke for a pastime and see what he does with it now—on a commercial program the Fox Fur Trappers. The family, consisting of wife, nine-year-old son and the dog hold auditions in the bedroom where Earle has installed a mike. Uke's named Oswald.



Jeff Sparks

MEL R. writes. "WLS being my favorite station I look forward with great anticipation to see whose picture is in from that station. Would like to see the Three Hired Men." Behold, here they are! Wish you could see them with their overalls on. "Willie" or Eric Andrasen plays the guitar, then there's "Louie" or Bill Hoagland, and finally comes "Sammie", known as Dave Pearson. Bill is married and has a baby girl. The other two are not married but have girls, mebbe(?). All are Swedes and delight Swedish Radio listeners very often *vid Swedish songs*.



Clem Betts

TELLING everything: Arthur Paul is only sixteen, Mrs. Foy, and



Joseph H. Mackey

the picture you sent in is actually his. Lois Bennett is the Quaker Girl, W. N. Hirst. If Maye of El Paso turns the dials to KMJ, Fresno, Cal., she may tune in on Jerry Wilford, Vagabond of the Air. That's where he was last heard from, Mr. Vincent of KSL informs me.

Thanks for the lead, Mr. Vincent.

The Oklahoma Harmony Boys have separated, Kathleen of St. Louis. Fay and his new partner are working somewhere in Texas, and Al, some weeks ago was looking for a new partner. Snowball and Sunshine, formerly of KMOX, are not on the air so far as the Junkinses know. And as for Otto Gray and his Cowboy Band, Mr. Russell, they were working around Pittsburgh, when last heard of. I. B., turn to page 72 of the February issue for a picture of Jack Turner.

Syracuse and R.E.D. implore me for a picture of Jeff Sparks. When he was a young boy he had golden locks and a sunny disposition. Now his hair is as black as ebony, but his disposition has not lost any of its cheer. He tried his hand at medicine and art. Would sketch the minister on Sundays, and the school teachers on weekdays. Used to be at WARS, Brighton Beach, N. Y. Been on NBC now one year, this month. Knows and speaks six languages: German, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian and Japanese. Good books, the theater and Oriental music are his hobbies.

★ ★ ★

AGNES of Kansas says she would like to see a picture of Clem of the mountain life serial, *Moonshine and Honeysuckle*. Clem Betts, or Louis Mason, was born in Danville, Ky., June 2nd, 1892. Ministerial career was mapped out for him but he ran away from home as he wanted to be an actor. At age of 15 he took the part of a 72-year-old deacon in *Eben Holden*. Lulu Vollmer, creator of *Moonshine and Honeysuckle*, was the author of *The Duncce Boy*, a play which had a successful run on Broadway seven years ago. When Gerald Stopp of the NBC saw

Mason in this play he signed him up for the network. He is not married. Has ambition to own a stock farm in Kentucky and raise race horses. Is six feet two inches and weighs 165 pounds. Fair complexion and brown hair, which isn't always as tousled as it is in this picture. Photo represents him as Clem Betts. He has a fine baritone voice but has never had an opportunity to use it professionally.

★ ★ ★

MRS. HAZELWOOD of Richmond wants to see the whole staff of WRVA, especially a picture of Joe Mackey. Well, Joe, my dear, was born poor in Richmond, Va.—and isn't ashamed of it. Is rather proud of having sold newspapers as a boy and is keeping his eye in that field in case he loses his position—which isn't very likely from reports that attest his popularity. He's five feet eleven and weighs a hundred and fifty. His one ambition in life is to be a fat man and have a head of curly red hair—but not, he adds, both at the same time.

★ ★ ★

"MY SISTER and I are terribly interested in three Columbia announcers," writes Olive Sherman of Washington, D. C. "They are Frank Knight, George Beuchler and Andre Barouch." Well, girls, your complete order is filled at one time. Beuchler (pronounced Bewler) was born in Jacksonville in 1906 and at eighteen was graduated from Georgetown University. He joined the National Opera Company. It was not until he substituted, by mere chance, for a singer who failed to appear on an Arabesque program that his beautiful baritone voice was discovered.

★ ★ ★

"I HARDLY ever miss a Vincent Sorey broadcast," confesses E. M. Post. Vincent directs the Gauchos program on the CBS and the compositions are those which

he collected from nearly all over the world. They are individual and have atmosphere and soul. Vincent comes from Italy, and when a young child showed a precocious interest in violins. During his many travels, this modern Marco Polo never forsook his dear old fiddle.



Frank Knight

★ ★ ★

IDA A. M. of Huntington Station, L. I., says, "I'm not inquisitive, but I'd like to know the color of Virginia Gardiner's and John McGovern's hair. And have they ever had stage experience?" Virginia has light brown hair and brown eyes. Tall in stature and with a fair complexion, you can just picture how she looks off stage. Her photo has appeared often in *RADIO DIGEST*, and of course you noticed her pastel on this cover. Can't get the exact measurements on John McGovern, but Gene Mulholland, a very important person at NBC, says that someone told him that John is dark, has brown eyes and dark hair. Virginia is not married—lives with parents. Radio stars don't memorize all of their parts. They generally read from typewritten scripts, throwing the sheets on the floor as they finish with each one.



Mrs. Wall



Andre Barouch

★ ★ ★

IF ANY station needs an especially fine announcer, *RADIO DIGEST* can recommend one. He's Lewis C. Carey who resigned from WLW Cincinnati in order to locate East. Has had exceptional training—having taken special studies in articulation, diction and expression at Emerson College of Oratory. Marcella will forward any inquiries to Mr. Carey.

★ ★ ★

HAZEL of Dayton wants pictures of the Bel Canto Quartet of WFAA, Dallas. Listen to this train of experience, Hazel, my dear. They are Victor Recording Artists, have been seen and heard in Fox Movietone, and have made personal appearances at the Mormon Temple (gracious me!), Salt Lake City, Hollywood Bowl and other prominent places. Vin

(Continued on page 91)



Bel Canto Quartet

Nellie Revell the Voice of Radio Digest

*Weekly Program on NBC Chain from WEAF,
New York—Personality Skits and Yarns
About Notables of Radio, Stage and Screen*



The Voice of Radio Digest

THE Voice of RADIO DIGEST is on the air. It is a voice of cheer; a voice that brings to the fireside a bit of gossip, some humor and many well told tales, about people of whom you have heard much. A bit of philosophy now and then, a line or two of inspiration and many a chuckle . . . riding the air waves with Nellie Revell, from station WEAF and the NBC network, every Wednesday from 11:00 to 11:15 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

Who is Nellie Revell? It is a question that requires a long answer. Nellie Revell, most recently the Voice of RADIO DIGEST and associate editor, is a name to conjure with in journalistic circles, in the theatrical world, in the world of books, writing them as well as burning the midnight oil reading them. She is a philosopher; she has the courage of her convictions, and she has a greater courage . . . the will to fight on and on when things seem blackest and all seems lost. She is a poet and raconteur; a wit of scintillating brilliance and last but not least she has a priceless sense of humor. Nellie Revell loves people and they like her.

It is as natural for Nellie Revell to

write as it is for her to breathe. Journalism is her heritage. From father to daughter it has come down. It is in the blood and what is more natural than that a woman who has been writing stories since she was a mere slip of a girl, and who has spent her life observing people and events, studying causes and effects, should be able to tell a good story over the Radio. Miss Revell's father was a well-known newspaper man and journalist. For years he conducted a newspaper at Springfield, Illinois. He was an editorial writer on the Chicago Tribune. He, too, had the gift of words, and that little newspaper in Springfield had such a lure that Miss Revell just had to become a girl reporter. That was a long time ago and since then she has seen much and achieved greatly. Springfield soon became too small a field for this girl and so she turned her face to broader fields. She has worked on papers in many parts of the country. The old Times in Chicago claimed her for awhile; then the Chronicle, the great Tribune and the American; and then the Mecca of all good newspaper men and women—New York.

She was a good newspaperwoman and so she came East. Gothamtown claimed her for its own and at various times she worked for the World, Mail, Evening Telegram and Morning Telegraph. That record is one that any newspaperman may well be proud of, but it is only a small part of the work and experiences that Nellie Revell has crowded into the years of her existence. She soon was known from coast to coast as a first rank journalist. The Denver Post, Butte (Montana) Miner, Seattle Post-Intelligencer, San Francisco Chronicle, San Francisco Examiner, Cincinnati Enquirer . . . she knew them all and worked for them. She was on the old Show World in Chicago and later became its New York manager. She has contributed to the columns of many magazines, including articles on vaudeville to the Theatre Magazine and at the present time in addition to acting as associate editor of RADIO DIGEST and putting its programs on the air at NBC

this busy woman conducts columns in three publications—Variety, the Clipper and the New York Evening Telegram.

What a record! And that is only part of this remarkable woman's career.

AND finally the indomitable will that had carried this woman through more experiences in a few years than most people know in a lifetime could no longer avert the inevitable. A malady which had been developing for years and which she fought with iron courage caused her collapse and for four years she lay flat on her back—rigid in a plaster cast. From super activity to a motionless existence—a prison sentence that stretched on and on. There was little hope that she would ever be able to move again, but will power and sheer grit won out and today Miss Revell is active again.

During those four years Miss Revell was not idle. Far from it. She kept right on working. She wrote a book, appropriately titled "Right off the Chest." A title that was eminently suited to a book that was written in long hand with a lead pencil on a pad of paper resting on the cast that encompassed her body. That book IS Nellie Revell.

And now you know just a little about Nellie Revell, the Voice of RADIO DIGEST. When she made her initial broadcast telegrams and letters poured in from friends and well wishers all over the country. Will Rogers sent a wire from Hollywood; Al Jolson, that great comedian, wished his old friend Nellie Revell the best of luck. From a lonely spot in Maine came a long letter saying that Miss Revell's broadcast had been an inspiration. Up and down Broadway the word has been flashed that Nellie Revell is back—and broadcasting.

Read more about Miss Revell next month.



Nellie Revell and Her Old Friend, Irvin Cobb

Tuneful Topics

"Know Your Songs"



MY GOSSIP on the ten popular songs for this month will be less comprehensive and less detailed due to our tour. Due also to the fact that we are not playing for dancing every night, which is the only way an orchestra leader gets to know the best things about the songs he plays, I can only give a cursory summary of some of the best tunes I have heard other dance orchestras play either over the air or during my meanderings, especially in the city of Chicago.

Chicago is happily blessed with some of the finest cafés right in the center of the city, where one may go and hear the finest music in the world, and eat the finest food that ever passed a pair of agreeably surprised tonsils. I can truthfully say that there is no city in the country that has so many really fine dance musicians. This may sound like treason coming from one who has made New York his home for the past four years, and who loves New York above any other great city, but it is a fact. The excellent average of the musicians in Chicago is very high, and the ability to handle their instruments is surprising, and the quality of music engendered by the dance bands in the Windy City makes all tunes sound pretty fine.

The most popular orchestra out here, and I say this without any fear of contradiction, is that of the dear, Old Maestro, Ben Bernie. The wind blew Ben to the Middle West, where it seems that he has been completely rejuvenated, and like the Phoenix he towers above all other competitors and is loved, adored, and spoiled by the darlings of society, and even the white collar working class of this good, old Middle West metropolis. Ensnared in the College Inn, the place that is famous for its marvelous food (food which reaches the rest of the world in cans and bottles), in one of the most delightfully ventilated, and exquisitely and artistically decorated rooms that I have ever seen, Ben plays a dinner and supper session with, in my humble opinion, the finest band in the world following the beat of his baton. I

Rudy Discovers there are Orchestras and Viands in Chicago Unsurpassed—Marvels at Ben Bernie and Johnny Hamp—Surprised by New Songs He Had not Heard before—"Good Time Had by All"

have no ulterior motive in giving Ben this credit; but for pure, rhythmic dance music and fine singing on the part of Pat Kennedy, his diminutive vocalist, I think Ben has staged a comeback, and his Radio popularity has tripled, and even quadrupled!

Lest I be accused of partiality, I must mention a few other orchestras before I go on to the actual discussion of the songs themselves. It is really through Ben Bernie and Johnny Hamp that I have come to make my selection of songs for this month's issue of RADIO DIGEST. Johnny Hamp was playing at the Congress Hotel, where it is my privilege to occupy the presidential suite during my stay here. It happens Johnny has just left for a new hotel in Cincinnati and has been replaced, in fact only last evening, by Jan Garber. Johnny surprised me during the course of our conversation by mentioning so many individuals who started with him, or who he was instrumental in giving to other bands, and who have since become very famous. I was surprised that one of the lead figures of the Olson Trio, one of the finest voices I have ever heard, Bobby Borger, was given to Olson by Johnny. As we sat there talking, I had to interrupt Johnny to ask him the name of this tune or that tune which his band was rendering so delightfully.

Over at the Black Hawk Cafe, are the pioneers of the air, and unquestionably the most popular dance band in the Middle West for many years, jolly, old Coon-Sanders, and how they play! Their comedy and by-play among themselves is so genuine and delightfully breezy that it is a pleasure to watch and listen. Their rendition of *She Loves Me Just the Same*, a song which it was my pleasure to help Carlton Coon himself write, is a masterpiece. At the mention of each particular

school at which the young lady has a hero or sweetheart, a few strains of the football song of that particular university or college is played in a most spirited fashion, with the dancers hopping around in 6/8 for this particular passage. I've got to have dinner there at least once again before I leave, because I enjoyed the evening I spent with the boys very much.

The king of all maestros, old King Paul, is out at the Granada Cafe, where the Lombardos once held forth. In fact, I am "jest" of honor there this evening in the course of their famous Cuckoo Club. Paul's arrangements of some classics, especially *Trees*, is one of the most beautiful things I have ever heard. There is also a new tune that has come up from the South, it is named *Rocking Chair*. It is a tune that grows on one; the Ashley sisters sang it on our broadcast here a week ago Thursday, and I wondered at their audacity in playing, what to me seemed a hymn, on the Fleischmann Hour, but I have since learned that it is a very popular tune in the Middle West, having come up from the South, and it has grown on me so much that I have learned to like it with the rest.

Paul is there himself nightly, with some very clever acts, including a new singing trio, Frankie Trambauer, Mildred Bailey, and an excellent floor show.

Up at the exclusive Edgewater Beach is our old friend from the Pennsylvania Hotel, Phil Spitalny, with a Chicago band whipped into shape after two or three weeks of grueling searching and rehearsal; he has one of the most popular bands in Chicago, and his rendition of some of the new tunes is typical of Spitalny's unusual conceptions. He has become very popular with Radio fans in the Illinois section.

There are a great many other bands which I would like to mention: Wayne King at the Aragon Ballroom, Ted Weems, Earl Hines, Henri Gendron, Husk O'Hare, Art Kassel, and a great many others.

This month's selections will be composed of songs that I have received from the publishers, and which I have run over with my own orchestra, heard played

By RUDY VALLEE

by two or three bands, and which occasionally have flung themselves at me as I have passed a Radio or Victrola store.

Our stay in Chicago was very pleasant; I think it will be the high spot of the entire trip due to so many things conspiring to make it a most enjoyable two weeks. The tremendous and cordial crowds at the theatres, delightful theatres to play in, the many relatives I have in Chicago who were so kind to me in the summer of 1926, and who repeated their hospitality on this tour, and the general cordiality of everyone, has helped make it so.

But now to get down to the songs.

Two Little Blue Eyes

WE INTRODUCED this slow fox trot on the fateful Fleischmann Hour of February 26th, when trouble with the wires somewhere in the vast system of arteries of the National Broadcasting Company's coast-to-coast network caused the first half of our program to bring to the listener our music as a background, or foreground (varying with the strength at which we played) for a dramatic sketch on the other NBC network. And then at the half-hour things went from bad to worse, and although we could hear Irene Bordoni singing at intervals from New York, and the emergency string orchestra which is always ready to meet such a crisis, yet even their music was only going over a certain number of stations, and ours was not getting anywhere as we stood, waiting patiently and hoping that the trouble would be rectified before the end of the hour, but the lines were still tied up for at least an hour after the finish of our broadcast. This is the first time on the Fleischmann Hour that I have had serious trouble in the "piping through" of our music from our remote location to New York.

Few people realize how difficult it is for the engineers to map out the lines in the correct fashion to enable us to jump back to New York for Dr. Lee, and back to Chicago, or wherever we are broadcasting from, and then back again for



the guest artist if he or she is in New York.

However, in the first half of our program we were able to present, and I think we presented it in a way to show the possibilities of the song; this song, which was the work of two rank amateurs, (when I say "rank" I do not mean the word in the sense in which it is sometimes applied) but they really are just amateurs, was brought to me for my inspection and my revision. I saw a few places where I felt that changes would improve the quality of the song, and after making these changes I rushed the song back to the press. They had brought the song to Rocco Vocco, the head of Feist, who was formerly the Chicago representative of Feist, and who now has charge of all the Feist offices in the country, and whose headquarters is in New York. Rocco is one of the most liked men in the music publishing business, and the music profession in general. At the age of 7, "Master Rocco Vocco" was singing in Chicago theatres, and although he has only a limited *technical* knowledge of music, he has one of the best musical judgments for picking of songs of any man in the industry. In fact, over a period of the last fifteen years he has picked many of the Feist songs which became big hits.

Rocco enthused about the song when he gave me the original manuscript of the two composers, but waited for my

Rudy introduces a Southern nightingale in Miss Frances Langford whom he found at WFLA, Tampa. She joined the NBC staff.

reaction. I was sold on the song the minute I heard it, and I think it should be well-liked. It has a swing, and properly played, a dance orchestra can do much with it. There is a great place for first an ascending and then a descending piano "run" at the end of the first and second phrases of the song. The thought is different, bright, and cheerful. The crowds that sing with the organ will get a lot of fun out of singing it. We play it about thirty-eight measures a minute, and it is published by Leo Feist.

By the River Sainte Marie

ALTHOUGH we have played this song on our Fleischmann Hour once before that broadcast referred to above, it began that particular broadcast, but what set it apart, at least as regards my own rendition of it, was the fact that I sang it both in English and French. I was highly gratified by compliments on the part of some people who seemed to think that the French chorus was well done. I am waiting for a comment by my sister, who knows her French, and who will probably tell me whether or not I did justice to the French lyrics.

It is an old song, having been on the shelf for four or five years. It was writ-

(Continued on page 100)

Chain Gang Chatter

THE man who put telegrams into novels . . . J. P. McEvoy, humorist, ex-greeting card rhyme writer, author of *Show Girl* . . . is now added to the roster of Columbia talent. 'Twas accidental, for when Heywood Broun was too busy trying to become a Congressman to come up to WABC, J. P. subbed, dragging up eleven-year-old Donald Hughes to the studio. Together they did a "Daddy and Rollo" act, which was a "natural". A sponsor was found, but McEvoy refused to appear every week . . . he hadn't the time. Sponsor La Palina demanded McEvoy or no one. It was a deadlock, until some one noticed how much Nick Dawson's voice resembled the author's. Nick was director of the Commercial Idea Department (another of those back-stage affairs) and still is. Now McEvoy writes one of those "Papa, Why?" skits each week and Dawson and Donald appear in it.

* * *

SAW Arthur Murray the other night. Off air, he is retiring, diffident and more like a college professor than a famous teacher and exponent of dancing. Says Mr. Murray, "I could teach a new step every week for three years on my Radio program and still not be at the end of my glides." He declares the old-fashioned waltz is coming back and recommends that those who cannot find partners for his broadcast lessons step out with the loud speaker.

* * *

LAATEST use for Radios . . . sleep on them. Hospitals now have a "sing-

ing" pillow, made of sponge rubber with a loudspeaker concealed internally. You "lay me down to sleep" and hear a program, but the sound cannot be heard by anyone else. Suggested for distance fiends who leave apartment house windows open in the summer time with the volume on full blast.

* * *

IS Freddie Rich married? Or to whom was the Columbia batoneer hastening when he was arrested for speeding in Doylestown? However, that's not the story . . . this is . . . Freddie once received a ten dollar check from an admiring fan in Doylestown. Of course, he never cashed it, but carried it in his pocket as a souvenir. A year later, when he was hauled in, he remembered his unknown admirer, phoned him and told of his troubles. Admirer was a friend of the judge . . . you know how those things work. . . . Freddie paid no fine. But he still hasn't cashed the check.

* * *

TIE a big satin bow around "mike's" middle, give him a bow and arrow and he'll double nicely for Cupid. The latest reported casualties from his darts are George Dilworth, vocal director of the Salon Singers, and Gitla Erstinn of the same NBC group. George may be studio boss, but who's boss at home, we wonder?

* * *

HERE'S a dance orchestra leader who actually admits he doesn't know a thing about music, Bert Lown. He plays by arithmetic instead of by ear, numbers the notes instead of writing them

on the staff. That's how he wrote the lyric for *You're the One I Care For*, his song hit. Once he was a coat room boy in White Plains; N. Y., now he owns sixteen orchestras beside the Hotel Biltmore band which is aired on CBS. He's only twenty-six, slight, fair-haired, and is a real musician despite his modesty.

* * *

THERE are two McLeods at NBC, but one is real and one is purely imaginary. Keith McLeod, musical director of the chain, is getting fan mail meant for "Matt McLeod," a fictional "Vermont Lumberjack." Should he answer it and admit he never chopped kindlin' wood, or, still less, a big giant of the forest?

* * *

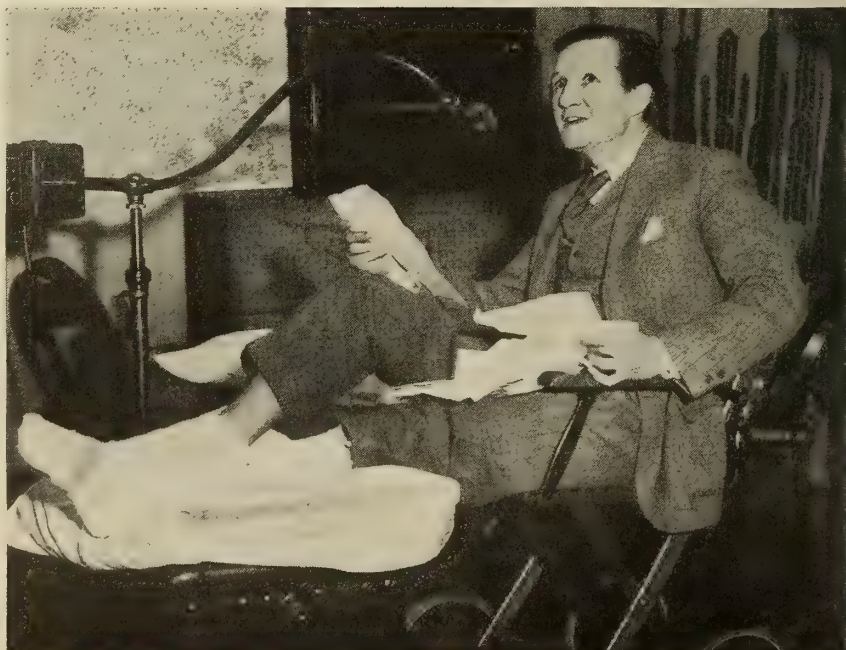
WHO made "Mechanical Mike"—the giant robot of the last Radio fair in Madison Square Garden? 'Twas the son of a Radio celeb, Paul von Kunitz, engineering offspring of Dr. Luigi von Kunitz, who is conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra heard over the Canadian network. The steel man has within his body ten miles of wires, can rise to his feet and speak, fire a gun and answer 500 questions.

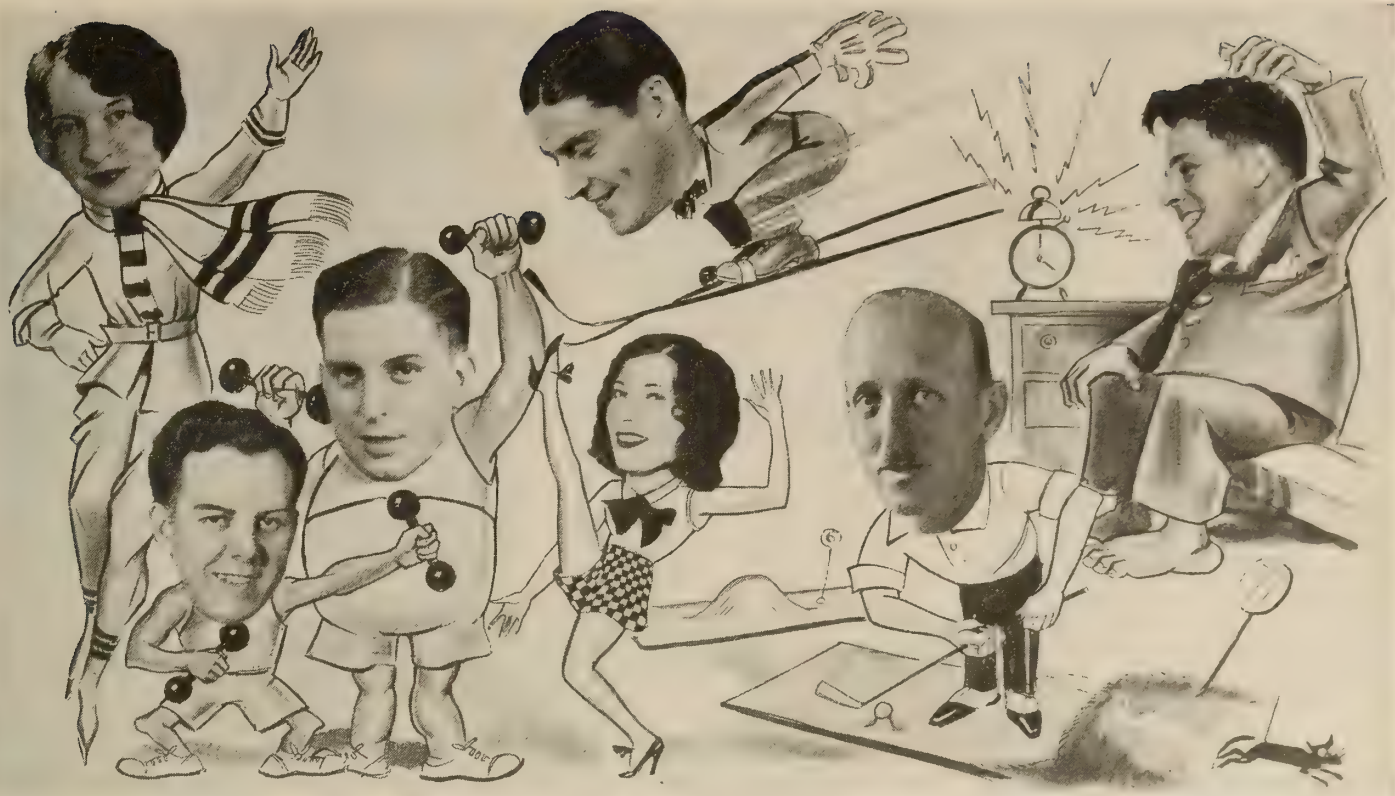
* * *

HOW to break into Radio . . . become a monitor engineer. That's the way it worked with Irving Reis, author of "Split Seconds," a recently presented experimental Radio play. It marked his first play, Ethelyne Holt's first Radio acting part, and George Beuchler's metamorphosis from announcer to actor.



Above: "Daddy" finds "Rollo's" arithmetic a puzzler. Played by Nick Dawson and 11-year-old Donald Hughes. Right—the play must go on! Tom Powers, Theatre Guild leading man, broke his leg and had to be wheeled into NBC studios.





WTMJ artists and announcers keeping physically fit. Skating, Myrtle Spangenberg; Small Gymnast, Fred Jeske; Large Gymnast, Russ Winnie; Skiing, Louis Roen; Dancing, Julanne Pelletier; Golfing, Bill Benning; Early Riser, Merl Blackburn

They're Some Sports in Milwaukee!

IT WAS Julanne Pelletier who started it all. Julanne, the vivacious little French girl whose delightful ivory tickling over WTMJ, The Milwaukee Journal station, has made her a favorite of ether fans, came dashing breathlessly into the studio on this particular morning. Off went the big raccoon and there she stood, a chic French doll, garbed in the daintiest of pink and blue checked rompers!

"I didn't take time to change," she cried, her slanting green eyes sparkling with merriment at the startled pairs of eyes on all sides. "Just finished my tap dancing lesson, and I'm on the air in ten minutes. Must keep physically fit, you know," and with a click of heels and flash of white teeth she was gone.

"Physically fit," I murmured. "Gosh, that's surely important for Radio artists. Not a cough in a broadcasting room!" How did they do it? And off I started on my little job of inquiring reporter.

I lassoed announcer Louis Roen first of all. Louis? Oh, he's WTMJ's heart breaker. Six feet two of dark good looks, a pair of irresistible dimples that I promised him I would never again mention, and a soulful, crooning tenor.

"What do I do to keep physically fit?" he echoed my query. "I ski, of course." And on he went, lost in a beautiful description of the thrills of soaring over hills and crests with the assurance of a sea gull.

By MAE WELLER

He was still talking when I spied Russ Winnie, WTMJ's assistant manager and popular sports announcer. Can't help seeing Russ these days. There's more to him than there was in the days when he played leading roles in Haresfoot and set sorority girls' hearts aflutter (he married one of them).

Russ smiled expansively. "Look at me, baby," he exclaimed almost ecstatically, "I've lost eight pounds in eight days (by the time you read this he may be reduced to a shadow). I am now a scant 205 pounds!"

And out came the truth. He had joined the Y. M. C. A. and had embarked upon a reducing schedule that included handball, volleyball, baseball, swimming, running and "one-two-threes" with dumb bells.

FRED JESKE'S joined too," he told me. Fred's WTMJ's good looking strummin' baritone, a Radio pioneer from the Windy City. When Radio was still a smart young kid, Fred was known as "the baritone with the lovin' voice." Fred now sings, announces and dramatizes at WTMJ.

Leaving Russ flat, I set out in search of Myrtle Spangenberg, whose lovely soprano voice is known to fans far and near.

"Exercise?" Myrtle smiled. "Didn't you know? Terese Meyer and I skate . . . almost every day. There's nothing in the world like skating . . . skimming over the ice with the wind in your face . . . and my costume, it's heavenly! Blue suede with a touch of red. Terese wears red. How they do fall for us!" She giggled. "We do plenty of falling ourselves!" (Terese Meyers, folks, is the station's new organist.)

"Hello, folks!" It was Merl Blackburn's booming voice . . . the voice that starts the day right for thousands of ether fans who tune in WTMJ's Morning Parade, the alarm clock of the air.

The striking good looks of this early bird have adorned many an ad. WTMJ's pretty stenos say he's "simply gorgeous!"

"A-ha!" Merl ejaculated to my eager query. "My answer is simple. Early to bed and early to rise . . . that keeps me salubrious, opulent and sagacious!"

Bill Benning was my next victim. Musical director of WTMJ is his imposing title, and he is one of the outstanding musical figures of Wisconsin, having conducted leading orchestras for more than twenty-five years.

"Physically fit?" Bill laughed. "I swing a baton and a driver for exercise, young lady," and he launched into an enthusiastic description of his indoor golf lessons that will send him out on the fairway this spring ready to sock that little white pill wickedly. Some sports, all of them.



Latest sports model, manned by three KFRC stars. Driver, Juanita Tennyson, soprano. Back-Seaters, Eleanor Allen and Margaret O'Dea.



Don E. Gilman, vice-president in charge of Pacific Division, NBC, recently voted one of California's twelve greatest men, confers with Riuji Nakayama, of the Broadcasting Corp. of Japan, on recent visit.



Paul R. Heitmeyer, who not only owns KIJ in Walla Walla, Wash., but also operates it and announces as well. He's a pioneer in western Radio.

Ruth Gordon Shovic, member of the unique KFBB, Great Falls, Mont., concert orchestra—all one family—Dr. and Mrs. Gordon and four children.



Far West News-Bits

By DR. RALPH L. POWER

THE twelve greatest Californians have been chosen, and Radio has its representative among the elect—Don E. Gilman, vice-president in charge of the Pacific Division of NBC. Twelve California newspapers and the presidents of twelve California colleges were the jury, which chose him for his "leadership in presenting the highest type of Radio broadcast to further the prestige of California as a Radio program source." Herbert Hoover is another member of the Honor Roll of twelve.

* * *

PAUL R. HEITMEYER, one-time Radio editor for The Oregonian, more recently manager of KGW, has renounced a life of relative peace and calm. Early this year he set out to conquer new Radio fields by owning the new KIJ at Walla Walla, Wash.

Paul R. (whose picture appears on this page) was operator for KGW shortly after it went on the air. As the years rolled rapidly onward, he took up the duties of Radio editor, then some production work for the studio, selling time on the station and finally . . . when station managing became more of a job for a business executive rather than a music director . . . young Heitmeyer was given the post. But the Heitmeyer onward march could not be stopped. He had a yearning to get into business for himself, bought KIJ's newly constructed transmitter at Longview, secured authority from the Commission to move to Walla Walla late in December and now his post office address is there.

* * *

NEWEST recruit to the ranks of KTAB dramatics is little Peggy Jensen who plays the role of "Peggy" in Sam Dickson's bi-weekly comic strip: Educating Wuzzy. Peggy looks just like her name

implies; snapping black eyes, an irresistibly happy smile, black unruly hair, and a figure built for College-bred sports clothes. She is a Girl's High School alumnus and, crashing into the Radio world from school, finds life an exciting proposition.

* * *

Bill Ray, KGER's manager, sent out his Valentine cards this year with sundry miscellaneous verses of his own. Best shot . . . "Blondes may come, and blondes may go. But they all sound alike on the Radio."

* * *

THE Rose City Beavers of KOIN, a snappy aggregation, nimbly skips up and down the scale of syncopation when Frank Trevor shakes a tantalizing baton before them. When Frank was a mere youth, down N'Orleans way, the romance and glamour of show boats was too much for his unsophisticated being so he up and joined one of the floating show palaces. Six seasons in all did he float up and down the father of waters; then he did a country-wide tour with a circus band . . . doubling up in various jobs, too . . . such as malleting down tent pins, riding elephants in the parade and other such tasks. Since 1928 he has been with the Portland station.

* * *

KARENA SHIELDS, petite blonde Radio drama enthusiast, is doing the KTM drama bits these days with a changing cast of characters ranging in number from three to a dozen or more. About a year ago KPO fans heard her voice from the north. Her husband, Frederick, one-time of a Kansas City Radio station, is now program manager for KTM in Los Angeles.



Three dramatic players of WXYZ in Detroit get together to read script . . . Helen Wright, Peggy Fenn, and James Jewell, Dramatic Director. Their biggest thrill comes in presenting plays of the "It Actually Happened" series.



A Radio wedding at KROW. Bride was Harriet Pool Branham of the staff, attended by Beth Chase, Blues singer. Glenn Branham was the happy bridegroom.

PAULA CHARTE, now lyric soprano for the United west coast Radio chain, had the right start in life for a Radio career. She was born in New Orleans, studied four years with Herbert Witherspoon, vocal teacher, and has done a little concert work for which the soft, delicate tones of her voice particularly fit her.

* * *

CHARLES FREDERICK LINDSLEY, professor of speech education at Occidental College, Los Angeles, the past six years, is now on the second year of his "Interpretations of Literature" from KHJ. These take the form of a wide range of prose, poetry and drama. Tall, thinning black hair, scholarly-looking, and bespectacled, Professor Lindsley has made a name for himself in the southwest through his musical readings . . . "The Chariot Race" from *Ben Hur*; *Courtship of Miles Standish* and scores of others.

* * *

IT SEEMS as though Mac's Cow Hollow Symphony (KFRC) comes from six states, but has only one native Californian—Al Capello, accordionist. White Woodall comes from Oklahoma (quarter Cherokee); Jerry Richards hails from Louisiana; Cecil Wright from Arkansas; Harry MacClintock (Mac) from Tennessee; Ace Wright from Wyoming.

* * *

THE spring catalog for Continental Broadcasting Corporation comes out in new raiment in green color formation and shaped like a microphone. Most outstanding talent in the aggregation . . . Deacon Brown (Billy Evans) and his Peacemakers . . . using *Lonesome Road* as the theme song.

* * *

KGER is faced with the dire situation of having only one solitary surviving tenor. It seems as though Eddie Marble, tenor, packed up bag and baggage and moved to KDYL, Salt Lake. Penry Selby, another staff tenor, made up his mind to be

a church singer, and moved away to study. This leaves young John Page as the station's only remaining tenor, whereas four months ago there were six on the staff at one time. Young Page, recently out of Manual Arts high school in Los Angeles, is lithe and agile, handsome in a movie type manner, a good dresser, six feet three inches tall and glossy black hair.

* * *

JACK PLUMELET, KYA announcer, followed the sea for more than five years before he finally hankered for dry land. At 19 he was appointed to the New York nautical school's training ship, the U. S. S. Newport. Upon graduation he was given a third mate's rating by the department of commerce, and followed the sea on merchant ships for nearly six years. Now he has been in coast Radio circles for three years . . . first in the bay district; then at Los Angeles (KFI, KMTR); and finally back to San Francisco in June of a year ago to be with the KYA announcing staff.

In Detroit Studios

BY B. G. CLARE

IT IS hard to refrain from calling Leo Fitzpatrick as "The Merry Old Chief." The present general manager of WJR bore this title when he led the Kansas City Nighthawks at their after-midnight revels years ago. Fitzpatrick is now one of the regular railroad commuters between New York and Detroit, on various activities connected with the management of his large station. He is an "air commuter" also, flying between Detroit and Cleveland, for his new enterprise there, Station WGAR.

* * *

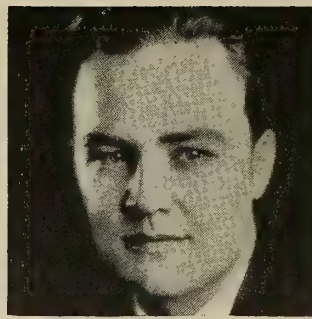
OLIVE SHARMAN is featured continuity writer with WJR. Her Radio career started when WJR shared a wavelength with WCX. This background of Radio experience is augmented by several years' newspaper and advertising work.



Wistful Dorothy Irvine of the dark curly locks does children's recitations and pianologues for KGA up in the northwest country at Spokane, Wash.

WJR in Detroit abounds in Radio personalities—one of whom is Jack Douglas, the big six-footer who is known to listeners as the "Old Night Watchman."





A cross section of announcers of the Western World. Left to right, G. Walter Vogt, early morning announcer at KFAB, Lincoln. France Laux, KMOX sportscaster. Ray Winters, of KHJ in Los Angeles. Jerry Goetz, CJOC (Lethbridge, Canada) manager.

“Your Announcer Is—”

WHAT thrills being an announcer must bring—if that weren't the case, why would the calling attract so many men who have known the thrill of adventure, who have had colorful careers? Take the eight good-looking representatives here, who have posts as widely scattered as far-north Alberta, to southerly Macon. In their ranks is a descendant of the Russian royal family, a real broncho-busting cowboy, an actor, an ex-aviator!

The “royal” announcer is John Kuropatkin Chapel of KQV. His mother was a princess of the royal family of Russia, who is now married to a Pennsylvania steel man. Soldiering and writing have claimed him—he went to West Point and then deserted by resignation, to the Uni-

versity of Virginia Journalism Course. After a try in the army, he favored WBZ with the use of his four-lingual voice, then WORC, WLEX, and WCAH, but now he says his ramblings are over and he'll stay in Pittsburgh at KQV.

Then there is G. (is it perhaps Georgie?) Walter Vogt of KFAB in Lincoln, Nebraska. He's only twenty, but has been at it for a year, getting up at 5.00 A. M. for the eye-opener programs (which makes sleeping a hobby of his). He attends the University of Nebraska, and would rather talk than dance.

France Laux, crack sports announcer at KMOX, is the ex-aviator. Ran away from high school to join the 259th Aerial Pursuit Squadron, and went to France. Came back and worked up from sports referee at broadcast games to announcer.

He joined KMOX two years ago, is married and has two children.

Ray Winters, of KHJ, in Los Angeles, was going to be a farmer, but turned to Hollywood instead and finally to Radio . . . Frank Hoggard has the important post of Advertising Manager way down south at WMAZ in Macon, despite his scant twenty-four years, but spends much of his time at the mike.

Roger Krupp of KSTP is the ex-cowboy. The son of a cattle-ranch owner, he acquired a wanderlust which took him to a newspaper as a sports writer, to iron mines in Minnesota, to the water meets as a speed swimmer, and to New York as an artist and advertising writer. Now he's back in St. Paul, where he spends his non-announcing hours in his own studio. The “Original Abie” of *Abie's Irish Rose* . . . that's Hal Shubert, studio manager of KOIL, who played for five years in Anne Nichols' play. Then he managed a Denver stock company, and finally turned his way back home to Council Bluffs.

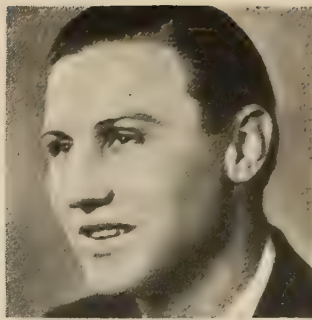
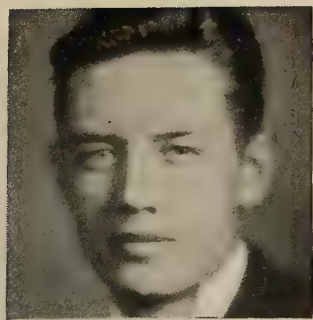


They play at cross-purposes but in perfect harmony . . . Dottie Sherman and Monica Leonard (left) . . . the popular piano duo of WGY in Schenectady, N. Y. Only use one piano . . . but it's grand! Below—The Wandering Poet, WPG's actor-author. This is the first published picture of him.



A Scoop! First Published Photo of WPG Celebrity

THE Wandering Poet of WPG is an alluring figure, and an appealing one, for he draws the prize mail bag at the Atlantic City station. RADIO DIGEST publishes the first photo of the actor-author ever to appear in the press, but his name and marital status still remain shrouded in mystery. His tri-weekly “Bundle of Dreams” broadcast presents sentimental and dramatic readings with a soft string ensemble playing appropriate accompaniment.



More announcers: Left to right, Roger Krupp, ex-cowboy of KSTP, St. Paul. Hal Shubert, ex-actor of KOIL, Council Bluffs, Iowa. Frank Hoggard, of WMAZ, Macon, Ga. John Kuropatkin Chapel, "Royal" announcer of KGV in Pittsburgh.

Gossip of The East

TO START with N'England . . . it seems that Mike Hanapi, boss of WTIC'S Ilima Islanders, was only fifteen years old when he left Hawaii and leis. He joined a circus, met some Indians whom he liked and stayed with them, masquerading as "Chief Hailstone." One day he met a brother Hawaiian doing the same stunt with some Sioux Indians. They joined hands, went into vaudeville as a duo which became the nucleus of the famous Radio ukensembles, now in Hartford.

Fred Hoey, Boston sports announcer, is back at the mike this month, after running an indoor miniature golf course all winter . . . Leo Reisman's Orchestra functions from the Bradford Hotel in Boston via Station WEIL. He has an organ at his disposal, installed when the Elks' Lodge owned the hotel . . .

* * *

DOWN in the big metropolis . . . feminine visitors to the new

theatre-studio of WMCA are thrilled to see that their favorite announcer, "Aleck" is over six feet tall and as good-looking as he sounds. Known formally as A. L. Alexander, he draws down a heavy mail-bag . . . The Three Virginians (whose picture appears here) are a trio of roving sisters. They are ex-vaudevillites and appear on Sundays and Mondays at WBBC, and other days at WMCA, WGBS and WPCH.

Mary Zoller of Iliion, N. Y., is a newcomer to WIBX, Utica. She plays piano, croons, xylophones marimbates, accordions and plays the organ. In other words she's a whole orchestra in her own right . . . WLBW, the Columbia station in Oil City, Pa., points with pride to two newcomers, Peggy Barton, "Shopper" and Dr. William Ashbaugh sports reviewer.

The Virginians in their pretty costumes are Mildred Pianist, Marguerite Violinist and Bernice Cellist Arnold, of the Boro Radio Service and other WBBC, New York programs. Below—Mildred Godfrey Hall, staff harpist of WTIC, who has played here and abroad in many cities.



Jean Scull, pretty society deb who sings at WPEN, Philadelphia on the Amoco hour and other programs, and conducts a Radio gossip colyum in the Philly Record. She made her Radio debut with WCAU, but later became a staff member at WPEN, the "Mystery Announcer" station, where she appears daily.



BALTIMORE is the birthplace of Mabel Garrison, celebrated concert and opera star, hence it was fitting that her Radio debut occurred at WBAL. She is appearing exclusively on the Tuesday night McCormick programs from that station. For eight years Miss Garrison was with the Metropolitan Opera Company. In private life she is the wife of George Siemmon, conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra . . . Jack Dempsey paid a visit to WFBR studios in Baltimore recently to reminisce with Announcer Don Hix, who was assistant director when Jack was making movies.

The Roanoke Entertainers of WDBJ left Virginny for a visit to New York and broadcast from CBS headquarters. Their novel "barn dance" tunes brought them many congrats.

Moving Day in CHICAGO

By BETTY MCGEE



Above—June Meredith, pretty leading lady and Charles Hughes, genial "First Nighter" of the NBC sketch of that name.

Left—It's moving day for Quin Ryan, WGN announcer, to new quarters with his bride, who was Roberta Nangle, newspaper woman.

An honest-to-goodness peanut roaster was dug up for Russell Neff, popular WTAM tenor, when he sang *The Peanut Vender*. Studioites ate nuts hot off the whistler.



MOVING day—in the Chicago studios—arrived a month or two in advance of the traditional May 1st this year. Not properties, but people. . . . The most breath-taking change of all was when NBC moved in on the WENR wave length. The chain bought out the local, lock, stock and barrel, and took over a good many of the favorite stars and programs. As, for instance, Weener Minstrel Show with Gene Arnold, Frank Westphal, and Al and Pete and the rest of its talent. Others still in the old spot are . . . the Edison Symphony with Morgan L. Eastman . . . Jim and Bob, the Hawaiians . . . Sally Menkes (what would the staff do without her accompaniment!) . . . Chuck, Ray and Gene, who do some NBC comics on WLS, as well as on WENR.

Migrations included the Smith family to WMAQ (with a few changes in the personnel) . . . Edwin Delbridge, tenor, also to WMAQ . . . WBBM claimed Mike and Herman and their dialectics . . . while WMAQ signed up the singing team, Marian and Jim . . . Paul McCluer's Sunday morning Sunshine Hour is at KYW now, but Paul joins the NBC Sales Department.

Irma Glen, staff beauty, organist and Air Juniorite, went chain before the big surprise, but now returns to WENR . . . Everett Mitchell, announcer . . . Gale Swift, Musical Director . . . Edwin Boroff, Chicago pioneer . . . Mrs. Anna Peterson, Home Economist . . . they're all still doing business on the old stand.

"Little Joe" Warner is still going strong at WENR. More formally, he is J. B. Warner of Beverly Hills, a South Side suburb, where he lives in a bungalow with his wife and several children. He was born in Chicago and has lived in it all his life. Baseball, football and books come next to his family among "Little Joe's" interests.

* * *

SPEAKING of old favorites—Pat Barnes is back at WGN midst much rejoicing in the camp of Barnes' admirers (and their name is legion). For the benefit of those who haven't discovered it, Pat is heard in his sketch "Jimmy and Maw" each

morning except Friday and Saturday. . . . Another old Chicago favorite who has drifted back to town is Bobby Griffin, the same Bobby with the same nice smile and smiling voice, who gained popularity years ago on the Nutty Club programs over WBBM with Guy Lombardo and Charlie Garland. Since those good old days, however, the wide open spaces have beckoned and Bobby has found himself at KVOO in Tulsa, down in Gainesville, Florida, where he opened a station operated by the University of Florida, and then in Des Moines. And now he's announcing at KYW.

Faces have been changing at the last-named Chicago station. Maurie Wetzel, whose name was almost synonymous with that of KYW, is there no more. Jules Herbeveaux and his band are now spending most of their time over in the NBC studios, while Rex Maupin and his "Aces of the Air" are now an important part of KYW broadcasts. Harold Bean's is another of the new faces—although a familiar one at WBBM, where he managed to keep busy singing with Leon Bloom's band, announcing and writing continuities when time hung heavy on his hands. He is the new "Voice of State Street" and is one of the "Tune Peddlers" with Freddie Rose on afternoon programs, having taken Elmo Tanner's place since Elmo joined Ted Weems.

Personality Bits from CLEVELAND

By MARVELL LENOIR



Above—"Curly" and "Charlie" piled up barrels of fan telegrams at KSTP recently.

Right—Harry and Joe, popular WJAY funsters.



Two Chicagoans in the quartette (left). Top, Jack Doty, featured in NBC "First Nighters," and Bobby Brown, WBBM program boss and announcer.



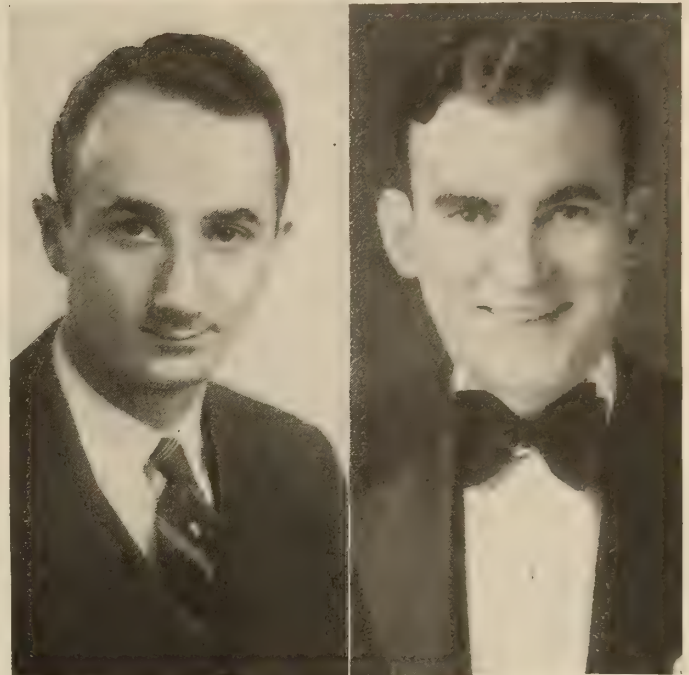
Bottom, two Clevelanders. Fred Ripley, assistant manager of WGAR, and Stanleigh Davis, who wields a musical saw at WHK when he isn't smoking a pipe.

Harold attended the University of Illinois, where he majored in mathematics and coeds, taking a Bachelor's Degree in science which possibly accounts for the fact that he is not married. . . . Another new comer to KYW is Bernice Yanacek—pianist and—a redhead! . . .

* * *

THE people who produce the Little Theatre plays have interesting "dramatic" backgrounds. June Meredith, who is the leading lady in the "First Nighter" productions, an NBC feature, is from the legitimate stage, and Jack Doty, featured on the air with Miss Meredith, was also drafted from Broadway where he was a popular leading man for several seasons with Jane Cowl.

The author of these plays is a blond, winsome little miss, Miss Catherine Abels by name, no mean actress in her own right. She was graduated from the Department of Dramatics of the University of Wisconsin. And just a word about Charles P. Hughes, the producer. Mr. Hughes has been doing clever Radio production work, principally over WIBO, for some time, but has recently come from behind the scenes to assume the Radio personality of the genial "First Nighter."



ABOUT that happy pair of funsters, Joe and Harry of WJAY . . . Off the air Joe O'Toole is as Irish as his name. His blue eyes, curly hair, and Irish ways make him as popular as any bit o' green ever made a body yet. Harry Royale is taller, darker, and more dignified but even he packs plenty of smiles and spreads them around generously.

The boys began their work together in that casual way so common to Radio Folk. You know—one man is rehearsing in a studio, when another strolls in, heaves a sigh that plainly says, "I want to rehearse in this studio, must you always be under-foot?" "A" looks disgusted, but doggedly keeps thumping away, and to show how nonchalant "B" feels he begins singing a late popular song. "A" stands impatiently tapping his foot on the rug, which "B" doesn't hear at all. Finally liking the tune and forgetting his grievance in true temperamental style, "A" begins the second chorus and sings it with "B". "B" looks at "A" and "A" looks at "B", then they both grin broadly, friends again.

They make up and shake on it, outline a program, hunt up the powers that be and beg an audition. Granted and they click and there they are. That's how Joe and Harry met and clicked and still continue to click for sixty minutes every day.

* * *

FRED RIPLEY, one of Cleveland's premier Radio men and a newspaper man of note, is now assistant manager of Cleveland's youngest Radio station, WGAR. (His picture appears here.) He is tall and dark, with a deep, resonant bass voice that fits him perfectly. He first sang bass solos over Cleveland's pioneer station WHK. And later created the very popular character of Black Bill, singing more bass solos in dialect over WTAM. Several times Mr. Ripley has left Radio to devote his entire time to newspaper work, but the lure of the "mike" has been too much for him and each time he comes back.

Mr. Ripley gives special attention to auditions and despite his many other duties insists on hearing them all himself. Every Sunday afternoon he gives his audiences a treat with two new voices never before heard over the air.

STATIONS! — ANNOUNCE CALL LETTERS MORE FREQUENTLY

RECENTLY I waited nearly an hour for the station announcement from WTAM, Cleveland, and then just when they got ready to unburden themselves of the much-wanted information, the soda mixer in the drug store just below my home started and I missed it.—Charles E. Woodhull, 1535 Broadway, Detroit, Mich.

SUPPOSE you suggest that each broadcasting station never fail to give its call letters at the beginning or close of each number. Thousands of listeners are disappointed when it is not given. Some stations announce after every number, regardless of the intermitting time and get maximum advertising for the station and city.—R. G. Banta, 30th S.S., and W. Holly, Seattle, Wash.

HAVE WOMEN MORE BRAINS THAN MEN?

YOUR magazine is charming, although sometimes rather exasperating when my favorites are not mentioned. Three cheers for the One and Only Georgia Backus of Columbia, and the talented Minnie Blauman, of the same station. Neither of these brilliant artists has an equal in her line.

Also, it is not always the person who appears at the mike who is the best, as witness the case of Minnie Blauman. She is Professor Exzema Succotash in the *Nit Wits*, but that isn't all. She is also an arranger and director for the Columbia Chain, and is the only woman in Radio who does her type of work. Truly, a glimpse into the CBS will show that it isn't always the men who have the brains. May I ask for a picture and write-up on these stars? (See *March for story about Nit Wits with pictures of these two artists—Editor*)—Julie Gerard, Manchester, N. H.

FROM AN AMERICAN IN GUATEMALA

I HAVE a wonderful small Radio, but it is marvelously clear. I have just heard my 117th station—my range includes San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Denver, Chicago, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal, and many, many southern stations.—Jessie D. Eltringham, Apartado de Correo 330, Guatemala City, C. A.

THIS FAN INSISTS ON KNOWING WHY PROGRAMS ARE DROPPED

A FEW Sundays ago I tuned in a certain station which carried a very interesting Columbia feature, fully expecting to hear it. To my surprise another program was presented in its place, without any explanations or apologies. May I suggest that it would be a good policy, when discontinuing or substituting a program, to explain to the listener the cause. This, at least, is due to the person who expects to hear his favorite program.—George W. Shepard, Marion, Kans.

OH, WHERE AND OH, WHERE IS JACK SHARPE?

WE MISS the friendly voice of Jack Sharpe from KFDM as much as the beautiful sunshine is missed from the skies on a rainy day in the winter time. I sincerely hope Jack will soon return to some station where we can hear him again—I hear hundreds of fine Radio artists that I admire but none whom I think can equal my old favorite.—Ida Cross Farrow, Elizabeth, La.

QUICK, WATSON, FIND JIMMY GREEN

THERE was something in your February edition that rubbed my fur at just the right angle. It was the letter concerning Jimmy Green and his Orchestra. He has a

Voice of the

couple of boys in his band that make others sound like combination hog callers and fog horns when it comes to singing. And when Jimmy announces he talks like you are his best friend. He has left Albany now and I can't find him—I feel like I have lost my left arm. If you know where he is, please let me know (*His former Radio connections write us that they do not know his present whereabouts—Editor*) — P. H. Kelly, Jr., Box 128, Montgomery, W. Va.

TAKE A HALF HOUR OFF TO READ THIS ONE—IT'S WORTH IT

HERE'S a coupla dots and dashes—on an epic: Friday night, January 30th, California Fruit Grower CBS System—coming from local WCCO—This is the California hour—followed a rumble and noise, then—“a wire broke, folks, but we now continue”—. Silence again for a fraction of a minute, then—“this is a WEEKLY FEATURE over this system.”

Irma Glynn, WENR, has grown about 1000% in my estimation since I first heard her. Her pre-supper broadcasts for the tots interest me immensely. DARN GOOD! WOS brings us very nice “old-time” fiddling, etc., every so often. Makes you want to stay right with 'em.

Call the Engineer on this one: Why do some stations fade as regularly as clockwork, regardless of their power, while others with small power hew right to the line hour after hour? WHY IS IT?

After tuning all but five of the broadcast channels during the past week, I find that Call Letters are sounded less frequently by small stations than by high power ones. Yet the small stations are usually crowded on local channels, and when you tune one of these clearly you'd like to know who's what, but dern them lo-watters! They'll play, talk, yell, jazz, announce things time after time and let you sit there trying to guess! Must be afraid someone'll steal the letters away if they shoot 'em into the ozone.

With greatly improved transmitter and additional remote controls, WHBY, De Pere, Wis., is a comer. Give 'em a boost some time soon.

Smokey Joe and Teetain on WWL Tuesday and Sunday night programs are still my favorites! Smokey (Ralph Nogues) has represented 22 characters which I heard since last October. And they are not done with 'em yet. They are genuine “Ambassadors of the Air”, for they can handle any situation in true O. Henry style, with a pinch of the serious here, a bit of the comedy there, and a surprise ending always. Guess this is enough for this annual letter.—Art J. Hantschel, 226 E. Fremont St., Appleton, Wis.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

I AM mailing the back numbers of the RADIO DIGEST mentioned in our correspondence, directly to Mr. Anderson, director of the New York Library.

If they will serve a purpose to a larger number of people, then I shall feel my sacrifice is not in vain. I really treasure these old copies, but I am also looking forward with pleasure to receiving some of the recent issues.—Mrs. J. F. Foster, 4824 Elm Avenue, Hammond, Ind.

(Mrs. Foster generously responded to a plea from the director of the New York Library for back copies of RADIO DIGEST. We wish to add our thanks to those of Mr. Anderson—Editor.)

LETTERS TO THE AUTHOR OF “NIGHT CLUBS”

CONGRATULATIONS to you on publishing and Rudy Vallee on writing his article on “Night Clubs”. It is one of the best and most comprehensive articles on this timely subject that one could find. One can wish for such a person only the best of luck. And the same wish goes for your magazine.—H. J. Crawford, Hotel New Yorker, New York.

DON'T SAY THE NAUGHTY WORD!

JUST received the notice of the expiration of my subscription to RADIO DIGEST and the usual sales argument as to why I should renew the contract. You may recall that I have never of my own free will, ever stated that I desired that you send to me the RADIO DIGEST. This act was forced upon me by the purchase you made of the magazine Radio Broadcast, of which I have been a regular subscriber for many years.

What in h—I you think I can possibly see in your publication is more than I can imagine. The other magazine was full of technical data about circuits, power supplies, data sheets, etc. Your magazine is full of “junk” (as far as I am concerned) about the physique of Rudy Vallee, the mustache of Norman Brokenshire, and the voice of Lizzie Twitch.

I, for one, can positively state that you may never expect to include me as a subscriber of this publication, as long as it is of the type that I have received in finishing out my year on the original magazine.—Charles L. Pattee, 36 Raymond Ave., Salem, Mass.

WE BASK IN FLORIDA SUNSHINE

JUST the other day found your magazine in the library, so went up town at once and got the February issue. I must say I'm afraid the house suffered until I had read it through.

I am too deaf to enjoy the talkies, and I prefer to be alone as much as possible, so the Radio is my hobby. Hardly ever turn it off before midnight as I dread the darkness and can't sleep yet. And I turn it on every morning at 6:30 to get WLW, so you see how I use it. Our little station WRUF at Gainesville is very good considering its size, and they have some very good talent among the studio staff.

This is for the lady who objected to “recipe programs” and said those who haven't a cook in these days eat out. Well, maybe she is jealous of we folks who still love to cook and love our folks well enough to want to learn new foods and new ways of preparing them. I want to express my feelings about people being unfair, because if we all thought alike this world wouldn't be a very interesting place to live in, would it? —Mrs. Rosamond C. Andrews, 212 S. 14th St., Palatka, Fla.

Listener

IT'S INITIATION NIGHT AT THE OLD V. O. L. LODGE

I HOPE by this letter to become a member of the V.O.L. Club.

One of the best programs on the air in New York City is the Radio Scandals Hour over WHN each Wednesday night. Its informality and—of course—its entertainment value, make it good. There are only four artists that appear regularly on this broadcast; the others are picked from night clubs, the stage and the newspaper field. None of the artists rehearses with the others. He may practice his singing, but the ensemble doesn't appear before the hour on which the program appears. Nick Kenny, the master of ceremonies, introduces the artists if they wish, but none know who will be the next one to be called up to the mike. Many laughs result from this, and the general good humor of the program is something worth listening to.—Walter B. Davis, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HAVE been a RADIO DIGEST reader a long time. Please put me down as a member of the V.O.L. club.—My favorite stations are WBEM and WJR.—Joseph E. Miller, 44 Gould Avenue, Denen, N. Y.

WINTER POEM

To-night, I am not at a movie show,
I sit by a wood fire's cheery glow
Oh! what care I for sleet and snow
As long as I have my Radio.
—Mrs. Winifred Coplien,
Brodhead, Wisconsin.

YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT "WHO'S WHO" IN BROADCASTING

WE WOULD like to see the feature, "Who's Who In Broadcasting," in your magazine again. It was very interesting and it seems as if there was more information for the amount of space used than in any other feature. (A new version of "Who's Who" will be issued for RADIO DIGEST readers within the very near future—Editor.) We wish to congratulate you on the improvement in your magazine. When we receive this month's issue it will complete a year of R.D.'s. The first ones were very interesting but the better quality of paper you are using now makes a great improvement in the pictures and also makes it easier for the eyes while reading them.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jennings, 628 N. State St., Caro, Mich.

THEY'RE WAITING PATIENTLY FOR FLOYD GIBBONS' RETURN

IN YOUR December issue of the RADIO DIGEST you predicted the return of Floyd Gibbons. Many of us have been waiting patiently for his return. How much longer must we wait?—From a group of boys who admire a real he-man, Litchfield, Conn.

I AM writing this for a group of Radio listeners. We all admire Floyd Gibbons so much and were so disappointed when he discontinued his nightly chats. Lowell Thomas is good but can never take the place of Floyd Gibbons.—Mrs. E. J. Dobson, 35 West End Avenue, New Britain, Conn.

YOUR magazine is splendid—I enjoy every bit of it. I do so miss Floyd Gibbons—his nightly broadcasts were an inspiration. The whole world seemed a more cheerful place to live in after he had finished—not so with Lowell Thomas. He is like a continual funeral, for his jokes fall flat. And *Literary Digest* suggests a map to follow him to places of interest. Oh me! what with grasshoppers, ash cans, and the moon coming up over the cow shed, and last but not least, petticoats and laces—he makes the trips pleasant indeed.

Please bring us back our he-man Floyd Gibbons on a nightly broadcast and we will be forever grateful. By the way, Mr. Editor, you did predict his return—we are still waiting. Please tell us when. (Mr. Editor says: Listen to Floyd on Saturdays on the General Electric Hour and Sundays on the "World Adventures" program—and be patient a while longer)—A Group of Radio fans, Shreveport, La.

AN EARLY BIRD CATCHES—A WORD OF PRAISE

VINCENT SOREY and his violin, with the dawn of every new day, are in perfect harmony. The Soul of Sorey links Columbia's network from coast to coast—forming a rosary of musical hours. Men may work from sun to sun—but Sorey's music vibrates perpetually.—M. V. Loscalzo, 22 Nassau Drive, Great Neck, L. I.

WHAT THEY LIKE—AND DON'T LIKE!

THE DIGEST used to be a good Radio magazine. You will note I say "Radio" magazine. However, since you begin including fiction stories and articles not relative to Radio, it has become just another magazine to me. (No fiction has been run since last December—Editor.) On receiving the January issue I see more of what I would like to see and less of what I wouldn't. Nevertheless, with all my complaining, I still enjoy the old DIGEST, but would like it to contain more pictures and short articles on people and organizations whom we, on the receiving end, know only as voices.—D. Egan Jamieson, Smith Falls, Ont.

MY YOUNG brother glanced through your November issue and exclaimed, "Holy cow! First thing you know they'll be having articles on crocheted doilies, hooked rugs, advice to the lovelorn. Oh my dear! which is the correct fork to use to tune in WJZ?"

I defended you loyally. But then the very next month you had the hooked rug article! So please go light on cooking recipes, beauty hints, interior decorating, fashion notes. Give us more intimate stories and pictures of the entertainers.

Now for a lot of praise. I always admire your covers, your editorials, Marcella, Scientific Progress, V.O.L., Parade of the Stations, your expose of racketeers, your roto-gravure section, Radiographs.

The articles by Doty Hobart, Evans E. Plummer and Alma Sioux Scarberry cannot be beat!—Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.

THOSE ORCHESTRAS AGAIN

ADMIRERS of the famous dance-music dispensers are never lukewarm. For several months an interesting controversy has been raging in these columns over the merits of the various orchestras. Here's another installment—V.O.L. Editor.

"THE OLD MAESTRO—BEN BERNIE"

I THINK honest differences of opinion are permissible and really instructive, but they can be expressed without becoming abusive. My opinion on the situation (if it is worth anything) is that each of the leading orchestras of the day is really good, but if I had to express a choice, it would be Ben Bernie, "The Old Maestro."—Wallace E. Johnson, Mobile, Ala. . . . Have you heard Ben Bernie play *The Kings Horses*—if you haven't, you have missed something. I want to buy a horse every time I hear it.—S. D. Haynes, Montgomery, W. Va.

VARI-PARTISAN

THE FOLLOWING is my list of the leading dance orchestras in the country—Paul Whiteman, Coon-Sanders, Guy Lombardo, Phil Spitalny, Ted Weems, Jan Gerber, Henry Busse, Wayne King, George Olsen and Duke Ellington—David Smith, 40 Second St., Sharpsville, Pa. . . . Being an ardent DIGEST follower, I want to join the chorus. My list would include Paul Tremaine, Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Leo Reisman, Guy Lombardo, Phil Spitalny, Wayne King, Coon-Sanders, B. A. Rolfe and Kay Kizer—Rudolph Anderson, Ludington, Mich. . . . Throw a few votes to Blue Steel. Can anyone fail to be thrilled by his pleasant, "Little Boy Blue talking to you?"—Frank E. Howell, Lynch, Neb.

COON-SANDERS

WOULD like to inform all interested that they can join the Coon-Sanders Fan Club by writing me at this address.—Sylvia R. Slavik, 4723 W. Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. . . . Have any of the others the solid reputation of Coon-Sanders? Have they played for nearly as long a time? Coon and Sanders are the two greatest singers in jazz today, the two greatest dance orchestra personalities.—J. F. Finarty, Jr., The Dower House, McLean, Va.

THE LOMBARDOS

THE soothing manner in which the Royal Canadians play their slow tempo music, makes Guy Lombardo's band the most popular on the air to me—George H. Etheridge, Crossett, Ark. . . . They are inimitable and cannot be equaled.—Loraine Brunner, 2964 N. 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

RUDY VALLEE

I KNOW many of Rudy's admirers would like to join a club formed in his honor. I should like to take this opportunity of inviting all Rudy's friends to join us.—Dorothy Yosnow, Rudy Vallee Rooters, 386 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . This isn't a "silly-girl" crush, but I must correct some recent false statements. Rudy is so much better looking than any picture of him, I don't see how anyone can think otherwise.—Virginia Menzel, 461 Sackett Ave., Monroeville, Mich. . . . After all, Rudy writes for this magazine and if he reads all the letters slamming him, how do you think he feels?—Agatha Filippelli, Long Beach, N. Y. . . . When he sings, he sings for the love of singing—that is part of his make-up—"Duke", Lincoln St., Evanston, Ill. . . . Because I prefer his music does not mean that I cannot enjoy any other program. I listen in on a host of others and thoroughly enjoy them.—Mrs. Parker, Salem, Ohio.



TEMPER!

Its Cause and Cure

Outbursts Are Often Distorted Expressions of Beautiful, Native Qualities

By Miriam Finn Scott

Who broadcasts regularly over the NBC

UNDER the stress and strain of the varied responsibilities mothers have to meet during the day as wives, housekeepers and mothers, it is no wonder that the faults of children assume abnormal proportions—they irritate, offend and hurt us to the point of exasperation. Then we feel it our duty to punish them for their faults in order to bring them into a state of good behavior. We rarely stop to look into the cause of these faults. We punish blindly, harshly and often unjustly, instead of checking the child's faults.

With all due consideration for the overtired and exasperated mothers, as well as fathers, I want to state most emphatically that punishment administered in anger and in fury, does *not* help to check the child's faults. Such punishment often only serves as an outlet for the parent's own uncontrolled temper. To help a child correct his faults, we must, first of all, realize that the fault of a child may be only an unpleasant, twisted expression of powers that are beautiful, native; second, we must realize that the faults in our children are often reflections of our own conduct, habits and shortcomings.

The most common fault in children, and perhaps the least understood, is "temper". Parents have been driven to despair by this error in their children, and the children themselves have inflicted immeasurable misery on others because of it and have had their own usefulness crippled.

Ugly and painful as temper ordinarily is, the qualities which are behind it, if understood, controlled and directed wisely, are capable of contributing to the child's finest development. Behind the temper of a child may be vigorous physical energy, will-power, curiosity, initiative, concentration, imagination, emotional strength.

We must realize that the child who will cry vehemently for the fulfillment of a desire, has an absolute conviction of what he wants; that the child who will go through a violent fit of temper has physical energy, emotional strength, will-power and the power of concentration. The

same child can use his emotional strength in expressing happiness as he can for expressing anger. He can direct these same splendid forces into constructive channels with the proper guidance. It is, therefore, the responsibility of mothers, fathers, teachers—all adults who are responsible for the first years of the child's development—to get hold of this crude, but precious element which manifests itself in temper, and make the greatest possible use of it.

TO PREVENT the development of temper there are two chief points to follow: first, we must begin with the child's earliest days, remove all possible causes of needless irritation. Temper, like every habit, good or bad, may take its start from an insignificant practice, and it becomes an established habit through repetition. Second, we must see to it that from the beginning of a child's life those energies which, when misunderstood and mishandled, result in temper, have opportunities for a free, happy and constructive development through play and occupations.

One chief cause for temper in a child's earliest years is the irregularity of physical habits and the inconsistency of treatment by the parents. The child who has not been given food at regular hours, who has not been encouraged to sit properly at table and to eat his food correctly, will, naturally, be apt to fuss at meal-time, and this will irritate the parents.

To avoid a temper at meal-time and all eating difficulties with your child, it is most important to remember that the child must be seated comfortably, either in his high chair, if he is under two years, with a support for his feet, or at a small table and a little chair that comfortably holds his body. The table could be

painted or covered with oilcloth, which makes it easy to keep it clean; the child's plate, drinking cup, fork and spoon should be attractively placed before him.

Give the food to the child in a quiet room, allowing him to feed himself if he can (it must be remembered that a child gets bored and tired by the monotonous movements of placing food into his mouth). The mother must assist him by feeding him part of the time, with an extra spoon or fork ready for the purpose.

If the child sometimes refuses to eat, remove the food at once. Skipping a meal or two will never hurt your child.

The mother who has been putting her child to bed at a certain hour every day, and who makes it a business to see that the hour is religiously kept, and takes the trouble not to allow any exciting events to happen just before it, will rarely have a struggle or a storm of temper in getting the child to bed. I know a little girl of five who, while her mother was entertaining several friends at tea one afternoon, came in and, to the surprise of one of the guests, said: "Mother, I came to say good night, it's time to go to bed," and kissed her mother and went out.

"How did you ever get Jane to do that?" asked the friend. The mother explained that there had been no difficulty at all; Jane had started that way and had continued the habit.

AS a matter of fact, it is just as easy and convenient in the average household to have a definite time at which the child knows he is to go to bed, as it is to have irregular hours. There are times, I realize, when friends or relatives call and remain for supper and for the evening; the child becomes interested in the visitors and when his bedtime

comes "it is often difficult to get the child to bed without making him unhappy and causing him to rebel. To avoid an outburst of temper at such a time, an experience which is always humiliating, both to the parents and the child, the situation should be handled in one of two ways: either occasionally to make an exception, to deliberately allow the child to enjoy in full the half hour or hour beyond his regular bedtime. A privilege of that sort given a child who is accustomed to going to bed regularly, will be treasured and is apt to stimulate in the child a generous and thoughtful response to a request made by the mother. But these exceptions can be of value only if they are infrequent; otherwise the child will assume that the exception can become the rule.

Another way of handling this situation is to make clear to the child in advance of the visit that you expect friends for dinner, but that you will expect the child to go to bed at the regular time; and in order to make it easier for the child to follow his regular program, it must be remembered that children, like ourselves, find it difficult to give up what seems a new and diverting experience.

YOU can prepare for him a little surprise, an inexpensive game or toy which the child has expressed at some time a desire to have. Fifteen minutes before bedtime you take the child to his room, present him with the surprise and while he is absorbed in his new gift, you can quickly get him ready for bed. With a bit of forethought for the child on special occasions all conflicts will be avoided. I want to make clear that this little surprise for the child is *not* a bribe. It is a *legitimate* new interest for the purpose of diverting the child from an over-exciting and over-stimulating experience of being with adults.

Our own thoughtlessness in small things

is often responsible for the bad tempers of our children before going to bed.

"Johnnie, it is time to go to bed," I heard a mother say to her little boy.

"I don't want to," returned the little boy.

"Johnnie, you must go to bed!" commanded the mother.

"I want to ride my cockhorse just once," whined Johnnie.

"You heard what I said, Johnnie."

"But I want to," Johnnie insisted.

"I say 'no!'"

"But I want to!" exploded Johnnie and stamped his foot.

"Just for one minute, then, Johnnie—only one, remember."

JOHNIE pranced off for his cockhorse. The mother, in the meantime, became interested in something else and fifteen minutes passed instead of the *one* the mother had agreed Johnnie was to have on his cockhorse. By that time Johnnie was playing marbles, and his mother again told him it was time to go to bed. Again a struggle ensued, again the mother yielded, again Johnnie began another game, and it was one full hour before poor, tired Johnnie was finally carried off the scene, screaming, his legs frantically kicking.

"He is very bad, I have the hardest time getting him to go to bed," the worn mother exclaimed to me, with never a thought that her trouble was of her own making.

There is no recipe or formula for curing a temper which has become established, that will fit all children, but there are a few points which apply in *all* cases:

First, we must recognize that punishments, such as scolding, sham-

ing, spanking, have practically no curative effect. A child may yield at the moment through fear or pain, but most likely there is engendered in him a furious resentment which will later burst out in an even more deplorable manner.

Second, in handling a child's temper, the parent must be in perfect control of his own temper. He must be very kind.

Third, the parent should always make clear to the child that the penalty inflicted is the direct result of the child's temper—"I will not get dressed," Mary screamed—"I won't, I won't." "Very well," said her mother quietly, "I will give you ten minutes, if you are not ready we are not going to the circus." Mary was not ready and had an afternoon in which to learn that she herself was responsible for missing a joyous experience.

* * *

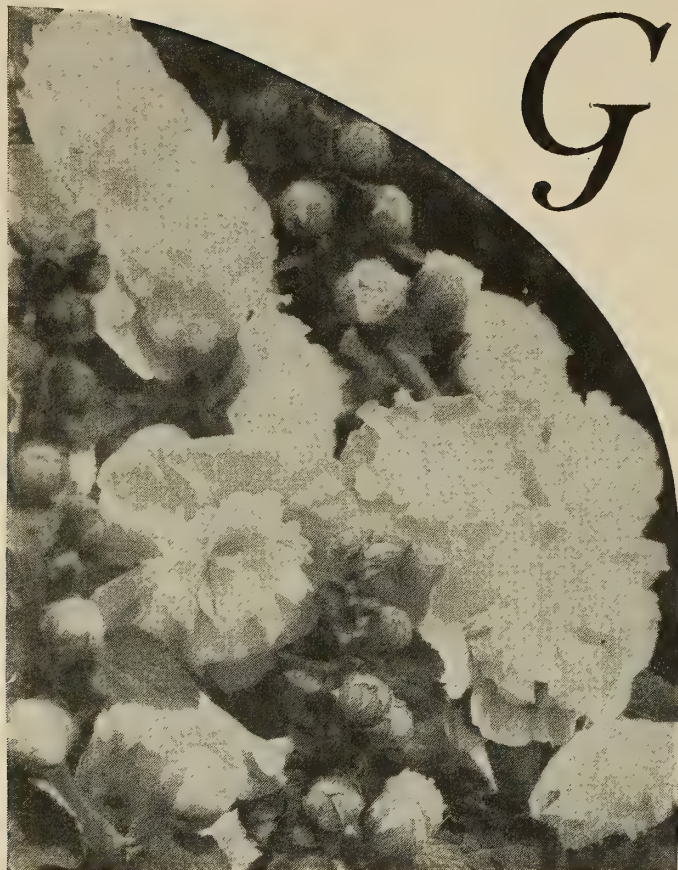
Mrs. Scott will give readers of *RADIO DIGEST* the benefit of her priceless experience. Write to Mrs. Scott, care of *RADIO DIGEST*, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

* * *

Good news for the children! Uncle Evans is out after a great story for you. He is finding out all about these wonderful Uncles and Aunts who come to you with their voices through the air and your Radio. Did you ever stop to think how important these Voices are? Do you know that many and many little boys and girls are alive today only because they listened to a Radio Uncle who warned them to beware of dangerous games and habits? We're hoping Uncle Ev will have it ready for you in your May RADIO DIGEST.—Editor

A nook in Mrs. Scott's "Children's Garden"—a Veritable Paradise offering fascinating toys and objects of delight to children of all ages.





Hollyhock in bud and blossom—lends grace and majesty

Gardening by Radio

*Program on Planting Sets
Shovels, Rakes and Hoes Agog*

By

THE MASTER GARDENER

Every Thursday and Sunday The Master Gardener broadcasts helpful recommendations over the NBC on every phase of gardening. The Vigoro Programs are sponsored by Swift & Co. An interesting handbook on this subject may be obtained by writing to Dr. G. J. Raleigh, in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.—EDITOR.

IF YOU follow the suggestions I have presented here, you will have lawns and gardens this year which will be real blessings in your lives. I believe that everyone's life has been influenced in some way by a garden. It may be the garden that we have today. It may be the garden that we tended so patiently a few years ago—before, perhaps, moving to the city. Or it may be the garden of one's childhood. Somewhere, though, back in your memory there stretches a wide, cool, green lawn, where flowers bloom, and all is very beautiful and reassuring.

Isn't it strange then that so many people build one of the most important parts of their homes without a plan? That is why I should like to emphasize the necessity of *having a plan* before you start to work making your garden. I want to suggest that you let no water roll under the bridge before you begin your plan.

Of course, you may already have a garden, and you may be quite satisfied with it. Yet all of us from year to year see how we can improve some small part of the garden area, at least, with little trouble.

kitchen window and look out at the back yard. Stand at the front window and survey the front yard. Go out into the street and look at your property as a unit. That is think of the house and grounds together as *home* for that's what they really are, you know.

Then when you have a pretty complete picture in your mind of the whole place, proceed, in your imagination, to set out your trees and flowers and shrubs and vines just where you think they would look prettiest.

As a matter of fact, you will have even more success if you will make a rough diagram of the property.

Your property is your home. Every bit of earth in that home offers you an opportunity. You will be happier in that home, and healthier, and friends will admire it more, if you are careful to take advantage of every chance to improve it. Seize the advantage of every square foot of earth and make it beautiful.

Now for the design of your garden. Perhaps you want a formal garden with the plants arranged in such a way that they will have a definite proportion, a balance, symmetry. Obviously, you can't have such formality unless the area that you are landscaping has formal, straight lines, and has sufficient area or, enough land surface.

As a matter of fact, unless the area lends itself to formality, it's better to have an informal garden. Now, I don't mean to say that an informal garden is one that is haphazardly laid out. Just

take a picture by some great artist. It doesn't resemble a leaf in its symmetry. The figures or the objects pictured, are informally arranged, but the picture is artistic and beautiful. Very often the arrangement of plants in an informal garden requires much time and thought.

Now, of course, no matter whether your garden is formal or informal, you must have a lawn! I feel that I can't emphasize too much the advisability of having a lawn that is beautiful—a background for the other features. The grass must be kept green and thickly matted. The roots should go deep into the soil. It should be free of bare spots. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, you want your lawn to be yielding, soft, resistant to the playful feet of children.

KEEP the lawn open. Don't let it present a conglomeration of shapes and colors. By being kept open, it gives the impression of space, largeness, freedom to the home. By all means don't build small flower beds in the lawn. Keep them at the border lines.

Let me say a word or two about walks. I'll agree with you . . . sometimes they do somehow just ruin the looks of a lawn and garden. But here's a suggestion . . . if you make the walk of stepping stones, and let the grass grow up between, you can tone down the harshness of the walk. curving walks are very nice, but too frequently we see a large curve in a short walk, and that looks a bit odd. Just be natural. Don't try to strain for beauty. Keep your lawn and garden simple and natural.

I'm going to risk a bold statement now. Too many of our homes have too many trees. I'm one of the best friends that

the trees of this world have today. I feel toward a tree almost as I do toward a human being. It has character, stability, poise and beauty. Nevertheless, don't try to have *too many* trees. They are necessary to proper landscaping. But if you get too many of them they shade the other plants. People like flowers too, and shrubs and vines. It's a lot better to have two or three trees for a small house, trees properly placed . . . than to have a lot of trees just growing up with no regard for proportion.

Now, a few words about shrubs. Whether your garden area is formal or informal, it will be advisable to enclose it with shrubs. If you desire privacy . . . and most of us do . . . use shrubs of considerable size, and supplement these with smaller shrubs . . . presenting a banked effect. When you put shrubs at the extremities of your property, you give your home an air of expansiveness. Of course, shrubs also screen your service drives and your foundation plantings.

I find that we Americans are not using vines as much as perhaps we should. Now, personally I like vines. I have noticed how charmingly they soften the lines of a house . . . how beautiful they are on trellises . . . and how effectively they hide all those unsightly objects in our home property which cannot be covered by another kind of plant. But I think the main reason why I love vines is that they give an air of permanence, of age, maturity, serenity to the houses where they grow. I have seen men build a new home, and plant alongside the chimney a rapidly growing vine. In a very short time I have seen that new home bearing the air of age . . . looking as if it had gained the wisdom of many years . . . looking as if it were a place where people did a great deal of living.

Here's where we come to a phase of gardening that allows us the most latitude, that gives us the most pleasure. It is the growing of flowers. There are thousands of types of flowers that we can plant in our garden. If I started to discuss the different kinds that you could grow successfully, many pages would be written.

MAY I suggest very seriously that you do not plant your flowers in beds in the lawn, but at the margins. Plant the taller growing varieties at the back and the shorter in front. There are many fine combinations. For instance . . . one of the tall varieties of the snap dragon at the back, and in front of them, light colored Petunia, and, if you wish, Sweet Alyssum in front of the petunias. Or put some California poppies in front of the taller pit Marigolds. Those are just suggestions. I do want to say however, that there are some flowers that are so outstandingly good that they ought to be in every garden . . . for example, the daffodil, tulip, gladiolis, phlox, dahlia, zinnia and chrysanthemum.

And you don't want your garden to be all ablaze with beauty one month, and dying stalks and stems the next. Select the flowers carefully, with the view to having flowers in bloom every day during the growing season.

At the beginning of this article I emphasized the necessity of having plans for a new house before you let the contractor start building your house. I want to say now that if you were having a house built you would want to be sure that it was being made of good materials—materials that would not fall apart and let the roof drop on your heads. Of course you would. Well, then, if you are building a flower garden, you should be just as sure that you were making it out of good materials.

I REFER now not only to seeds, bulbs and plants, but also to the quality of the soil.

And what has that to do with the growth of a garden? Are plants made out of things in the soil? And my answer is that they emphatically are!

I wish I could walk out into your yard with you and take up in my hand a little

heap of soil. If I could I might explain more clearly to you what I mean by what follows.

Suppose you were building a house. You would need lumber, mortar, bricks and other materials. So in the building of a plant, certain materials are absolutely essential.

A plant must have a certain amount of food substances—potash, phosphorus, nitrogen and several other elements. It must have every one of these essentials to sustain life. These are as vital to the plant as sunshine and air—as vital to the plant as food and water is to man in his daily life.

The soil is the plant's environment from which it derives its nutriment, and the importance of keeping the soil rich and healthy cannot be over-estimated in building a garden.

Healthy plants are important to the success of your garden. Garden! What a word it is! How much it means to us and what an influence it is in our lives. Is it asking too much of ourselves, therefore, to give it just a little time and thought to make it one of the byways of memory to visit in later years? For that is what a garden can be.



The beauty, symmetry and form of this garden are results of thoughtful planning and thorough care



Barbara Gould

THE author has just returned from a trip to many of the important cities in Europe where she has opened her own beauty salons. Her long stay in Paris especially qualifies her to present authentic views on the beauty of Parisian women. Her weekly Radio talks over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Thursday morning have been a boon to feminine listeners.

ARE PARISIAN women lovelier than we are? That provocative question has been ringing in my ears ever since my return from Europe. As perhaps you remember, I went abroad early this year to open beauty salons in several European cities, Paris, London, Berlin, Budapest, Prague, Rome, and Milan. Of course on such a pilgrimage in the cause of beauty I glimpsed feminine loveliness triumphant under flags other than our own. Women all over the world are dreaming of lasting loveliness . . . and are achieving it, too!

I am now going to attempt to answer that impelling question, are Parisian women lovelier than American women?

Traditionally "comparisons are odious" . . . but I think and I feel sure that my readers agree with me that a thoughtful consideration of the comparative loveliness of the typical Parisian woman and the typical American woman cannot fail to yield beauty truths of value to each of us.

And even if it only led some of us to understand why French ladies fascinate our men—why they are such formidable rivals in romance—that would be some satisfaction.

But first of all, what is this "loveliness" we are talking of? It has been hinted by a philosopher to be "a gift of God," by a cynic, "a short-lived tyranny," by a person out of love "an ivory mischief." My own pet description of feminine loveliness is: a triumphant expression of a woman's personality.

So for me the moot question isn't, "Are

Milady of

She Charms Ze American Gentleman—*BUT WHY?*

Parisian women lovelier than we are?" but rather, "Are Parisian women more eloquently feminine than we are?"

My answer—well, let us consider for a moment the possible ways of expressing a woman's personality.

The voice is one of the important elements in creating an impression. French women learn early and never forget the innate loveliness of their language. Too often American women discount the music that is in our fine English language . . . and just talk. The magic of a truly feminine voice is decidedly one of the fascinations of the French woman—and the lovely charm of it should awaken us to an expression of loveliness.

Another signal mark of loveliness is graceful movement—walking, dancing, sitting. Nowhere in the world does one see such youthful, swift suppleness of figure as among American girls and women.

Their bodies are beautifully built and trained, with just the merest hint of the primitive about them. American women are unrivalled in this claim to triumphant loveliness. I do not like even to mention the importance of "keeping the figure," for it goes without saying that the accumulation of excessive weight means farewell to loveliness.

THE decisive factor in a woman's appearance is her complexion. The American and French complexions differ to a great extent, but each has its individual attraction; the one so characteristically An-

glo-Saxon in its fairness, and the other so Gallic in its wonderful ivory tone. Any comparison here would certainly be odious, that is if each achieves its full beauty. French women have always known this and practised it. American women are becoming more and more convinced, so that now both French and American women are agreed in counting the youthful radiance of the complexion as one of their most precious possessions.

THE proper care of the skin is one of the first beauty duties and one which no wise woman neglects from her iridescent teens through her triumphant forties. When I was in Paris opening my salon there on the Boulevard du President Wilson I was impressed by the faithfulness with which the French women consider their complexion loveliness. I hoped, then, that American women were



An inviting reception room in a Barbara Gould Paris Salon arranged in the modern manner. The rounded walls have an enchantment all their own.

Gay Paris

By
Barbara Gould

just as faithful in giving proper care to their natively fair and radiant skins, and since my return I have been encouraged about it. Lasting complexion loveliness is every woman's rightful glory.

It has been hinted more than once that American women are the best dressed women in the world, but it is undeniable that the French are the most chic. Certainly a French woman has a genius for wearing her clothes. The chic Parisienne will not hesitate to have her clothes made to suit her *own* personality. She succeeds better than most of us do—and with less—because by a flick of a bow, a tilt of a hat, some little gay something, she interprets her own individuality in terms of her costume.

ONE of the most precious characteristics of the typical American woman is her glorious individuality, and certainly it would be more than folly to suggest that it is over-developed. We have grown to be as we are because our country has had the fine pioneering history it had and because it continues to grow as it does today. In becoming just what we are we have filled a great need of our country and destiny. But in all this we should cling to the fact that there is a great hint waiting for us over the sea among the French women. In regarding ourselves as individuals we must never forget that to realize fully our worth as individuals we must remain true to our inherent femininity.

As I recall my impressions of actual beauty among the charming French women I have met I realize more and more clearly that actual beauty of feature is not more than a small part of the impression of exquisiteness and magic which they create.

In the same manner I think of the American women whom I know so well, and here, too, there is a mysterious something that cannot be pinned down to any special physical characteristic.

I try to compare the two and I feel that it is quite unimportant whether or not the sum total of French noses is equal in beauty to the sum total of American noses . . . and the same for mouths and eyes.

Not all American women are beautiful. Neither are all French women beautiful. But no French woman ever allowed

unimportant or plain features, drab hair, or anything like that to discourage her in expressing her own particular share of loveliness, however small. We sometimes do! French women are unfailing in improving what should be enhanced, correcting or making unimportant what is less advantageous to their feminine charm.

If I should have to state candidly whether I think American women better looking than Parisian women I think that I would say "Yes, they are." But in the long run it is unimportant, because the aim of every wise woman in reaching the real exquisiteness that is her ideal is not to imitate her next-door neighbor, but to be just as lovely as she herself can be—to make everything about her tell its own story of just what her personality is like. The French woman carries her handkerchief in a way that is bewitching, because it's her own individual way. One woman can use make-up with exquisite effect and another can't because the first woman makes the powder and rouge melt into her natural appearance while the other imposes it on her face. One big difference between one woman's own loveliness and that of another is whether the one is more beauty-wise than the other. Certainly in all honesty the French women are more learned in the ways and rites of beauty than we are. If American women are to realize the full expressiveness of the beauty that is theirs . . . make it count gloriously in their lives, and the lives of others, they must emulate the French women and study how to individualize their own beauty even to the tiniest detail.

American women cherish their femininity, but French women insist upon theirs. I honestly think this difference in point of view is the beginning and the end of the idea that Parisian women are lovelier than we are. In the first place



The French way of enhancing beauty.

we seem to have schooled ourselves to expect a minimum of gallantry. We have won our equal footing with men in a hundred ways and sacrificed some of our feminine prerogatives in doing so. French women do not "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam" any more than we do. But they still exact and receive all due homage to their femininity. And you must agree that men love to give it.

The typical American woman, concerned as she is with a thousand important interests—business, philanthropic, civic and otherwise—is the modern woman par excellence. But isn't she a little apt to let these things make her think that she is too busy to consider her femininity very seriously?

DON'T be afraid to be yourself. Don't, above all, follow like a sheep. If your hair is becoming one way don't wear it the way your favorite friend wears hers. It may not suit *you*.

Have the courage to express your own likes and dislikes in every single detail about you. And above all give yourself a good chance to be lovely looking. Get plenty of sleep. Eat wisely. And more than anything else in the world, be happy. Only a happy heart adds that inner something to your appearance which is really the most important thing about it. Let your expression tell a story of happiness and contentment.

Gallant Art of GAMBLING

Wise Risks—Not Foolish Speculations — are Essential to Success in Beauty, Home and Office

I BELIEVE in gambling. We're all gamblers more or less, you know. We gamble on success, we gamble on happiness, we gamble in one way or another every day of our lives. Our gambling is not with money—it is with something much more precious. We gamble on ourselves.

There should be more gambling of this sort in the world. Gambling, according to the dictionaries, is any transaction involving uncertainty. Sometimes we are too cowardly to risk uncertainty. Our courage is not sufficient to allow us to take a chance on a stake which means everything to us. Examples of this type of cowardice are all around us.

For instance; two highly paid business women of my acquaintance lost their positions last November when their company merged with another concern. The one girl gambled on herself. She took a chance. With some of her hard-earned savings she went to Bermuda for two weeks. When she came back, she was vibrant and rested. From her depleted savings, she purchased a new wardrobe. Then she started out serenely to find another position. She found one, too—and a better position than the one she had lost.

The other girl was afraid to gamble on herself, and after several weeks of frantic job hunting, she worried herself into a nervous collapse. She is one reason why I say sincerely—I believe in gambling.

Here's another reason: One of the most successful men in American industry is an inveterate gambler. His gambling, however, is not on Wall Street. It does involve money because his decisions



"Investing—or gambling, if you please, a few minutes each day is a step towards preserving beauty," declares Miss Ingram. Do this and become a Ruth Collette (above)—of Earl Carroll Vanities.

effect the turnover of large sums, but his gambling is not directly financial. It is primarily a gamble on his judgment.

WHEN he has some very important decision to make, and it seems that an immediate settlement of the problem is vital, this executive goes away for a two-weeks' rest. He always returns with a clearer perspective. He gambles on these periodic vacations and the most important forward steps in his company's history are the result.

There is a form of gambling, of course, which is disastrous and which justly calls forth whole diatribes of oratory. Foolish speculation in the money, time, or beauty market come under this head. Wives

By

FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on the Care of the Skin
Heard on NBC Tuesday Mornings

who grow careless about appearance, about courtesy in the domestic circle are gambling with their own happiness and that of every member of their families. No one condones this type of gambling.

ON THE other hand, there is another form of gambling for wives which deserves no opprobrious comment, which involves fewer risks, and is practised far too seldom. You know wives who are too stubborn to gamble with their husbands for stakes which they deliberately underestimate. The husband wants to make a trip—he needs a rest. He arranges to get away from his business. He wants to gamble a few weeks' time against a fresh point of view. But his wife is sure that it is a reprehensible gamble. She cannot get away. The house cleaning must be done now. It cannot be postponed. The children cannot be left at this time. There are always reasons—indisputable reasons as far as the husband is concerned. The wife refuses to take a chance for an almost certain stake, but by her refusal, she gambles away something else of inestimable value.

"Second wives" are seldom guilty of such culpable conduct, and because they are usually willing to do some justifiable gambling, they call down censure on their heads from the wives who suffer from martyr complexes. The "second wife" may not consider orgies of house cleaning and frantic flurries of preserving so vital to the happiness of the household as the first wife did. Now the first wife undoubtedly sacrificed many things to help

(Continued on page 106)

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU

Would you know the time of day?

Dial in.

Like to hear some music play?

Dial in.

Is it market news you crave,

Or the newest way to shave?

How to make the kids behave?

Dial in.

For historical romance

Dial in.

For fox trots for your dance

Dial in.

For health and beauty dope,

For proper use of soap,

For messages of hope—

Dial in.

Is your toothpaste full of grit?

Dial in.

Do you want to make a hit?

Dial in.

If your omelets always fall,

If you're much too short or tall,

If the baby starts to bawl,

Dial in!

If you're stranded in the sticks,

Dial in.

If you just love politics,

Dial in.

If your home brew doesn't brew,

If you wonder if you're thru,

If you yearn for something new,

Dial in.

For the magic in the air,

Dial in.

To throw away dull care,

Dial in.

Let music rest your ears,

Let wisdom quell your fears,

Let smiles replace your tears—

Dial in!

—Helen Mary Hayes, Lincoln, Neb.

Does "WOOF" convey nothing more to your benighted intelligence than the bark of a canine? Well, you're all wet, according to the latest dictionary of Radio jargon compiled by Engineer Irving Reis of the Columbia technical staff. It means a signal to start a program or check the time.

And ON THE NOSE isn't a knock-out blow, it's being on time at the close of a program within three seconds.

SOUP is neither vegetable nor nitroglycerine that the safe-crackers employ, it's electric current, fed to antennae. MOTOR-BOATING is not an aqua sport, it's allowing the volume level of a mike to fall below normal, which makes a "putt-putt-putt" noise.

HOP is not transatlantic, it's merely power supplied to mikes; HITS are non-scoring, they are just noises produced by the man up jarring the mike. DEAD MIKE isn't a cause for a wake, it's an unconnected microphone, while a HOT MIKE is one supplied with power.

O' LIVE THE POOR GIRL ALONE

Three Little Sachs, WABC:

First Sachs: Why is the first olive in a bottle like a kiss?

Second Sachs: I don't know, why?

First Sachs: Because the first one is hard to get. After that they come easy. —Lyro G. Portridge, Spafford Lake, New Hampshire.

EGGS-ACTLY RIGHT

Heard from WJR, Detroit:

"How do you tell a bad egg?"

"I don't tell a bad egg anything, but if I had to, I'd break it gently."—E. M. Muma, 1007 N. Madison Ave., Bay City, Mich.

"Boners" is a collection of school-boy examination paper mistakes which Clifton P. Fadiman, NBC book reporter, recently reviewed. Here are a few choice examples he culled:

"Solomon had 300 wives and 700 porcupines."

"A polygon is a dead parrot."

"In Christianity a man can have only one wife. This is called Monotony."

And this is reported by a school teacher friend of Indi's: "The dog ran down the street, emitting a series of whelps."

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay \$5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, \$3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and \$1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Write on one side of the paper only, put name and address on each sheet, and send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

IT'S A LOT OF BUNK

Al and Pete:

Pete: Did you know Carnera has a bed seven feet long?

Al: That's just bunk, Pete.

Pete: Bunk! That's no joke—he really has a bed seven feet long. I wouldn't call that bunk.

Al: Well, it's a bigger bunk than the Singer Midgets have.—"Fran," Wayne, Neb.

NOTHING TO SNEEZE AT

While listening to the Westinghouse pioneer station at Pittsburgh, I heard the following announcement, "This is KDk, KDku, KDku-choo!" Luckily, the announcer wasn't advertising cough-drops.—Hugh Lineback, 1412 Mt. Olive, Siloam Springs, Ark.

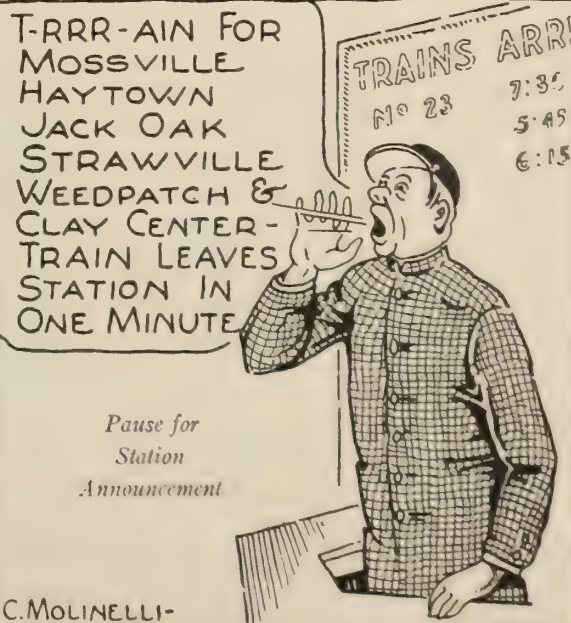
Here's a joke Indi heard yars and yars ago. But in its trip around the world it acquired a new ending. Do you like it with, or without, the last line.

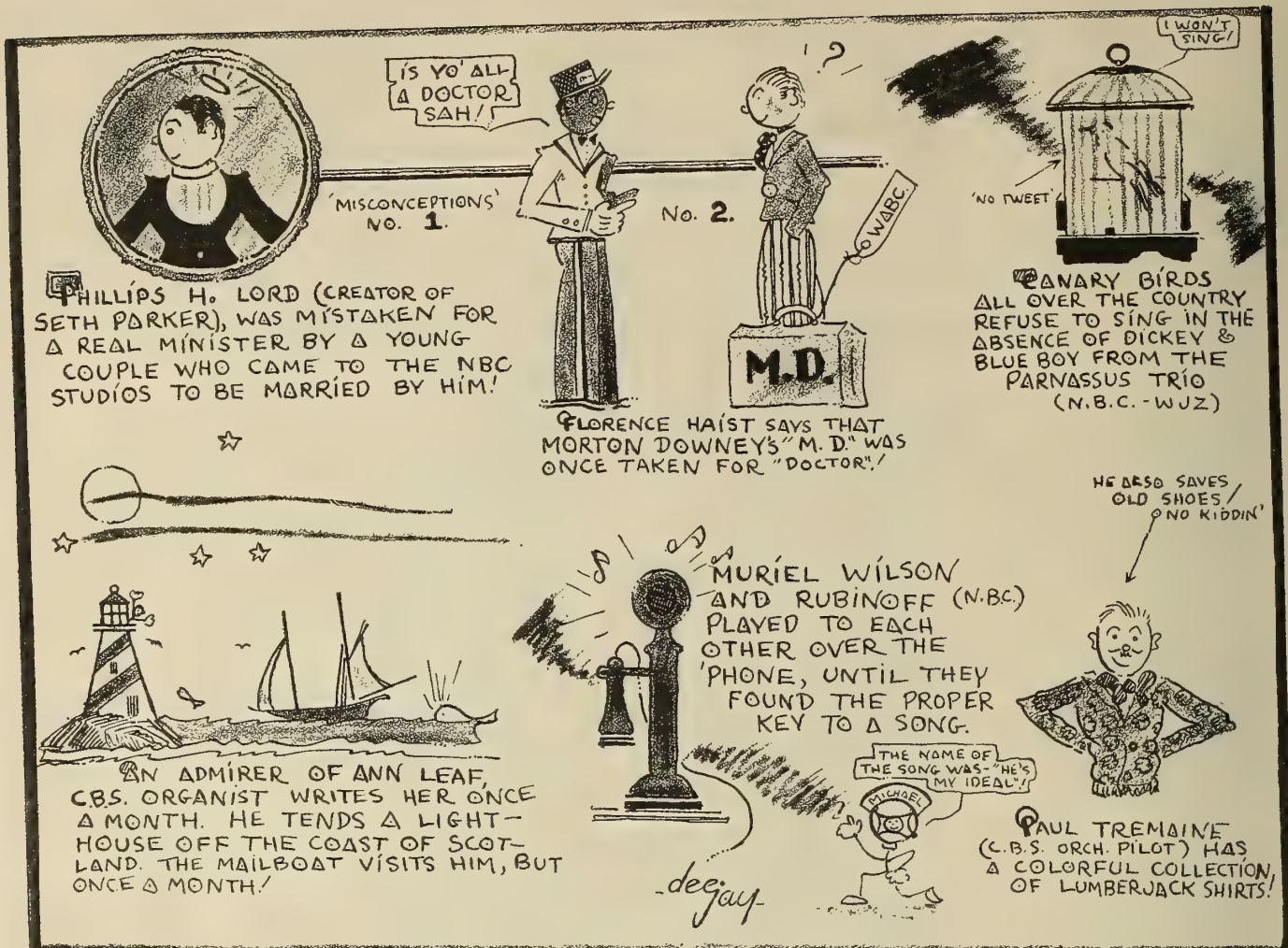
Complaining woman (in a hotel): I can't sleep.

Room clerk: Why?

Woman: Somebody in the room above dropped a shoe on the floor and I'm waiting for him to take off the other.

Room Clerk: Don't wait. The man in the room above has only one leg.—Valentine Sadowski, Buffalo, N. Y.





IT'S A CRUEL WOILD

There's no sympathy for young love out in Iowa. For when authorities at WOI, broadcasting station of the State College at Ames, noticed a daily disturbance caused by a motorcycle passing the studio window at 12.30, they investigated. Sometimes the cyclist rode with cut-out wide open and engine at full roar, other times he would shut off the power, "punctuating" the motor's din.

Finally A. G. (Andy) Woolfries, announcer, discovered that the boy had a girl in a town about 100 miles away who listened in every day at noon. Full motor meant he had received a letter, "punctuated" motor meant he hadn't. Andy switched off the mike as he passed, and he eventually stopped! **Proving that all the world doesn't love a lover—if he insists on broadcasting it.**—L. R. Combs, Iowa State College, Ames, Ia.

WGY

Crawford: The Radio has certainly simplified many of the problems of our daily life.

Crabshaw: You bet it has. Look at the easy way it has given us to spell such a word as Schenectady.—J. J. O'Connell, 15 Audubon Ave., New York.

CALL TO ARMS

WWJ Early Birds:

Frank: Who wrote the greatest war song, Ernest?

Ernest: Mendelssohn—the wedding march.—Ashley N. Chandler, 1943 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.

RADIOTIC PRATTLES

"Good evening, folks. This is the News Hour of the Idiotic Daily News." Get ready, please for time. It is exactly forty-seven minutes past seven, Eastern Standard Time. And remember there is no better time on the market than Eastern Standard. There are certain companies in the habit of giving the time at ten o'clock, and while we do not want to knock anyone, you can't make a mistake in using a nationally advertised time like Eastern Standard.

Reports from Russia, folks, are about the same. Our correspondent wires us: Took a walk the other day and asked a bearded peasant, "How far is it to Moscow?" "About twenty versts," he answered. "Twenty-first what?" we asked him, knowing the unutterable stupidity of the mujik. But we could get no reply, so had to spend the night in Tiflis. That, folks, concludes our little talk on today's news events, so good night all, this is IDN signing off."—Fitzhugh Watson, Philadelphia, Pa.

SLIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MIKE

COME AGAIN WHEN YOU CAN'T STAY SO LONG—WLW announcer bidding farewell to Isham Jones: Mr. Jones, if ever you come again to Cincinnati, you may be sure WLW will give you the air!—Freda Sherman, 713 E. Markland Ave., Kokomo, Ind.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MIKE—On WHO, during the Master Farmers' Convention, one man said of himself: "I have a family of five girls and five boys. I myself am a hog, (slight pause) and cattle raiser."—Mrs. Merrill Pregler, 1596 Auburn St., Dubuque, Ia.

ALL THE LATEST INCONVENIENCES—"Have a Radio outlet in every room," said the Radio announcer, "in order to assure yourself of the greatest in convenience." (It's not so bad in print—but oh! when it's vocalized).—Leo J. Jellison, 2506 Windsor Ave., Dubuque, Ia.

PETTING IN THE PARK

Gene Arnold: Have you been pinched yet in your new car, Bill?

Bill Childs: No, but I've been slapped!—Mrs. W. S. McCauley, 415 N. Woods St., Sherman, Tex.



William Braid White

The Enjoyment of Classical Music

*Tschaikowsky as compared to Bolshevik—
"Incomprehensible Organizations of DIN"*

A Monthly Feature By WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music

FINDING myself in New York recently, I decided to hear at first hand a performance of the Roxy Symphony Orchestra, reinforced to two hundred players, at one of the dollar concerts which Roxy has been giving weekly for the benefit of unemployed musicians. The experience was very interesting, and I shall use it here, for two reasons. In the first place the program for that day happened to include part of Schumann's famous concerto for piano and orchestra, as well as the so-called "*Pathetic*" Symphony of Tschaikowsky. The second of these is constantly, and the first sometimes, to be heard on the air from one or another of the symphonic broadcasts, so that I feel more than ordinarily justified in making both of them in turn subjects of discussion in this magazine. If I can help my readers thereby to take in these two great pieces of highly organized music an interest more living and more full of meaning for themselves than they would otherwise be likely to acquire, I shall have accomplished something worth while.

In the second place, my visit gave rise to certain reflections upon the relation between the production and the reproduction of music, and especially of music highly organized and developed, which I propose to pass on to my readers.

Tschaikowsky and Suicide

Some thirty-seven years have passed since Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky (I use the customary but incorrect French spelling of the name) passed suddenly from the world during an epidemic of cholera in St. Petersburg, as it was then called. He was only fifty-three and at the height of his mental and emotional powers. The circumstances of his death seem to have been somewhat peculiar, and undoubtedly gave rise to a suspicion widely disseminated, that he had committed suicide. All that can be said here about the facts is that Tschaikowsky was a most unhappy man, that he suffered from a distressing malady of the soul, and that he died in circumstances which have never been completely explained.

The sudden death of Tschaikowsky came only a few weeks after the first per-

formance of this *Pathetic Symphony*, his sixth and last adventure in the symphonic form. It had been composed under circumstances unusually pleasant. It had scored a fair success at the first and had aroused genuine enthusiasm at the second, of its performances. The composer's outward circumstances were comparatively prosperous and his personal life more peaceful apparently than it had been for years. All the more surprising, therefore, was the astonishing appearance in this symphony of a final movement which is one long sigh of sorrow and one long groan of mental agony. I shall never forget my own introduction to this work, which began to become known in the United States only during the dawn of the twentieth century.

Wassili Safonoff, of Moscow, had been invited to come to New York to conduct some concerts for the Philharmonic Society and he chose for his debut this very symphony. That season (1904) we had had a succession of eminent conductors, each taking one concert. Safonoff came towards the very end and made a tremendous hit with this Russian music, then so new, so striking and so fitted to the mood of the day. The extraordinary finale of Tschaikowsky's *Pathetic Symphony* was meat and drink to us young men and women, and we almost, so to speak, wallowed in it.

Even today it still has magic to stir the pulses and to make the blood run both hot and cold. The professional musical connoisseurs sneer at it now as outmoded, preferring to invite our attention to incomprehensible organizations of din by contemporary Bolshevik composers. These, we are assured, are now the only genuine article. Happily, those of us who still prefer music which has some perceptible form and some noticeable

melodic structure still find Tschaikowsky very much to our taste.

Tschaikowsky wrote six symphonies, as well as one of the best of violin concertos, two piano concertos, of which one is universally known and liked, some overtures, piano pieces and songs, some operas (of which one, *Eugene Onegin*, has had great success), a lovely string quartet, a magnificent trio for piano, violin and 'cello, and the delightful ballet suite "*Casse-Noisette*" or the Nutcracker. His music is Russian, but it is not eccentric. He always said that his hero was Mozart, and he had all the great Wolfgang's ability to write lovely melody. Although he lived during the European ascendancy of Wagner and of Brahms, neither of these giants in any way influenced him. His music stands for himself alone. He combines, as I have said, great ability to invent lovely melodies, with a still greater power over the resources of the modern orchestra and the piano.

Tone Color

Tschaikowsky had a wonderful ear for tone color and knew how to make use of every instrumental voice, in combinations that never cease to thrill the listening ear. Not even Wagner can make the orchestra more lusciously sweet or so gorgeous in array of color. What Tschaikowsky can do with some violins, some contrabasses, a couple of clarinets, an oboe and a bassoon is astonishing. I hope that all my readers who are making a practice of listening to orchestral music on the air will accustom themselves to distinguishing the various tones characteristic of the different instruments.

The pungency of the strings, the smoothness of the brass, the noble openness of the clarinet and the dark silkiness of the bassoon, the bitter-sweetness of the oboe and the pealing martial call of the trumpet, are all so many pigments, so to speak, lying side by side on the palette of colors which the creative musician has at his disposal, just as the painter can spread upon his palette one after another all the tints of the spectrum, afterwards to be combined by him into a thousand and one varying, shifting, lovely shades. The musician can do with tones for the ear what

Dr. White will answer readers' inquiries on musical questions in his columns. Address him in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

the painter can do with colors for the eye.

Let an oboe sing a tune by itself. We recognize the bitter sweet characteristic quality of its sound. Let a clarinet now join in and at once we have another tint or quality of sound, caused by the mixture of the two characteristic tone qualities. Add to these a group of violins and again the tone-color takes on another hue. A composer who is very skilful in, and sensitive to, the shifting of these tone-colorations can do wonders with an orchestra. No master surpasses, and few have equalled, the Russian, Tschaikowsky, in his command of orchestral tone-color.

I suppose it is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the term "tone-color" is really rather misleading. The word "color" is borrowed from the world of the eye, and only by analogy can it be applied to the world of the ear. Nevertheless what is meant can easily be explained. When one says that one piano has a beautiful tone and another one is tinny or harsh, one is referring to the "quality" or "character" of the sounds, as distinguished from the pitch or loudness of each one. When one observes the smoothness of sound produced by the clarinet or the French horn, and compares it with the sharp peal of the trumpet or the long-drawn-out sob of the violin, one is dealing with the same property. Every musical instrument has its own quality of sound, which distinguishes each of its tones from the same tone produced on another instrument. The same is true of voices.

Why "Pathetic"?

To get however to our symphony. The name "Pathetic" was given to it by Tschaikowsky's brother and biographer, Modest, who says that on the morning after the first performance he came down to breakfast to find Peter Ilyitch already at the tea urn with the score of the symphony on the table before him. Some conversation then took place, in the course of which Modest, the brother, asked whether it were proposed to append a special title to the new work, which already seemed to be the most important his brother had composed. Peter Ilyitch replied that he had intended to call it simply "Program Symphony" thereby implying of course that it had a program or meaning but that the hearer must guess this for himself. Modest objected to this and proposed as an alternative the title *Pathetic Symphony*. To this Peter Ilyitch assented. There and then the new title was written on the score.

It might be well, however, to point out that the word "pathetic" really means that which pertains to or expresses suffering. It is commonly used to mean that which excites sympathy. The first meaning is undoubtedly correct in the present case.

The Finale is certainly gloomy, but it is far more than just that. One may properly call it a magnificent lament, almost a funeral march; but the death it

mourns is not of any mortal man. It is the death of hope, the death of belief, the death of aspiration. Granted that, to one generation which has gone through the World War and to another which does not even know that there was a pre-war world, the pathos may seem to be forced, and here and there artificial. Still, even if one entirely ignores any suggestion of meaning or program, the finale is glorious music. Tschaikowsky never wrote more genuinely moving strains than he gives to the violins at their entrance, in the middle of the movement, with the noble melody of the second theme. The climaxes he builds up are genuine, too, and the whole working-out is masterly.

I grant that a mind wholly unable to see anything in music save bare sound may wonder what commentary like this is all about; but I am not writing for those who can find in music merely an expensive form of noise. Let them listen to Senator Borah or to that Episkopos Oikomenikos at Zion City, Illinois, who



Ernest Hutcheson, concert pianist who has appeared on Columbia Concert programs.

manages at one and the same time to use Radio and to believe that the earth is flat.

Schumann's Lovely Concerto

Schumann's piano concerto was played extremely well by that veteran artist Carl Friedburg, with the masterful assistance of Mr. Erno Rapee and his very large orchestra. A concerto, as I have previously explained, is a "small-size symphony," with a solo part for some instrument written into it. It is intended to give to masters of that instrument opportunities to show their virtuosity. No one ever wrote a better piece of work in this genre than did Schumann. Neither orchestra nor piano is supreme. The empire of sound is

shared between them. The earlier classical concertos were sometimes no more than brilliant solo pieces with a guitarish accompaniment. The later ones tend to bury the solo instrument in the orchestral mass, until one can hardly distinguish it. Schumann draws the line neatly between the two extremes. The themes, moreover, are melodious and charming, the working out is satisfactorily clear and the composer allows both parties to the duel a fair chance to display themselves. This is splendid music, and I hope that it will often be repeated for the Radio audience.

Something to Think About

You all know that Roxy started this series of symphony concerts with an orchestra of double the usual size, and with tickets selling at a flat rate of one dollar, for the benefit of unemployed musicians in New York. There are, unhappily, some thousands of these men out of work in the metropolis alone. The sound-picture must carry the responsibility for the pass to which so many of these skilled artists have come. The musician cannot help himself in face of conditions like those which now confront him. We live in a mechanical age. Its machinery has extended to the reproduction of music on so large a scale that, to the commercial interests engaged in the entertainment business, it has appeared quite feasible to organize a system of distributing this reproduction in such a way as to eliminate the need for flesh-and-blood musicians in moving picture theatres everywhere.

In fact, as the technical state of the reproducing systems becomes more and more nearly perfect, it is certain that this state of affairs will be intensified, until, so far as any one can now see, the professional performance of music will be confined to (1) the groups who play in the picture studios, (2) those other groups which are furnishing music for broadcasting (3) the players in the dozen or so great symphony orchestras maintained in as many great cities and (4) the small body of eminent artists who can draw large audiences by their own supreme skill and genius.

Now probably, most of my readers have never thought of this; but if they will think for a moment they will see that here we have a state of affairs not at all healthy. Music is a living art, which demands for its growth a large organization of composers, performers, and teachers. Music lives only when it is performed. If the demand for performing musicians suddenly dwindles in this manner I predict disaster.

I shall return to this very important question in later articles. For I can assure you that something is going to be done about it. Meanwhile let me close on a word of praise for Mr. Erno Rapee, conductor of the Roxy Symphony Orchestra. He is a capable and masterly musician who does wonders under conditions not very easy for any one.

The Pipes of Pan

Turning over a Few Wet Ones for a Slight Sizzle in the Warming Oven—the Big Name Bubble—Better Morning Programs

By GEORGE D. LOTTMAN

AS EARLY as January, when this department made its debut before readers of *RADIO DIGEST*, we discussed the "cutting-in" evil, practiced by so many prominent orchestra directors from Coast to Coast.

We offered to organize a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Radio Fans, whose chief function it would be to curtail the indiscriminate choice of songs by baton-wielders, a choice influenced, more often than not, by the fact that many of them were receiving "cut-ins" in the shape of "courtesy royalties" on the songs they plugged incessantly, regardless of their merit or their pertinence to the general presentation.

We started something. Soon after this article appeared, Merlin H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Co., wrote us to say that that mammoth organization planned to do everything it possibly could to prohibit duplication. "I thoroughly agree with you in regard to the policy of overdoing music by repetition," his letter concluded.

A prominent music publisher, one of the three foremost in the industry, took up the subject at a meeting of the Music Publishers' Protective Association, which subsequently decided to take immediate action to stamp out the evil. The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers is appointing a committee to investigate the situation, and things are beginning to hum.

We discussed the matter recently with John G. Paine, Chairman of the Board of the Music Publishers' Protective Association. Mr. Paine was emphatic in his denunciation of the evil, and promised that everything in his power and that of his organization would be done to eradicate it.

"We are glad to note that *RADIO DIGEST* has taken up the cudgels," he declared. "The mediocre programs that one hears so often these days can be directly attributed to the fact that, in most cases, leaders are being paid in various forms to promote inferior numbers. Naturally, writers like Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, Walter Donaldson and George Gershwin won't be parties to such illegitimacy, and so their product is neglected in favor of commonplace songs, in which musical directors have an 'interest'."

Mr. Paine added that if an amicable solution among the publishers proved impossible, he would appeal to the Federal Trade Commission to help him stamp out

a condition that he characterized as "an unfair method of competition."

We are glad that the condition is receiving official notice, and that it apparently is headed for an early demise. Once the "cut-in" practice has been exiled to oblivion, the Radio will be a more enjoyable means of entertainment than it has been for some time past.

* * *

IT IS a relief to note that Radio stations are paying more attention to their morning programs, which have, previously, been so sadly neglected.

Commercial accounts were never educated as to the value of the time before noon, and the poor housewife, as a result, had to listen to sustaining programs which were often without merit.

Of late, however, advertising agencies have begun to realize that the morning period can be used most advantageously. The woman of the house is sure of being in, and, in most cases, can be found in a receptive mood at that time of day. Her shopping hasn't commenced, and the preparation for the evening meal is her sole objective. What better time to persuade her of the merits of this baking powder, or that canned soup?

We are glad that advertisers are permitting themselves to be sold morning periods. Maybe soon it will be possible to tune in any time at all and get entertainment.

* * *

THE incongruity of many Radio programs offered by commercial sponsors could be eliminated with a little ingenuity. Although the nature of the program does not have to be in keeping with the merchandise that is being exploited, there could be a semblance of harmony to indicate that a little thought had been used by the program planners.

To this writer there is an absurd aspect to a program of classical masterpieces interspersed with announcements that Messrs. Bach, Beethoven, Wagner and Handel are coming to you under the auspices of the makers of a canned soup, vacuum sweeper or cough drop. It may be appropriate for a railroad or a serious publication of some sort to offer the "heavier" type of program, but it's a

giggle to hear Mozart by the courtesy of "the makers of Monarch Lolli-pops—they melt in your mouth."

Periods advertising women's wear and such could advantageously embroider their presentation with music of Victor Herbert, suggestive of lace, frills, swishing silk and color. Cigar folk, virile and masculine, using the Radio could offer he-man themes,—lusty baritone solos like *Road to Mandalay*, and the like.

There doesn't have to be a set routine or immutable order, but it wouldn't hurt to use the old noodle at times.

* * *

IT'S no secret that a certain famous theatrical star, recently engaged for a large round sum to make weekly appearances before the microphone in behalf of a familiar product, has unfortunately failed to fully "click."

Although a popular favorite, this artist minus his visibility, can't seem to register his real personality over the ether, to the amazement of a million admirers.

Are the sponsors worried? Do they regard their heavy investment in this star as a loss? Not a bit of it!

An important official of the company, speaking recently to the writer, to the latter's great astonishment, said in effect:

"We had a hunch he wouldn't register when we signed him. But we knew he'd get listeners. Regardless of what happened subsequently, we were confident that we'd get a vaster audience with this star than if we had engaged a dozen others whose talents were finer."

So THAT'S it, is it? Tricked is what we've all been, Radio devotees. Again it's a case of "names" versus talent. Once more art bows to advertising, and entertainment is sacrificed on the altar of promotion.

All of which has been one of our "pet" complaints for many moons. Millions tune in breathlessly to "catch" a program, to discover they've been hooked by a tempting morsel of bait. Until talent and performance are given recognition, commercial air programs will be so-so.

And here's a thought in concluding. Just WHO is being fooled? It is this meek scrivener's humble belief that a repeatedly disappointed public, measured in millions, must inevitably react most unfavorably toward the product whose sponsors have become P. T. Barnums instead of level-headed business people

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Television in Chicago

WE settled ourselves in a comfortable chair, our guide pressed a switch, and we found ourselves in darkness

except for a square patch of pale pink light that glowed like a bit of ghostly ectoplasm through an opening in the opposite wall of the room. We watched. The image of a hand appeared in the square of light. The hand held a pencil and as we sat with our eyes glued on that ethereal bit of light the hand began to sketch a picture with bold, firm strokes. The drawing completed, the hand disappeared from the screen and in its place came a man's face. The lips moved, we heard his voice, as he told us that he had just drawn the picture on a sheet of paper placed in front of the television

transmitter located in the television studio of W9XAP, Chicago. As he drew the picture the television apparatus had scanned the scene and then transmitted and reproduced it for us in an adjoining room. The screen on which we saw the image was about a foot square, the light was sufficiently brilliant to enable one to look at it for a long time without straining the eyes, and the detail in the picture sufficiently good to recognize the sketch as a likeness of Lincoln and later to recognize the artist after having seen his face on the television screen. We were, we admit, well impressed by the demonstration.

Not so very long ago a short play written especially for television was transmitted over the television system of W9XAP and the broadcasting station WMAQ, so that those with both television receivers and broadcast receivers saw and heard the actors and actresses in the play. During

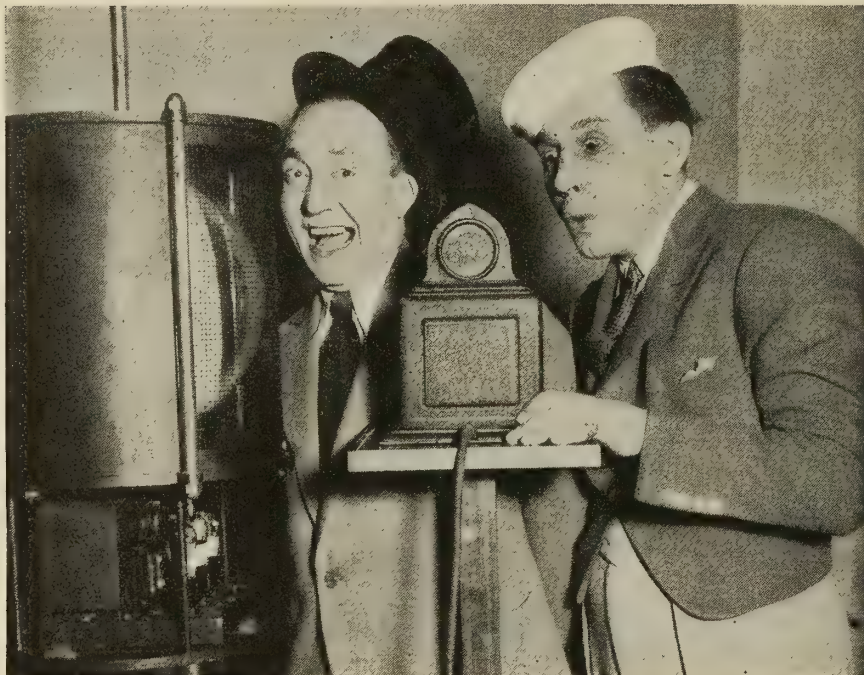
the play every effort was made to eliminate extraneous noise. The strings of the piano were muffled. To prevent noise from creaking shoe leather the men played in

with eyebrows and mouth outlined in a brownish red. Seen in person the players with all their make-up in place look like some Halloween apparition; with such make-up a hen-pecked husband couldn't recognize his own wife.

But of more interest than the subject of the play was what we might call the stage technique. By means of a special arrangement of lenses in the transmitter and by the use of several groups of photo-electric cells, it was possible to obtain both close-ups or long shots, like in the movies. First the group of three players might be televised, then a close-up would show just the girl as she spoke her lines, then a switch to a close-up of the man and so forth. A real effort was made to add interest to the program by such

effects rather than to just sit the players in front of the photocells and let them recite their parts. For the close-ups a group of some eight small cells were used; for the long shots there are two enormous cells. The latter are suspended from the ceiling and can be swung to any position in the room.

The demonstration we witnessed was especially impressive in three ways. First we were impressed by the brilliancy of the image, for the light was sufficiently strong to make the picture easy to look at; the light source for this demonstration was a neon tube producing a very strong pin point of light. The neon tube used in the ordinary home television receiver consists of a glowing plate about one and one-half inches square, but the light from the glowing plate being not very strong in the first place and since the process of scanning causes only a small portion of the plate to



Ole Olsen and Chick Johnson bring joy to listener and looker fans of W9XAP, in Chicago.

their stocking feet; the women wore soft sandals and their costumes were of plain, unstarched cotton.

The play was called "The Dream Manufacturer" and it concerned two lovers, Pierrot and Pierrette who, sad to relate, were about to drift apart when the manufacturer of dreams finds them and brings them together again, to live (we suppose) happily ever after. Undoubtedly the closing scene (we didn't see the play) showed them, Pierrot and Pierrette, in blissful embrace.

MAKE-UP, so important in the movies, is just as important in television. Davis Factor, the son of Max Factor, who is the big gun among the make-up artists out on the lots of Hollywood, experimented with various effects. To date best results have been obtained by using a thick coating of grease paint on the face,

of the Radio Arts

Owners of Television and Radio Sets in Chicago Hear and See Actors in Specially Written Skits

be visible at any one time the image, in the ordinary home television receiver, is quite dull and looked at for any length of time is quite tiring on the eyes. With the point source type of neon tube, all of the light from the tube is available for each point of the picture and, as a result, the image is very much brighter. The point source type of tube has the disadvantage, however, that it requires the use of many lenses in the scanning disc, which makes the cost of such a television receiver so great as to make it impractical for ordinary home use. Also the present types of tubes require a comparatively large amount of power and dangerously high voltages for their operation. But we understand that new tubes of this type have been developed that require much less power to operate them and they may finally be improved to the point where they can be adapted to the ordinary home television receiver.

The second point which impressed us was the detail of the image. In considering the detail in a television image we must realize that the picture is composed of many small spots, the intensity of illumination of each spot corresponding to the amount of light reflected from a given spot on the subject being televised. The greater the number of spots into which the picture is divided the greater the detail; it is for the same reason that reproductions of photographs in this magazine are of better quality than would be reproductions of the same photographs in a newspaper. Many more dots of ink are used to reproduce a photograph in this magazine than are used to reproduce a photograph in a newspaper. The picture which we viewed at W9XAP was divided

vertically into some forty-five parts and divided horizontally into about one hundred parts and so, in effect, the image on the screen of the television receiver was reproduced by some five thousand spots of light. Since the system was arranged to transmit fifteen pictures per second, about seventy-five thousand distinct signals were picked up by the photo-cell every second, converted into electrical energy, transmitted through the system and reproduced at the receiver.

SEATED some ten or fifteen feet from the screen, as we were during the demonstration, the reproduction appeared to the eye to be somewhat better on the large screen than did the one and one-half inch image which we saw later in the small home television receiver. The apparently better detail on the large screen was due, probably, to the fact that the brilliancy and size of the image made it easier and more interesting to look at.

The third point that interested us was

the absence of "flicker." Many readers will recall the early motion pictures and the horrible manner in which they flickered. Many television images flicker in just the same manner, but the image we saw at W9XAP was unusually steady. This is due, we are told, to a system of scanning which breaks up each picture into three parts so that the eye gets the impression that there are many more pictures being transmitted than is actually the case. Flicker is especially annoying because of the eye strain it produces.

The television receiver we have described was designed solely for demonstration purposes. The receivers being sold in the Chicago area for ordinary home reception use the regular small square neon tube that produces pictures about one inch square. The home receiver (and also the demonstration receiver) is synchronized by the use of a motor (known to engineers as a synchronous motor) which can only operate at one definite speed. To start the motor a handle on the front of the receiver is given a twist, after which it automati-

cally turns at exactly the proper speed. There is nothing new about this motor or its use, for it has been utilized in television receivers at various times during the past few years. It has the advantage of simplicity and the disadvantage that when it is used it is necessary that both the transmitter and receiver be supplied with power from the same power company. It cannot be used with good results when the transmitter, located in one town, is supplied with power from one company, and the receiver, located in another town, is supplied with power from another company. But there are (Cont. on page 107)



Presentation of a play over television station W9XAP synchronized with WMAQ, bringing to fans the visual Radio while simultaneous broadcasting furnishes the words. Irene Wicker, Vinton Haworth and Douglas Hope are the performers. Mr. Haworth is staging such shows regularly for sight and sound fans.

Broadcaster Oil

(Continued from page 47)

National Cavaliers, a quartette of four singers. He is also their coach and arranger. In fact he does everything for them except their washing. Wirges dissipated an otherwise normal mind on growing hairs. A pitiful example of social ambition, he spent hours raising a Tom Thumb moustache, hours that could have been more profitably spent in practicing demented seventh and prostate ninth chords on which he was particularly weak, as who of us isn't. He wanted a set of lip-feathers like Groucho Marx, but they turned out more in the Michael Arlen manner. So he compromised and tried to wax it like Adolphe Menjou. But ah my friends, note how such an obsession wreaks havoc with Art and stifles creative endeavor. (Neat phrase that.) Wirges got to twirling his moustache so that the wax came off on his fingers, and when he tried to play the piano his fingers slid all over the keys. His friends, thinking he was playing passages from the Niebelungen Ring, would invariably get up and go.

I am glad to say that Wirges now wears his moustache dry.

As the stout lady said to the size 16 pajamas, this sort of thing can't go on.

In conclusion I want to say that I am five feet seven and one half inches tall, with blue eyes, curly hair and a slight impediment in either foot. If notified, find owner. Last seen stepping into an elevator on the thirteenth floor of 711 Fifth Avenue, and boy what a good time we had that night. Dorothy wouldn't speak to me for three days—don't say anything to Charlie.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 59)

tists. Then he broadcasts from his night club on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Downey is married to Barbara Bennett, the film actress, and daughter of Richard Bennett. How he met his father-in-law is one of the tenor's best stories. He had been married about a year, but had never met his wife's father. One night he was singing at the Palace Theatre, when in the middle of his song there walked on the stage a distinguished looking gentleman.

Said the intruding gentleman, "Do you know who I am?"

"No," said Downey, half way between anger and amazement.

"Well," said the gentleman, "I'll tell you. I'm your father-in-law."

The audience had a good laugh over the unusual introduction, but Morton Downey hustled his parent-in-law off the stage, saying it was his act and not Bennett's.

Downey is another singer who tried everything else first. He has sold phonograph records. He has sold insurance, or tried to. He has sold newspapers on railroad trains. He has run a little donkey engine in pursuit of freight cars. He says he failed at all these jobs, that there was nothing else to do but sing. His chance came when Paul Whiteman heard him singing in a restaurant and engaged him to appear with his orchestra, and from then on he has been a most popular entertainer both in this country and in Europe.

Downey has opened night clubs in Berlin, Paris, and London. He has sung

comedy songs at a White House dinner. He says he made Calvin Coolidge smile. He has helped the financier, Clarence Mackay, in entertaining the Prince of Wales.

Just now his song *Wabash Moon* is having a tremendous vogue. He always tries to feature some late number in his broadcasts. He is blessed with a photographic memory, and gets the melody and lyrics of a song at a glance.

When he retires—not that he intends to do it very soon—he says he's going to travel. "Dogs and traveling," he said, "they'll take up my time."

But just now, of course, his time is all taken up being the world's busiest tenor.

Marriage

(Continued from page 23)

mind. The ladies all want to know, 'Is he married?' and then, after they learn positively that he is, without a doubt, just another husband, they turn to new and more mysterious announcers to worship."

As far as announcers are concerned, Patrick Kelly, of NBC's New York studios, should be listened to, for Pat is the supervisor of announcers for NBC. Supervisors should, this writer opines, know whereof they talk, so let's listen to what he has to say:

"In my opinion the less the public knows about an artist in a personal way, the greater the admiration the public has for that artist. This applies to Radio artists in particular. Listeners form mental images of the artists and often visualize an artist as a person of such perfection that no living human being could live up to it!"

That totals fifteen opposed to the mari-

Last Chance to Vote For Your Favorite Station in Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct... \$3.00 150 votes

2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct... 6.00 325 votes

3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct... 9.00 500 votes

4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct... 12.00 750 votes

5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct... 15.00 1,000 votes

10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year

and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. \$30.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

tal publicity. Number sixteen is more or less neutral. He is Don Bernard, NBC production man in charge of Empire Builders and other programs. As such he gets little publicity, so speaks impartially when he says:

"The type of work one does should govern the policy. Romanticists should keep their audience in the dark. Singers of old-time ballads might gain by letting their fans know of their marriage. It depends on the air role."

There are two more neutrals—Adele Vasa and Paul Tremaine, both of the CBS network.

"Miss" Vasa, whose glorious soprano is heard regularly on many programs, takes the stand that the general public is not particularly interested usually whether the Radio singer is married or not. She admits, however, that on concert tours it might be advantageous to let the public believe the artist is heart and fancy free, and holds that a music-comedy star is dearer to her audience when envisioned as a "happy bachelor maiden." Adele, notwithstanding, having been only recently married, wants the whole wide world to know that she has found her "ideal man" and is "just gorgeously happy".

And Tremaine, the band leader, unmarried, says that if his orchestra can present an enjoyable program, it's all that is necessary, and whether the listeners know his matrimonial status or not doesn't make a bit of difference one way or the other.

There you have it. Now, after you've read what the stars think about you—the public's—reaction, sit down and write a letter to "Mr. Editor," of RADIO DIGEST telling just what you think about it yourself. I'm sure he'll publish the most interesting letters just to set the loud speaker favorites right—if they are wrong.

Marcella

(Continued from page 62)

Lindhe of WFAA, we thank you for the picture of these worthies.

★ ★ ★

FRANK KNIGHT received his Radio tutelage from Edward B. Husing and the late John Daniel, both of whom persuaded him off the legitimate stage and actually pushed him into Radio. He was born in St. John's, Newfoundland, May 19th, 1894, the son of the best known barrister and solicitor in that country. Graduated from St. Bonaventure's College and picked up some business training in the Canadian Bank of Commerce. War interfered and after that tried his hand at medicine at McGill University, Montreal. But the call of the stage was loud and alluring and he followed its beckoning tones—until Edward B. came on the scene and showed him the booming opportunities in Radio. And here he is now on CBS.

ONE could write volumes on the unusual dramas which life has played with Radio artists. There is Alma Wall, for instance—born with a diamond-studded spoon in her mouth and a background of ancestors that anyone would be proud of—earning her living through recitation of her own poems in a New York station. She is the lineal niece of Chief Justice John Marshall of Virginia and is related to Thomas Jefferson.

★ ★ ★

ANDRE BAROUCH deserted his palette for the microphone. He was born in Paris, August 20, 1906 and educated in the Beaux Arts School. He came to America some thirteen years ago and here he pursued his studies of art. At the N. Y. division of the National Academy of Art he won a scholarship which took him to Paris. When he returned to these shores some months ago he placed his application with the CBS. He came for a position as a pianist, but while filling out the application he wrote "announcer" instead. After the regular round of auditions, confabs and interviews, he was accepted. He speaks several languages.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND Mrs. Morton Harvey—known otherwise as The Rolling Stone and Aunt Betty—have severed connections with Radio Station WBBZ of Ponca City, Okla. Does some station need this good act? Mrs. Wm. A. R. of Warm Springs, Ga. writes, "Please tell us about Dot and Dick." "They are the only truly young married couple," says Mrs. McConnell, Jr. of WMAZ, "who live their everyday experiences before the mike as though they were in their own home. Dot and Dick write their own skits out of a varied married experience that stretches back ten years. That's why they can give their listeners little human dramas that provoke genuine laughter and—sometimes a sympathetic tear." Edna Woodward wants to know who is 'Lizabeth Ann. Martin Campbell, Assistant Manager of WHAS, Louisville, and by the way I expect to get a picture of him for this column one of these days, says that 'Lizabeth until recently was a child impersonator at that station. She recently married, and left Louisville to make her home in Greensboro, N. C. where she hopes to continue her Radio work. I'll have some private correspondence with your secretary, Mr. Campbell and see if I can't wheedle a picture from her.

★ ★ ★

MARCELLA hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

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Chain Calendar Features

The heavy response from readers to our questionnaire indicates a need for Chain Calendar Features. As program changes occur frequently after press date, slight inaccuracies may appear here and there. In regard to the headings of Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific Time, readers are doubtless familiar with the division of time used by favorite stations. For location of station, see index to network kilocycles on page 96.

Throughout Week

JOLLY BILL AND JANE—(daily except Sunday)
7:45 a.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR WLW

GENE AND GLENN—Quaker Early Birds.
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WJAR WEEI WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WCAE WTAM WJW WSAI
WRVA WPTF CKGW WJAX
WIOD WFLA WSUN CFCF
WBEN

PETRUSSIN PLAYBOYS—Brad and Al. (Mon., Tues., Wed.)
8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WDRB WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WMAL WDBJ WADC
WVNC WBT WBCM WSPD
WDOD WLAC WWOV WBBM
KSCJ KMOX KLRA KOIL

MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily ex. Sun.)
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WDRB WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WMAL WDBJ WADC
WVNC WBT WBCM WSPD
WDOD WLAC WWOV WBBM
KSCJ KMOX KLRA KOIL

CHEERIO—(daily ex. Sun.)
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WCKY WRC
WCSH WJW WHO WOC
WDAF WAPI KPRC WFI
WSB WSM WJAX WPTF
WTAG WOAI WBEA WRVA
CKGW WIOD WHAS WLAC
WSUN WTAM WJDX WJAR
WGY WOW WCAE WGN
WKY

THE VERMONT LUMBER JACKS—John Whitcomb. (Daily ex. Sunday)
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJR

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)
8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WDRB WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WMAL WDBJ WADC
WVNC WBT WBCM WSPD
WDOD WLAC WWOV WBBM
KSCJ KMOX KLRA KOIL
KFLD KTSB KLZ KDYL

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—(daily ex. Sun.)
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WDRB WPG WHP WJAS
WDBJ WADC WNBC WBT
WBCN WDOD WREC WLAC
WBRC WWOV KSCJ WMT
KMOX KLRA KOIL KFLD
KFLD KTSB KLZ KDYL

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—Conducted by Anthony Wons. (Sun. 10:00 a.m.—daily 8:30)
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WLBZ WEAN
WNAC WHP WJAS WLBW
WCAO WDOD WREC WLAC
WISN WFBM KSCJ WMT
KMOX KMBC KOIL WBBW
KFLD KTSB KLZ KDYL

MORNING MOODS—Nat Bruiloff. (Daily except Sun.)
9:30 a.m.
WABC W2XE WKBW WDRB
WPG WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WLBW WMAL WDBJ
WADC WAIU WBT WBCM
WSPD WLAC WWOV WBBM
KSCJ KMBC KLRA KOIL
KFLD KTSB KLZ KDYL

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Radio Home Makers. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
WEAN WDRB WRC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WMAL WCAO WDBJ WADC
WVNC WBBM WSPD WDOD
WLAC WISN WBBM KSCJ
KMBC KLRA KOIL KFLD

RAY PERKINS—Libby, McNeil and Libby Program. (Thurs. and Friday)
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WIBO WLW KDKA WSB
WREN KWK WSM WMB
WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
WJR WGAR

Radio Household Institute

(except Friday and Sunday)
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCHS
WLIT WRC WCAE WJW
WTAM KSD WTMJ KSTP
WBEA WEEI WGY WMC
WBEN WSAI KYW WOC
WHO CFCF CKGW

PAUL TREMAINE—(daily ex. Sunday)
12:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WKBW WEAN WDRB WNAC
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WADC WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WKBW WLAC WBBM WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY KOIL KFLD KTSB
KOL WTAQ

COLUMBIA REVIEW—(daily except Sat. and Sun.)
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WLBZ WDRB
WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WADC WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WKBW WLAC WBBM WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY KOIL KFLD KTSB
KOL WTAQ

MUSICAL AVIATORS ORCHESTRA—Tom Truesdale, Director. (Daily)
1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 10:00
WABC W2XE WGR WLBZ
WDRB WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WADC WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WKBW WLAC WBBM WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY KOIL KFLD KTSB
KOL WTAQ

AMBASSADOR HOTEL ORCHESTRA—(Mon. and Thurs.)
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WGR
WDRB WPG WJAS WJAS
WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
WDBJ WADC WKBW WISN
WVNC WBT WBCM WSPD
WDOD WLAC WWOV WBBM
KSCJ KMOX KLRA KOIL

COLUMBIA ARTIST RECITAL—(daily ex. Tues.)
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WEAN WDRB WPG
WJAS WJAS WJAS WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WKBW WLAC WBBM WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY KOIL KFLD KTSB
KOL WTAQ

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—(daily except Sat.)
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WEAN WDRB WPG
WJAS WJAS WJAS WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WKBW WLAC WBBM WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY KOIL KFLD KTSB
KOL WTAQ

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER—(Wed., Thurs. and Friday)
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCHS
WLIT WRC WCAE WJW
WSAI KSD WOC WHO
WOW KVOO WBP KPRC
WOAI WKY WTIC WTAG
WBEN WTAM KYW CKGW

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—Emery Deutsch, Director. (Mon., Tues., and Wed.)
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WGR WEAN
WDRB WPG WCAU W3XAU
WHP WJAS WADC WMAL
WDBJ WADC WKBW WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY KOIL KFLD KTSB
KOL WTAQ

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (Daily except Sunday)
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WIBO WLW KDKA WSB
WREN KWK WSM WMB
WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB
WJR WGAR

Uncle Abe and David

(Wed. Thurs., Friday, Sat.)
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCHS
WFI WRC WTMJ WSM
WBEA WCAE WGY WTAG
WTAM WJW WSAI KSD
WOC WEO WOW WDAF
WSB WMB WJDX WENR
WHAS WBEN CKGW WMC

MORTON DOWNEY—With Freddie Rich and his Orchestra. (Daily except Sun., Mon. and Tues.)
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WDRB WCAU W3XAU WHP
WJAS WMAL WDBJ WADC
WKBW WLAC WBBM WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY KOIL KFLD KTSB
KOL WTAQ

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Popsodent. (Daily except Sunday)
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJZ WHAM KDKA WBZ
WBZA WRC CKGW WRVA
WPTF WJAX WIOD WCKY
WGAR CFCF

TASTY EAST JESTERS—(Monday, Thurs., Sat.)
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WJZ WCKY WHAM WBZ
WBZA WREN KDKA WRC
WGAR WRVA WPTF WJAX
WIOD

PHIL COOK—The Quaker Man. (Daily except Sat. and Sun.)
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WOAI
KPRC WJDX KTHS WPTF
WJAX WIOD WJAS WSN
WHS WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WHAM KDKA WREN
KWK WTMJ WBC KOA
KBL WRC WGAR CFCF

EVANGELINE ADAMS—Astrologer. (Foran's. Mon. and Wed.)
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WKBW WEAN WDRB WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WDBJ WADC WKBW WISN
WVNC WBT WBCM WSPD
WDOD WLAC WWOV WBBM
KSCJ KMOX KLRA KOIL
KFLD KTSB KLZ KDYL

DADDY AND ROLLO—Congress Cigar Co. (Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WNAC WCAU W3XAU
WJAS WLBW WMAL WCAO
WADC WKBW WRC WJAX
WSPD WREC WISN WWOV
WMAQ WCCO KMBC KMOX
KOIL

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. (daily ex. Sun.)
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WFBL WGR WADC WKBW
WGST WXYZ WSPD WREC
WBRC WDSU WFBM WGL
WMAQ WCCO WMOX WMBW
KOIL KFLD KTSB KLZ KDYL

JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT—Blackstone Plantation. (Tues. and Thurs.)
8:00 p.m.
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WEAN WDRB WPG
WJAS WJAS WJAS WMAL
WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
WKBW WLAC WBBM WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY KOIL KFLD KTSB
KOL WTAQ

BARBASOL PROGRAM—(Mon. and Thurs.)
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRB WRC WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WADC WKBW WRC WJAX
WSPD WISN WFBM WMAQ
WCCO KMBC KMOX KOIL

RADIOTRON VARIETIES—"Bugs"
Baer. (Wed. and Sat.)
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCHS
WTAG WCHS WRC WLIT
WBEN WSAI WOC WJW
WJW KSD WOC WJW
WOW WDAF WIOD WFLA
WSUN WSM WSB WSMB
WJDX WFAA WOAI KOA
KSL KGO KECA KGW
KIQ KQO KTAR KFSB
WPTF KPRC

Old Gold Character Readings

(Lorna Fantin. Tues., Thurs. 9:15)
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WHEC
WGR WLBZ WEAN WDRB
WNAC WRC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WJAS WLBW
WCAO WJAX WDBJ WADC
WKBW WLAC WBBM WISN
KSCJ WMT KMBC KLRA
WDAY KOIL KFLD KTSB
KOL WTAQ

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—(Sun., Tues. and Thurs.)
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WGR
WEAN WNAC WRC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WKBW WRC WJAX
WSPD WWOV WFBM WMAQ
KMOX KMBC KOIL

GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA—Robert Burns Penatela Program. (Mon.) (Wed. 11:00)
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW
WEAN WDRB WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
WADC WKBW WRC WJAX
WSPD WWOV WFBM WMAQ
WCCO KMBC KMBC KOIL
KFLD KRLD KTRH KTSB
KLZ KDYL KOL KFPY
KOIN KHJ KFCR

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—(Tues. Thurs. Sat.)
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WCAE
WJW WSAI KSD WOC
WHO WTMJ WBEA WRVA
WJAX WIOD WFLA WSUN
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WJDX WOAI KOA
KGO WKY KECA KGW
KHQ KMOX KTAR KFSB
WIBO WDAF WTAM WAPI
WBEN WOW

CLARA, LU AND EM—(daily except Sun and Mon.)
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WJR WLW KWK WREN
WGAR WBZ WBZA WGN

RAPID TRANSIT—(Tues. and Thurs.)
11:00 p.m.
WEAF WEEI WFI WCAE
KSD WJW WSAI WOC
WHO WIOD

Sunday

MORNING MUSICALS—Emery Deutsch Conducting.
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WRC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WCAO WTAR
WVNC WBT WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WISN WFBM
WMT KMOX WJAX WBBW
KFLD KFLD KRLD KTRH
KDYL

ROXY SYMPHONY CONCERT—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WJZ WBAL KGO
WJAR WRC WTAM WJW
WOC WHO WPTF WLW
WJAX WGN WDAF WTMJ
WMC WKY KWK WREN
KOA KECA KGW KOMO
KFSB

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
WLBZ WRC WPG WCAU
W3XAU WHP WCAO WTAR
WVNC WBT WSPD WDOD
WREC WLAC WISN WFBM
WMT KMOX WJAX WBBW
KFLD KFLD KRLD KTRH
KDYL

April 5—A high ecclesiastic on "Easter."
April 12—(From Paris) "Serge Voronoff on 'Rejuvenation.'" April 19—The Lord Mayor of London and Lord Mayor's Boy Players and Singers: "Shakespeare and His Boy Players." April 26—Speaker to be announced. Subject: "Daniel Defoe." May 3—Miss Megan Lloyd George, M.P.: "Wales." (Beginning of International Travel Series.)

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC W2XE	WBFL	WHEC	
WKBW WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	
W3XAU WHP	WJAS	WMAL	
WCAO WDBJ	WADC	WHK	
WKRC WAIU	WKBN	WBT	
WGST WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	
WREC WLAC	WDSU	WOWO	
WFBM WMAQ	WCCO	WMT	
KMOX KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	
KOIL KFH	KFJF	KRLD	

DEATH VALLEY DAYS—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ WBAL	WCKY	WREN	
KWK WBZ	WBZA	WHAM	
KDKA WENR			

GRAYBAR'S—Mr. and Mrs.

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC W2XE	WBFL	WHEC	
WKBW WEAN	WNAC	WCAU	
W3XAU WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	
WCAO WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	
WHK WKRC	WKBN	WWNC	
WGST WXYZ	WSPD	WDOD	
WREC WBRB	WDSU	WISN	
WOWO WFBM	WBBM	WCCO	
KMOX KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	
KFH KFJF	KRLD	KTRH	
KTSA KLZ	KDYL	KOL	
KFPY KOIN	KHJ	KFRC	

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ WBZ	WBZA	WBAL	
KDKA KYW	KWK	KPRC	
WBC WBAL	WJAS	WAS	
WMC WMB	WKB	KOA	
KSL KGO	KHJ	WTMJ	
KOMO WREN	WJAS	WOAI	
WSB WIOD	WFLA	WSUN	
KECA KSTP	KTAR	KFS	
WJR WAPI	WGAR	WFAA	
WHAM WCKY			

RICHELIE CRAIG, JR.—Blue Ribbon

10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WABC W2XE	WBFL	WGR	
WEAN WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	
W3XAU WJAS	WMAL	WCAU	
WADC WHK	WKRC	WBT	
WXYZ WSPD	WBRB	WDSU	
WOWO WMAQ	WCCO	KMBC	
KLRA KOIL	KFH	KRLD	
KTSA			

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX RADIO PLAY- HOUSE—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC W2XE	WBFL	WHEC	
WMAK WKBW	WGR	WLBZ	
WEAN WDRC	WNAC	WOC	
WPG WCAU	W3XAU	WHP	
WJAS WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	
WDEL WTAR	WDBJ	WSA	
WADC WHK	WKRC	WCAH	
WKBN WKBN	WWNC	WGST	
WTOC WQAM	WDBO	WDAB	
WXYZ WBCM	WSPD	WLAP	
WFIW WDOD	WREC	WLAC	
WBRB WDSU	WISN	WOWO	
WFBM WBBM	WCCO	KSCJ	
WMT KMBC	KMBC	KLRA	
WDAY WDAY	WDAY	WDAY	
KFH KFJF	KRLD	WRR	
KTRH KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	
KVI KOL	KFPY	KOIN	
KHJ KFRC	KNX	CFRB	

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF WFI	KOA	WRC	
KSTP WOC	WHO	WOW	
WJDX KSD	WTAM	WDAF	
WBEN			

Wednesday

MARY HALE MARTIN'S HOUSE—

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WJZ WBAL	WIBO	KDKA	
KWK WREN	WJDX	WSMB	
KFAB WHAS	WSM	WMC	
WSB WBZ	WBZA	WLW	
WGAR WHAM			

BEN AND HELEN—

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WABC W2XE	WHEC	WKBW	
WLBZ WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	
WOC WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	
WJAS WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	
WTAR WDBJ	WKBN	WWNC	
WBCM WSPD	WDOD	WREC	
WLAC WISN	WOWO	WBBM	
KSCJ KMBC	KLRA	KOIL	
KFJF KRLD	KTSA	KDYL	

EASTMAN SCHOOL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WJZ WHAM	WJR	WREN	
KFAB WRC	CKGW	KSTP	
WJAX WSM	KOA	KGO	
KECA KTAR	WGAR		

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—

6:00 p.m.	5:00	4:00	3:00
WABC W2XE	WDRC	WFAN	
WHP WLBW	WMAL	WTAR	
WDBJ WADC	WWNC	WBT	
WBCM WDOD	WREC	WLAC	
WBRB WGL	WCCO	WISN	
KLRA WDAY	KFJF	KRLD	
KTSA KLZ	KDYL	KVI	
KOL KFPY			

GLORIA GAY'S AFFAIRS—(Katterman & Mitchell)

6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
WJZ WGAR	WENR	WHAM	

Blue Ribbon Chain

Sunday

11:00 a.m.—WEAF—Roxy Concert. A bright spot in Sunday's entertainment. Direct from New York's largest theatre.

12:30 p.m.—WABC—International Broadcast. Get the best ideas notable Englishmen and women have to offer. Covers everything from spuds to politics.

1:45 p.m.—WJZ—Little Jack Little. Radio's connoisseur of piano keys sprinkles ether with well-loved tunes.

2:00 p.m.—WEAF—Moonshine and Honey-suckle. Touching drama of mountain life. Series by Lulu Vollmer.

3:00 p.m.—WABC—New York Philharmonic Symphony. Musical gems by old and young masters of the Muse. A short appreciation talk by Olin Downes, famous music critic.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Maurice Chevalier weed zee zeharming manner-r-r zat zee French cavalier have—winning zee American ger-r-ls to him. (Chase and Sanborn.)

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—World Adventures. Floyd Gibbons—Master narrator enthalls with vivid tales of daring adventures.

9:30 p.m.—WABC—Edgar Guest. Melody and verse trip hand in hand. Music by Detroit Symphony Orchestra—poetry by Edgar Guest. (Graham Paige.)

Monday

6:45 and 8:00 p.m.—NBC and CBS—Lowell Thomas. Radio Voice of Literary Digest culls best stories from fan mail—shares them with listeners. (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

7:00 p.m.—WJZ—Amos 'n' Andy. Andy in a perpetual pickle—low 'n' reguested—Amos untiring in lifting wrinkles. (Pep-sodent.) (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

7:15 p.m.—WJZ—Tastyeast Jesters. (Thurs. and Sat.) Rollicking trio of singing jesters.

7:30 p.m.—WJZ—Phil Cook. Serving that never diminishing pile of Aunt Jemima's luscious, golden-brown pancakes. M-m-m. (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

7:30 p.m.—WABC—Evangeline Adams, famous astrologer. Tells how vibrations from planets influence human lives. Gets about

4,000 fan letters a day. Offers horoscopes to listeners for Forhan's toothpaste covers. (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Tony Cabooch summons any number of characters up from his voice box to make you believe a dozen persons are talking. He's sponsored by Anheuser Busch.

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—How's Business, Merle Thorpe; lowdown on economic conditions.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Real Folks. George Frame Brown and his ensemble from Thompkins Corners brings genial atmosphere of small town community. (Chesebrough.)

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Guy Lombardo. Creator of the slow-time dance music continues to grow in popular favor. The smokes are on Robert Burns Panatela. (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

Tuesday

5:15 p.m.—WABC—Dr. Vizetelly, word genealogist and editor of Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary. Drills Columbia announcers on pronunciation and gives the listeners an earful.

7:45 p.m.—WABC—Daddy and Rollo. Good program for tired men. Nothing like having a son ask all sorts of questions—why up is up and if third cousins come under heading of relativity. (Congress Cigar Company.) (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. Stage veterans bring you entertaining program—songs and here and there music by Jack Shilkret—Blackstone Plantation in supporting role. (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

8:00 p.m.—WJZ—Paul Whiteman's Painters. Nuf. sed.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—McKesson Musical Magazine. A concert orchestra.

10:00 p.m.—WEAF—Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra—B. A. Rolfe, conductor. Lively, full of novelty, zip and zest. Sometimes it's hot—and toasted—but it's always kind to your ears. (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

BOSCOL MOMENTS WITH MME.

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WEAF WHEC	WBEN	WCAE	
WSAI WRC	WTAM	WWJ	

SMITH BROTHERS' ORCHESTRA—

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ WGAR	KDKA	WJR	
WIBO WKB	WIBO	KFAB	
WLW			

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WEAF WRC	KOA	KECA	
KGO WCAE	WBEN	KOMO	
KFSD WSAI	WOW	WDAF	
WEEI WJAR	WFLA	WSUN	
KSTP			

THE SUNKIST MUSICAL COCKTAIL

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC W2XE	WBFL	WGR	
WEAN WDRC	WNAC	WFAN	
WCAU W3XAU	WJAS	WMAL	
WCAO WADC	WHK	WKRC	
WXYZ WSPD	WOWO	WMAQ	
WJJD KMOX	KMBC	KOIL	
KLZ KDYL			

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

LISTERINE PROGRAM—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF WTIC	WEEI	WJAR	
WTAG WCHS	WLIT	WRC	
WBEN WTAM	WWJ	WSAI	
WIBO KSD	WOC	WHO	
WOW WPTF	WOC	WFLA	
WSUN WHAS	WSM	WMC	
WSB WJDX	WFAA	WOAI	
KOA KSL	KGO	KECA	
KGW KOMO	KHQ	KTAR	
KFSD WGY	KPRC		

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC W2XE	WBFL	WKBW	
WEAN WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	
W3XAU WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	
WTAR WDBJ	WADC	WHK	
WKRC WCAH	WXYZ	WSPD	
WLAP WREC	WLAC	WISN	
WOWO WFBM	WMAQ	WCCO	
KSCJ KMBC	KMBC	KOIL	
KPH KFJF	KRLD	KLZ	
KDYL KOL	KFPY	KOIN	
KHJ KFRC	KMJ	KFBC	

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ WBZ	WBZA	WHAM	
KDKA WREN	WLW	KYW	
WSB WJAX	WJR	KWK	
WIOD WJAX	WFLA	WSUN	
WGAR WOAI			

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

HALSEY, STUART PROGRAM—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF WEEI	WJAR	WTAG	
WCHS WLIT	WRC	WGY	
WCAE CKGW	WRVA	WJAX	
KOA KSL	KGO	WJAX	
KOMO KHQ	WBI	KSD	
KSD WOC	WOW	WWJ	
WSMB KVOO	KPRC	WOAI	
KSTP WTMJ	KYW	WHAS	
WSM WMC	WDAF	WHO	
WSB WOAI	KOA	KSL	
KGO KGW	KOMO	KHQ	
WFAA KPRC	WWJ	WTAM	
WBEN KFI			

PALMOLIVE HOUR—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF WEEI	WTIC	WJAR	
WTAG WCHS	WLIT	WRC	
WGY WCAE	WSAI	WGN	
KSD WOC	WOW	WSMB	
WTMJ CKGW	KSTP	WHAS	
WSM WMC	WDAF	WHO	
WSB WOAI	KOA	KSL	
KGO KGW	KOMO	KHQ	
WFAA KPRC	WWJ	WTAM	
WBEN KFI			

VINCENT LOPEZ—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WEAF WRC	WCAE	KSD	
WGY WLIT	WOC	WHO	
WWJ WFLA	WSUN		

Features

10:00 p.m.—WABC—Mr. and Mrs. Graybar. You know just who they are because you have seen people just like them. Homey drama with a laugh and a tear.

10:30 p.m.—WABC—Paramount Publix Radio Playhouse. A variety program offering. Morton Downey, Jesse Crawford, Marie Gerard, William Haines and a screen chat by Jerry Madison.

10:15 p.m.—WABC—Richie Craig, Jr. Blue Ribbon Malt Jester. A time to be mighty careful what with buttons flying in all directions.

11:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rapid Transit Sketches of Metropolitan life with appropriate background of jazz music. (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

Wednesday

6:30 p.m.—WJZ—Gloria Gay's Affairs. A modern girl's affaires de coeur—tender, romantic and impetuous—but they always end as per. (Sponsor—Katterman & Mitchell.)

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Bobby Jones. Golf champ leaves links long enough for network chat on cherished game. Good chance for corner golfer to learn some good licks. (Lambert Pharmacal Company.)

8:15 p.m.—WEAF—Radiotron Varieties. "Bugs" Baer as sparkling toastmaster—the voice with the schoolgirl complexion. Supported by splendid cast. (See "THROUGHOUT THE WEEK"—Chain Calendar.)

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Sunkist Musical Cocktail. Direct from Golden State. Los Angeles yields Raymond Paige's orchestra, Hal-lelujah Quartet. Vocal Chorus and Sundry Sunkist Soloists.

9:30 p.m.—WEAF—Palmolive Hour. Favorite songs and melodies conveyed by Olive Palmer, Elizabeth Lennox, Paul Oliver and the Revelers; Messrs. James, Melton, Shaw and Glenn. Orchestra under direction of Gustave Haenschel.

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—Coca Cola Program. Offers exceptional opportunity to get inside dope on sports from celebrities themselves—with Grantland Rice as hostmaster.

Selected by the Editors

To provide you with the outstanding features for each day of the week the RADIO DIGEST program editor has selected the programs indicated as Blue Ribbon. Do you agree with her selections? (For stations taking the programs, see adjoining list.)

Thursday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Rudy Vallee—Idol and despair of feminine listeners. Voice brings up pictures of plumed knights, fair ladies, moonlight—romance! (A Fleischmann presentation.)

8:45 p.m.—WABC—Hamilton Watchman. When a minute counts for eternity. Palpitating dramalettes to tune of timepiece vibrations.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Maxwell House Ensemble. Good program—good music—good orchestra directed by Don Voorhees.

Friday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Cities Service Concert with lovely Jessica Dragonette, Cavaliers Quartet and orchestra led by Rosario Bourdon.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Dutch Masters. Attractive program—wide range of variety—good songs and music. Lillian Taiz, Nelson Eddy and Jack Smart.

8:45 p.m.—WJZ—Arthur Murray—Natural Bridge Dancing Class. Lessons in modern Terpsichorean art.

9:30 p.m.—WJZ—Irvin Cobb presents side-splitting satire on silly art. Assisted by mixed chorus and orchestra. (Chez Armour.)

10:30 p.m.—WEAF—RKO Theatre of the Air—a scintillating hour with stars from stage, vaudeville, pictures and ether.

Saturday

8:00 p.m.—WEAF—Webster Program. Good old Weber and Field team provides hearty laughs with fresh supply of humor. Not a bit rusty.

8:30 p.m.—WABC—Alexander Woolcott. Fine opportunity to learn correct pronunciation of words you never looked up. Be surprised! And a barrel of fun.

9:00 p.m.—WEAF—Floyd Gibbons on the General Electric Hour. Symphony Orchestra under baton of Walter Damrosch—Floyd Gibbons takes you for jaunt to the "House of Magic."

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MID-WEEK FEDERATION HYMN

SING—			
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF WMC	WIBO	WWJ	
WHAS WOC	WHO	KOA	
WBEN WCAE	WTMJ	KDYL	

FRIENDLY FIVE FOOTNOTES—

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WJZ WBZ	WBZA	WBXN	
KWK KFAB	WHAS	WSM	
WMC WSB	WAPI	WSMB	
WJDX WRVA	WPTF	WJAX	
WIOD WFLA	WSUN	KGO	
KECA KOMO	WHK	KTAR	
KFSD WBAL	KDKA	WIBO	
KOA KSL	WGAR		

RUDY VALLEE—Fleischmann Hour.

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WEAF WEEL	WTAG	WJAX	
WJDX WJAR	WCHH	WHI	
WRC WGY	WHO	WOW	
WDAF WWJ	WHAS	KTAR	
WMC WSAI	WSB	WSMB	
WEBC KOA	WRVA	KSL	
KOMO WOI	WAPI	WOC	
WAPI KGO	KHQ	KECA	
KSD CKGW	WTAM	KGW	
KSTP WGN	KPRC	WBEN	
CFCF WFLA	WSUN	WCAE	
(WTMJ KTHS	WIOD	WBAP	
WKY, off 8:30)			

SALADA SALON ORCHESTRA

Nathaniel Shilkret.			
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WJZ WBZ	WBZA	WBAL	
WHAM KDKA	WJR	WIBO	
KWK WREN	KFAB	WGAR	

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN—

8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC W2XE	WFBL	WGR	
WEAN WNAC	WCAU	W3XAU	
WJAS WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	
WADC WHK	WKRC	WNYZ	
WSPD WWSU	WJJD	KMOX	
KMBC KOIL			

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF WEEL	WJAR	WTAG	
WCBS WFI	CKGW	WRC	
WGY WSB	WSM	WIOD	
WJAX WOAI	KOA	KSL	
WKY WBAF	WRVA	WSAI	
KSD WDAF	WREN	WCAE	
WEBC WOV	WSMB	WJDX	
WOC WMC	WHO	KGO	
KECA KOMO	KHQ	KGW	
WAPI WTAM	WBEN	WFLA	
WSUN KTAR	KFSD	WWJ	

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WEAF WJAR	WWJ	WTAG	
WCBS WFI	WRC	WCAE	
WSAI WTAM	WIBO	WGY	
WBEN			

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WJZ WBZ	WBZA	WBAL	
WLW WKY	WTMJ	WEBC	
WHAS WSM	WJAX	KPRC	
KOA WRVA	WSB	WBAF	
KWV KWK	WREN	WIOD	
WJR WSMB	WOAI	KECA	
KGW KOMO	KHQ	WAPI	
WMC WHAM	KDKA	KSL	
KGO WJDX	WSUN	WFLA	
KTAR KFSD			

CERESOTA PROGRAM—

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WEAF WJAR	WTAG	WCBS	
WFI WRC	WGY	WCAE	
WWJ WSAI	KSTP	WRVA	
WTAM WBEN	WOC	WHO	
KFKX			

THE LUTHERAN HOUR—

10:00 p.m.			
WABC W2XE	WFBL	WKBW	
WEAN WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	
W3XAU WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	
WADC WHK	WKRC	WNYZ	
WSPD WDSU	WOWO	WBBM	
WCCO WMT	KMOX	KMBC	
WNAX KOIL	KRLD	KLZ	
KDYL KOIL	KFPY	KOIN	
KHJ KFRC			

TOSCHA SEIDEL AND CONCERT ORCHESTRA—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC W2XE	WKBW	WEAN	
WDRC WNAC	WORC	WFAN	
WHP WJAS	WLBW	WMAL	
WCAO WTAR	WDBJ	WADC	
WHK WKBN	WBT	WBSN	
WSPD WLAC	WBRC	WISN	
WOWO WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	
KMBC KLRA	WDAY	WNAX	
KOIL KFJF	KRLD	KLZ	
KDYL KHJ	WTAQ		

BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHES-

TRA—			
11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC W2XE	WGR	WJAX	
WDRC WNAC	WORC	WPG	
WCAU W3XAU	WHP	WIBW	
WMAL WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	
WADC WKBN	WBT	WBSN	
WLAC WBRC	WISN	WBBM	
WGL WMT	KLRA	WDAY	
WNAX KOIL	KFH	KFFY	
KTSA KLZ	KDYL	CFRB	
WTAQ			

RADIO ROUNDUP—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC WCAO	WBBM	KFAA	
W2XE WTAR	WGI	KLZ	
WKBW WDBJ	WCCO	KFPY	
WEAN WADC	WMT	CFRB	
WDRC WKBN	KMBC	WTAQ	
WNAC WBT	KLRA	WORO	
WBRC WDAY	WISN	WSPD	
WNAX WHP	WLAC	KOIL	
WIBW WBRC	KFH	WMAL	
WISN KFJF			

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COCA COLA PROGRAM—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WEAF WEEL	WTIC	WJAR	
WTAG WCBS	WLIT	WRC	
WCAE WSAI	WOC	WEBC	
WKY KYW	KSD	WRVA	
KSTP WJAX	WIOD	WSM	
WSMB KTHS	KPRC	WOAI	
KOA KSL	KGO	KGW	
KHQ KOMO	KFSD	WJDX	
WDAF WHAS	WTAM	WHO	
WOW WMC	WSB	WWJ	
WAPI WBEN	KFI	WGY	

COLUMBIA CONCERTS CORPORATION PROGRAM—

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC W2XE	WHEC	WKBW	
WLWZ WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	
WORC WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	
WJAS WLBW	WMAL	WCAO	
WTAR WDBJ	WADC	WKBN	
WNNC WBT	WBCM	WSPD	
WDOD WREC	WLAC	WBRC	
WISN WOWO	WFBM	WCCO	
KSCJ WMT	KMOX	KMBC	
KLRA WDAY	WNAX	WIBW	
KFJF KTRH	KTSA	KLZ	
KDYL KOL	KFPY		

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GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—

11:00 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC W2XE	WHEC	WGR	
WLWZ WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	
WORC WPG	WCAU	W3XAU	
WLBW WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	
WADC WHK	WKBN	WNNC	
WBT WBCM	WSPD	WDOD	
WREC WLAC	WBRC	WISN	
WOWO WFBM	WCCO	KSCJ	
WMT KMBC	KLRA	WDAY	
WNAX KOIL	WIBW	KFH	
KFJF KTRH	KLZ	KDYL	
KOL KFPY			

JIMMIE JOY AND HIS ORCHESTRA FROM ST. PAUL—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WABC W2XE	WKBW	WEAN	
WDRC WNAC	WORC	WCAU	
W3XAU WLBW	WCAO	WTAR	
WDBJ WKBN	WBT	WBCM	
WLAC WBRC	WISN	WOWO	
WFBM WCCO	KSCJ	WMT	
KMBC KLRA	WDAY	WNAX	
KOIL KFH	KFJF	KLZ	
KDYL WTAQ			

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Thursday

MASTER GARDNER—

10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF WGY	WCAE	WTAM	
WOC WHO	WFI	WRC	
WWJ WDAF	WSAI	WIDX	
KOA WRVA	WSM	WSB	
WJAX CKGW			

FIVE ARTS—Radio Home Makers.

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC W2XE	WHEC	WKBW	
WLWZ WEAN	WDRC	WNAC	
WPG WCAU	WTAR	WJAS	
WLBW WCAO	WTAR	WDBJ	
WKBN WNNC	WBCM	WSPD	
WDOD WREC	WLAC	WISN	
WOWO KSCJ	KMOX	KMBC	
KLRA KOIL	KFJF	KTSA	

PETER PAN FORECASTS—

11:45 a.m.			
WABC W2XE	WFBL	WKBW	
WEAN WDRC	WNAC	WCAU	
W3XAU WJAS	WMAL	WCAO	
WADC WHK	WKRC	WCAH	
WGST WNYZ	WSPD	WREC	
WLAC WBRC	WDSU	WOWO	
WMAQ WCCO	KMBC	KOIL	
KFJF KRLD	KLZ	KDYL	
KVI KOIL	KIPY	KOIN	
KHJ KFRC	CFRB		

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Friday

BOND BREAD PROGRAM—

10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
 WABC W2XE WFLB WHEC
 WKWB WEAN WDRC WNAC
 WORC WCAU W3XAU WMAL
 WCAO WTAR WADC WHK
 WAIU WXYZ WSPD WDSU
 WFBN KMBC KMBC KOIL
 KFH KFPY

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—

10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WHAM WCKA WCKY WBO
 KWK WREN WTAM WSM
 KSTP WEBC WRVA WJAX
 WIOD WHAS WMC WAPI
 WSMB KTHS KVOO WBP
 KPRC WOA WKY WDKA
 WPTF WFLA WSUN WJR

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—

Walter Damrosch.
 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WJZ WEAF WBZ WOA
 WBZA WBAL WHAM KDKA
 WJR WCAU WJZ WBO
 KWK WREN KFB WEEL
 WJAR WTAR WCHS WLIT
 WRC WGY WBN WCAE
 WTAM WSAI KSD WOC
 WFO WOV KYG CKGW
 WTMJ KSTP WYFA WFLA
 WPTF WJAX WEBC WFLA
 WSUN WHAS WIOD WMC
 WSB WAPI WSM WJDX
 KVOO KPRC WSMB WKY
 KOA KSL WGN WCFL
 WFAA KYW on 11:30

EMILY POST—

11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WFLB WKBW
 WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
 W3XAU WJAS WMAL WCAO
 WADC WKRC WXYZ WSPD
 WISN WOV WBBM KMBC
 KMBC KOIL CFB

RADIO GUILD—

4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WJZ WBAL WHAM KGO
 CKGW WPTF WJAX KTR
 KFI KOMO KFSD WSM
 KFA WREN WEBC WJZ
 WMC WREN WBZ WJR
 KSL KWK KYW
 WGA WLW WTMJ WSB
 WSMB KVOO WOA WKY
 KPRC WRVA WRC

CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC—

4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WABC W2XE WGR WLBZ
 WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
 WPG WCAU W3XAU WMAL
 WCAO WTAR WDBJ WADC
 WKRC WNNC WBT WBCM
 WSPD WDOD WREC WLAC
 WBRC WISN WBBM WCCO
 KSCJ WMT KMBC KFLA
 KRLD KTRH KFTA KFL
 KDYL KVI KOL KFPY
 KHJ

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WABC W2XE WHEC WGR
 WDRC WHP WLV WKBW
 WCAO WTA WRC WBN
 WNNC WBT WBCM WSPD
 WDOD WREC WLAC WBRC
 WISN WGL WCCO KSCJ
 WMT KMOX KMBC KFLA
 WDAY KFH KFPY KRLD
 KTRH KFTA KFLA KDYL

WINEGAR'S BARN ORCHESTRA—

6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WGR WLBZ
 WFA WHP WJAS WLBW
 WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
 WADC WKBW WNNC WBT
 WBCM WDOD WREC WLAC
 WBRC WISN WBBM WGL
 WBBM WCAO WOA KMO
 KMBC KFLA KOIL KFPY
 KRLD KTRH KFTA KFL
 KDYL KVI KOL KFPY
 KHJ

BROWNBLT FOOTLITES—

7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WREN
 KPRC WFA WAC KFA
 KFA WTMJ WEBC WRVA
 WPTF WJAX WIOD WFLA
 WSUN WHAS WSM WAPI
 WSMB WJDX WOA WBO
 KOA KSL KDKA WSB
 WLW KSTP WGAR

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT OR-

CHESSTRA—Jessica Dragonette
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WEAF WEEL WTIC WLIT
 WRC WCAE WJAR WCHS
 WOV WY W KSD WDAF
 KSTP WTMJ WKY WOC
 WBOC KOA WOA KMO
 KGO KGW KFH KFPY
 KSL CKGW KECA WHO
 WSAI WTAM WBN WWJ

THE DUTCH MASTERS—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WADC WCAO WNK WGR
 WBBM WKRC WHK WXYZ
 WWO WDRC KMBC WABC
 W2XE KOIL WCAU W3XAU
 WJAS WFLA KMBC WFLA
 WSPD WMAL WCCO

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NESTLE'S PROGRAM—

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 WBO WCK KWK KFB
 WJR WLW KDKA WGAR

NATURAL BRIDGE DANCING CLASS

—with Arthur Murray.
 8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WJZ WHAM KDKA KWK
 WREN WJAX WIOD WBO
 WBZ WBZA WFLA WSUN
 WRVA WJR WGAR WCKY

INTERWOVEN PAIR—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJZ WHAM WMC KDKA
 WJAX WKY WREN KPRC
 KWK WBZ WBZA KGW
 WSMB WIOD WFAA WJR
 WTMJ KSTP WHAS KYW
 WEBC WCKY WSM WRVA
 WSB WAPI WOA KOA
 KSL KGO KGW KOMO
 KHQ KFSD KTR WGAR

THE CLICQUET CLUB—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WEAF WEEL WTIC WJAR
 WTAR WCHS WLIT WRC
 WOV WCAE WSAI WBO
 KSD WJZ WDAF WOC
 WHO WGY WBN

TRUE STORY HOUR—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WFLB WKBW
 WEAN WDRC WNAC WCAU
 W3XAU WJAS WXYZ WSPD
 WADC WHK WKRC WSPD
 WWO WMAQ KMBC KMBC
 KOIL WFLA

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES

National Broadcasting Company

Kc.	Kc.
CKGW.....960	WFAA.....800
KDKA.....980	WFI.....560
KECA.....1340	WFLA.....620
KFB.....770	WGA.....1450
KFI.....640	WGN.....720
KFSD.....600	WGY.....790
KFKX.....1020	WHAM.....1150
KGO.....790	WHAS.....820
KGW.....620	WHO.....1000
KHQ.....590	WIBO.....560
KOA.....830	WIOD.....1300
KOMO.....920	WJAR.....890
KPO.....680	WJAX.....900
KPRC.....920	WJDX.....1270
KSD.....550	WJR.....750
KSL.....1130	WJZ.....760
KSTP.....1460	WKY.....900
KTR.....620	WLIT.....560
KTHS.....1040	WLS.....870
KVOO.....1140	WLW.....700
KWK.....1350	WMC.....780
KYW.....1020	WOAI.....1190
WAPI.....1140	WOC.....1000
WBAL.....1060	WOW.....590
WBAP.....800	WPTF.....680
WBEN.....900	WRC.....950
WBZ.....990	WREN.....1220
WBZA.....990	WRVA.....1110
WCAE.....1220	WSA.....1330
WCFL.....970	WSM.....650
WCKY.....1480	WSMB.....1320
WCHS.....940	WSUN.....620
WDAF.....610	WTAG.....580
WEAF.....660	WTAM.....1070
WEBC.....1290	WTIC.....1060
WEEL.....590	WTMJ.....620
WENR.....870	WWJ.....920

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TWO TROUPE—Marcella Shields

and Helene Handin.
 9:45 p.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
 WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAR
 WCHS WRC WLIT WGY
 WBN WSAI KSD WOC
 WBO WDAF

NOBLE SIDDLE AND HIS PRINCESSE

RESTAURANT ORCHESTRA
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WFLB WKBW
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WREN
 WKBW WHK KLA WTAQ
 WEAN WKBW WDAY WDRC
 WBT WNA WNA WBCM
 KOIL WORC WSP KFH
 WCAU WLAC KFF W3XAU
 WISN KLZ WLBW WWO
 KDYL WCAO WCCO KOL

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYM-

PHONY SOCIETY CHILDREN'S
 CONCERT—Ernest Schelling.
 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WFLB WKBW
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WREN
 WORC WPG WCAU W3XAU
 WHP WJAS WMAL WCAO
 WTAR WDBJ WHK WKRC
 WKBW WNNC WBT WDOD
 WREC WLAC WBR WISN
 WWO WFBM WMAQ WCCO
 KSCJ WMT KMBC KLA
 WDAY KOIL WLBW KFH
 KFF KRLD KFTA KDYL
 KVI KOL KFPY KHJ

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RISE OF THE GOLDBERGS—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
 WJZ WHAM WCK KWB
 WBO WSB WJDX WSBM

SNOOP AND PEEP—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
 WEAF WJAR WTAR WBN
 WSAI WOC WHO WOV
 WTMJ KSTP WEBC WIOD
 WFLA WSUN KGO CFCF

"THE HIGHROAD OF ADVENTURE",

Gilbert E. Cable—
 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WEAF WTAR WBN WCAE
 WTAM WJ WSAI WOC
 WBO KSTP WBC KGO
 KGW KFSD KTR

WEBSTER PROGRAM—featuring

Weber and Fields—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WEAF WEEL WJAR WGY
 WCHS WFI WRC WTAR
 WBN WCAE WTAM WWJ
 WSAI WBO KSD WOC
 WHO WOV WDAF WTMJ
 KSTP KOA KSL

THE SILVER FLUTE—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WEAF WCHS WGY WCAE
 WSAI KSD WDAF WIOD
 WJAR WBN WOC WHO

BEN ALLEY—Ann Leaf at the Organ.

8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
 WABC W2XE WGR WORC
 WPG WCAU WJZ WJAS
 WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
 WDBJ WADC WKBW WBT
 WBCM WSPD WLAC WERC
 WISN WWO WFBM WMAQ
 KSCJ WMT KMBC KLA
 WDAY WNA WNA WNA
 KFF KFTA KFTA KFTA
 KHJ KFC

FULLER MAN—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WHAM KDKA WJR WLW
 KWK WREN KOA CKGW
 WHAS KPRC KGO KECA
 KGW KOMO KFB KHQ
 WBO WKY WTMJ WMC
 WEBC WSB WAPI WSMB
 WJDX KSTP WBP

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT—Early

Bookworm
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WDRC
 WNAC WORC WPG WJAS
 WLBW WMAL WCAO WTAR
 WDBJ WADC WKBW WNNC
 WBT WBCM WDOD WREC
 WLAC WBR WISN WWO
 WMAQ KSCJ WMT KMBC
 KLA WDAY WNA WNA
 WLBW WNA WNA WNA
 KFTA KFL KFTA KFTA
 KFLA KFLA KFLA KFLA

FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS

ORCHESTRA—
 8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WABC W2XE WKBW WLBZ
 WEAN WDRC WNAC WORC
 WCAU W3XAU WJAS WLBW
 WMAL WCAO WTAR WDBJ
 WADC WKBW WKBW WNNC
 WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD
 WREC WLAC WBR WISN
 WWO WMAQ KSCJ WMT
 KMBC KMBC KLA WDAY
 WNA WNA WNA WNA
 KFLA KFLA KFLA KFLA
 KFLA KFLA KFLA KFLA

GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAR
 WCHS WFI WRC WGY
 WBN WCAE WTAM WWJ
 WSAI WBO KSD WOC
 WOV WDAF WTMJ WKY
 KSTP WEBC WRVA WJAX
 WHAS WMC WSB WAPI
 WSMB WBP KPRC WOA
 KOA KSL KGO KFI
 KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD
 KTR WHO

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WKBW WDRC
 WNAC WORC WPG WFA
 WHP WJAS WLBW WCAO
 WTAR WDBJ WADC WKBW
 WBT WBCM WSPD WDOD
 WREC WLAC WBR WISN
 WWO WMAQ KSCJ WMT
 KMBC KMBC KLA WDAY
 WNA WNA WNA WNA
 KFLA KFLA KFLA KFLA
 KFLA KFLA KFLA KFLA

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW
 WLBZ WEAN WDRC WNAC
 WORC WPG WFA WFA
 WJAS WLBW WCAO WCAO
 WDBJ WADC WKBW WNNC
 WSPD WDOD WLAC WBR
 WISN WFBM WGL WMAQ
 WCCO KSCJ WMT KMBC
 KMBC KLA WDAY WNA
 KFLA KFLA KFLA KFLA
 KFLA KFLA KFLA KFLA
 KFLA KFLA KFLA KFLA

TED HUSING'S SPORTSLANTS—

6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WFLB WFLA
 WAP WLBW WJZ WJAX
 WAD WKB WKB WKB
 WBCM WREC WLAC WBR
 WISN WWO WBBM WCCO
 KSCJ WDAY KOIL WLBW
 KFH KFF KRLD KTRH
 KFTA KFLA KFLA KFLA
 KFPY KHJ KFPY CFB

Stations Alphabetically Listed

The following list has been corrected from latest issue of the official U. S. Federal Radio Commission bulletin in effect at the time of going to press (February 28, 1931).—EDITOR

K

- KBTM.....Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.
- KCRC.....Enid, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
250 w. until local sunset.
- KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.
- KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
- KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
100 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
- KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1000 kc.—209.7 m.
- KEJK.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—1170 kc.
- KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
- KEX.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
- KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
- KFBF.....Great Falls, Mont.
500 w.—1360 kc.—234.2 m.
- KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas
100 w.—560 kc.—355.4 m.
- KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
100 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KREL.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—940 kc.—325.9 m.
- KREQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—560 kc.—440.9 m.
- KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KRHL.....Wichita, Kans.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KEL.....Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.—463.5 m.
- KRIF.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KRIO.....Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1230 kc.—267.7 m.
- KRIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KRJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KRJJ.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—202.6 m.
- KRJI.....Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KRJM.....Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KRJR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KRJJ.....Fort Dodge, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KRJJ.....Fort Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KRKA.....Greenville, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—440.7 m.
- 1000 w. until local sunset
- KRKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
- KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
- KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
- KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
- KFLX.....Galveston, Texas.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—120 kc.—239.9 m.
- KFNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
- 1000 w. until local sunset
- KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
250 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- 250 w. until local sunset
- KFOZ.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- KFPD.....Dublin, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
- KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska.
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
- KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KFQZ.....Hollywood, Calif.
250 w.—860 kc.
- KFRF.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.9 m.
- KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
- KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
- 1000 w. until local sunset
- KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KFUL.....Galveston, Texas.
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
- KFUM.....Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—710 kc.—299.8 m.
- KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
- KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KFWL.....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KFWM.....Richmond, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.
- 1000 w. until local sunset
- KPXF.....Denver, Col.
500 w.—940 kc.—325.9 m.
- KPFM.....San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KPXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KPFY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KPYO.....Abilene, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- 250 w. until local sunset
- KPYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
- 2500 until local sunset
- KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
- KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1360 kc.—225.4 m.
- KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- 1000 w. until local sunset
- KGCJ.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGEX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- 250 w. until local sunset
- KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
- KGEP.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1370 kc.—220.4 m.
- KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGFG.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGFI.....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KGFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
- KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGGS.....South Coffeyville, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
- KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
250 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
- 500 w. until local sunset
- KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
- 2500 w. until local sunset
- KGIO.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
- KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
- KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
- 500 w. until local sunset
- KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KGNF.....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KGON.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
- KGRC.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
- KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
- KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
- KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
- KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- KHO.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
- 2000 until local sunset
- KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
- KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
- KLO.....Ogden, Utah
100 w.—1370 kc.—214.2 m.
- 200 w. until local sunset
- KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
- KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
- KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
- KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
- KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
- 2500 w. until local sunset
- KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
- KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—1340 kc.—348.6 m.
- KMON.....St. Louis, Mo.
50,000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
- KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
- KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
- KNN.....Hollywood, Calif.
50,000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
- KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
- KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KOB.....State College, N. M.
- 20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
- KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
250 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- 500 w. until local sunset
- KOH.....Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
- KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KONO.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
- KFCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.—421.3 m.
- KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
- KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
- KPRC.....Houston, Texas
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—220.4 m.
- KPWF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
- KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.
- KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
- KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KREP.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.
- KRGV.....Hartlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
- KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
500 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
- 1000 w. until local sunset
- KSAT.....Birdville, Texas
1000 w.—1250 kc.
- KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
- KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
- KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
- KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
- KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
- KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
- KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
- KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
- KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
750 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
- KTIS.....Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
- KFLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
- KNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—250.3 m.
- KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KUSA.....San Antonio, Texas
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
- 2000 w. until local sunset
- KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KTUE.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KUJ.....Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
- KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
- 750 w. until local sunset
- KUT.....Austin, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—199.9 m.
- KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
- KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
- KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
- KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
- KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
- KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
1000 w.—1200 kc.—245.8 m.
- 2000 w. until local sunset
- KWWG.....Branford, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
- KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
- KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
- KYWA.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—1020 kc.
- KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

W

- WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- 2000 w. until local sunset
- WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—1070 kc.—319 m.
- WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
- WABC.....New York City
50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
- WABI.....Banger, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
- WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- WAIL.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
- WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263.7 m.
- WASH.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—1270 kc.—260.1 m.
- WBAA.....W. I. Falls, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- WBAB.....Baltimore, Md.
500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
- WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
10,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
- WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.

WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va. 250 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.	WGN.....Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.	WJBL.....Decatur, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WMBD.....Peoria Hts., Ill. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WDBO.....Orlando, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.—267.7 m.	WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.	WJBO.....New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	1000 w. until local sunset
WBBL.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—247.8 m.	WDEL.....Wilmington, Del. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	WGST.....Atlanta, Ga. 500 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.	WJBT-WBBM.....Glenview, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.	WMBF.....Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.	WDGL.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.	WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y. 50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.	WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WMBG.....Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn. 2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WHA.....Madison, Wis. 750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WJDX.....Jackson, Miss. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.	WMBH.....Joplin, Mo. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WDOR.....Hartford, Conn. 500 w.—1330 kc.—226 m.	WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill. 20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.	250 w. until local sunset
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.	WDSU.....New Orleans, La. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y. 5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.	WJKS.....Gary, Ind. 500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.	WMBI.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich. 500 w.—1410 kc.—322.6 m.	WDWF.....Providence, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WHAP.....New York City 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	1250 w. until local sunset	WMBJ.....Wilkesburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.	WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.	WHAS.....Louisville, Ky. 10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.	WJR.....Detroit, Mich. 5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.	WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y. 100 w.—1370 kc.—228.9 m.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	WEAF.....New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.	WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WJSV.....Mt. Vernon Hills, Va. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.	WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WBNY.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.	WEAL.....Ithaca, N. Y. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.	WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.	WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WMBR.....Tampa, Fla. 100 w.—1210 kc.—218.8 m.
WBOQ.....New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.	WEAN.....Providence, R. I. 250 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.	WHB.....Kansas City, Mo. 500 w.—950 kc.—348.6 m.	WJZ.....New York City 30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.	WMC.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio 750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.	1000 w. until local sunset
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.	WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio 1000 w.—1070 kc.	WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich. 1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.	WMCA.....New York City 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
1000 w. until local sunset	WEBC.....Superior, Wis. 2500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.	WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	WKAV.....Laconia, N. H. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WMMN.....Fairmont, W. Va. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHBO.....Memphis, Tenn. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKBK.....Birmingham, Ala. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	500 w. until local sunset
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H. 500 w.—1430 kc.	WEBC.....Superior, Wis. 2500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.	WHBU.....Anderson, Ind. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WKBFB.....Indianapolis, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WBSO.....Wellesley Hills, Mass. 500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis. 1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.	WMRG.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKBK.....Youngstown, Ohio 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WBTM.....Danville, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDH.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.	WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	WNAC.....Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass. 15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDI.....Minneapolis, Minn. 500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.	WKBO.....New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.	WNAD.....Norman, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.—269.9 m.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass. 500 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WNAT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn. 250 w.—600 kc.—500 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKBU.....Connersville, Ind. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WNAX.....Yankton, S. Dak. 100 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WCAD.....Canton, N.Y. 500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	150 w. until local sunset	WNBF.....Binghamton, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.	WNBH.....New Bedford, Mass. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKBN.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—1040 kc.	WNBO.....Silver Haven, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr. 500 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKCN.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—1040 kc.	WNBW.....Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKCR.....Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WNJ.....Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKCR.....Cincinnati, Ohio 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.	WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn. 2000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WKCY.....Oklahoma City, Okla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.	1000 w. until local sunset
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—204 m.	WNRN.....Greensboro, N. C. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.	WNYC.....New York, N. Y. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa. 10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLB.....Kansas City, Kans. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex. 50,000 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLBG.....Petersburg, Va. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WOAN.....Whitehaven, Tenn. 1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	1250 w. until local sunset	WOAX.....Trenton, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLBL.....Stevens Pt., Wis. 2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.	WOBT.....Union City, Tenn. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLBW.....Oil City, Pa. 1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.	250 w. until local sunset
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WOBW.....Charleston, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn. 7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLBZ.....Bangor, Maine 500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.	WOC.....Davenport, Iowa 5000 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
WCDA.....New York City 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLEX.....Lexington, Mass. 500 w.—1360 kc.—212.6 m.	WODA.....Paterson, N. J. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—970 kc.—301.9 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLEY.....Lexington, Mass. 100 w.—1420 kc.—218.8 m.	WODX.....Mobile, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.—214.2 m.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	250 w. until local sunset	WOI.....Ames, Iowa 5000 w.—560 kc.—465.8 m.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.6 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLIB.....Elgin, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.	WOKO.....Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—235.4 m.	WOL.....Washington, D. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
WCLO.....Janesville, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLOE.....Boston, Mass. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	250 w. until local sunset	WOOD.....Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLS.....Chicago, Ill. 50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.	WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla. 500 w.—1120 kc.—223.7 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLSI.....Cranston, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.—230.6 m.
WCOB.....Meridian, Miss. 1000 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214 m.	WOR.....Newark, N. J. 5000 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
1000 w. until local sunset	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLV.....Lynchburg, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WORC.....Worcester, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLW.....Cincinnati, O. 50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.	WORD.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—201.2 m.
WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WLWL.....New York City 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.	WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo. 1000 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WMAC.....Cazenovia, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	WOV.....New York City 1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
WCSC.....Charleston, S. C. 250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WMAF.....S. Dartmouth, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	WOW.....Omaha, Nebr. 1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
WCSE.....Portland, Me. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—900 kc.—288.3 m.	WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind. 10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
WCSE.....Portland, Me. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WMAL.....Washington, D. C. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.	WPAD.....Paducah, Ky. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WCSE.....Portland, Me. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	1000 w. until local sunset	WPAP.....Cliffside, N. J. 250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m.
WCSE.....Portland, Me. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—770 kc.—447.5 m.	WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
WCSE.....Portland, Me. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WMAZ.....St. Louis, Mo. 250 w. until local sunset	WPCC.....Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—570 kc.—535 m.
WCSE.....Portland, Me. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WPCH.....New York City 500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
WCSE.....Portland, Me. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WMAZ.....Macon, Ga. 250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.	WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WCSE.....Portland, Me. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	500 w. until local sunset	250 w. until local sunset
WCSE.....Portland, Me. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WMB.....Newport, R. I. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J. 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
WCSE.....Portland, Me. 500 w.—940 kc.—319 m.	WEBC.....Cambridge, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDF.....Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WMBD.....Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	

WPOE..... Patchogue, N. Y. 100 w.—1420 kc.—218.8 m.	WSYR..... Syracuse, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	CJCB..... Sydney, N. S. 50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CMGE..... Cardenas 30 w.—1375 kc.—218 m.	XED..... Reynosa, Tamps 10,000 w.—961 kc.—312 m.
WPOR..... Norfolk, Va. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.	WTAD..... Quincy, Ill. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.	CJCJ-CHCA..... Calgary, Alta. 500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.	CMGF..... Matanzas 10 w.—1050 kc.—286 m.	XEE..... Linares, N. L. 10 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
WPSC..... State College, Pa. 500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.	WTAG..... Worcester, Mass. 250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.	CJCC-CNRL..... London, Ont. 500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.	CMHA..... Cienfuegos 200 w.—1154 kc.—260 m.	XEF..... Oaxaca, Oax. 105 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
WPTF..... Raleigh, N. C. 1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.	WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio 50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.	CJGX..... Yorkton, Sask. 500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.	CMHB..... Sagua la Grande 10 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.	XEFA..... Mexico City 250 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.
WQAM..... Miami, Fla. 1000 w.—1240 kc.—535.4 m.	WTAQ..... Eau Claire, Wis. 1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.	CJHS..... Saskatoon, Sask. 250 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.	CMHC..... Tuinucu 600 w.—791 kc.—379 m.	XEFE..... Nuevo Laredo, Tamps 100 w.—980 kc.—306 m.
WQAN..... Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.	WTAR..... Norfolk, Va. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.	CJOC..... Lethbridge, Alta. 50 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.	CMHD..... Caibarien 250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.	XEG..... Mexico City 2000 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
WQAO..... Palsade, N. J. 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.	WTAW..... College Station, Tex. 500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.	CJOR..... Sea Island, B. C. 50 w.—1030 kc.—291.3 m.	CMHE..... Santa Clara 20 w.—1429 kc.—21 m.	XEH..... Monterrey, N. L. 100 w.—1132 kc.—265 m.
WQBC..... Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.	WTBO..... Cumberland, Md. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.	CJRM..... Moose Jaw, Sask. 500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.	CMHF..... Camajuani 20 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.	XEI..... Morelia, Mich. 100 w.—1000 kc.—300 m.
WQDV..... Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WTFI..... Toccoa, Ga. 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.	CJRW..... Fleming, Sask. 500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.	CMHH..... Cifuentes 10 w.—870 kc.—345 m.	XEJ..... C. Juarez, Chih. 100 w.—857 kc.—350 m.
WRAF..... LaPorte, Ind. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	WTTC..... Hartford, Conn. 50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.	CJRX..... Winnipeg, Man. 2000 w.—11,720 kc.—25.6 m.	CMHI..... Santa Clara 15 w.—1110 kc.—270 m.	XEK..... Mexico City 100 w.—990 kc.—303 m.
WRAW..... Reading, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—293.9 m.	WTMJ..... Milwaukee, Wis. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.	CKAC-CHYC-CNRR..... 5000 w.—730 kc.—411 m.	CMI..... Habana 500 w.—815 kc.—368 m.	XEL..... Saltillo, Coah. 10 w.—1090 kc.—275 m.
WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.	WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—204 m.	CKCD-CHLS Vancouver, B.C. 50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.	CMJB..... Ciego de Avila 10 w.—1333 kc.—224 m.	XEM..... Tampico, Tamps 500 w.—841 kc.—357 m.
WRBQ..... Greenville, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WTOC..... Savannah, Ga. 500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.	CKCI..... Quebec, P. Q. 50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CMJD..... Ciego de Avila 15 w.—1561 kc.—192 m.	XEN..... Mexico City 1000 w.—719 kc.—417 m.
WRET..... Wilmington, N. C. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WWAE..... Hammond, Ind. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.	CKCK-CJBR-CNRR..... 500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.	CMK..... Habana 2000 w.—730 kc.—410 m.	XEO..... Mexico City 5000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
WRBU..... Gastonia, N. C. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.	WWJ..... Detroit, Mich. 1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.	CKCR..... Regina, Sask. 500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.	CMKA..... Santiago de Cuba 20 w.—1450 kc.—205 m.	XEP..... Tamalipas 200 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.
WRBX..... Roanoke, N. C. 250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.	WWL..... New Orleans, La. 5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.	CKCL..... Toronto, Ont. 500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.	CMKB..... Santiago de Cuba 15 w.—1199 kc.—250 m.	XEQ..... Ciudad Juarez, Chih. 1000 w.—750 kc.—400 m.
WRC..... Washington, D. C. 500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.	WWNC..... Asheville, N. C. 1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.	CKCO..... Ottawa, Ont. 100 w.—890 kc.—337 m.	CKMD..... Santiago de Cuba 40 w.—1100 kc.—273 m.	XER..... Mexico City 100 w.—674 kc.—445 m.
WRDO..... Augusta, Maine 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.	WWRL..... Woodside, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	CKCR..... Waterloo, Ont. 50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.	CHMC..... Tuinucu 500 w.—791 kc.—379 m.	XES..... Tampico, Tamps. 550 w.—890 kc.—337 m.
WRDW..... Augusta, Ga. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.	WWVA..... Wheeling, W. Va. 5000 w.—1160 kc.—258 m.	CKCV-CNRO..... Quebec, P. Q. 50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CMAB..... Pinar del Rio 20 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.	XET..... Monterrey, N. L. 1500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
WREC..... Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.	WXYZ..... Detroit, Mich. 1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.	CKFC..... Vancouver, B. C. 50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.	CMAB..... Pinar del Rio 20 w.—1250 kc.—240 m.	XETA..... Mexico City 500 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
1000 w.—until local sunset		CKIC..... Wolfville, N. S. 50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.	CMBA..... Habana 50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.	XETF..... Vera Cruz 500 w.—680 kc.—441 m.
WREN..... Lawrence, Kans. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.		CKGW-CJBC-CJSC-CPRY..... 5000 w.—690 kc.—435 m.	CMBC..... Habana 150 w.—1130 kc.—265 m.	XEU..... Vera Cruz, Ver. 100 w.—800 kc.—375 m.
WRHM..... Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.		CKLC-CHCT-CNRR..... 5000 w.—690 kc.—435 m.	CMBD..... Habana 150 w.—955 kc.—314 m.	XEV..... Puebla, Pue. 100 w.—1035 kc.—290 m.
WRJN..... Racine, Wis. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.		Red Deer, Alberta 500 w.—840 kc.—357 m.	CMBE..... Habana 15 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.	XEW..... Mexico City 5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.
WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio 100 w.—1310 kc.—293.9 m.		CKMC..... Cobalt, Ont. 15 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.	CMBF..... Habana 7 1/2 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.	XEX..... Mexico City 500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
WRNY..... New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.		CKMO..... Vancouver, B. C. 50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.	CMBG..... Santiago de la Vegas 150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.	XEY..... Merida, Yucatan 100 w.—547 kc.—549 m.
WRR..... Dallas, Texas 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.		CKNC-CJBC..... Toronto, Ont. 500 w.—580.4 kc.—517.2 m.	CMBI..... Habana 30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.	XEZ..... Mexico City 500 w.—580 kc.—510 m.
WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla. 5000 w.—1470 kc.—361.2 m.		CKOC..... Hamilton, Ont. 50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CMBJ..... Habana 15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.	XETA..... Mexico City 500 w.—
WRVA..... Richmond, Va. 5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.		CKPC..... Preton, Ont. 25 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.	CMBK..... Marianao 15 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.	XFA..... Mexico City 50 w.—6977 kc.—43 m.
WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio 500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.		CKPR..... Midland, Ont. 50 w.—930 kc.—323 m.	CMBL..... Habana 15 w.—1487 kc.—202 m.	XFC..... Aguascalientes 350 w.—804 kc.—373 m.
WSAJ..... Grove City, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.		CKSH..... Montreal, P. Q. 50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.	CMBM..... Marianao 15 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.	XFD..... Mexico City 50 w.—6667 kc.—45 m.
WSAN..... Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.		CKUA..... Edmonton, Alta. 500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.	CMBN..... Habana 30 w.—1405 kc.—213 m.	XFE..... Villahermosa, Tab. 250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.
WSAR..... Fall River, Mass. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.		CKWX..... Vancouver, B. C. 50 w.—730 kc.—411 m.	CMBP..... Habana 15 w.—1487 kc.—202 m.	XFF..... Chihuahua, Chih. 250 w.—923 kc.—325 m.
WSAZ..... Huntington, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.		CKX..... Brandon, Man. 500 w.—540 kc.—555 m.	CMBO..... Habana 50 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.	XFG..... Villahermosa, Tabasco 350 w.—804 kc.—373 m.
WSB..... Atlanta, Ga. 5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.		CKY-CNRR Winnipeg, Man. 5000 w.—780 kc.—385 m.	CMBR..... Habana 35 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.	XFH..... Mexico City 250 w.—
WSBC..... Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.		CNRA..... Moncton, N. B. 500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.	CMBS..... Habana 150 w.—790 kc.—380 m.	XFI..... Mexico City 1000 w.—818 kc.—367 m.
WSBT..... South Bend, Ind. 500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.		CNRO..... Ottawa, Ont. 500 w.—600 kc.—500 m.	CMBT..... Habana 150 w.—1070 kc.—280 m.	XFX..... Mexico City 500 w.—880 kc.—357 m.
WSDA..... Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.		CNRV..... Vancouver, B. C. 500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.	CMBW..... Marianao 150 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.	XFZ..... Mexico City 500 w.—860 kc.—349 m.
WSEN..... Columbus, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.—			CMBX..... Habana 15 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.	
WSFA..... Montgomery, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.			CMBY..... Habana 100 w.—1405 kc.—210 m.	
WSGH..... Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—212.6 m.			CMC..... Habana 500 w.—845 kc.—355 m.	
WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.			CMCA..... Habana 100 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.	
WSJS..... Winston-Salem, N. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.			CMKC..... Santiago de Cuba 150 w.—1304 kc.—231 m.	
WSM..... Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.			CMJC..... Camaguey 15 w.—1321 kc.—327 m.	
WSMB..... New Orleans, La. 500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.			CMQ..... Habana 250 w.—1130 kc.—265 m.	
WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio 200 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.			CMW..... Habana 1000 w.—588 kc.—510 m.	
WSOA..... Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—			CMX..... Habana 250 w.—900 kc.—333 m.	
WSPA..... Spartanburg, S. C. 250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.				
WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio 500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.				
1000 w.—until local sunset				
WSSH..... Boston, Mass. 100 w.—1420 kc.—212.6 m.				
250 w.—until local sunset				
WSUI..... Iowa City, Iowa 500 w.—580 kc.—340.7 m.				
WSUN..... Clearwater, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.				

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta. 500 w.—690 kc.—434.8 m.	CFBO..... St. John, N. B. 50 w.—890 kc.—337 m.	CFCA-CNRT..... Toronto, Ont. 500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.	CFCE..... Montreal, P. Q. 500 w.—1030 kc.—291 m.	CFCL-CKCL-CKNC..... 500 w.—580 kc.—517 m.
CFCH..... Iroquois Falls, Ont. 250 w.—600 kc.—500 m.	CFCN..... Calgary, Alta. 500 w.—690 kc.—435 m.	CFCO..... Chatham, Ont. 100 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.	CKCR..... Waterloo, Ont. 50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.	CFCT..... Victoria, B. C. 500 w.—630 kc.—476 m.
CFCY..... Charlottetown, P. E. I. 250 w.—960 kc.—313 m.	CFJC..... Kamloops, B. C. 15 w.—1120 kc.—297 m.	CFKL..... Prescott, Ont. 50 w.—1010 kc.—297 m.	CFNB..... Fredericton, N. B. 50 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.	CFQC-CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask. 500 w.—910 kc.—330 m.
CFRB-CNBR, King, York Co. Ont. 4,000 w.—960 kc.—312.5 m.	CFRC..... Kingston, Ont. 500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.	CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 30 w.—960 kc.—313 m.	CHCS..... Hamilton, Ont. 10 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I. 100 w.—1120 kc.—268 m.
CHMA..... Edmonton, Alta. 250 w.—580 kc.—517 m.	CHML..... Hamilton, Ont. 50 w.—880 kc.—341 m.	CHMS-CNRR, Halifax, N. S. 500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.	CHNS..... Halifax, N. S. 500 w.—910 kc.—329.7 m.	CHRC..... Quebec, P. Q. 100 w.—880 kc.—341 m.
CHWC..... Pilot, Butte, Sask. 500 w.—960 kc.—313 m.	CHWK..... Chilliwick, B. C. 5 w.—1210 kc.—248 m.	CHYC..... Montreal, P. Q. 500 w.—729.9 kc.—411 m.	CJCA-CNRE, Edmonton, Alta. 500 w.—930 kc.—323 m.	

Cuba

CMCB..... Habana 150 w.—952 kc.—315 m.	CMCD..... Habana 15 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.	CMCE..... Habana 100 w.—1285 kc.—233 m.	CMCF..... Habana 250 w.—643 kc.—466 m.	CMCG..... Guanabacoa 30 w.—1225 kc.—245 m.
CMCN..... Habana 100 w.—1500 kc.—200 m.	CMCO..... Marianao 50 w.—660 kc.—455 m.	CMCU..... Habana 50 w.—1345 kc.—223 m.	CMGA..... Colon 300 w.—834 kc.—360 m.	CMGC..... Matanzas 30 w.—1063 kc.—282 m.

Mexico

XEA..... Guadalajara, Jal. 100.2 w.—1199 kc.—250 m.	XEB..... Mexico City 1000 w.—895 kc.—450 m.	XEC..... Polueca 50 w.—1333 kc.—224 m.
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Television Stations

Channel 2000 to 2100 kc.

W3XK..... Wheaton, Md. 5000 w.	W2XBU..... Beacon, N. Y. 100 w.	W2XCD..... Passaic, N. J. 5000 w.	W9XAC..... Chicago, Ill. 500 w.	W2XAP..... Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.	W2XCR..... Jersey City, N. J. 5000 w.
(Channel 2100 to 2200 kc.)	W3XAD..... Camden, N. J. 500 w.	W2XBS..... New York, N. Y. 5000 w.	W3XAK..... Bound Brook, N. J. 5000 w.	W8XAV..... Pittsburgh, Pa. 20,000 w.	W2XCW..... Schenectady, N. Y. 20,000 w.
(Channel 2250 to 2850 kc.)	W2XBC..... L. I. City, L. I. 500 w.	W8XAA..... Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.	W8XC..... W. LaFayette, Ind. 1500 w.	(Channel 2850 to 2950 kc.)	W1XAV..... Boston, Mass. 500 w.
W2XNR..... Long Island City, L. I. 500 w.	W8NR..... Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.	W8XAO..... Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.			

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Name Date
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Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 65)

ten by an Italian and a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee. Edgar Leslie is the Yankee, and Harry Warren is the young Italian, whose songs have put him up among the top-notchers of Tin Pan Alley.

The song has appeared at an opportune time, and the thought is entirely different. Warren has done an excellent job on the melody, and there is no reason why the song should not become a fair-sized hit. One of its advantages is that it may be played strictly up to tempo without losing any of its lyrical or melodic value, which is unfortunately not the case in the majority of songs published today; therefore the bands that play all tunes at a bright tempo cannot injure the qualities of this one.

We play it at about fifty measures a minute, and it is published by the Robbins Music Corp.

Love Is My Master

"THE Old Maestro," as Ben Bernie enjoys being called, has picked this song for a hit, and it is the darling of his heart at the present time. A visitor to the College Inn will hear the song three or four times during the course of the evening, and the rich Irish quality of Pat Kennedy's voice invariably will make the diner prick up his or her ears as the song is being sung and played by Ben Bernie's band. It was written by two Chicago boys, Walter Hirsch, and Frank Magine, both of whom are really great song writers. Magine I have known for some time; he it was who wrote the melody of *Baby, Oh Where Can You Be*, and many other fine songs. Hirsch is a comparatively newcomer, even to Chicago, but is doing such fine work that his recognition has been quick and sure.

The song has a delightful change of key right in the middle of it, and although there is a slight possibility of a resemblance to *Body and Soul*, the song is all the more beautiful for the resemblance. I was going to introduce it on the last half hour of our Fleischmann hour, when the line trouble ended our efforts for the evening.

On that particular evening I was Ben's guest at the College Inn, and I cannot recall when I have had a more delightful evening in that capacity. I am happy to know that I made many friends there; I had the pleasure of meeting Rod La Rocque and his very beautiful wife, Vilma Banky. Many were the celebrities present, and everyone took a turn at doing something; we carried on until 5:30 in the morning. A night long to be remembered.

Love Is My Master should be played at about forty-five measures a minute, and is published by the Remick Music Corp.

You're Never Too Old to Go Back to Mother's Knee

BENEE RUSSELL, who seems to have a flair for winning prize song competitions, which he evidenced in his winning of at least two competitions which have given him trips abroad, has written this number very beautiful and commercial. His first was *Song Without a Name*, which the reader probably knows well, and has enjoyed many times over the air. His second song with the same firm of Leo Feist is to be published by them shortly.

This song, which is written in waltz time, is one which he played for me at the Brooklyn Paramount some four or five months ago, and which I emphatically suggested that he have published at once. I was glad to give a warm recommendation to any publisher who felt such a song would be welcome in his catalogue.

As its title implies, it is a typical "mother" song, but the treatment of the subject, and the melody, are extremely well done, and I only wish that I could hear Henry Burr sing this in the same way that he sang that beautiful "M-o-t-h-e-r" about fifteen years ago.

I am introducing it on the Fleischmann Hour this coming Thursday, and I think by the time this article appears the song will be well on its way to popularity. It is published by DeSylva, Brown & Henderson.

I'm So Afraid Of You

THE TWO writers of the quickest hit of the past few years, *Three Little Words*, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, have given us what they term in Tin Pan Alley a "follow-up" song, meaning a song they hope follows the sensational hit in which they have exulted. Rarely does the second song really follow-up the first. Walter Donaldson's *You're Driving Me Crazy* is the best example of a follow-up song. In fact, to my mind it is an even greater song than *Little White Lies*, though evidently the public does not agree with me, in that *Crazy* will not reach the peak of sales that *Little White Lies* did though there may be something in the fact that *Crazy* has come out during the worst period of depression in music buying.

I'm So Afraid Of You is in certain respects just as simple in its notations as *Three Little Words*. The notes are all either quarters or halves, as were the notes of *Three Little Words*. The range is extremely simple, and it is a song that grows on one. My first reaction was one of apathy, but I have grown to enjoy its rendition above that of many other songs. In fact, I am pleased to give it a promi-

nent place in this list of the first ten.

It may be played brightly, which is, as I said before, something in its favor. We play it at about forty-five measures a minute. It is published by Harms, Inc.

King's Horses

SOME of the old veterans of Tin Pan Alley, especially the publishers, are bemoaning the fact that novelty songs are no longer in demand. Many of them, in a certain way, blame me for the apparent general trend of the public to an appreciation and buying of the love ballad type of song.

Time was when such songs as *Bananas*, *Speech*, *Wobbally Walk*, *Wooden Soldiers*, *I'm Wild About Automobile Horns*, and so on *ad infinitum*, were extremely popular and sold into the hundreds of thousands. The *Stein Song* may be called a renaissance of popularity of novelty songs, as it is really just that. Although it was written in 6/8 time, and was a sort of march, it was really a novelty song, being neither—strictly collegiate, drinking, military, or what have you. Therefore it is surprising that one of the most popular songs on the air is the *King's Horses and the King's Men*. It has wended its way over from England, where I suppose its writing was inspired by the annual Lord Mayor's Parade in London. It was my pleasure during my year in London at the Savoy Hotel, to witness this annual feature, which is a parade of pomp and splendor, as the Lord Mayor wends his way down through the streets of London, although I am not very sure just what the reason of the function is.

The song was written about the King's horses themselves, the beauty of their trappings, and it attempts to make you see the parade in all its glory. It seems impossible for me to mention the song without referring to Ben Bernie, and lest I be accused of favoritism, I must once again explain that Ben's band has been the means for me to see the desirable features of most of the songs I discuss in this issue.

He has made a Columbia record of the *King's Horses*, which, for a makeshift recording, as it really was, is a gem. Very often we who record are forced to record a song with no rehearsal or special arrangement of it, just a mere slapping together of the verse and the chorus, with a few impromptu and extemporaneous ideas therein. Sometimes these records turn out to be our finest. The *Stein Song* was one of these. In fact, I have so little time for rehearsing that nearly all our recordings have been very, very impromptu. Ben and his men certainly made an extremely clever record in their *King's Horses*, Ben affecting the sup-

posed English accent which most English people I met over there did not have. Ably seconded by a vocal chorus by all the men in the band, he shows himself to be extremely versatile in making this record.

Phil Spitalny's band does a great job of it, with various men in the band taking choruses in their own particular style and way. Although I received the orchestration from London several months ago before it was published in America, it remained for the Chicago bands to show me the cleverness of the piece. Unfortunately four and five shows a day at the Paramount give me so little time to rehearse and to get the meat out of various songs sent me, that sometimes I must wait until other bands play them for me.

The song should be played brightly, almost like a march, although it is written in 4/4 time; it is published by Leo Feist.

Dream A Little Dream Of Me

THIS is one of the purest examples of a song which, on its own melodic value, arrested my attention. During the course of the evening after my five shows, I visited Johnny Hamp at the Congress Hotel in the delightful Balloon Room with the myriads of lights going on and off, the beautiful room in black velvet against the red glow of these lights. Johnny's band is down at the end, in their very smart attire which is Johnny's own conception of how an orchestra should be dressed.

As we were talking the band played a melody so fascinating that I asked Johnny its name, but he is so rarely on the stand that he himself did not know its name. On being told its name I realized how much I was missing by being out of New York on tour. New York unquestionably is the music publishing center, and the bands there are fortunate in being able to get tunes the minute they come off the press, and then are way ahead of other bands throughout the country in being able to play them first.

The melody writers are newcomers to me, the lyric writer being the most famous writer of lyrics in the entire music profession, namely Gus Kahn. I doubt anyone would care to vie with him for this particular honor. Gus makes little or no claim to melody writing, although I am not so sure that he wouldn't do equally well in that sphere, but as a lyric writer he is second to none, and is the highest paid lyric writer in the profession.

Although, as I say, the melodic value of the song was such that it captured my fancy, Gus has done a beautiful job with the lyrics, and the entire thought of the whole song. Personally I think it is one of the most danceable songs I have ever heard.

We would play it brightly, at about forty measures a minute. It is published by Davis, Coots & Engle. All indications point to a big run.

Little Joe

DURING my visit as the guest of the evening at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, at which Phil Spitalny and his Chicago orchestra are featured, the rendition several times throughout the evening of a very clever song led me to believe that it was going to be a very popular dance tune. Unfortunately its melodic key changes are so intricate that I doubt if it will ever fascinate the little girl who sits at the piano and plays from the sheet copy. Like *Body and Soul* it is bewildering in its sudden key changes, but it is going to be a great record song, and one that will be extremely popular to those who listen to Radio and so forth. In fact, I may be surprised by a big sheet sale; one can never accurately predict what the piano-playing lovers of popular music will buy.

I was very happy to meet, that night, Phil's pianist, who is the composer of the melody of the song, namely Jules Stein. He is a very clever pianist, and if *Little Joe* is any indication of his writing ability he is going to produce some great songs!

Ted Miller, another Chicago boy, is responsible for the very clever lyrics. For the song he has taken the idea of *Mighty Lak A Rose*, and put it into a fox trot, naming the little rose, Joe. The song is the story of the love of a colored Mammy for her little pickaninny, regardless of what the rest of the world thinks of him. Phil has a banjo player who rendered the song so excellently that I instantly qualified it as one of my "Tuneful Topics."

The song should be played fairly brightly, at about forty measures a minute. It has a pretty high range, though people who sing high will have no difficulty in rendering it. It is published by Irving Berlin, Inc.

When the Silver Moon Is Shining O'er the Hills of Dear Old Maine

HERE is a song whose history is somewhat akin to that of the *Stein Song*. As a very young boy I can remember the singers who used to sing with slides in our local movie theatre, singing a song about the silvery moon shining o'er the hills of dear old Maine. The song, very much like the *Stein Song*, has stuck in my memory over a period of almost fifteen years. It is a melody that has been used in many songs. The layman may be surprised when I say that unintentionally, or intentionally, certain strains of melodies have been used in sometimes as many as twenty songs, and *there is no such thing as a really original song*, because if one cares to take the trouble and go back through the list of songs written over the past twenty-five years, nearly a counterpart, or a similar melody will be found somewhere, or at least parts of it will resemble the new song.

When I first heard *When The Organ Played At Twilight* I thought for a moment that it was *Silvery Moon*. There have been several other songs that have re-

called this song to me. In the middle of the song is introduced the old, familiar strain *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight*, and those professional musicians who are wont to scorn the hilly-billy, and what we term "corny," type of song, would lift their noses up contemptuously at this one, but it is a song that the masses would probably enjoy hearing because it is down to bed-rock simplicity, and its melody is extremely catchy.

A resident of Portland, Maine, a city six miles from my home town, wrote it some fifteen years ago. Although he does not pretend to be a professional song writer, he has written several songs.

As in the case of the *Stein Song*, I have revised the song considerably, to make it just a bit more palatable for the public of today, and I am curious to see whether people of other states will enjoy hearing about the silv'ry moon of my own state. It is a waltz, and is going to be published by Leo Feist, Inc.

Walking My Baby Back Home

ROY TURK and Fred Ahlert crash through again with one of the most danceable tunes of the season. You re-

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member, they are the boys who wrote *I'll Get By*, *Mean to Me*, and whose first tune when they arrived back from the M. G. M. studios where they had been writing, was *We're Friends Again*.

They played *this* tune for me in the back of the Villa Vallée one night, and its possibilities were apparent to me at once. In my review of *We're Friends Again* I laid stress on Roy Turk's tendency to write slangy lyrics. Roy writes in the wisecracking—Winchell—Broadway—Times Square sort of vein, and although I flatter myself that I can do that type of song full justice, as critics say I did in my recording of *St. Louis Blues*, or *How Come You Do Me Like You Do*, *Do, Do?*, in this particular instance I felt that I would feel uncomfortable in singing the song.

Rhythmically the piece has few equals for a stimulus to dancing and tapping of feet. It makes a fine rhythmic contrast on our Radio programs, and the crowds love to sing it with the organ, when it is played in organ fests. I am happy to see these boys crash through with another hit, because they are two of the finest song writers in the profession.

We play the tune at about forty measures a minute, and it is published by DeSylva, Brown, & Henderson.

Don't Shoot! Snap!

(Continued from page 11)

with his head pointing precisely in our direction. He got up on his little hind legs and with his little brown nose swinging excitedly in the breeze just for a moment; he dropped down and started racing back to break up little "Apron Strings" tea party just as fast as he could. Even stranger, he had not covered more than half the distance when Mrs. Murphy and "Apron Strings" were on their feet and then on their hind legs looking in our direction. They could not smell us but somehow "Little Roughneck" managed to tell them all about it, for by the time he was almost to them the old lady started for the alder thickets just as fast as she could go.

I have never in my own mind been able to make a satisfactory explanation and while I don't propose to say that Mrs. Murphy had gathered her two youngsters beside her before they left the home den and told them terrible bedtime stories about their one great enemy, man, I am inclined to accept this as an explanation until someone gives me a better one. All in all, bears are by far the most fascinating wild creatures that it has ever been my good fortune to meet and again I repeat, I am not proud but sorry of the fact that I have killed any of their species.

* * *

Many readers write "RADIO DIGEST was sold out at my news stand." Send \$3.00 for a year's subscription and make sure of receiving every issue.

The Minister Who Doesn't Preach

(Continued from page 25)

minister, made with these men impressed him, I believe, more than anything else has impressed him throughout his life. You can sense it in his speech and action today. There's a simplicity, sincerity and unmistakable directness about him.

I am sure that this Bowery experience was the reason why, years later, when he was preaching at the First Presbyterian church, here in New York City, he opened up a personal contact bureau. He had learned that New York—outside of the Bowery perhaps—did not lend itself to human contacts, and he knew that human contacts were vital to him if he were to do his job well. For Dr. Fosdick, at all times, must be mid-stream in the current of life. He cannot preach to a congregation of people unless he knows the problems confronting them and, multiplied numerically, of course, the problems that confront all of us. And that brings me to the way he works today.

He's in his office in Riverside Church at eight-thirty every morning. He works without interruption, until noon. The mornings are his own. He never makes appointments during the forenoon. He spends those three and a half hours for reading and study and thus he is working directly or indirectly on a sermon. After luncheon he usually lectures, several days a week, at the Union Theological Seminary. Other afternoons, however, are devoted to personal conferences with all kinds and types of people on personal problems. These are the conferences that bring him his richest rewards—his understanding of life.

For rest and relaxation he likes to read and walk and occasionally play golf. He's a moderate smoker—one cigar a day is enough. He's married and has two daughters—both students at Smith College, and his favorite reading, I should have told you, is biography. His residence is around the corner from the church.

He cannot deliver a sermon on an abstract theme. He has to have some question or problem of life, and he tries to interpret it in terms of the individual. He doesn't try to be oratorical or eloquent. He thinks the ideal of preaching is animated conversation.

The favorite story of his family—that is, story concerning him—has to do with an incident at his first parish, which was in Montclair, New Jersey. There was considerable discussion of Dr. Fosdick in the home of one of his parishioners and finally an old colored woman, working for this family, expressed a desire to hear the preaching of this man that everyone in the house was talking about. Her mistress said, "Well, why don't you go to church and hear him?"

So, off to church went the old colored woman and, oh yes, bear in mind what I

told you at the outset about Dr. Fosdick's most distinguishing physical characteristic—his shock of curly, wavy hair. Well, when the colored woman returned after the services, her mistress asked her what she thought of Dr. Fosdick, and this was her reply:

"Fo' de lawd, ma'am, his very hair do declare him to be a man of Gawd!"

But those of you who know him, and know his work, can go far beyond that description. I wonder just what it is that makes him great; for he is great, I think. Is it because he knows life? Is it because he can interpret it so honestly to the rest of us? Is it because of the quality of sincerity in his voice and the fact of its existence in his soul? One could answer all of these questions in the affirmative, but that would not be the entire story. You have to go deeper.

He has, I believe, one outstanding quality and that is, the power to give. He gives of himself. There's a steady stream of persons—men and women—to that little reception room on the eighteenth floor of the Riverside Church.

And these troubled wayfarers find in him a receptiveness to hear them—to hear their stories and, having told them, they are conscious of a receptiveness within themselves to hear him. And that's when he gives! He gives, out of himself, all that he has to help others. And that, I am sure, is his greatness.

Are American Women Happy?

(Continued from page 16)

before he joined D. W. Griffith's company in Hollywood. It was when his interest turned to the writing of scenarios that he was introduced to Anita Loos and they entered upon their famous writing partnership which led to marriage.

Miss Loos attributes courtesy and respect for each other's opinion as a personal recipe for her happy marriage.

"If husband and wife would treat each other with the same courtesy and consideration as they do to strangers", she said, "it would pay them greater rewards and give their marriage a better chance of enduring. The necessity for living in small apartments these days, causes them to get on each other's nerves very quickly. They lose respect for each other's privacy and before you know it, they become rude to each other. They say things which they don't mean, but which nevertheless draw them further apart.

"If husband and wife would insist upon courtesy from each other right from the early days of marriage, it would help tremendously to smooth the course of their matrimonial bark."

* * *

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High-Hatting Hollywood

(Continued from page 46)

Martan arrived just a moment ahead of Jack Benny, who was to be master of ceremonies.

The minutes sped past. It seemed that the hour of nine o'clock, like a living, conscious thing, was sweeping upon us. Finally a warning "Two minutes!" was shouted from the cage. There was a bustle of last minute activity. Like sailors at a life boat drill everyone hurried to his post. "Thirty seconds!"

Thirty seconds and we would be on the air! You'd think the Kentucky Derby were about to start. Everyone was tense . . . Charlie King, Blanche Sweet, Jack Benny and all of them, from the boy with 'phones clasped over his ears and with his arm upraised ready to give the signal from the cage above, to the world prominent stars themselves. Sam Wineland, with his baton raised above his head, kept his eyes glued on the boy at the table. The moment was fascinating.

Suddenly the boy's arm jerked. Sam Wineland's baton came down with it, as the orchestra broke into the pulse-quickening strains of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "signature song". The spell was broken. We were on the air.

The orchestra swung into a fast jazz number. A moment later the doorkeeper opened the stage door quietly to admit a diminutive young lady in a smart tan sports suit. It was Bessie Love, big as . . . or, to express it more aptly, little as . . . life. She was accompanied by her husband, the popular young business man, Charlie Hawks.

The pair tiptoed across to the broadcasting set, smiling greetings to numerous

friends. But the jazz music was too much for Bessie. She retired behind the huge screen and went through some dance steps the like of which never graced screen or ballroom.

Later in the hour Charlie King was singing one of the famous songs from *Broadway Melody*, assisted by the orchestra and chorus.

There is a gripping fascination to these "movie" programs that is individual and entirely unlike anything else on the air.

But that is enough of this program. When we had gone off the air the entire group, even the few of us who were non-participants, relaxed with a sigh that showed the tension we had been under and of which we had scarcely been conscious.

What has all this talk about the Hollywood sound stages and the studios to do with the Radio program? It unquestionably is a vital part of the broadcast . . . perhaps solely through the romantic appeal of hearing something direct from Hollywood. There is magic in the name.

Puppy Love

(Continued from page 49)

has happened to his playmate and relative.

He misses Lobo during the play hours in Central Park; he misses him in the country, for then Lobo used to jump over high fences and bark a challenge to the younger dog, as if to say, "Let's see you do that." And he misses the harmless bites and nips Lobo used to torment him with at their home. Professional jealousy never crept in.

Only once did Moore resent the presence of Lobo. A couple of years ago, more or less, Moore was courting a college co-ed in sunny California and Lobo

became jealous of his master's attentions. The girl became equally angry at Lobo's impudence; he would decline—and it is the one instance of disobedience—to leave his master while he was walking with the girl.

When Lobo's death was announced, tributes came from far and wide, from the Radio audience, friends and celebrities. Murray Roth, vitaphone production man; Miss Eva Clark, operatic soprano, and Rudy Vallee, all wired consolatory messages. Moore says that he received some 500 telegrams and letters.

Moore himself was so grief-stricken that members of the orchestra were hard pressed to keep the ball rolling. The master preferred a quiet, solemn funeral for Lobo, a funeral that did not even witness the playing of a single air by Lobo's orchestra. So Lobo was buried in a New York dog cemetery—and now there is a movement on foot to place a fitting marker over his grave.

He was a famed dog, second only to Rin-Tin-Tin in the eyes of the American public. Had he not amused many people—to say nothing of frustrating dogs and cats—by his barks over the air? He played the roles of an Eskimo malamute and a bloodhound, and, furthermore, it is a fact that he won the favor of the President of France and American Ambassador Walter Edge in Paris. Also he was photographed in several movie shorts.

When Lobo won the favor of the President of France he saved a delicate moment for Horace Heidt and his Californians. The scene was the stage of a fashionable Parisian theater, the curtain was up. But the orchestra was not seated and a superimposed platform was inconveniently small. For a moment confusion reigned in the hearts of the orchestra members, all men with college educations, but Lobo, with the mind of a child of nine, stepped forward and bowed and wagged his tail. The French liked that and Lobo had saved the moment.

There was nothing Lobo liked better than a good big bone. Likewise he relished raw meat, and it was that which led to his death. Lobo and Lobo II were both fed raw meat one Thursday night and Lobo II immediately took ill, but recovered in a few hours. Lobo did not become ill until the following night.

During that night and up to the next Monday morning, when he finally died, six veterinarians were in attendance. Lobo suffered four hemorrhages and failed to sleep during the length of his illness.

Nick Kenny, a New York Radio editor and columnist, wrote a little verse entitled *The Empty Chair*, at the time of Lobo's death. In conclusion, he wrote:

"But if there's a dog's heaven

Up there in the skies,

We know good old Lobo is there."

No, Moore did not have any insurance on Lobo.

MICROPHONE SNAPSHOTS FROM WESTINGHOUSE RADIO STATIONS



MEET THE APEX TRAVELERS

Scene—KDKA Studios. Time: 7:45 P. M. Saturday. A moment of hushed suspense . . . a signal from the control board . . . and the Apex Travelers swing into the lively opening measures of "Sleepy Town Express."

In thousands of homes, north, south, east and west, radio listeners settle into their chairs with a special thrill of satisfaction. Younger members of the family, connoisseurs of lilting rhythm, nod approvingly. Shoulders and restless feet follow the eager tempo . . . it's almost impossible to keep still when the Apex Travelers get going.

Whether it's the latest Broadway melody,

an old folk-song, or a haunting "blues" interpretation, there's something about the Apex Travelers you can't resist.

And the Apex Travelers from KDKA are characteristic of Westinghouse Radio Station programs. They are a part of that "studio personality" that brings thousands and thousands of radio dial indicators around to 980, 990, or 1020 kilocycles day after day.

Listeners say, "There's always a good program from Westinghouse Radio Stations."

As an outcome of listeners' interest, advertisers report, "Westinghouse Radio Stations bring results."

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New York, N. Y., 50 East 42nd Street

Thompkins Corners

(Continued from page 19)

MATT: He ain't a tramp, Bill. There's somethin' fine about his mind. He can do us some good, if we'll listen to him.

BILL: Well, I'll hurry along and git everybody out.

And Thompkins Corners forthwith is a-hum with telephone calls, door bell buzzing, street corner confabs in preparation for a scintillating session with Shakespeare. The whole town is in a fervor of artistic uplift under the ministering hands of Mr. Worthington Mitchel.

Mr. Mitchel, revived and invigorated by food and drink, deplores the fact that his wardrobe is missing. But Matt is undismayed as he says:

MATT: That's all right. I've got a Sunday frock coat you can use, along with a shirt and some studs for the occasion.

MITCHEL: Ideal. Just the thing for an informal reading. I shall do my utmost to make the excerpts wholly understandable.

MARTHA: You men go ahead and I'll get things straightened up here.

MATT: Come on, Mr. Mitchel. We'll get ready for the show.

MITCHEL: Lead the way, mine host. Once more doth Worthington Mitchel tread the boards for the multitude.

(Band is heard in distance)

MARTHA: Heavens, Mr. Jones. Here comes the Firemen's band. I wonder how they're managin' without all the instruments playin'.

MRS. JONES: Sometimes I think, my dear, that there is nothing our menfolk can't do.

(Crowd enters)

MRS. STEVENS: Say, Marthy, what on earth has Matt Thompkins dug up now?

WATTS: Well, Bessie, maybe he's goin' to exhibit one of the family skeletons.

MRS. STEVENS: When I picked up the receiver and heard that telephone operator, I rushed right over.

MRS. JONES: I understand Mr. Thompkins has a Shakespearean reader as guest of the evening. I wish I had brought my unabridged edition as reference. Oh, I do hope he reads nothing from Othello.

MRS. WATTS: Oh, is that what we're here for? Good 'eavens, that's the most excitin' thing that's happened to me fer a long time. Readin' from Shakespeare! Oh, I'm all a-flutter.

MATT: Now, folks, if you'll all get yourself a seat—wherever it's most comfortable for you, we'll go ahead with a little treat we got tonight. First of all, I want the band to play a fanfare to announce somebody who's comin' in from the parlor. All right, boys . . .

MITCHEL: Why, Mayor Thompkins, this is overwhelming.

MATT: Folks, that fanfare was in honor of our guest here who's got a little surprise for us tonight. I was goin' to

save it till tomorrow night, but our guest has to be off to another city by mornin' and I thought we could listen right here and get just as much good out of it as anywhere else, providin' we all listen. Our friend is a distinguished Shakespearean actor and he will read us some of the speeches from his plays . . . that is, Shakespeare's plays.

(Applause)

MITCHEL: Kind friends, your tribute is appreciated.

MRS. WATTS: My ain't he elegant . . .

MRS. JONES: He reminds me of Sir Henry Irving . . . that marvelous man . . . whom we saw in London at the beginning of the century.

MATT: Now everybody be quiet . . . Mr. Mitchel will address us now.

MITCHEL: Dear people of Thompkins Corners, I stand before you tonight in this quaintly lighted room, a servant of the art of the theatre. I hope that my offerings fall upon receptive ears. The first excerpt will be that famous example of logic and philosophy, the advice of Polonius to his son Læertes who is returning to France after coming to Denmark for the coronation of the dead king's brother.

Give Worthington Mitchel credit, he did know his Shakespeare. He swept into majestic cadences; he moaned, he thundered, he wept and stalked across the slightly creaky boards between the cracker barrel and the end of the counter that supported the cheese case. His audience listened in rapt admiration. He bowed and they burst into wild applause as Mrs. Jones stepped forward with outstretched hand.

MRS. JONES: Oh, that was charming . . . charming . . . perfectly charming.

MATT: Mr. Mitchel, I can't tell you how much we have enjoyed your recital. I know each and every one of us got a heap of pleasure and thought out of it. That Shakespeare sure did know how to use his words—no wonder he's considered the greatest play writer.

MRS. STEVENS: My, I like to cried durin' that last speech.

MATT: Now, folks, these two fine readings complete the program for the evenin'. Mr. Mitchel will visit us again in the near future. He'll bring a company of fine actors with him and put on a regular big production for us. While the band is playin' another tune I want everybody to leave some offerin' on the counter so's to show Mr. Mitchel a little concrete appreciation. All ready, boys.

(Band plays)

MARTHA: Why, Matt, we got fifteen dollars and twelve cents here.

MATT: Well, that's real nice—more'n I expected.

MRS. JONES: Oh, Mr. Thompkins, I want to leave this check for ten dollars—I didn't bring my purse with me—the one I keep my money in. He, he. And Mr. Mitchel must be invited to bring his company here as soon as possible.

MATT: Thanks, Mrs. Jones. That sure

is a fine total . . . twenty-five dollars and twelve cents. The spirit must have moved all of us up several notches.

MITCHEL: It was a very attentive and . . . er . . . appreciative audience . . . Reminds me of a reading I did at Scranton some years ago.

ELMER: (Interrupts) Gee, Uncle Matt, am I late? I didn't mean to be . . . honest.

MATT: My goodness, I forgot all about you. You get right in there at that homework. You got away with it this time, but you won't do it again.

ELMER: Aw, Uncle Matt . . . Sneed and me was—

MATT: Never mind Sneed and you . . . get right in there.

MITCHEL: A . . . twenty-five dollars and twelve cents . . . er . . . very good, very good . . . and there wasn't a single line of advance publicity. Very good.

The Gallant Art of Gambling

(Continued from page 82)

her husband succeed and frequently the second wife acquires the comforts which the first wife deserved. When you look into such cases, however, you often find that the first wife could have made life happier for her family and for herself if she had been willing to shed her martyr complex and do a little justified gambling.

You know women, too, who refuse to gamble on beauty. They lack the sporting instinct to take a chance even on a "sure thing". They will not wager the few minutes each day required for the preservation of beauty in spite of the fact that their rejection inevitably makes them come in losers.

Beauty, business, marriage, life itself—all are gambles and judicious gambling is, after all, only another term for common sense. If you would win a prize in this lottery of life, you must occasionally take a chance. When the time comes, as it does to everyone, when you must gamble or go down to certain defeat, gamble gallantly—bet on yourself.

Free booklets on the Care of the Skin by Frances Ingram will be mailed to readers of RADIO DIGEST. Send your request to Miss Ingram, in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

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London Salutes Lincoln

(Continued from page 29)

that Lincoln was a fool, and that the problem was how to make his folly as inoperative as possible.

Late at night he called on his Secretary of State. McClellan, then Commander in Chief, is out. They wait, and at length the General returns out of humor, hears that the President is waiting for him, and goes straight to bed. Lincoln returns home, and his Secretary remonstrates with him. It seems to Lincoln not to be a time for making points of etiquette and personal dignity. He adds, "I will hold McClellan's horse if he will win me victories."

There are two characteristics that we have clearly to realize if we would understand Lincoln. The first is at the very heart of his essential greatness. A lesson which history teaches us with unwearying patience and one which is yet unheeded by many active members of society, is that the truly great man is not the extremist, however devoted his courage or picturesque his personality.

The other characteristic of which we speak is Lincoln's loneliness of mind, a thing worthy of the Greek tragedians. In administrative affairs he was anxious, even at times unduly anxious, for advice, and in the routine of office he could sometimes be a little careless in the choice of deputies, but in the formation of principles he consulted nobody. When a decision involving fundamental principle had to be made, the period of Lincoln's speculation would be a long one, and while it lasted his most intimate associates could tell nothing of what he was thinking. Then suddenly his intentions would be stated in unequivocal terms, and that was an end of the matter. This gave easy play to detractors and the opportunities were freely and not always scrupulously taken. But Lincoln's justification was that his conclusions truly were founded upon principles, and that his intellectual understanding of principles was in the sphere of action the finest in the country. It is a justification that has now made a noble and durable impression upon mankind, and America has given a hero to the world.

Television in Chicago

(Continued from page 89)

other methods of synchronization that do not have this disadvantage although they are usually more complicated; in any event it does not seem that synchronization is one of the major problems of television and we feel the engineers at W9XAP were wise to use the simplest system so that they could spend their energy on more important phases of television.

These home television receivers are being sold, we are told, by about one hundred stores in Chicago; at Marshall Field &

Company, the largest department store, a television room has been constructed and is open to the public during all the television broadcasts. It appears that television has taken hold in Chicago more strongly than in any other part of the country. Those to whom we talked stated, however, that the experimenter, the Radio fan, still composed the major part of the television audience. But the regularity of the television programs from W9XAP, the variety of the programs, the definite efforts being made by the station personnel to make them entertaining, and the direct tie-up between W9XAP and WMAQ have all made the programs interesting.

Without being derogatory and without desiring to underrate in the least the excellent work being done at W9XAP, for we feel that they have done an unusually complete job, especially in the organization of interesting program material, we must give consideration to whether the methods being used represent distinct advances or are matters of detail. Though we wish it were otherwise, careful consideration of the results being obtained indicate that no really new important ideas have been incorporated in the television transmitter or receiver the features of the system are matters of detail, refinements in the transmitter and receiving equipment.

We do not mean that refinements are not worth while, but we do feel that refining our present methods of television will not bring it any closer to realization.

But the history of science exhibits torchbearers all the way down through the centuries. So let us hope that out of the tremendous amount of thought being devoted to television someone will find the missing link needed to solve its problems.

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KESTER

RADIO SOLDER

Ben Bernie

(Continued from page 7)

his duties the task of watching German acrobats on the Orpheum circuit.

While in New York, and while the war was still being waged and the German acrobats were still tumbling around unsuspectingly, Bernie became very interested in a certain violinist by the name of Paul Whiteman, then leading an orchestra in a night club and well on his way to national fame. After work, Ben would go to the night club and watch the famous leader and his orchestra and at times they would hold long conversations together. Bernie was interested in orchestra work and became more so steadily. Whiteman encouraged him greatly and gave him many pointers which Bernie has not forgotten.

The new train of thought in Ben's mind took root and developed into a resolution and then into fact. At the height of his career as a vaudeville performer, Bernie left the stage and organized a dance band par excellence. (Half of the men he chose at that time for his first band are still with him.) Then back to the Keith Orpheum circuit with his band went Ben Bernie and made of himself a very, very passable maestro beloved of thousands. It was the be-

ginning of the Bernie we know now.

His travels took him hither and yon through the country and finally back to New York again. Fate again loomed great on the horizon and as usual, Bernie met the great lady half way. The Hotel Roosevelt was just on the point of opening a new grill room where there was to be dancing and entertainment. The worthy managers of the hotel bearded the lion in his den and pleaded touchingly for the services of Ben Bernie and his orchestra for opening week. Bernie had never played for the dance before but he thought that it would do no harm to try for a week.

Needless to say he was a success. He was the type needed and he was remarkably resourceful when it came to the entertainment. In fact—it was at this time that Bernie used to introduce his numbers from the floor and post-script them with a suave, smooth—"I hope you like it." And he was most sincere about it. He hoped the patrons of the Roosevelt did like it. And they did, for it was not until five and a half years after the opening of the room that Bernie again was assailed with the itching heel and departed bag and baggage for London.

Of course, many things happened in those few years. In the first place, Ben quickly became a diminutive orchestral "Big Shot" in New York. Don't take me too literally—Ben is not a really little man—but tho' in stature he is quite normal, he somehow has not become deflated with egotism and self importance. He is modest, quiet and self-effacing to the extent that one thinks of him as little. But to go on—

Save for Vincent Lopez, Bernie was the only other orchestra leader in the city of any really great fame or importance. It was before the advent of Radio, of course. And then the maze of twisting dials, hoarse static and aerial cluttered roofs became evident. Bernie was immediately placed on the air at WEF and the name "Old Maestro" became as common a name as bread, butter or salt.

It was but a little time after this that Bernie took his tunes to London and put the dancing shoes on the British. He was so popular there that the Islanders paid him the compliment of asking him to be the first American orchestra leader to broadcast his band over an English chain.

Back in the States, Bernie continued on his way, crossing the continent and coming back, always finding new friends and few enemies. Radio advertisers paid as high as they could for his services as master of ceremonies on their programs of dance music. Rudy Vallée and Guy Lombardo, now "big shooting it around" as Bernie puts it, looked on the happy Old Maestro with thankful eyes because it was he who more or less gave a boost where a boost was needed. Vallée had gone through his apprenticeship already and Lombardo was in debt for the success of one song.

Out on the West Coast Bernie and

his band created a sensation that few other eastern orchestras have been able to accomplish. In fact, most eastern bands go out to the Golden State, play one or two months and then pack up their instruments for a warmer climate. But Bernie had a warmer welcome and left only because a previously made arrangement called him East to Chicago.

There we find him now, in the smartest dance place in Chicago, the College Inn. Wielding the same wicked bow, cracking the usual wise cracks and making the usual friends among both cafe and Radio fans. And, speaking of Radio fans—your writer was privileged to read a wire that came to Ben one night—reading—"Why didn't you say good night, to-night? I can't sleep until you sing *Au Revoir, Pleasant Dreams*." Of course the lady was a perfect stranger, but somehow, once we have heard Ben say good night in that pleasant crooning voice of his—we, all of us—strangers not excluded, wait for the good night.

Coming now to what is responsible for Bernie's rise to fame and fortune, we lay greatest emphasis on his charming personality and good fellowship. He is primarily a showman, of course, but then too, a poor orchestra with a good leader would not make much headway. He stands in front of one of the most perfect organizations for the dance that can be found. Their method of playing is an outgrowth of one of Ben's pet theories. A theory for which almost every other dance orchestra leader in the country has been hailed. Perhaps Bernie doesn't care very much where the credit goes. But your writer believes in being just.

When Bernie was playing on the stage with his band he used the new slow tempo to his music that made it more adaptable to singing than the half ragtime so popular in those days. Bernie tried it on the dance floor and found it good. But there were difficulties. The young people caught on to the new time as young people have a way of doing. It was sweeping the country. The middle aged couples looked their dismay and the older people, used to lovely old waltzes, seemed more pleased than not to find a fox trot that was as slow as a waltz.

Bernie allowed himself to worry about the middle aged couples and finally found out the reason for their antipathy to slow music for the dance. They had been born and bred in ragtime. "But," he explains, "as the young people are really the dancers, I continued with the slow tempo. It was new and different to them and it pleased them."

Let us sum up the story with the two most important features of Bernie's career—the two new feathers in his cap. He is Brunswick's leading orchestra, recording at least a record a month and often two. And he has just placed on the market two of the loveliest new songs of the day, one, his theme song, *Lonesome Old Town*, and the other, his signing off song, *Au Revoir, Pleasant Dreams*.

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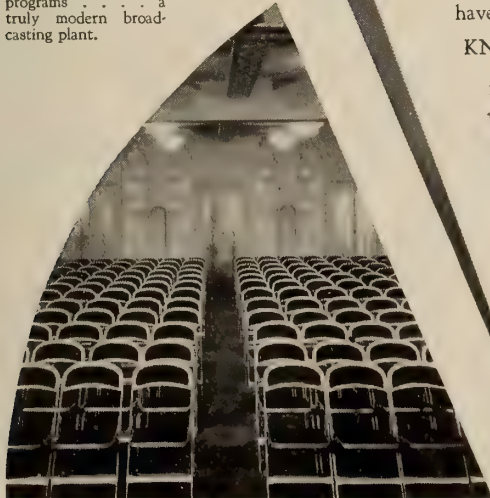
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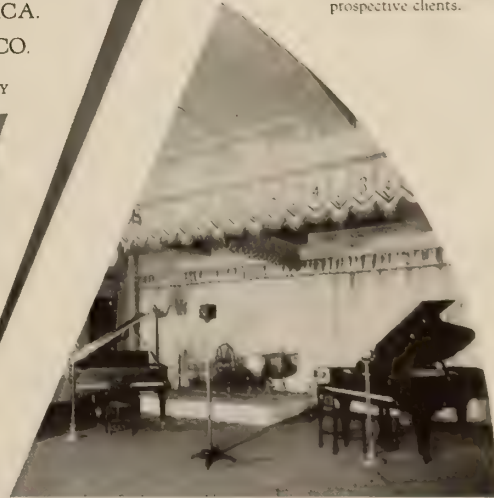
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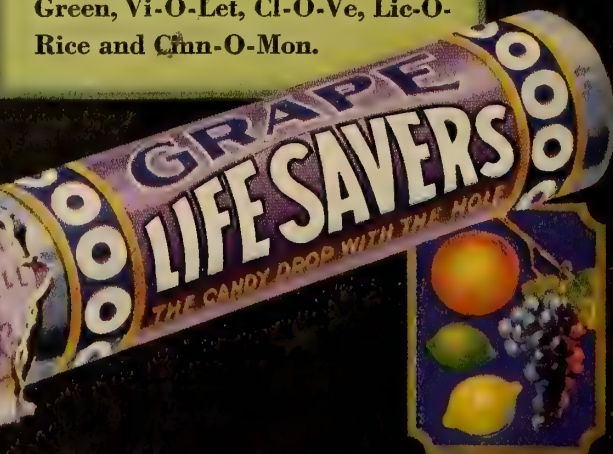
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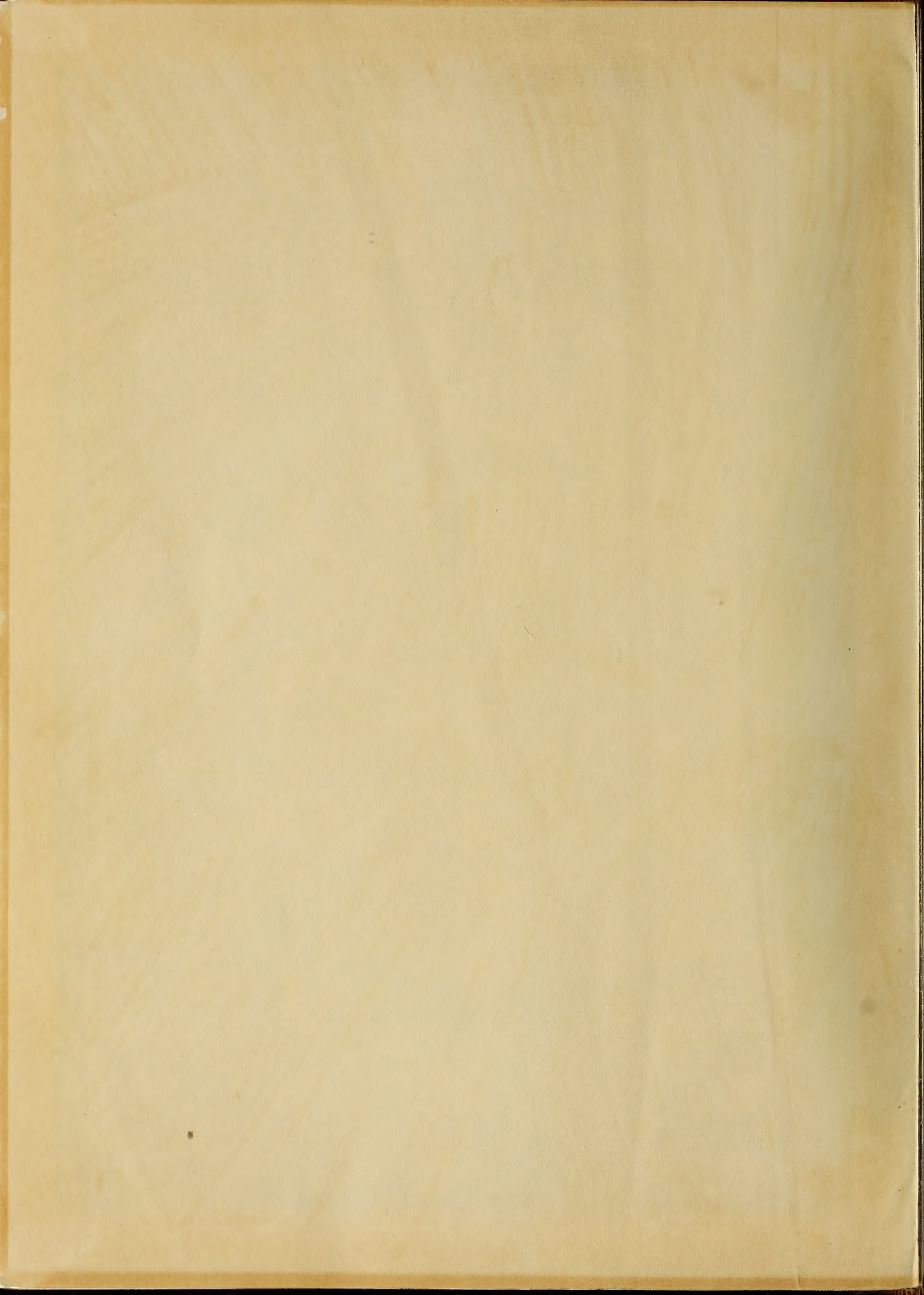
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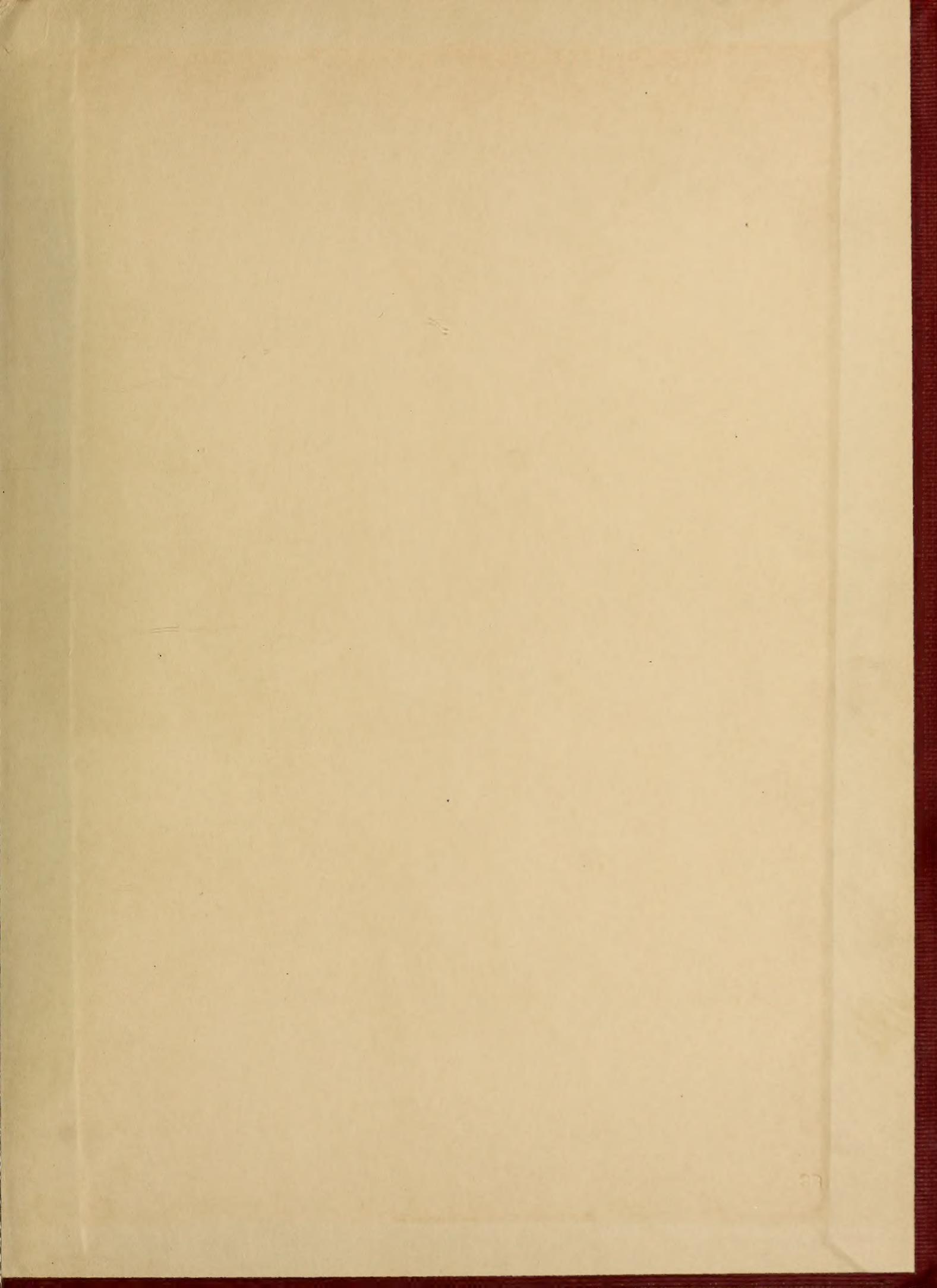
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